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JULY

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER


The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
10¢ IN U.S. 15 CENTS IN CANADA
JULY 1931
THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER
NORMA SHEARER
CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND
THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER LOOKS AT THE MOVIES FROM THE INSIDE . . .

PN1993
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"I've shipped on a South Sea Tramp

—says Chesterfield



yet you'll find me just around the corner"

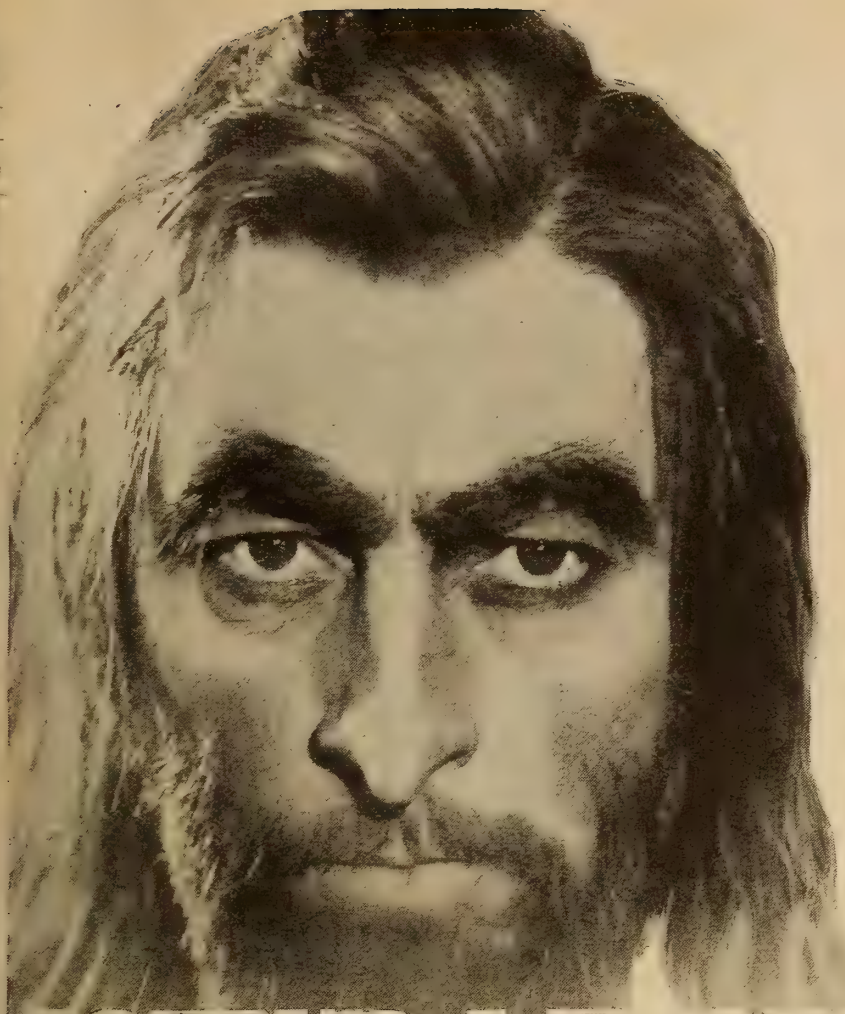
It's a small matter where you meet up with Chesterfield. The point is—get acquainted! You'll find the change to Chesterfield a real change...one which your palate will thank you for! Chesterfield uses choicer and milder tobaccos—nothing else; and so blends and "cross-blends" them that you get just what you want in a smoke...*greater mildness* and *better taste.*



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— that's why!

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HE is genius—madman—lover! His hypnotic spell reaches out of darkness controlling love—hate—life itself.

SHE is the beauty who has all Paris at her famous feet—who wins men with a smile—who hates Svengali the sinister love maker—until his magic spell forces even *her* heart to beat to his *manufactured love!*

JOHN BARRYMORE

as "SVENGALI"

The Hypnotist

MARIAN MARSH

as "Trilby"

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Based on the novel "Trilby" by DU MAURIER

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Don't miss the newest beauty of the screen, alluring Marian Marsh, selected for this great part by Mr. Barrymore, himself.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. IV, No. 1 July, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

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She wondered why he lost interest so quickly

...she never suspected "B. O." until—

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SHE could scarcely keep back the tears. He had been so devoted when they started. *Why* was he so different now?

Their romance would have speedily ended but for her new sister-in-law's helpful advice. She warned this girl frankly about "B.O."—*body odor*—the fault that so quickly steals away charm. Told her the easy way to keep fresh and dainty even on the hottest, sultriest day. And once she adopted this simple safeguard against offending, her sweetheart fell in love with her all over again.

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Perspire more in Summer? Then be *extra* particular about bathing often with Lifebuoy and you'll *never* offend. Not even a hint of "B.O."—which others so quickly notice.

Lifebuoy's abundant, refreshing, antiseptic lather *purifies* pores—removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you "Here's safety from 'B.O.!'"

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AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor

AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months



"But I do love you," pleads Neil Hamilton, in his rôle of the war correspondent in Norma Shearer's "Strangers May Kiss." This picture brings new honors to its brilliant star.

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You can't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S *AA or A award of merit.*

The Front Page. Excitement in a newspaper office. The best picture with a newspaper background thus far filmed, for which due credit should be given Howard Hughes and Director Lewis Milestone. Based on a successful stage play. Frank and swift in development and not burdened by unnecessary sentimentality. Adolphe Menjou scores as a hard-boiled managing editor. *United Artists.* Class AA.

Strangers May Kiss. The love life of a distinctly modern young woman who bestows her favors according to the dictates of her heart, let people say what they wish. Gay Paris provides the setting and Neil Hamilton is the fortunate newspaperman. The ending is both happy and in accord with social conventions. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Unfaithful. Ruth Chatterton in a genuine and stirring portrayal of an American girl wedded to a no-account English aristocrat. Instead of meekly succumbing to conditions, Ruth raises the devil right under the upturned noses of her husband's family. Mediocre entertainment, save for Miss Chatterton. *Paramount.* Class B.

Dishonored. Marlene Dietrich's legs never change. They are just about perfect, which is more than can be said for this spy story molded in Hollywood. The picture seems artificial, despite the efforts of the seductive Marlene to bring sex to the aid of her countrymen. *Paramount.* Class A.

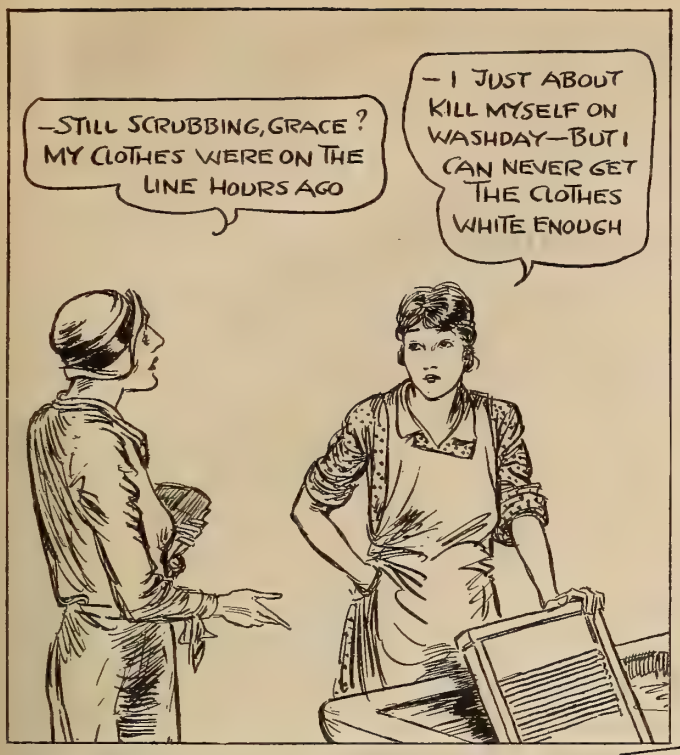
Ten Cents a Dance. There is a downright honesty about Barbara Stanwyck's acting which gives value to a story of the dance halls such as this. Miss Stanwyck wins sympathy for the straight-shooting girl who finds herself in the toils of crooked men. She gets out with her honor and everything. *Columbia.* Class B.

City Lights. Charlie Chaplin shuffles along to comedy heights without resorting to dialogue. No other actor could take this story and make it into a veritable gem of humor. In other words, Chaplin continues to be inimitable in the present as he has been in the past, which is only to comment on the obvious. *United Artists.* Class AA.

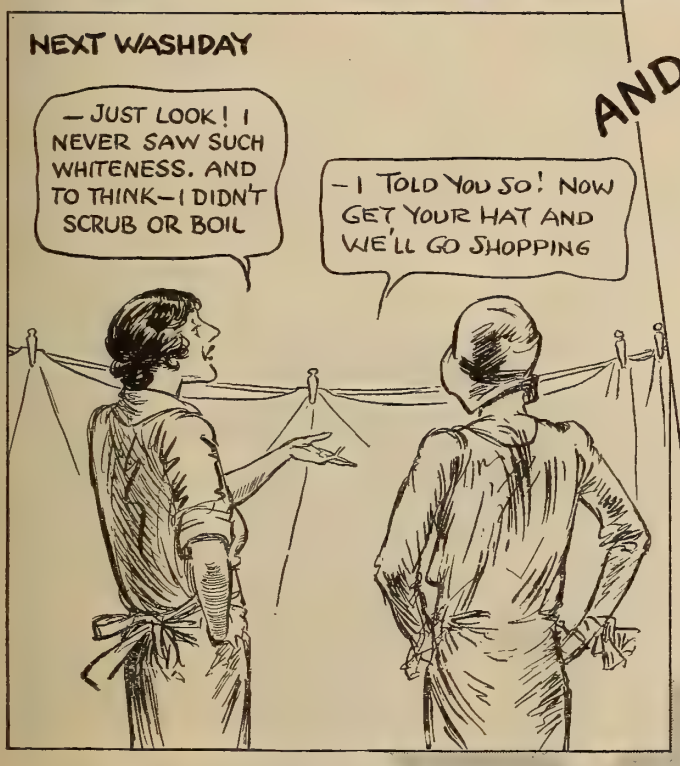
Trader Horn. Will please those who have read the famous book dealing with South Africa in a personal way. Also, it will prove diverting to others unacquainted with the original story. A life of adventure. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A. (*Continued on page* 8)



Barbara Stanwyck is excellent as the dance hall hostess heroine of "Ten Cents a Dance," in which she received admirable support from Monroe Owsley.







AND Save your strength—save the clothes, too!

WHY should you—why should *anyone*—waste energy over a washboard? Millions of women all over the country get whiter, brighter clothes—just by soaking them in Rinso suds! *Thousands* have written to tell us so.

"How those Rinso suds make the dirt let go!" writes Mrs. Henry Lester of Hartford, Connecticut.

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Change to Rinso—say goodbye to washboard and boiler! Rinso is all you need—no bar soaps, chips or softeners. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Rich, creamy, *lasting* suds even in hardest water. Suds that do the hard work of washday and get clothes whiter, *safely*.

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The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG household package. You'll like its lively suds for dishwashing, too—and for *all cleaning*.

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TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane". Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p.m., E.D.T. over WEAF and N.B.C. network.

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(*Continued from page* 6)

The Hot Heiress. The romance of a riveter and a pampered daughter of wealth. The riveter (Ben Lyon) looks from his perch on a high building into the bedroom of the sleeping lady, awakened when a stray bolt crashes through the window-pane. With this introduction the romance starts on its merry way. Light and diverting. *First National.* Class C.

River's End. Wind and snow sweep through the forests of the Northwest and redden the noses of the mounted police, always on the job. Charles Bickford gives capable performances in a dual role. Altogether, a rugged story effectively portrayed. *Warners.* Class C.

Hell Bound. A gangster story placing the boss gangster in a sympathetic light. Several drops of sentiment to one of reality, but kept interesting by reason of Leo Carillo's acting and a story that moves swiftly. *Tiffany.* Class B.

Father's Son. Just such a story as one would expect from the pen of Booth Tarkington when dealing with a small-town boy. Not exciting but true to type, with Lewis Stone, Leon Janney and Irene Rich in the cast. *First National.* Class C.

Ingagi. A much discussed picture owing to disagreements concerning the antecedants of the gorilla (Ingagi). Some say he is human, others insist that he was not born and bred in Hollywood, but after seeing the picture it doesn't seem to matter a great deal. *Congo Pictures.* Class D.

The Gorilla. Another version of a stage play that caused quite a rumpus a few years ago. Even with Joe Frisco and Harry Gribben to liven things up, "The Gorilla" shows unmistakable signs of age and a depleted virility. *Warners.* Class D.

Tabu. A study of life in the Society Islands in the South Pacific made by Frederick W. Murnau shortly before his tragic death. Of physical beauty there is an abundance in finely photographed scenes, but the story flows with a tropical deliberation. At times the picture is dull because of repetition without sufficient action. *Fox.* Class B.

Body and Soul. Greeted with a buzz of interest because of its introduction of Elissa Landi in a stellar role, this picture still leaves a question mark after the name of the foreign actress. The production is not strong enough to be a conclusive test of Miss Landi's talent. *Fox.* Class C.

Kiki. Admirers of Mary Pickford may regret this unfortunate choice of a role for the beloved Mary. When there are so many types of character to choose from, it seems just too bad that she happened to select a French gamin. *United Artists.* Class D.

It Pays to Advertise. All about modern methods of advertising in contrast to less spectacular business practices of the conservative past. Most of the humor fails to click. *Paramount.* Class D.

Men Call It Love. Adolphe Menjou up to his old tricks in assailing the none-too-stable virtue of pretty women. As usual he is debonaire and resourceful and, win or lose, quite in command of his well tempered emotions. In this instance he wins. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

Honor Among Lovers. Polite comedy in which meanness and weakness are sugar coated with a society covering of smooth words. Claudette Colbert and Fredric March are pleasing to watch. There are plenty of cocktails to enliven overstrained emotions. *Paramount.* Class A.

Don't Bet on Women. This comedy is based on a distrust of women whose loyalty is supposed to be the wrong end of the bet. Even a seemingly trustworthy wife is shown to be vulnerable. *Fox.* Class D.

Crashing Hollywood. An amusing burlesque of Hollywood celebrities, including rather clever impersonations of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and other studio personages. *Educational.* Class B. (*Continued on page* 105)



One of the big screen hits of the season is "The Front Page," produced by Howard Hughes and directed by the able Lewis Milestone. Adolphe Menjou scores a personal success as the hard-boiled city editor, while Mary Brian contributes the chief sentimental interest.

THE WORLD THUNDERS ITS WELCOME TO METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S NEW STAR



HIS STEPS TO STARDOM



with Joan Crawford in "Untamed"



in "The Big House"



with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"



with Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee" and "Strangers May Kiss"

ROBERT MONTGOMERY



THE public has made Robert Montgomery its new idol—made him an outstanding star by the tremendous enthusiasm it showed for his great work. Here he is in one of the finest performances of his career—a glamorous, thrilling sea romance. He's a fighting, loving gob whether on the high seas or on the dance floor with the Admiral's daughter in his arms.

SHIPMATES

The Greatest Sea Drama Ever Filmed!

with ERNEST TORRENCE HOBART BOSWORTH
DOROTHY JORDAN CLIFF EDWARDS

Directed by Harry Pollard . . . Produced in conjunction with the U. S. Navy.



Dorothy Jordan loves candy—and she loves to make it. From her old home down in Tennessee, Miss Jordan has brought some choice candy recipes.

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE

DOROTHY JORDAN is one of those lucky girls for whom calories have no terrors. She is just naturally slender and a weight that never exceeds one hundred pounds, in her case, indicates nothing at all in the way of rigid self denial.

Miss Jordan not only likes candy, she makes it as well, and if the time ever came when she wearied of life as an actress and wanted to make a fortune in a more prosaic way she would have no difficulty in doing so as star in a candy company all her own.

Southern Fudge à la Dorothy Jordan is a favorite with Miss Jordan and her friends. And the recipe is no secret. It calls for the following ingredients:

2½ cups of sugar
1 teaspoon of baking powder
2 squares (2 ounces) unsweetened chocolate
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cut the chocolate into small pieces and put in a saucepan with the sugar, baking powder and milk and when melted let it boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. This will require twenty minutes or more boiling. Take the saucepan from the fire, add butter and vanilla and then beat until it begins to thicken. Pour into a buttered pan, mark into pieces one inch square and let cool.

THE recipe comes from below the Mason and Dixon line, down in sunny Tennessee, where Dorothy went to boarding school, and the resulting fudge is very smooth and creamy. If you don't believe that the baking powder, which is not usually found in a fudge recipe, makes a difference, just try and see.

Here is her recipe for Cocoanut Candy:

2 cups sugar
½ cup cream
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup fresh grated cocoanut or prepared grated cocoanut.

(*Continued on page* 103)

Movieland's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife





Greasing and washing of cake pans is going out of style. Good cooks now use Crinkle Cups and get the job done better, with less work and in less time. Bake your next batch of cakes in these little baking dishes that do away with greasing, burning, sticking —and pan washing. You can use Crinkle Cups to make many things besides perfectly shaped little cakes. For muffins, desserts, meat and vegetable dishes, any number of your favorite recipes. Here's a suggestion that cuts down on dish-washing. Use Crinkle Cups to make dainty individual servings of your summery fruit and gelatine desserts.

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FAMILY UTILITY PACKAGE

— Limited Time Offer —

This package contains a generous supply of Crinkle Cups in nine convenient sizes, ranging from small cups that are just right for serving salted nuts, relishes and jellies to a size that will turn out a muffin "that *is* a muffin." Send the coupon, with one dollar, and we will mail your Family Package.

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Linden St., cor. Prospect Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00, for which please send me the Family Utility Package of Crinkle Cups.

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Address .....

Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-7-31, Linden Street, corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

Paging Herb Howe

Moville, Iowa

Did you ever publish a picture of Herb Howe? For three years in High School at Sioux Falls, S. D., I sat three seats behind Herbert. He was the sweetest boy with (actually) honey colored ringlet curls. He wore "specs", had no use for gals, and how he could blush! You'd swear he'd scorch those darling curls and perhaps burst his ears. Was he smart? No end! More power to him—he and THE NEW MOVIE.

Frances Keller Watson,
R. D. 2.

Anent Mr. Montgomery

Haverhill, Mass.

The wrath of the Montgomery worshippers will be down upon my head, but I prefer a load on my head and one off my chest, so here's how! I



didn't like Robert Montgomery in "Inspiration." He was positively wooden—detached and futile. Acting opposite the great Garbo seemed neither to annoy or please him greatly. In the love scenes he reminded me of Rudy Vallee's rendition of a college football song. (You know that tired feeling.) Let me get a head start before you shoot. All right now, I'm on the run, but as a parting shot I ask you—is Mr. Montgomery an actor or an excellent bit of framework upon which a dress suit hangs amazingly well? Your guess is as good as mine.

Dorothy N. Riley,
37 Woodmont Avenue.

Martinsburg, W. Va.

I greatly admire Robert Montgomery and his work on the screen, but so far have read very little concerning him. In trying to analyze his appeal for me I find that it is because he typifies the clever young man who is the extreme antithesis of the smart Aleck kind. Mr. Montgomery has a quiet but potent charm.

Virginia Henkel,
806 N. Queen Street.

Garbo vs. Dietrich

Millvale, Pa.

I thoroughly disagree with Herb Howe (March, 1931, issue) on the point where he says "Marlene Dietrich will panic the pulse of the nation." I cannot possibly find any interest in her. Furthermore, the success of Miss Dietrich shall not imperil Greta Garbo's popularity under any circumstances. Miss Garbo has no equal, as far as I know, and I do not think Miss Dietrich can ever become as popular as Greta Garbo.

Wilma A. Reiland,
9 Butler Street.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

In your March issue, Herb Howe asks "What about Greta Garbo?" Well, here is what. There will never be another one like her, and ten Marlene Dietrichs could not take her place with me. I am sure many feel the same way about her. For us there is only one Garbo.

Mrs. L. Schonuckler,
1948 Seventieth Street.

New West Looks at Old West

Laramie, Wyo.

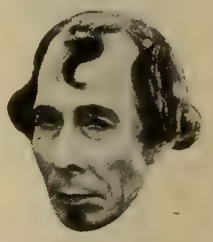
I saw "Cimarron" and was deeply stirred—not because the picture was so vividly dramatic, but because it represented more than gun-shooting and love-making. I live in a city of the New West, one that sixty-three years ago was a mere huddle of small tents anxiously awaiting the coming of the U. P. Railroad. I know that cities in the "New" United States can rise mushroom-like over night. Their history is unbelievably romantic and fascinating. Edna Ferber caught that spirit in "Cimarron" and the actors did not fail in portraying it.

Gladys B. Wayo,
409 South Sixth Street.

What England Admires

Warrington, Lancs, England.

Although I am English and rather enthusiastic about English films, I think that we have still much to accomplish before we produce a "Disraeli" or "All Quiet," a "Romance" or an outdoor classic like "The Virginian." Here in England, although the music and dance film has a certain appeal, there is a sincere admiration for the types I have mentioned, and also for stars like Miss Greta Garbo, Miss Chatterton, George Arliss, Robert Montgomery and Marie Dressler. Despite all this, I have no hesitation in saying that our own "Loose Ends," "Rookery Nook," and "On Approval" are second to none in their class, and at least two of our actresses, Miss Madeline Carroll and Miss Adrienne Allen, can be compared favorably with any others in the world.



Richard Highley,
174 Hood Lane.

Tired of Racketeers

Kansas City, Mo.

There are about forty-one theaters in this city, and last week over one-fourth of them were featuring gangster and racketeer pictures. This seems to be the usual circumstance in practically every city and town that I have ever visited, and to my mind is really a deplorable state of affairs. Most of these pictures are entertaining to a certain degree and draw large crowds, but many of them are rather demoralizing. I am not one of those people that are eternally raising (*Continued on page* 14)

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

THE RADIO TITAN, INDOMITABLE SYMBOL OF SCREEN LEADERSHIP, UNFURLS THE GOLDEN BANNER OF A GLORIOUS NEW SHOW SEASON!



Look To RKO-RADIO For Your Pictures Next Year!... Each A Star-Strewn Path to Greater Entertainment!

RICHARD DIX



IRENE DUNNE



DOLORES DEL RIO



LILY DAMITA

When Colossal "CIMARRON" swept triumphantly to the screen, RADIO PICTURES set a new standard for itself and the amusement world!...A standard of artistry and entertainment that inspires RADIO'S 1931-32 program.

Thirty-six superlative productions . . . among them "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," Richard Walton Tully's immortal play with Dolores Del Rio.

"MARCHETA," Glamorous romance of old Spain and "FRONTIER," companion spectacle to "Cimarron" with its stars, RICHARD DIX and IRENE DUNNE.

Fanny Hurst gives you "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION," intriguing story of Hollywood; and Wesley Ruggles, great director, brings a penetrating drama of today, "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" Other attractions of road-show calibre are "MIRACLE CITY" by Howard Estabrook and Willard Mack's "THE DOVE" with Dolores Del Rio.

Great Pictures...Great Stars...Great Entertainment, the reward for those who follow the RADIO TITAN on his Triumphant March to New Conquests.

RKO Radio Pictures

RADIO PICTURES

AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 12)

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

a morality cry, although I do live in the so-called Bible Belt of the Middle West, but I do think that there are many other entertaining and instructive themes on which to build a movie plot other than that of the gangster type. Let us have more pictures like "The Desert Song" and less of the crime wave.

Robert Logan Boylen,
31 E. Sixty-eighth Terrace.

Too Much Film Crime

Philadelphia, Pa.

Why must we see crime pictures? On behalf of the public who are moving picture lovers, I am sure many will agree with me in reference to the showing of gunmen pictures. The condition in our country is nothing to be proud of, when we glorify the gunman by pictures of crime, showing how "the job" is done in every detail. I would not attend such pictures, nor will I allow my son to see any.

C. Kinsey,
5950 Belden Street.

Admires Ramon Novarro

Biddeford, Maine.

What has happened to Ramon Novarro? Why isn't he making as many pictures as he used to? I know that he hasn't retired from pictures, but is just sleeping, I suppose. Well, tell him to get going. We want to know more about him and see more of his pictures. He is one of our most popular actors and we enjoy all his pictures.

Theresa Dentico,
21 Clifford Street.

From a Barthelmess Fan

Corning, N. Y.

I have missed not one of his pictures, yet I am still waiting to see Richard Barthelmess in a play that is as good as he is. Such a masterpiece might be achieved by adding "Shore Leave" to "The Enchanted Cottage," plus "Tol'able David," "Young Nowheres," and "The Dawn Patrol," and then multiplying by about seventy-three. I fervently wish that First National would begin to do something about it!



Hope Chilton.

An Ex-Soldier Speaks

Minneapolis, Minn.

Your (and from now on it's our) NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE gets the enthusiastic approval of this ex-soldier for its FEARLESSNESS. Where else can you find a magazine that has the intestinal hardiness to let its writers speak their minds like they can in NEW MOVIE? F'rinstance: Two-fisted, key-pounding Jim Tully can take a crack at such film gods as Griffith and Cruze with their philosophy that necking is necessary to bring in the crowds.

Paul H. Storm,
611 Fifth Street, S. E.

The Stars Like Us

Lincoln Park, Morris Co., N. J.

I had always wished to see John Gilbert in person. So, when he was in New York, the last time, arrangements were made for an introduction, through a mutual friend. When we entered his hotel apartment I got my first glimpse of him in person, and what do you think he was doing? He was sitting in an easy chair perusing the latest copy of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. So, I thought to myself, well, if the actors and actresses read it, it must be the real thing. I have been reading it ever since.

A. M. Vitale.

Likes Married Lovers

Darby, Pa.

Let us have more married couples in the same picture. Maybe I'm wrong, but to me there is no thrill at all in watching love scenes between Joan Bennett and James Hall when I know that he is madly in love with Merna Kennedy. Or, to see Lupe Velez deep in the arms of John Boles when everyone knows that Lupe "lofes her Garee." But there is real satisfaction in seeing the handsome Ben Lyon looking into the eyes of his beautiful Bebe and saying (with real feeling), "Doree, you're lovely!"



Mildred Cartledge,
220 So. Fourth Street.

Incorrect Sea Films

Brooklyn, N. Y.

When the "Boys" who make the big sea pictures show scenes of a man at the "wheel" steering the ship, why don't they have those scenes true to life? I've seen lots of sea pictures lately, but never yet have I seen a steering shot that was correct. This includes "Moby Dick" and "The Ship from Shanghai." In "The Ship from Shanghai" the helmsman stood nonchalantly at the wheel without moving it a fraction of an inch—you can't steer a ship like that. He never once looked at the compass to check his course. "Moby Dick" was a bit better, but not much. Action was shown at the "wheel," but not enough. The helmsman should have struggled with the wheel. In a storm as violent as portrayed in this picture, there would be at least two and possibly as many as four men at the wheel on a real ship. It takes power to hold a ship in a storm. Tell them about it.

T. J. Hand,
349 Monroe Street.

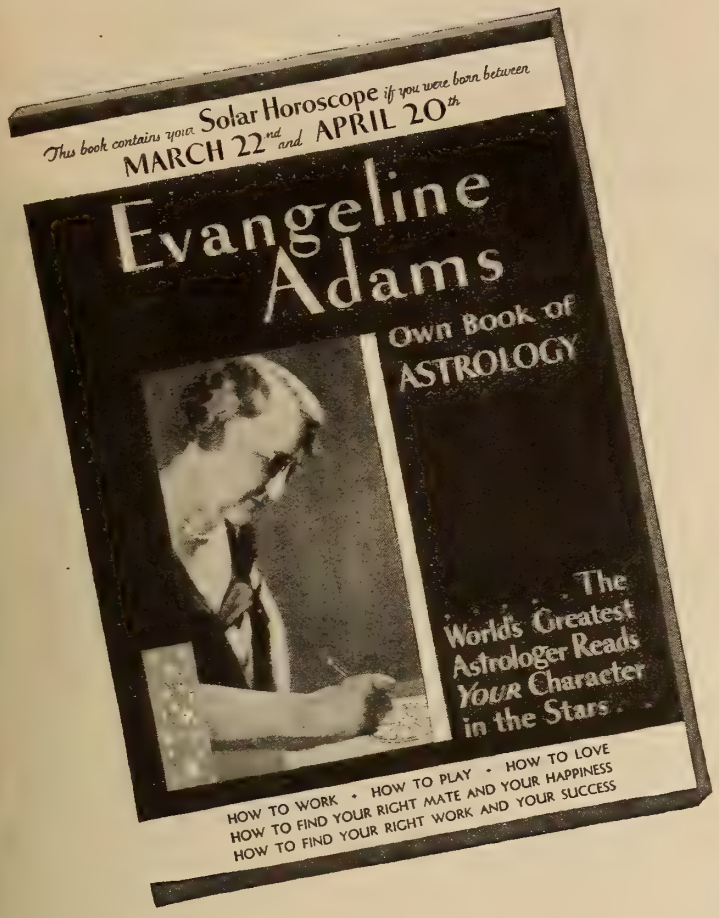
For Clara Bow

Pasadena, Calif.

Thanks so much for those pictures "Then and Now" of Clara Bow, showing her present and former home, in your April issue. Rarely, in the history of world achievement, has a young girl climbed from such humble environment into the pitiless light of publicity—and publicity has been pitiless in Clara Bow's case. Open, natural, kindly and fearless, she has been the target for wholly uncalled for criticism—and preyed upon constantly by unworthy people. She is much more than a fine actress. She is a good woman and, given half a chance, she will prove her sterling qualities. (*Continued on page* 92)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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May 22 and June 21—Gemini ☐ Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra ☐ Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn ☐ Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces ☐
June 22 and July 23—Cancer ☐ Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio ☐

Name.....

Address..... City..... State.....

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS, who have been rather scarce with their records for the last few months, have started to make up by turning out some very good numbers. Their latest is "Elizabeth" from "The Wonder Bar," done up in the true Waring manner, with lots of vocal work to put the tune across. It has a very good vocal chorus by the Three Waring Girls that I know you'll enjoy.

The other side also is from the "Wonder Bar," a tango fox trot, called, "Oh, Donna Clara," and has a very pretty melody, carrying a vocal refrain by Clare Hanlon. (This is a Victor record.)

From the new show, "America's Sweetheart," we have the tune, "I've Got Five Dollars," recorded for Columbia by Emerson Gill and his orchestra. I don't know whether you'll like it at first, but it will probably grow on you.

The reverse also is by Emerson Gill from the same show, "We'll Be the Same." Although it is not supposed to be the hit of the show, I think you will enjoy the melody more than the "Five Dollar" number. Both of these tunes carry vocals. (This is a Columbia record.)

BERT LOWN, who has been steadily winning the Victor award for the best popular concert recording of the month, seems to have done it again. His contract calls for something like eight sides a year, but he has already made more than thirty recordings and it looks as though when this year is up he'll have over fifty numbers to his credit. "Were You Sincere?" is the title of his latest offering, and I know you'll like it. Elmer Feldkamp does the vocal honors in his usual flawless manner. The other side also is by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra—"I've Found What I Wanted in You." It is a more elaborate arrangement than the reverse, and is played in a more symphonic style. The Biltmore Trio do a vocal chorus in this one. (This is a Victor record.)

"I Surrender, Dear," which seems to be getting more and more popular, has been recorded very nicely by Henry Busse and his orchestra. If I remember correctly, this tune is another Continental success, like "Just a Gigolo," and "When Day Is Done." The boys across the pond can turn out some real hits when they want to. This carries a vocal refrain by Richard Barry and chorus.

The other side is the popular tango-fox trot, "Thrill Me," also played by Henry Busse and his orchestra. Richard Barry has the vocal honors to himself in this one. (This is a Victor record.)

Lee Morse, the red-headed warbler of Columbia Record fame, has burst into song again with "Walkin' My Baby Back Home." If you like Lee Morse, you'll like this record. The other side also is by Lee Morse, "I've Got Five Dollars," and it is done in good form. (This is a Columbia record.)

THE HITS OF THE MONTH

"Were You Sincere?" fox trot—played by
Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra (Victor)
"Elizabeth," fox trot—played by
Waring's Pennsylvanians (Victor)
"I've Got Five Dollars," fox trot—played by
Emerson Gill and his Orchestra (Columbia)
"I Surrender, Dear," fox trot—played by
Henry Busse and his Orchestra (Victor)
"Walkin' My Baby Back Home," vocal with Orchestra accompaniment
Lee Morse and her Blue Grass Boys (Columbia)
"Heavenly Night," waltz—played by
Leo Reisman and his Orchestra (Victor)

WHAT are the most popular and best liked theme songs from the movies of the past year? What list would you choose as your favorites?

Here is the list that Bert Lown picks. How does it check up with your verdict?

"Shepherd's Serenade"
"Devil May Care"
"How Am I to Know"
"Dynamite"
"Go Home and Tell Your Mother"
"Love in the Rough"
"Singing in the Rain" ..... "Hollywood Revue"
"Should I?" ..... "Lord Byron of Broadway"
"Just You, Just Me" ..... "Marianne"
"The Moon Is Low" ..... "Montana Moon"
"Pagan Love Song" ..... "The Pagan"
"Just a Little Closer" ..... "Remote Control"
"Blue Is the Night" ..... "Their Own Desire"
"You're Simply Delish" ..... "Three French Girls"
"Chant of the Jungle" ..... "Untamed"
"Singing a Song to the Stars" ..... "Way Out West"
"I'm in the Market for You" ..... "High Society Blues"
"Kiss Waltz" ..... "Dancing Sweeties"
"Singing in the Bathtub" ..... "Show of Shows"
"Maybe It's Love" ..... "Maybe It's Love"
"Under a Texas Moon" ..... "Under a Texas Moon"
"Crying for the Carolines" ..... "Spring Is Here"
"Have a Little Faith in Me" ..... "Spring Is Here"
"Happy Feet" ..... "King of Jazz"
"Bench in the Park" ..... "King of Jazz"
"Happy Days Are Here Again" ..... "Chasing Rainbows"
"You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" ..... "The Big Pond"
"My Sweeter Than Sweet" ..... "Sweetie"
"Louise" ..... "Innocents of Paris"
"My Future Just Passed" ..... "Safety in Numbers"
"I'm Yours" ..... "Leave It to Lester"
"My Ideal" ..... "Playboy of Paris"
"Sing You Sinners" ..... "Honey"
"Beyond the Blue Horizon" ..... "Monte Carlo"
"Dream Lover" ..... "Love Parade"
"Peach of a Pair" ..... "Follow Through"
"My Love Parade" ..... "Love Parade"
"If I Had a Talking Picture of You" ..... "Sunny Side Up"
"Turn on the Heat" ..... "Sunny Side Up"
"Aren't We All" ..... "Sunny Side Up"
"Reaching for the Moon" ..... "Reaching for the Moon"
"Putting on the Ritz" ..... "Putting on the Ritz"

What is your favorite theme song of the movies, and why? And who is your favorite orchestra leader for recording this song and why? Let us have your frank opinion. You need not write it in more than 50 to 100 words. Send your letters to MUSIC OF THE SOUND SCREEN, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. For every letter that we can publish, we will pay one dollar.

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Barbara Stanwyck	The Miracle Woman	Frank Capra	Drama	David Manners
Jack Mulhall	Lover Come Back	Erle Kempon	Drama	Constance Cummings Betty Bronson
Mae Clarke	The Good Bad Girl	R. William Neil	Gangster drama	James Hall Marie Prevost
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Richard Barthelmess	Spent Bullets	Wilhelm Dietrele	Drama	Helen Chandler
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	I Like Your Nerve	William McGann	Romantic drama	Loretta Young
Edward G. Robinson	Five Star Final	Mervyn LeRoy	Newspaper drama	Ona Munson H. B. Warner
Leon Janney	Penrod and Sam	William Beaudine	Kid story	Dorothy Peterson
FOX STUDIO				
Janet Gaynor	Daddy Long Legs	Alfred Santell	Drama	Warner Baxter
Warner Oland	The Black Camel	Hamilton MacFadden	Mystery drama	Sally Eilers Dorothy Revier
Edmund Lowe	Transatlantic	William K. Howard	Drama	Lois Moran Greta Nissen
Spencer Tracey	Goldie	Benjamin Stoloff	Comedy	Jean Harlow
Mae Marsh	Over the Hill	Henry King	Melodrama	James Kirkwood
Joan Bennett	Hush Money	Sidney Lanfield	Comedy drama	Hardie Albright Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald	Two Can Play (Tent)	Alfred Werker	Comedy drama	Victor MacLaglen
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Norma Shearer	A Free Soul	Clarence Brown	Drama	Lionel Barrymore Monroe Owsley
Ramon Novarro	Son of the Rajah	Jacques Feyder	Drama	Madge Evans Conrad Nagel
Marion Davies	Five and Ten	Robert Z. Leonard	Comedy drama	Leslie Howard
Robert Montgomery	Man in Possession	Sam Wood	Drama	Irene Purcell
Adolphe Menjou	The Great Lover	Arthur Robison	Drama	Irene Dunne Olga Baclanova
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Clive Brook	The Lawyer's Secret	Gasnier-Marcin	Drama	Charles Rogers Fay Wray Richard Arlen
Mitzi Green	Let's Play King	Norman Taurog	Comedy	Jackie Searl Louise Fazenda
Paul Lukas	Women Love Once	Edward Goodman	Drama	Eleanor Boardman
Gary Cooper	I Take This Woman	Gering-Vorkapich	Drama	Carole Lombard
Phillips Holmes	Confessions of a Co-Ed	David Burton	Drama	Sylvia Sidney Norman Foster
Four Marx Brothers	Monkey Business	Norman McLeod	Comedy	Not chosen yet
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Claudette Colbert	Secrets of a Secretary	George Abbott	Musical drama	Georges Metaxa
Nancy Carroll	The Night Angel	Edmund Goulding	Drama	Fredric March
Charlie Ruggles	Girl Habit	Eddie Cline	Comedy	Betty Garde
PATHE STUDIO				
Eddie Quillan	Whoop-te-do Kid	Al Rogell	Racetrack comedy	Marian Nixon
Helen Twelvetrees	Gangster's Wife	Tay Garnett	Gangster story	Ricardo Cortez
Constance Bennett	Common Law	Paul L. Stein	Drama	Joel McCrea Lew Cody
R K O STUDIO				
Kay Francis	The Next Corner	Herbert Brenon	Drama	Ricardo Cortez
Betty Compson	Helga (Tent)	George Archainbaud	Melodrama	Robert Ames
Mary Astor	Nancy's Private Affair	Gregory LaCava	Comedy drama	Not chosen
Richard Dix	The Reckoner	J. Walter Ruben	Drama	Not chosen
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Closed				
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
George Arliss	Alexander Hamilton	John Adolfi	Historical drama	Doris Kenyon
Winnie Lightner	Side Show	Roy Del Ruth	Side-show circus	Charles Butterworth
Barbara Stanwyck	Night Nurse	William Wellman	Hospital drama	Ben Lyon
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Eddie Cantor	Palmy Days	Eddie Sutherland	Comedy drama	Charlotte Greenwood
Chester Morris	Corsair	Roland West	Drama	Not chosen
Ronald Colman	The Unholy Garden	George Fitzmaurice	Comedy drama	Estelle Taylor


DADDY LONG LEGS
with
JANET GAYNOR
and
WARNER BAXTER
Glamorous Janet Gaynor sweeps to new triumphs of enchanting appeal, as the bewitching, wistful waif who wins the love of her handsome millionaire guardian. A magical masterpiece of tears and laughter, tenderness and charm, with youth and years contending for the love of a little Cinderella mysteriously lifted from drudgery to delight. As dazzlingly joyous as a flood of sunlight—this latest directorial achievement by Alfred Santell.
ANOTHER FOX MASTERPIECE



EDWINA BOOTH

Photograph by Hurrell

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



Photograph by Autrey

GRETA NISSEN



Photograph by Autrey

JEANETTE MacDONALD



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

BEN LYON



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

BEBE DANIELS



Photograph by Herman Zerrenner

CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Photograph by Otto Dyar

REGIS TOOMEY



Photograph by Richee

NANCY CARROLL

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. IV JULY, 1931 No. 1

Gossip of the Studios

THINGS YOU WILL NEVER SEE: Marion Davies drinking coffee. . . . Joan Crawford eating pie. . . . Constance Bennett dieting. . . . Mary Pickford smoking. . . . Greta Garbo in a chatty mood. . . . Jean Harlow in overalls . . . Lilyan Tashman in the same dress twice. . . . Ruth Chatterton alone. Bebe Daniels in a temper. . . . Maurice Chevalier singing gratis. . . . Ivan Lebedeff without his gloves and cane. . . . Charlie Chaplin wearing laced shoes. . . . Will Rogers appearing socially in a dress suit. . . . Lew Cody driving a car. . . . Ronald Colman in public tête-à-tête with a lady. . . . Robert Montgomery out of character. . . . Jack Gilbert "un-positive." . . . William Powell off guard. Buddy Rogers minus his smile. . . . Edmund Lowe without his muffler. . . . Clive Brook undignified. . . . Jack Oakie dignified.



Wallace Beery: A real licensed flier, he will perform stunts with navy aviators in his new motion picture.

* * *

MAE MARSH is coming back. Years ago—after she had become one of the two or three great stars of the screen, had made us all weep in "Birth of a Nation," and been D. W. Griffith's most popular star—Mae Marsh got married, had children, and decided that her home and family came first. She retired from the screen. Now the children still come first, but they are old enough to enable Mae to leave them during the daytime. She is playing the role of a mother in "Over the Hill" for Fox.

* * *

JEANETTE MACDONALD has set June as her wedding month. Robert Ritchie, New York stock broker, is the man. They met three years ago at the Mayfair Club in New York.

* * *

Buster Keaton's young son Bobby received a pre-Easter present from one of Buster's friends. The following day Bobby was found firing a barrage of questions at the young rabbit in rapid succession. "What's two and four? What's five and three? Well, what's one and one?" When his dad asked him what he was doing, his reply was, "I always heard rabbits multiplied, but this one can't even add."



* * *

NOT long ago Harold Lloyd took many trips to a hospital—to see his wife, Mildred, and their new son. One might almost suspect that hospital got to be a habit with Harold, because he bounced back in there on his own account—to have his appendix removed. He came through in first-class manner—Harold is always in good physical condition—and is now home taking things easy. But he will not be able to swing a golf club for a few months. Turn to page 39 and see the first picture of Harold and Harold, Jr.



Clara Bow: Tired of city life, she buys a lonely cattle ranch in Nevada for her future vacations.

* * *

THE many friends and fans of Anna Nilsson will be happy to know that she is now able to walk without a crutch. She has been recuperating in her native Sweden from a long illness which resulted from a fall from a horse. Anna suffered a broken hip, and for a year was in plaster cast in a hospital in Hollywood. Now she will be back with us soon and let's hope she will appear in lots of pictures.

* * *

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli are back after their honeymoon in Europe and are talking about building a home on their lot next to the Hylands at Malibu Beach.

They mailed a postcard to a Hollywood friend when they were in Europe. The postcard read: "Having a grand time—glad you're not here."

* * *

NEIL HAMILTON goes in for physical training more seriously than any actor in pictures. Instead of a valet he has a trainer who is with him constantly. Boxing and wrestling have formerly been his main source of exercise, now he has acquired the bicycle bug and can be seen every morning and evening

AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Joan Crawford: Popular with her studio staff. They presented her with a big cake recently as a surprise.

pedaling his two-wheeler from his home in Hollywood to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, a distance of eight miles. As soon as he can get time enough off between pictures he plans to beat the solo bicycle record between here and San Francisco.

* * *

MRS. MARGARET FRANCES BEERY died in Hollywood. She was the mother of Wallace and Noah Beery. Seventy-three years old, her death was not unexpected, but it hit her sons very hard just the same.

* * *

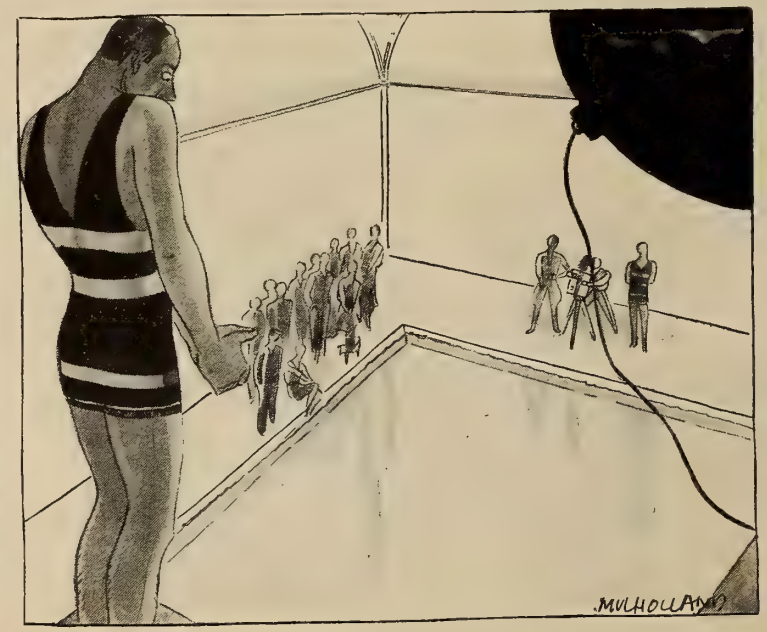
The King of the Courts, Big Bill Tilden, is in the movies. However, he hasn't succumbed to all of the tricks of the trade. "If I put make-up on, it would be all over my shirt in two minutes—this tennis is a bit of a hot game." After the first day's shooting Bill concluded that the movie business wasn't as simple as it seems. He says, "It's one thing to play your shots where the opponent can't get them, but it's another to play them so the camera can get them and your opponent can't.

* * *

HELEN TWELVETREES put one over on Hollywood. She was married and told no one about it. But a secret isn't a secret long in the Land of Make-believe and Make-ups, so friends soon found out about it. Her new hubby is Frank Woody, a real estate man in Hollywood. And, without realizing it, she married him before she had her final divorce papers from Clark Twelvetrees. So she had to go marry him again after the divorce became final, the first "take" being no good. Woody used to be a stunt man in the movies.

* * *

THE movies, at least Sunday movies, have triumphed in England. Ever since 1780 a Blue Law has been on the books which prohibited the showing of Sunday movies and other entertainment in England. Now it is off. The House of Commons, by a vote of 258 to 210, adopted a bill which legalizes such things. Which is only fair, say the proponents of the bill, because there is no sense in leaving "pubs" open on Sunday and closing the movies. Fanatics who desired the movies to remain closed knelt in the pouring rain outside the parliamentary houses while the bill was in passage, praying for it to be defeated. Their prayers were useless.



* * *

Fifi Dorsay, born in Montreal, wants to become a citizen of the United States. She filed an application for citizenship in Los Angeles.

* * *

MISS DORSAY is spending her evenings at school learning Uncle Sam's Constitution, and by the time she becomes a full-fledged American she hopes to find a man who will make her a good husband. Fifi says there's no use having a nice house with a gate if there is no one at the gate to meet you when you come home. This is not an ad. Fifi will do her own finding.

Fifi is spending her spare time helping Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, with her French lessons.

* * *

POLA NEGRI is headed for Hollywood as this issue goes to press. "I am all afire to make better pictures than I ever made before," she said. "I hope to do another 'Passion.'" Pola says she wants to do character roles.

* * *

MARY PICKFORD has left Hollywood for New York. Doug, coming by way of Siam, China, India and way points, is approaching Europe. Mary expects to join Doug in England, where they have many friends.

* * *

Edmund Lowe and King Vidor have finally played off a tennis match which was arranged three years ago. Each time they set a day and place for the battle, one or the other had to call it off. The other day they met and played two hours to complete one set—which Eddie won.

* * *

WALLACE BEERY will be the first actor to perform stunts with navy fliers when he starts work in his navy aviation role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Sea Eagles." Beery, a government licensed pilot, is now practicing the technique of naval flying for the picture which George Hill will direct.

* * *

KING VIDOR has selected Ernest Torrence for one of the important roles in "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox," Greta Garbo's current picture. Not having read the book, Ernest doesn't know which episode he contributes to.

* * *

Irene Rich is going East to witness the graduation of her daughter from Smith College.

* * *

POLLY MORAN received a very unpleasant Easter present. She had gone to an early mass, the church was crowded, Polly was forced to stand. She and her mother walked home. While part way up a flight of concrete steps in front of her house Polly became dizzy, lost her

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

balance and took a dive down the steps upon her face. Her nose was broken in two places, both eyes bruised and she was cut and bruised about her arms and shoulders. And when the doctor fixed the nose he straightened out a kink which has been in it for years.

* * *

MADGE BELLAMY, who jumped to unusual heights in the movies during the first days of the talkies and has never reached them since, is planning a two-year trip to Europe. She is selling (at auction) her home in Hollywood which is valued at approximately $225,000. That will buy a lot of coffee and doughnuts in Europe.

* * *

Norma Shearer is Constance Bennett's favorite actress.

* * *

THERE is an old saying in Monterey, Mexico, that a man's overcoat or hat is not safe from thieves, but no one will ever steal his money, because it is too heavy to carry around. Ken Maynard, recently returned from a trip to Mexico, during which time he restocked his supply of saddles, leather goods and clothing for his cowboy wardrobe, brings back this tale: "The peso is worth 41 cents at this time, so when I started out with several hundred dollars to do my shopping I had to use a valise to carry it all."

* * *

MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU recently entertained with a formal dinner preceding Adolphe's leaving for a local hospital where he was to have a tonsil operation. Among the guests who saw to it that Adolphe enjoyed what was to be his last square meal for a few days were Gloria Swanson, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, Sharon Lynn, William Haines, Jack Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Don Lee and Gene Markey. After a splendid dinner the host left for his temporary lodging at the Cedar of Lebanon Hospital.

* * *

Ramon Novarro almost always wears dark blue suits.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON had a most unusual party on the occasion of her birthday, recently. Seated at the luncheon table were four generations, Gloria, and her daughter, her mother and her grandmother. The only other guests of this all-feminine party were Virginia Barker and Lois Wilson—two of Gloria's closest friends. Miss Barker's friendship dates back to Gloria's school days in Chicago. Lois has been her friend and pal since she first set foot in California, fourteen years ago. As the party was coming to an end an unexpected but most welcome male guest was announced—a man whom Gloria has not seen in years, who launched this now famous star — the doctor who attended her birth.



RENEE ADOREE and Lila Lee were visited by several friends recently over the week-end at Prescott, Arizona, where they are convalescing after several months' illness and their many friends will be happy to learn they have both gained more than fifteen pounds in weight and are looking and feeling fine.

* * *

Warner Baxter got the thrill of his lifetime recently when he visited his boyhood home in Ohio and found a tree in the backyard with his initials still carved in it.



Helen Twelvetrees: Surprises Hollywood by marrying Frank Woody, a Hollywood real estate dealer.

* * *

AN eighteen-year-old movie-struck girl left her home in Tacoma to come to Hollywood. The lure of the movies! She wanted to be a star, thought she could be. She felt she was as pretty as Dorothy Mackaill, could act as well as Nancy Carroll, could read lines better than Lily Damita—so why shouldn't she succeed? Her friends had told her these things and she believed them. So to Hollywood she came.

She became an extra—and in a period of over six months got just three days' work. Her money went. She was charged with passing a bad check. The judge's sentence was, "You are banished from Hollywood and ordered to return to your home in Tacoma and stay there!" So ends another dream.

* * *

ANOTHER star and idol of former days is laid to rest alongside of Barbara LaMarr, Rudy Valentino and others who thrilled our hearts in the days before the talkies. Tom Santchi. Years ago he and Bill Farnum staged a battle in "The Spoilers." Ever since that time he has been rated as the best and cleanest villain in picturedom. The fans will miss him. Hollywood will miss him even more.

* * *

CLAIRE WINDSOR says she is going to Europe for a while and then coming back to Hollywood. She picked the boat she sailed on by jabbing a pin into a list of them while she was blindfolded. Maybe she will get before a camera in England before she returns.

* * *

WILLIAM BAKEWELL, the young actor, had an embarrassing experience the other day. He parked his car near a drug store to make a purchase. On returning he bought a newspaper and was engrossed in reading a

The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Buster Keaton: The greatest practical joker in Hollywood and a danger at any party. Anything for a laugh.

news item as he stepped into the car. He was about to step on the starter when a young lady rushed up to him. "You can't take my car, I'll call the police." The astonished Billy then observed that his own car, of similar design and color, was parked a few feet away. His apologies and explanations were finally accepted with silent scorn and some incredulity.

* * *

WHEN Dolores Costello gave up her screen career for motherhood two years ago she had no intention of ever returning, but her many fans seem reluctant to let her go, and so Warner Brothers have persuaded her to make a few pictures each year. While making the first she was interviewed and said that she missed her baby daughter, age one year, from whom she has never been separated. Strange as it seems her new leading man, Warren Williams, bears a striking resemblance to her famous husband, John Barrymore.

* * *

Al Boasberg says successful men are often bald because they are destined to come out on top.

* * *

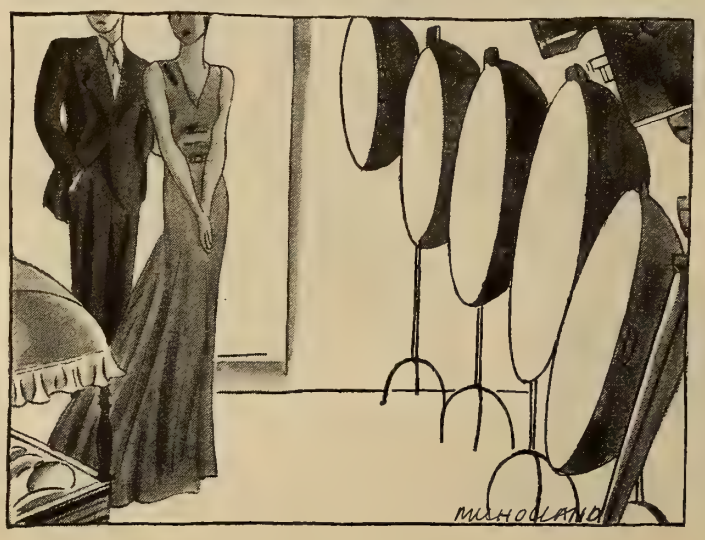
JOAN CRAWFORD'S popularity isn't solely with her screen followers. While making her last picture the whole company gave Joan a good old-fashioned surprise party on her birthday. The prop men, electricians, cameramen, sound men—all chipped in and bought the largest cake possible. Between scenes the company flocked around the star while she cut a huge slice for each person.

* * *

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has returned from what was supposed to be a vacation in New York, but what turned out to be two weeks' confinement in a hotel room with the flu. Bob looked bad and had to take an additional week to enable him to go to Palm Springs and recuperate. Bob was supposed to start work on his new picture upon his return from New York.

* * *

YOU wouldn't believe from seeing Ernest Torrence on the screen in his usual hard-boiled characterizations, that he was a talented musician and that he has written the words and music of a number of well known ballads, one of which was sung recently over the radio by John McCormack, entitled "What an Irishman Thinks of Mother Machree." Ernest has just sold two more of his compositions to the Irish tenor to be used in his forthcoming concerts.



BILLY HAINES has cornered the alabaster market! Billy owns a prosperous antique and interior decorating shop as a side line. The other day he heard about a collection of alabaster vases coming to the Pacific Coast and bought the entire shipment.

* * *

NEIL HAMILTON and John Mack Brown are taking advantage of low prices of California real estate and building materials. Both Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer players have started building homes they have been planning on ever since settling in the film capital. Neil is building in Brentwood and John's home will be in Beverly Hills.

* * *

Recently a well known actress was asked her impressions of a few stellar lights. Here is what she answered: Ronald Colman's charming indifference. . . . William Haines' beautifully appointed and well managed home. . . . Irving Thalberg's youthfulness and ability. . . . Robert Montgomery's dancing. . . . Richard Barthlemess' hats. . . . Adolphe Menjou telling a story. . . . Jack Gilbert's laugh. . . . King Vidor's tricks and practical jokes. . . . Buddy Rogers' clothes consciousness. . . . Gloria Swanson's fascination. . . . Marion Davies' childlike quality and generosity. . . . Joan Crawford's new personality. . . . Constance Bennett's abandon and joy of living. . . . Norma Shearer's progress from hard work and study. . . . Norma Talmadge's indifference. . . . Ruth Chatterton's calmness. . . . Dorothy Mackaill's disinterest in Dorothy Mackaill. . . . Eileen Pringle's figure. . . . Billie Dove's beauty. . . . Ann Harding's plainness.

* * *

CLARA BOW has decided that there's nothing but trouble in city life. Consequently she has purchased a cattle ranch in Nevada and declares she is going to spend all her vacation time up there, riding horseback and resting. The first thing she's going to do is build a small ranch house, so that she can have a few friends to spend week-ends with her. And Rex Bell is teaching her to ride horseback. Maybe that's the way Clara lost so much weight. She looks better than she has in several years. She and Rex seem to be getting along harmoniously these days.

* * *

Buster Keaton is one of the greatest practical jokers in Hollywood. And if ever you are in a party where he and Buster Collier get together, look out. They'll do anything for a laugh.

* * *

PHYLLIS HAVER, former screen star, has been visiting old friends in Hollywood for a few days. Her husband, William Seaman, is in New York and Phyllis was so anxious to get back to him after a few weeks' trip to Honolulu that she didn't stay long in her old homeland. When Phyllis retired from pictures two years ago and went to New York to live, people predicted that she would not long resist the call of the camera. But she declares she's perfectly happy as a married woman

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

and she never expects to make any more movies.

* * *

P. G. Wodehouse, well known author, walks daily from his Beverly Hills home to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, where he is under contract—just a nice little distance of about six miles. Ho! Hum!

* * *

NO news of Hollywood is complete these days without a report on what's doing at Malibu Beach. So many movie celebrities live there and so many week-end parties take place that it comprises half the social news and gossip of the picture colony.

Jack Gilbert has moved back for the Summer and may be seen almost every day with his devoted Scotch terrier, Bunty, taking long walks. Never see Jack with a girl these days.

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman have started building their home on the beach. So has Dave Butler. His last one burned down. Buddy De Sylva's new Malibu house is gray stone with steel barred windows. He's taking no more chances on a fire. Dave Butler's new home is next door and the wags are trying to get him to call it the "The Warden's," so as to carry out the general scheme of things.

Bert Wheeler's two-year-old daughter, Patricia, and Dick Hyland's two-year-old son have been seen a lot together. They are frequently chaperoned by Wesley Ruggles, who is rapidly recovering from the breakdown which put him to bed for six weeks.

Constance and Joan Bennett do a sister act up and down the beach every day when they're not working. Very nice, too.

Leila Hyams has started to rebuild. The one thing she insists upon is that they put bathtubs in the new chateau. The last one had nothing but showers, and Leila decided that wasn't so good.

Johnny Considine, who has been engaged to both Carmen Pantages and Joan Bennett, but apparently isn't engaged to either at present, has taken Vivienne Segal's house for the summer. He has Sunday evening suppers. At the last one we saw Una Merkel, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Elissa Landi. John and Carmen are still good friends and she is occasionally his guest, while Joan Bennett lives just four houses away. So there's no telling what the Summer may bring forth.

Elissa Landi caused a great deal of comment when she appeared on the beach. This foreign star has been keeping strictly to herself ever since she came to Hollywood. She's beautiful and intelligent.

George O'Brien, just back from Manila, was taking a swim last Sunday in front of his Malibu house when a huge seal resented his intrusion in the Pacific and chased him to shore.

Lois Moran keeps her figure by five-mile walks in the sand. She wears short blue trunks and white shirts.

Never see anything on the beach now but pajamas. They range from ginghams, linen sport effects, through chiffons and satins. Marie Dwan, wife of Allan Dwan, the director, wears luscious Chinese ones, in all colors.

Dolores Del Rio lost her Scotty the other day and had the whole beach out on a search party.

The Dick Barthelmesses are going Malibu this Summer.

The Summer was really officially opened when Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan entertained at a Sunday night supper party. Mrs. Dwan is one of Malibu's favorite hostesses. Among the guests were Mr. Winfield Sheehan, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), the Marquis de la Falaise and Miss Constance Bennett, and the Comte and Comtesse de la Falaise, Mr. John Considine and Miss Joan Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach, Mr. Eddie Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, Miss Pauline Starke, Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks.



Phyllis Haver: Retired from the screen for two years, she visits her old friends in Hollywood.

The Bert Wheelers have open house on Sundays and are the beach's best practical jokers. It's as much as your life is worth to enter there on a Sunday.

Eileen Percy and her small son have been visiting Constance Bennett.

Lew Cody is talking about buying Pauline Frederick's house, which is just above Malibu.

* * *

Charles Bickford will go in for turkey raising on a large scale as his next financial move. Charlie doesn't believe in investing his money in any one thing. He already owns a garage, a restaurant, a gas station, a couple of whaling boats and a hog farm.

* * *

MICKEY MOUSE called Dick Hyland—the only writer ever to interview him—on the phone. Mickey was all het up. His teeth were scrunching together and his tail was beating a tattoo on the floor. "I'm mad," he shouted, or rather squeaked. When Mickey gets mad he squeaks. "I'm awful mad, and so is Minnie—madder than ever before."



"What's the matter?" asked Dick. "Some one set a trap for you?"

"No," he said. "I'm too smart and too old to stick my nose into traps. But another mouse isn't. And he's a phoney."

"Who?"

"This funny colored mouse with no ancestors who is trying to steal my stuff—and Minnie's."

"Say," asked Dick, "have you been nibbling at some of that imported cheese again? What are you talking about?"

"Some bozo has gotten together a flock of mice

(*Continued on page* 93)

A GRAND DUKE



The Grand Duke Alexander, grandson of one czar and brother-in-law of another, in the traditional costume of a Russian nobleman of his station. This picture was made when the Grand Duke was a visitor in America in 1893. He came to visit the Chicago World's Fair.

Being a Movie Fan, the Grand Duke Met the Stars as Old Friends. He Discusses Mimic Grand Dukes in Films and Marvels at Their Gorgeous Extravagances. And He Challenges Hollywood to Make Better Pictures

THE Grand Duke Alexander of Russia has been touring the United States. He visited Hollywood and, as the guest of California notables, saw the studios in action. This article gives his vivid and amusing impressions.

Grand Duke Alexander was a brother-in-law of the late Czar Nicholas II, last of the Romanoffs. He is a cousin of the King of England. Then, too, he is a grandson of the Czar Nicholas I. During the World War the Grand Duke Alexander commanded the aviation forces of the Russian Empire.

With the coming of the revolution the Grand Duke escaped with his family to the Crimea. They were taken prisoners by the German Army and, in 1919, escaped to Paris.

The Grand Duke is the author of several books and has lectured frequently in this country.

A SPECIAL dispatch to *The North American Alliance* said: "Grand Duke Alexander of Russia arrived in Movieland for a brief stay. And a group of Slavic gentlemen who have based their chief claim to greatness on the fact that they were aids in the Ducal suite, generals in the Imperial Army and otherwise high in the Russian Court shenanigans, discovered that they had to 'work' very hard along about train time."

Well, I suppose everything does grow fast on the rich soil of California, everything including Russian titles and the imagination of American correspondents. In any event I had no intention whatsoever to check up on anybody's claims. I came to get a glimpse of the motion-picture industry. I wanted to meet Mr. John Gilbert, which was only natural considering that for many years he had been playing the parts of Russian Grand Dukes.

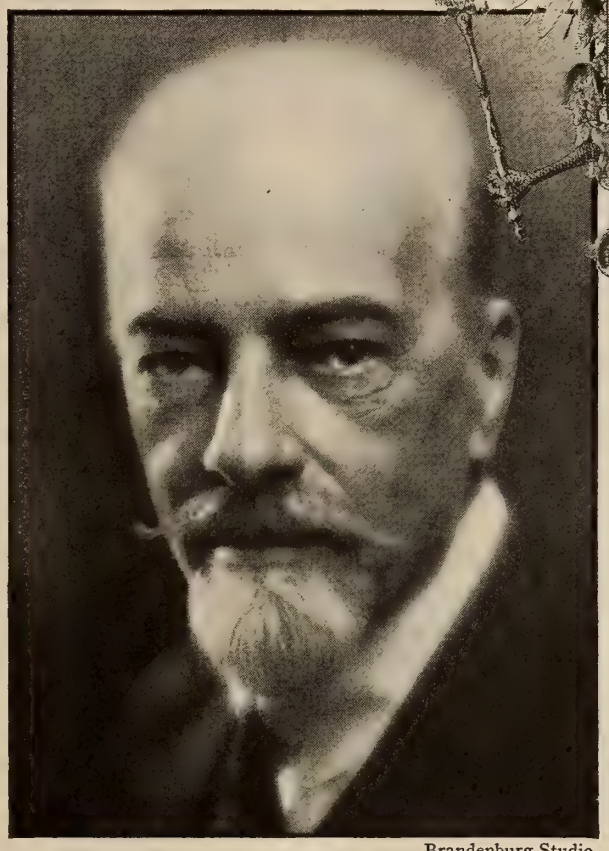
I used to envy him. His gorgeous boyard costumes, his spectacular parties, the informality of his manner, the pair of graceful unmuzzled tigers that followed on his heels, his dominant way with beautiful women—all of this stimulated my curiosity and awakened bitter memories of the strict regulations which made us wear plain military uniforms, limited our choice of household pets to Persian cats and German dachshunds, and forced us to sleep on narrow iron bunks so different from those luxurious gigantic beds constructed in Mr. Gilbert's royal apartments. Of course, it is romantic to be a Grand Duke in Culver City, Calif., but, alas, it was much less so to be one in St. Petersburg, Russia. My hosts laughed at this comparison.

"Very true," admitted they, "we suppose it is ridiculous the way we portray the life of royalty. Don't think, however, that we do it through sheer ignorance. We know better. For one thing, you couldn't walk the block between the Roosevelt and Christie Hotels without bumping into at least a dozen European experts ready to sell advice at bargain-counter prices. The main trouble lies with the public. Can you imagine a girl working in an office in Grand Rapids, Michigan, who would care to see a Grand Duke dressed in a sober uniform and walking with a commonplace fox-terrier or dachshund? Not on your life. She wants to see something fantastic, something that none of her boy friends can afford or would be permitted to have under police regulations. That's where we got the idea of tigers. She eats it all up, she goes home and raves about it, she gets her pa, ma, and younger sisters excited, she tells it to the people in her office, and so on and so forth. Everybody is happy: producers, exhibitors, actors, cash customers. But if you want to see an authentic Russian picture, don't miss Carewe's 'Resurrection.' It's a peach." I did see "Resurrection."

In fact, I am still pondering over the mysterious considerations that brought about the appearance of a Mexican dancer in the garb of a Russian peasant girl. No two nationalities could be less alike. Mr. Wallace Beery in the star part of the talking version of "Beau Brummel" would be a happy choice in comparison with Miss Lupe Velez as the heroine of Tolstoi's classic. I was perfectly willing to

LOOKS At Hollywood

BY THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER of RUSSIA



Brandenburg Studio

At the left the Grand Duke Alexander as he appears today, at the age of sixty-five. The Grand Duke has no disinterested view of motion pictures. When he met the Hollywood stars, he says: "I had a curious feeling of having known them for a very long time. My boys grew up admiring the beauty of Miss Pickford and trying to outdo the exploits of the inimitable Zorro." On one of his visits to America he says he had to learn four new English words: Ford, Buick, Mary Pickford.

forget Mr. John Boles' fantastic uniform and his "echt Berliner" way of clicking his heels; I smilingly withstood the sight of a Gordon Gin bottle in the cell of a Russian jail; I took the various changes made in our criminal procedure in a spirit of broadminded indifference; but I registered a strenuous protest against the Mexicanization of Russian women. There is no doubt in my mind but that even the same synthetic girl working in an office in Grand Rapids, Michigan, has a very clear idea of the difference existing between the types prevailing in the Republic south of the Rio Grande and the inhabitants of the Volga district. This time I demanded a watertight alibi.

MY informers felt uneasy and their explanations became slightly involved. It seemed that much newspaper talk about the events in the land of the Soviets had created a distinct market for a new output of Russian pictures; furthermore, the firm that acquired the talkie rights to "Resurrection" had an option on the services of Miss Velez. Two and two invariably make four, even in Hollywood.

I conceded the point:

"Quite so," said I, "and a fellow who attempts to kill two birds with one stone sometimes gets a suspended jail sentence for smashing the windows of a private residence. I see, by the way, that the papers are giving considerable space to the political developments in Spain. Any chance of seeing Jack Oakie in the part of a Spanish dictator?"

"Stranger things have happened in my lifetime," answered the man who remembered the day of the old Vitagraph. "We are here to make money.

"Ours is the Industry that Bunk Built . . ."

He was not the only one to voice this gloomy opinion. During my stay in Hollywood I heard the same remark made by scores of responsible people. Important executives, highly paid directors and successful scenario writers told me with a deep sigh that they could not make the pictures they would really like to as their respective firms had lost enormous sums of money each time they had attempted to screen a worthwhile story. In the beginning I tried to argue. I quoted the famous cases of "The Miracle Man," "Intolerance," "The Big Parade," "Anna Christie," "All Quiet on the Western Front." Had this dispute taken place a few months later I could have added "Morocco" and "Cimarron" to my list.

As a thoroughly disinterested outsider I could see that the industry was growing and prospering not because of idiotic pictures, but in spite of them. Each time there was a moment of uncertainty as to the future of movie making, along came a D. W. Griffith, a King Vidor, a Lewis Milestone, and saved the situation.

An uninterrupted series of wishy-washy films would be sure to ruin the most powerful concern. Hundreds of millions of Americans, Canadians, Hindoos, French, Germans, Italians,

(*Continued on page* 106)

"I understand that Von Stroheim's 'Greed' and Vidor's 'The Crowd' brought nothing but disappointment to their financial backers, and yet how many people do stick to their habit of patronizing the movies just on account of the good will created by these magnificent failures.

"I know I do."

—THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER

"I'm A

"As a Girl I Was Handicapped by Bulk and No Beauty," Says Marie Dressler. "I Had My Mother to Support—and I Traded Bulk and Laughs for Money."



Marie Dressler was born in Coburg, Canada. Her real name is Lelia Koerber. Her father was the last surviving officer of the Crimean War. Her antecedents are German. Miss Dressler's childhood ambition was to be a chariot driver in a circus but she turned to comedy.

SHE is around sixty years of age and weighs in proportion. One of the most honest women I have ever known, her mind is as quick as the change in public affection.

She combines in her make-up the qualities that would make her a great character in any environment.

Powerful and streaked with real simplicity, and with emotions that are elemental, she can bring them to the surface immediately. A genuine person, she has none of the affectations of her sex. Her pity, her sentimentality, her love of people is as vast as the measurement of her bust.

To Marie Dressler life is a lovely and lusty mirage.

She can find an excuse for the failings of anybody. If a director suddenly ran amuck and strangled four producers with the ropes of their own ego, he could go to Marie and explain the situation, and Marie would say—"There, there, you poor boy—do not weep so—I understand."

One might think that such a person had no philosophy of life. Marie is no female Dr. Crane. Her eyes see to the aching heart of things. She is a woman whose kind heart is the ruler of her life. It is the custodian of her eyes, and closes them to all that is miserable and muddy in the conniving halls of mankind.

An enormous money earner for the past thirty years, she tops her career with a weekly salary which is greater even than a scenario writer who is able to read and write thinks he is worth. As she would give the world away, and try to borrow Mars for anyone who would ask—her affairs have been taken out of her hands.

She was born in Canada, ages ago. Her name is Lelia Koerber. Her father was the last surviving officer of the Crimean War. Her ambition as a child was to be a chariot driver. Possibly seeing far into the future and wondering where would grow the horses large enough to haul her, she gave up the urge and played the part of "Cupid" in an amateur theatrical.

ABOUT five feet eight inches tall and somewhat less than that around, she has eyes the green color of Elinor Glyn's. But there the resemblance ends. Marie's are luminous and kind. Glyn's might be worked by wheels in the head of a mannikin thrown carelessly in a social garret.

Maurice Barrymore, father of the present John, is given credit for making of Marie Dressler a comic.

When she left home, still a child, to go the way of the stage, her mother, regretting the academic education her daughter woul dmiss, begged her to buy and read the best paper in each town she visited.

In most American cities the young girl bought no paper at all.

She took the name of an aunt. Her first part on the professional stage was that of Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." Stranded in Michigan soon after, she got a job with an opera company at eight dollars a week. A chance soon came to understudy the leading woman. In eight years she earned eight hundred dollars a week; later, sixteen hundred.

Miss Dressler has at various times lived in many Canadian and American cities. Because of being identified with Saginaw, Michigan, she was called "Sag" for years. Her stage experiences, through the long and many years, would fill volumes. She supported Lillian Russell in "Lady Nicotine," and rode a bicycle with that once beautiful and now departed lady about the streets of New York. Traffic, no doubt, as usual, went on.

She once did a burlesque of Juliet opposite Sam Bernard's Romeo.

AFTER some financial failures, she made a tremendous hit in "Tillie's Nightmare." In this play she introduced a song that went around the world. With mirth and rollicking gusto, she sang:

"Heaven will protect the working girl!"

While playing in Los Angeles, Mack Sennett signed

Lucky Old Devil"

Marie Dressler, a Sensational Hit at Sixty, Says She Makes That Remark to Herself When She Wakes Up Every Morning. Anyway, She Says, It's Better to be Successful in Age Than in Youth

BY JIM TULLY

her to appear in "Tillie's Punctured Romance." In the cast were Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand.

There are those in Hollywood who claim that Miss Dressler's name and popularity did much to draw the attention to Chaplin in this film.

By one of the terrifying inconsistencies of the film world, this woman, the greatest female comic the screen has produced, slipped away from Mack Sennett.

She decided to be a mimic because she felt that people naturally laughed at her anyhow. "Why not let 'em pay for laughing?" They do now—in millions.

Her characterizations are realistically accurate. She has the universal quality of Chaplin, and knows instinctively, like that jester, the exact dividing line between a tear and a laugh. Like Chaplin, she could not analyze what opposite emotions are so close together. That, she wisely leaves to others.

THE mistress of comedy and tragedy, she said to me: "As a girl I was handicapped with bulk and no beauty. I looked in the mirror and realized these things. I had my mother to take care of. I had no thought of myself. The thing you unselfishly do is the easiest done. I traded bulk and laughs for money. Mother was made happy."

During the World War Marie Dressler could not appear on the stage. "My whole heart and soul were with the kids in the trenches. I couldn't laugh while others were dying. I sold Liberty bonds. I felt it was my part of the job.

"When the war was over I was ready to return to the stage. Managers said I was too old and had deteriorated. Did I sit back and say, 'There is only one line of business for me'? No! I got out and tried everything. I even dabbled in peanuts down at Coney Island. I dabbled in real estate. Last thing I was going to do was to go into the hotel business in France. I knew I had attributes, the gift of amusing people, the gift of being a fine hostess. In the hotel I planned to have an American bar. One gala night a week would have covered all my expenses. Anne Morgan was going with me, but not into business with me.

"Anne Morgan and I are two of the founders of a big club in New York. I am proud of knowing her.

"Allan Dwan wanted me for a bit. The bit just fitted me. It was in an Olive Borden film.

"I have never let the world see the serious side of my nature. The bait held out to me was, 'Tell her it is to be done at Palm Beach among her friends and we will pay her two thousand dollars a week.'

"After playing that part, I came back and started packing my trunk again. While I was thus engaged the call came for me to go out to California and do a picture.

"I AM very much interested in astrology. My horoscope indicated, when I had it cast ten years ago, that in my profession of the theater I was practically done for the time being, but that I might come back in 1926 or '27, but it was a new theater, they did not know what it was. I laughed at it at first. Life and death have always been a secret. It will always be a mystery. The best anybody can do is to do the best that they can that day. If we have any chart, it must be the stars.

"I judge people, especially men, by their backs. When they walk away from me I get a good idea of their characters.

"I believe that if we have a gift, we should use that gift. I have the gift of comedy and I try to use it to bring pleasure to people. Shop girls love to see me coming. Comedy is my religion.

"In 'Tillie's Punctured Romance' I made the biggest hit in the picture. It should have made me independent.

"Other people interest me more than myself.

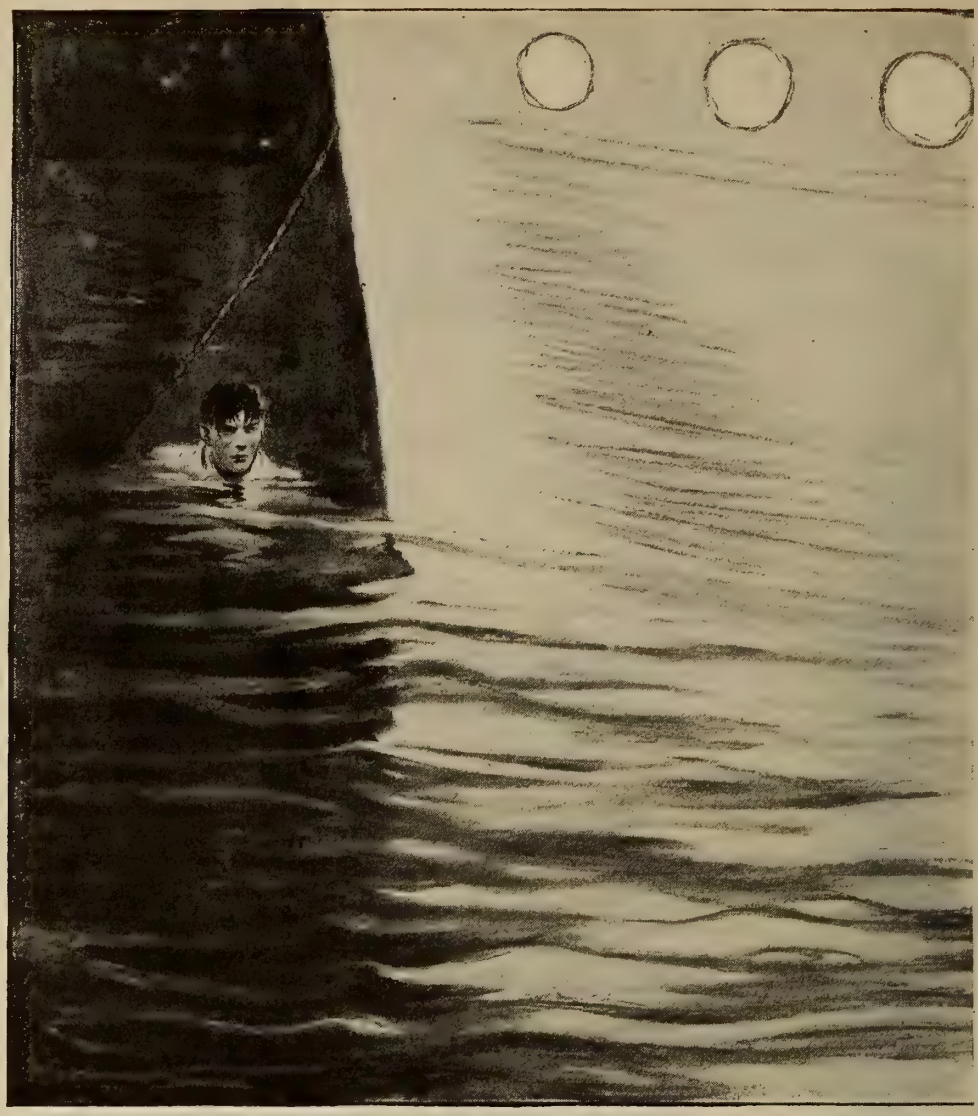
" 'Lucky old devil,' I say to myself every morning when I ring for my maid. (*Cont'd on page* 82)



Photograph by Hixon-Connelly, Kansas City

Marie Dressler as she appeared in her big stage hit, "Tillie's Nightmare." In this show she sang her famous song, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl!" It was shortly after this that she turned to films.

Illustrated
by
Ray Van Buren



The Confessions of a Hollywood HUSBAND

By
One of Them

THERE have been stories about everyone and everything in Hollywood except the husbands. The homes of the stars, their mothers, their grandmothers, their swimming pools, their cars, their dogs, their sisters and their brothers. Magazines seem to like to run a group of pictures of such and praise them and compare them and say how lucky the stars are to have them in addition to all their other blessings.

But did you ever see a cluster of photos entitled "Husbands of the Stars" with appropriate headings something like this, "Gloria Feversham may have fifty pounds more of husband (see photo upper left) than Lottie Divine, but Lottie's makes up for it by being half an inch wider behind the ears (See photo center)"?

Perhaps the reason this subject has been neglected is that an editor can never be quite sure whether a star's husband is going to stay her husband until time for the magazine to come out.

I'VE been a famous star's husband myself and what a lot of romances I've seen at close range; seen break up and spatter to pieces like so many bits of colored glass. Gloria Swanson and "Hank" de Falaise, Pola Negri and her "Serge," Billie Dove and the devoted Irvin Willat, Helen and Clark Twelvetrees, whom



I swam up quietly and rested one hand on the anchor hawser. I could hear them as plainly as if I'd been on the yacht raft myself. My wife and the foreign director were sitting on the raft in their bathing suits.

They were talking about me. He was saying that, while he liked me, he had found out that in this world all the sweets, the worthwhile things, go to the strong, the people who can do and dare.

"Like yourself?" asked Eileen.

Here is the Actual, Fact Story of the Husband of a Movie Star. Read What Happened When He Found That He Had Reversed Roles With His Wife.

we met when they were just breaking into Hollywood, as happy and handsome a couple as one could hope to set eyes on. Dolores del Rio and poor dead Jaime. Jack Gilbert and his temperament that separated him from Leatrice Joy and one of the prettiest babies in the whole world; and later the rift with Ina Claire. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, happy and pleased with each other as two high school kids, and now Bert's married again and Claire gets shipwrecked on Phil Plant's (Connie Bennett's ex-husband) yacht. Colleen Moore and her handsome ex-manager and ex-husband!

How does anyone get to be a star's husband anyway? Sometimes by accident, sometimes by design. In my case it was just plain luck, whether good luck or bad luck, you'll have to judge by the time you finish this story. At any rate, I never thought of the little extra girl I married becoming a star. I just was in love with her and wanted her all to myself. An old story. Millions of young men have felt that way and millions of millions more will.

The first two years of our marriage I managed to knock off an average of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week as assistant director, and my wife, who was—and is—beautiful, added about a thousand a year to the family income by playing bits and doing some "evening dress extra" work. Incidentally, we had our first baby and were so happy it hurts now to look back on it.

Well, about the time the baby was a year old, my wife, whom we will call Eileen, though of course that isn't her name, got her first real rôle. If I even hinted at the picture you'd remember and place it. It was one of the surprise hits of the year or of two years, for that matter, and the way Eileen played her part had everyone talking.

For playing it she had received exactly eighty dollars a week. Her next salary was a thousand. That's the way Hollywood was in those days before the producers got together in what's called "a gentlemen's agreement"—though what's so gentlemanly about getting together to keep from paying people as much money as they can honestly make for you I never did figure out.

WELL, that first big contract lasted fifty-two weeks and all the time I kept at my assistant director's job. We took in over sixty thousand dollars between us that year and as we really hadn't learned to spend money or acquired the friends or the habits that go with spending money, we saved a larger proportion than we ever did afterwards.

Just before the year was over, I persuaded my company to give me a trial at directing a picture. I'd

always wanted this, but somehow the thrill of it was lost in view of my wife's greater achievement.

And what a success she was making! Each picture she was in seemed to top the last and at the end of a year her company tore up her contract with its options and handed her a new one with starring prerogatives and a guarantee of twenty-five hundred a week. With the five hundred I was getting on my try-out picture that made three thousand dollars. We should have been a couple of happy as well as a couple of lucky kids. Actually it was the most miserable few months we'd ever spent in our lives.

JUST a few days ago I picked up an issue of THE NEW MOVIE in which Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., say they've solved their difficulties by both trying never to get "nerves" at one and the same time. Thus they see to it that one of them always has strength enough to comfort the other in time of mental stress. Well, they're both nice kids and I hope and believe they'll be able to maintain that schedule. But at that, they haven't a baby yet to add to their responsibilities.

And besides, Doug, Jr., hasn't got quite the amount of responsibilities and annoyances a director has. Checking up cold-bloodedly, I don't seem to remember a single instance of a marriage between a director and a real star that panned out permanently. Jimmy Cruze and Betty Compson, Micky Neilan and Blanche Sweet, Bob Leonard and May Murray, King and Florence Vidor, Alexander and Maria Korda—in every case, divorce! And the very fact that most of these people have married again and are living happily with their new mates seems to prove it wasn't a question of personality or unadaptability that separated them. It was just that in taking on a set of dual worries and responsibilities, they'd tackled a game that was too big for them. Or perhaps for anybody.

"After the dinner, I drove my wife and her director home in our town car. As we approached his hotel, he leaned over and asked, smoothly and easily:

"'Mind if I borrow your wife for the week-end?'"

Read what happened.

I know this may seem like I'm alibi-ing myself all over the place. But I wish I could give you some idea of the cat and dog life we led during those weeks when I was directing my first picture.

Perhaps the easiest way to explain is to imagine a case of some army general engaged in battle right up to his neck. He's tired and he's touchy and although things may be going well with his front line, he's worried to death over the threat of a counter attack on his flanks. So, wanting comfort and helpful suggestions, he sends for his chief of staff, only to find that officer has been conducting a little war on his own account and was just coming to headquarters for advice and help from the general.

THIS mixing up of pictures with war isn't as far fetched as it sounds, for when you've got a director's or a star's responsibilities, you have to fight and fight and fight. Otherwise you know, and the industry knows, your career will careen down and not up. Well, always before, when I was just an assistant, I'd been able and eager to consult with my wife over her clothes and her make-up and there's many a time I sat up all night reading some script and giving her what points I could on the playing of it.

Now directing my first picture, I was having troubles of my own. I thought Eileen ought to realize what a chance it was for me, and give back some of the help I'd given her. She tried and she tried hard; even at the time I gave her credit for that. But for her first starring picture they'd put her in a rôle where she was miscast and she was simply worried to death on her own account. So, the way it worked out, we'd come from our individual worries at the studio only to meet up with a fresh set at home.

The big blow-off came one night when I rushed home from the studio after a fight with a supervisor over a terrible script that had been handed to me for my second picture and which I was supposed to start shooting on in five days. I thought if I could talk it over with Eileen for a couple of hours, I might straighten the mess out.

But when I got home I found she was doing night stuff and would be kept at her studio till around 3 a. m. Then, as I was pacing around, trying to iron out the flaws in my story, I heard a moaning sound from the baby's room. I went in to him and found him with his covers all kicked off and his face flushed and his lips black with fever. The nurse we were paying a hundred and fifty a month to was playing bridge with my driver and the cook and second girl; and by the time I'd fired her and gotten hold of a doctor and a new nurse, I was beginning to make up my mind to do something.

IT broke when my wife came home from her studio tired to hysterics and begging me to give her some help on the characterization she was playing, which she was terribly worried about. When she started to complain I just grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her, crying that I was at the very end of my own rope. I wanted help and comfort from her, not more griefs to worry about.

Worked up as we both were, we started in on a frightful row. Then suddenly Eileen slipped down on the floor and lay there, quiet, all in a heap. It was the first time she'd ever fainted and I knew there was no play acting about it. I was darned scared and did everything I could think of to bring her to. When her eyes fluttered open and her color began to come back, I sat on the floor with her head in my lap, still chafing her wrists and my mind kept going round and round, trying to pick up and encompass *her* side of the argument.

Then, after a while, I went into the kitchen and got some ice cubes and mixed us both a good stiff highball and fixed Eileen up comfortably with pillows on the couch and started off something like this:

"Listen honey, the only things that really count to us in this world are you and me and our love and the baby."

"That's right, dear. Of course that's right," she whispered, reaching for my hand.

"Well, the way we're going on, no matter how much money we're making, something's got to smash. And we don't want that, do we?"

"I don't," Eileen was squeezing my hand now.

"Well, what are we going through all this for, anyway? Just money. And you're making three to five times as much as I am."

"IT doesn't seem fair when you're really so much brighter than I am," comforted Eileen. "Anyway, it will only last a few years while I have my youth and freshness."

"All the more reason," I replied, "why I shouldn't ask you to give up your day of glory. But, as it's obvious that somebody has to give up something, I want you to understand I'm not going to do that next picture they've scheduled for me."

"Why honey, I couldn't let you give up your career for me."

"I'm not giving it up," I said. "I'm just suspending it. I've got enough faith in your essential fairness and integrity to believe that you'll make it up to me sometime. And if you don't—(*Continued on page* 112)



Photograph by Gene Kornman

Harold Lloyd and Harold, Junior, posed especially for NEW MOVIE. Harold, Senior, has just recovered from an operation for appendicitis, and Harold, Junior, is now safely over his dangerous first days. When Harold, Junior, was born prematurely on January 25th, he weighed less than three pounds. Heroic methods were resorted to and, ounce by ounce, he was brought to healthy babyhood. NEW MOVIE extends its heartiest congratulations to the happy Harolds, Senior and Junior, and, of course, to Mama Mildred.

HOLLYWOOD'S

The Boulevardier Tells How He Discovered Dick Barthelmess, Just Out of College, Before D. W. Griffith Found and Starred Him.



Herb Howe first met Richard Semler Barthelmess when the young actor was starting at old Vitagraph. Then, as now, there was nothing about him to suggest the actor, either in manner or temperament. From his father he had inherited Dutch frugality and desire for financial security. Says Mr. Howe: "Solemn, meditative, always conservatively dressed, he was the pattern of a judge, an archbishop, a Morgan partner."

THIS is another of the brilliant Herbert Howe's portraits of the Hollywood famous. In past issues he has written about Rudolph Valentino, Pola Negri, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Mabel Normand, Will Rogers and Marion Davies. Other vivid personalities are to be described in future issues of NEW MOVIE.

"HIS name is Richard Barthelmess," said Winifred Allen over the phone. "B-a-r-t-h-e-l-m-e-s-s. That's right. He and his mother are charming people. I think he's having it a little difficult. Why don't you call him up and tell him what you think of his work?"

That was fourteen years ago. (We, of course, were all mere kiddies.)

I was upstarting in the Triangle Film Corporation on Broadway. I had just seen "For Valor," an unimportant little picture, in our projection room. Winifred Allen was the star. Opposite her played this youth I had never seen before. He had the presence of culture and he seemed to be able to think. A striking personality in that era of frizzled hams.

His name had flashed briefly in the cast, but I had not caught it. It is not a catchy name. When I asked Dick why he didn't change it I ran into the obstinacy that has proved so valuable to him in arguments with producers. He said that if he became of sufficient importance people would learn to pronounce it; if he didn't, it wouldn't matter anyhow. This seemed a little unreasonable to me, since he and his mother did not pronounce it alike. Mrs. Barthelmess sounded the *th*, while Dick ignored the *h*. They both accented the first syllable, however. Many of his admirers still accent the second and some go completely off the sound track after the first syllable and call him Bartholomew.

I referred to him as What's-His-Name in telling Miss Allen I thought him a find. Being a sophomore out of college I was ready to make discoveries like Griffith. (Incidentally, What's-His-Name *was* Columbused by Griffith, but not until after I'd done my amateur Leif Ericson.)

IT transpired that Barthelmess, too, was vacationing from college. We both wore fraternity pins. So it was a case of one great mind recognizing a brother.

I called Mr. Barthelmess and he asked if he might see the picture in our projection room and bring his mother. The showing was arranged. I met them and they became my first New York friends.

Dick is the facial double of his mother, a handsome woman with the poise of culture. As Caroline Harris she played character parts, mostly in stock companies and on the road. Her ambition seemed to have concentrated on Dick. She lived economically in order to send him to the finest boys' schools and later to Trinity. During vacations he sometimes played with her and even served as stage director for a stock company in Philadelphia. Through her he obtained his first screen part, with Nazimova in "War Brides." Mrs. Barthelmess had coached Nazimova in English when the Shuberts decided to bring the sinuous Russian from the obscurity of the Yiddish East Side.

Mrs. Barthelmess invited me to their little apartment of three small rooms in West Fifty-seventh Street. There were no servants. Mrs. Barthelmess cooked the dinners in the kitchenette and served them in the living room. From the windows there was a mesmeric view of New York at night.

DICK was quietly proud of the place. He had furnished it in the best of taste. It was the first home he had been able to provide for his mother, and with it he became the head of the house.

One of my proud moments occurred when Mrs. Barthelmess gave me her photograph signed "Your New York Mother."

There was nothing about Dick to suggest the actor either in manner or temperament. Solemn, meditative, always conservatively dressed in dark suits, white shirts, black ties, he was the pattern for a judge, an archbishop, a Morgan partner.

Nor was he eager for a theatrical career. He had seen the dark side of the tinsel behind the scenes with his mother.

HALL of FAME

By
HERBERT HOWE

From his father, who died when he was a child, he had inherited Dutch frugality and desire for financial security. The Bohemian life of the poor artist held no charm for him. All his tastes were aristocratic. He would have preferred to have seen his name in a social register than in Broadway lights. He respected conventional gods with a high church conservatism. The only relative I recall him mentioning was a bishop in China. He never read movie magazines. He subscribed to *The Literary Digest* and approved *The American Magazine.*

Over lunch at the Psi U Club, a few days after the showing of "For Valor," he confessed he was in a quandary. He didn't know whether to remain in the studios or return to Trinity for his senior year, after which he might enter the insurance business.

I urged him to stick with pictures. I hadn't learned that the one thing worse than bad advice is good advice. It seems to me now that Dick would have been happier in the atmosphere of sound business. With his conservative ideals and wise frugality he might have followed in the footsteps of Cal Coolidge. But I have solace in thinking that Cal himself would have advised him as I did. There's more money in pictures than presidency.

I SAID in the prologue to this series of great personalities that a writer's definition of great personality would probably be "the one who supplies the best copy."

Dick is so lacking in this respect as to be extraordinary. I mean to say (which, by the way, was a mannerism of speech with him), his very normalcy makes him conspicuous among the Hollywood gentry. He is the freak example of a well-balanced youth making good in pictures despite a college education. I offer him as a hope to other serious young men considering careers. There is a chance for sanity in Hollywood, especially if it lies behind very eloquent dark eyes.



Richard Barthelmess' very normalcy makes him conspicuous among the Hollywood gentry. He is a freak example of a well-balanced youth making good in pictures despite a college education. Screen acting, at its best, is clean thinking. Cinemactors usually have short careers because they only make faces. Dick's characters evolve from within and are thought out.

I am not trying to imply that Dick was without talent by reason of sanity. Screen acting at its best is clear thinking. Cinemactors have had short careers because they could only make faces with gestures. Such art becomes as monotonous as a chant. Dick's characters evolve from within and are thought *out.* He is one of the very few adults in acting. Movie performing, on the whole, is just playing house.

His versatility is greater than that of most of his colleagues because his mental horizon is wider. You become aware of the bounds only when he goes on a cinematic toot playing fairy princes or one of those "Latin" lady-swooners. As a Lothario he trips over his own solid virtues. He is not reckless, gay or debonair. He hasn't the bounce and buoyancy that make a personality spectacular.

Alice Terry, observing Dick at a flirtatious party, mused: "When Dick fixes a (*Continued on page* 120)

JULY



1776 **1931**

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Wed.	1897: Klondike gold rush starts. 1898: Battle of San Juan Hill and fame for Teddy.
2	Thurs.	1929: Gladys Brockwell dies.
3	Fri.	1863: Pickett leads his men up Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. High tide of Confederacy.
4	Sat.	Independence Day. 1609: Samuel Champlain discovers Lake Champlain. 1876: William Farnum born.
5	Sun.	1415: John Huss burned at stake at Constance.
6	Mon.	1898: Hawaiian Islands become a United States territory.
7	Tues.	1887: Raymond Hatton born at Red Oak, Iowa. Moon in last quarter.
8	Wed.	1887: Eugene Pallette born at Winfield, Kansas.
9	Thurs.	1882: S. L. Rothafel born.
10	Fri.	1895: John Gilbert born at Logan, Utah. 1906: Lily Damita born at Paris.
11	Sat.	1804: Hamilton-Burr duel on New Jersey Palisades. 1909: Sally Blane born at Salida, Colo.
12	Sun.	1854: George Eastman, creator of film photography, born at Waterville, N. Y.
13	Mon.	1793: Marat stabbed by Charlotte Corday.
14	Tues.	1789: Bastile stormed and French revolution starts. 1895: Richard Dix born at St. Paul.
15	Wed.	1902: Raymond Hackett born at New York. New moon tonight.
16	Thurs.	1904: Mary Philbin born. 1907: Barbara Stanwyck born at Brooklyn.
17	Fri.	1898: City of Santiago, Cuba, surrenders to American army.
18	Sat.	1909: Lupe Velez born at San Luis Potosi, Mexico. 1899: Maurice Chevalier born at Menilmontant, France.
19	Sun.	1870: Franco-Prussian war starts.
20	Mon.	1921: Marguerite Clarke at the height of her popularity.
21	Tues.	1861: Battle of Bull Run. 1895: Ken Maynard born at Mission, Tex. 1892: Hoot Gibson born at Takamah, Neb.
22	Wed.	1909: Phillips Holmes born at Grand Rapids, Mich. Moon in first quarter.
23	Thurs.	1886: Steve Brodie jumps from Brooklyn Bridge.
24	Fri.	Today's thought: "Is it hot enough for you?"
25	Sat.	1905: Lila Lee born at New York. 1907: Alice White born at Paterson. 1917: Philippe de Lacy born at Nancy, France.
26	Sun.	1907: Olive Borden born at Richmond, Va.
27	Mon.	1898: Lawrence Gray born at San Francisco.
28	Tues.	1892: Joe E. Brown born at Holgate, Ohio. 1901: Rudy (Hubert Prior) Vallee born at Island Pond, Me.
29	Wed.	1892: William Powell born at Pittsburgh. 1905: Clara Bow born at Brooklyn. Full moon tonight.
30	Thurs.	1921: Charlie Ray's last fine film, "The Old Swimmin' Hole," is winning new laurels for its star.
31	Fri.	1910: First reformer declares that movies make criminals of children but doesn't explain how Billy the Kid got that way.

Watch for This Feature Every Month

Birthstones for July: Ancient, onyx; modern, ruby. The ruby is said to endow wearers born in the month of July with a contented mind.



IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

Phillips Holmes enjoys Winter sports between scenes of "The Confessions of a Co-Ed," in which he plays opposite Sylvia Sidney.



Photograph by Russell Ball

MARION SHILLING



Photograph by Mortimer Offner

TALLULAH BANKHEAD



Ted Cook reports these interesting facts about Maurice Chevalier: He is five feet, eleven and a half inches tall. He weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His flashing smile only disappears when he is paying a check. He consumes a Swiss cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee for lunch. His private accent is quite different from his stage and film accent. He wears only three pieces of jewelry, all rings, on the small finger of his left hand. One is his mother's wedding ring. Another is his own wedding ring.

How to Have FUN at FORTY

The Famous Humorist Secretly Studies Maurice Chevalier and Reports Upon That Star's Happy Formula for Charm and Appeal

By TED COOK

WHEN a man reaches the age of forty in this country, his wife is likely to toss him aside like yesterday's gardenia. She feels an urge to turn him in on a new model. For almost a decade our women have ogled greasy-haired young male heroes on the screen. Indeed, a man almost had to wear pointed sideburns and assume the manners of a batik dipper to get a bow from his wife.

All this has now been changed.

Hooray!

The middle-aged husbands of America should get together and give three rousing cheers for Maurice Chevalier.

Chevalier has established beyond a reasonable doubt the contention that a man may approach forty and maintain a Grade A rating with women, young and old, in the face of juvenile competitors.

While Chevalier brings new hope to the fading flower of American manhood, it goes without saying that Mr. Babbitt may experience considerable difficulty acquiring the charm which Maurice Chevalier displays so gracefully. I have, therefore, appointed myself a committee of one to report a certain amount of more or less useless information regarding Chevalier's superb mesmerism. He doesn't do it with mirrors.

WE might as well understand at the beginning that it is perhaps too late for most of us to acquire the secrets of Mr. Chevalier's technique. His charm, it seems to me, may be partly traced back to one or all of the following circumstances:

1. Boyish enthusiasm — spontaneous, simple and frank. (Many of us must admit we are simple. Certainly some of us are boyish. Few of us, alas, are capable of being simple and boyish at the right moment.)

2. A bullet in the chest. (It is a fact Chevalier carries a bullet lodged in his bosom. I hesitate to urge that middle-aged men in America go out and try to put bullets in their chests. This is a question every man must decide for himself—or let his wife decide for him. I merely report the established fact that Chevalier's equipment includes a bullet tucked under his vest.)

3. A protruding lower lip which creates the impression that the eager enthusiast is about to bite an ear off the woman he for the moment adores. (Mr. Babbitt should think twice before he practices ear amputation with his dental equipment. I did not mean to infer that Chevalier actually indulges in facial surgery. I merely intended to indicate that Chevalier appears *hungry* for his women. It is a scientific fact that most women like to think themselves luscious.)

My information and conclusions concerning Chevalier are based partly upon observation and partly upon research. My curiosity concerning him was not aroused until recently when I accidentally discovered that we happened to be living beneath the same roof. I had found shelter in the Hotel St. Moritz on Central Park South, Manhattan. On entering the elevator I frequently jostled chattering women who were in a huddle. I could not help but overhear frequent and exuberant references to Maurice Chevalier.

When I approached the mail clerk I found him in distress. He confided that his labors had suddenly increased beyond all reason due to the fact that gifts arrived from all parts of the world addressed to Mr. Chevalier — straw hats, scarf pins, neckties, fountain pens, everything and anything that love-starved women could contrive to mail to this symbol of what women apparently want, but do not find, sitting across the breakfast table.

I HAD seen Chevalier in pictures. I had heard him in concert. Now by accident I observed him at close range. Often he looked very tired. He had a certain shyness. One week he appeared at the Paramount Theatre and performed for five shows each day, despite the fact that he was running a temperature of 102 from grippe.

An average of five women a day would try to speak to Chevalier over the telephone, saying, "He'll know who I am. Just say I'm Tillie, Kate or Louise." Operators had been given careful instructions to disregard these phony calls.

I noted that Chevalier often appeared carelessly dressed — I have seen him wearing an old raincoat and a slouchy cap which gave

(*Continued on page 96*)





Top, Miss Tashman makes a charming appearance in this frock of eyelet organdie and silver. The effect is both delicate and striking. A short jacket of flesh velvet has sable fur at the sleeves.



The afternoon street costume may be printed and furred this season, as demonstrated at the upper right by Miss Tashman. This frock is of black, green and white print crepe. Black fox fur accents the three-quarter length sleeves, while a black turban and black slippers complete the costume.



Right, Miss Tashman demonstrates that bold prints are the thing for the season's formal mode. This print combines deep blue, persimmon and green.

Photographs by
Gene Robert Richee

Right, Miss Tashman likes unadorned black for her dinner gown. Created in roma crepe, the costume is draped into picturesque flowing lines at sleeves and skirt.



Below, Miss Tashman in a favorite spectator sport costume of dust blue and white. Over a frock of dust blue roma crepe, bound with silk braid at the hem, Miss Tashman wears a sports jacket of white suede.



Lovely Lilyan Tashman Shows What the Well Dressed Star Will Wear

HOLLYWOOD Sets The MODE



At the left Miss Crawford reveals another interesting example of the striking use of prints for the evening. Here cool green leaves with colorful yellow poppies combine to make the printed evening frock completely striking. A tie at the waistline in back holds the dress closely to the figure while a circular flounce gives graceful freedom to the figure.

Below, Miss Joan Crawford wears a summery white hat of bandeau-and-halo-brim type with her white sports suit and colorful plaid blouse. A smart bow of the straw lifts the brim on one side, giving a back-from-the-face line.



Joan Crawford Poses in Her New Summer Frocks for NEW MOVIE

Right, Miss Crawford makes a striking Summer picture in her white "men's shirting" frock with short capelet wrap. Fashioned in bathing suit style, the blouse of the dress shows tie straps and bare back, while the skirt follows the figure by means of stitched down pleats.





Left, fashioned of chalk white all-over lace with inserts of satin, the evening gown worn by Miss Crawford belongs to the special hot weather occasions. Accentuating the figure by its clinging line, it graduates out to hemline fullness with a fluttering scarf to add a feminine touch.



Left, Miss Daniels appears in an original gown designed by Howard Greer. The gown is created in pale pink Picador crepe embroidered in crystal bugles and moulded to the body with movement and fullness placed low in the skirt. Starched handmade flowers of the gown material are graduated and follow the semi-low neckline.



At the right Miss Daniels is wearing a summer frock, designed by Mr. Greer, of blue and white silk shirting, in which the sleeve motif is achieved in a series of loops, the collar idea in a single rever accented with a covered button that contrasts with the two on the right angle pockets. One-inch knife pleats circle the skirt, giving the impression of a flounce. Her imported shoes are of white kid and her white crocheted turban suggests the new tricorn.



At the right Miss Daniels is pictured in a stunning outfit of hostess pajamas. Yes, they're really pajamas! Designed by Mr. Greer, they are made of flowered chiffon in pastel tones of rose and blue on a white background.



Miss Daniels' costume at the left is called "The Blue Angel." It is a supremely beautiful silhouette gown of opaline blue satin embroidered in crystal bugles with a line of rhinestones running through the design.

Bebe Daniels Selects Her Summer Frocks for NEW MOVIE

Photographs by Elmer Fryer



"I don't think that anyone in Hollywood is happy," says Clive Brook. "Everyone is restless, seeking, striving for they know not what. Perhaps it is because fortunes have been made too suddenly — and too easily. Naturally, that gives them a sense of tremendous power. They become spoiled, arrogant and disillusioned. Sated with life and living—with time unending before them, they have nothing more for which to strive."



"I have no illusions about myself," Clive Brook says. "I would have been through three years ago but for talking pictures. The old silent films demanded sex-appeal and a handsome face above all else—both of which I sadly lack."

Sex Appeal Rules

Clive Brook Declares That It Is Supreme in Motion Pictures, Marriage and All American Life.

By LAURA BENHAM

IN one of his recent pictures, Clive Brook portrayed an aristocratic but slightly inebriated gentleman.

Immediately after the film was released, a veritable deluge of letters poured in from fans all over the world demanding that he mend his ways and never play a drunk again. It wasn't convincing!

And that's true.

On the screen, Brook, more than any other actor, personifies the suave, slightly ruthless gentleman, whose poise and breeding never fail. Even on the few occasions that he has played crooks, they have been thoroughly nice, *gentlemen* crooks—with strictly honorable intentions.

Which is very much like the real, off-screen Clive Brook.

Quiet, low-voiced, at first he seems aloof and distant. But after you talk to him awhile, he unbends and shows a very human naturalness and a surprising sense of humor. (And he's an Englishman, too!)

"PLEASE don't ask me what I admire in a woman, or how to make love to women, or how to be happy though married," he began, as he very efficiently ordered our tomato juice cocktails and salads. "Every woman who has interviewed me during the past six years has asked exactly those questions. Can't you think of some new ones?"

As lack of curiosity has never been one of my besetting virtues, I immediately thought of dozens—but I didn't need to ask questions. For Mr. Brook was in a loquacious mood.

He looked around at the throngs of hungry people scurrying in and out of the studio restaurant, and waved an expansive hand. (*Continued on page* 108)



Marion Davies gave a charming farewell party for Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, before their departure for Europe. Above, left to right, Mrs. Will Hays, Miss Shearer, Will Hays, Miss Davies and Mr. Thalberg.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

VERY gay and very informal was the farewell party given by Miss Marion Davies in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer) at the beautiful Davies home in Santa Monica. Of course, Marion Davies is a famous hostess, but I think this affair quite surpassed anything she has done for a long time.

The secret of real entertaining lies in making all the guests perfectly at home, as well as injecting into the gathering a lively spirit of gaiety. Miss Davies always gives a keynote of some kind to her dinner dances that seems to accomplish this at once and which other hostesses would do well to imitate.

Upon entering the walled gardens of the big white house on the beach at Santa Monica, the arriving guests were greeted by the festive strains of a German band playing "Ach, Du Lieber Augustine" and "Down Where the Wirtzburger Flows."

Once inside the men changed their formal dinner coats for brightly colored Heidelberg jackets, magnificently braided and Heidelberg student caps. In such costumes no one could feel formal.

DINNER was served in the long dining-room on small tables and at every place was an old-fashioned German pipe and a beautiful German stein. Of course, the motif for the party was suggested by the fact that Irving and Norma are on their way to Germany for a three months' visit, and will, of course, go to the famous town of Heidelberg.

The menu matched the costumes and decorations, and included all sorts of German dishes, such as sauerkraut, frankfurters, weinies, red cabbage, baked ham, pancakes with cream and caviar, roasted chickens and turkeys.

There were a hundred guests present and after dinner a dancing party in the pretty gold ballroom.

The hostess, Miss Davies, wore a soft dinner gown of pale-blue chiffon.

Norma Shearer, in whose (*Continued on page* 95)



Photograph by Ray Jones

Paul Lukas is one of the few foreign invaders who has been making rapid strides in the talkies. He has several recent hits to his credit, notably in support of Ruth Chatterton. Here he is shown between scenes of his newest picture, "The Vice Squad," which may—or may not—be based upon recent exposures of New York police methods.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOAN CRAWFORD

Behind the Screen DRAMAS

THE ADVENTURE OF THE PROFESSIONAL ESCORT

As Told to VIRGINIA MAXWELL

THIS is another true story of the Hollywood unknowns, the boys and girls who never get their names in the electric lights. The names are fictional, of course, but the adventures are based on fact, as told to THE NEW MOVIE *investigator, Virginia Maxwell. The illustrations were made in the actual locations described in the stories by Stagg, the famous Hollywood photographer.*

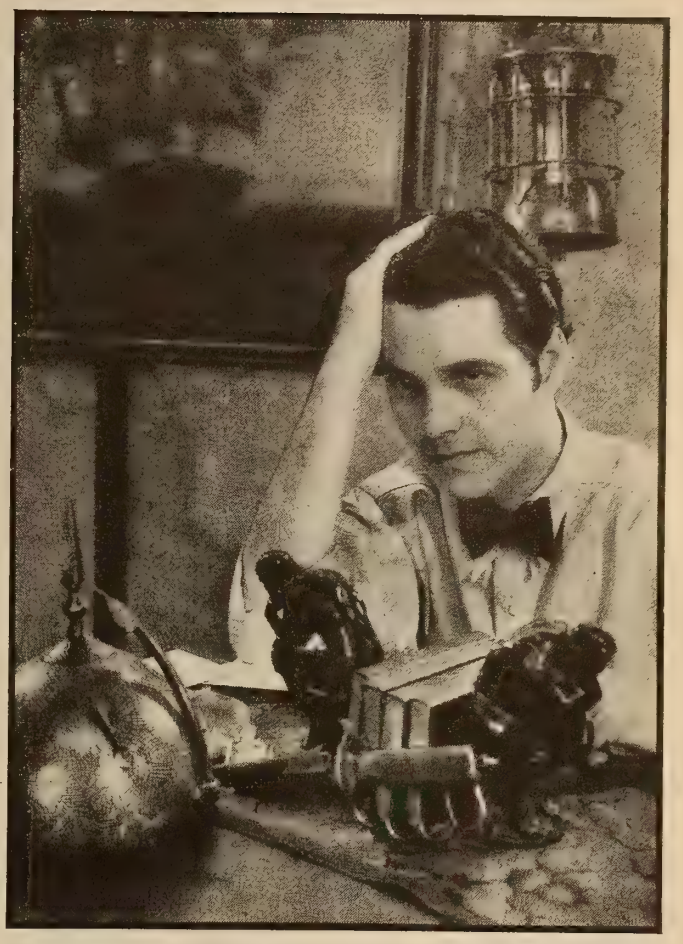
MOST every fellow at college dreams of the day when he will be well set up in business; the day he can sit back and smoke an expensive cigar, look the world in the eye and be called a respectable citizen. Marriage? Of course. There isn't a fellow living who doesn't carry the ideal of some girl in his mind. He may never meet her, that's true. Chances are he picks another girl as nearly like her as he can find, unless, of course, he gets picked off himself by some designing female.

That's the way I felt the day Bill Donegan and I sat on the campus reading a pamphlet that had been sent around to the college. It was Bill who suggested that we enter the "cigarette advertisement" contest, for the most perfect types of young American manhood. There was to be a brief movie contract as the prize. It sounded like an adventure to us, so we both ankled down to the town photographer, watched the birdie with as nearly sheik-like expressions as we could muster up, and within three weeks we were on our way to Hollywood.

Sounds awfully quick, I know. But the contest was not a heavy one, few of the fellows from the college went in for it, and although normally quite modest, I will admit that my hair is like Buddy Rogers', my profile like Novarro's and I have the build of Conrad Nagel. Girls told me often how "handsome" I was. I used to laugh, but when I'd get back to my room I'd study my face in the mirror and wonder what was so great about yours truly.

TWO of us fellows were chosen as representative of our college. Yes, those two were Bill Donegan and myself. Bill is tall and rather athletic, while they tell me I am the perfect example of what a young man's drawing-room decorum should be like. That's what comes of having a governess as a kid, I suppose. But those days were long before Dad lost his money in phoney stocks.

Well, Bill and I arrived in Hollywood and were put up at the Roosevelt Hotel. That was part of the contract. The publicity director for the cigarette company which was footing the bills for this stunt brought us out to the hotel in a taxi. Next morning, before we were permitted to go near the studio, he took us to Oviatt's (a swanky Hollywood shop) and decked us out



It was Bill who suggested that I enter the contest, which held as its reward a movie job in Hollywood.

with white flannels, polo shirts, street suits, evening clothes, riding habits, etc. Everything the well-dressed young man should have in his wardrobe. It was a great break for us, especially when he told us the clothes were a gift, we could hold on to them after the stunt was over.

Then began a program of events which were fairly breathtaking. We appeared at the studio mornings, did a few turns—smoking cigarettes in close-ups, long shots, and in bathing suits as well as in evening clothes, with appropriate faked scenery behind us. A snap of a job, if ever there was one. Afternoons we golfed at places the publicity man had chosen, we drank tea at the Montmartre, dined at the Ambassador and supped at the Roosevelt. We would have had to be millionaires to live like this on our own pocketbooks. That, no doubt, was why we met some of the real high hats of southern California. And when I say high hats I don't mean any first generation of oil money, either. I mean the people of famed wealth and social position who are in the blue book.

BILL and I found ourselves dinner guests on more than one occasion at one of the millionaires' homes. The wife of a well-known millionaire manufacturer, who had retired to Pasadena to spend the rest of his days in genteel comfort, asked to be introduced one evening while we were sitting with a group of movie people in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel.

The True Hollywood Story of the College Boy



From that line of sparkling cars I heard a woman's voice call out to me. There was the millionaire's wife from Pasadena. "Darling," she drawled, "wherever have you been? I've searched Hollywood for you. Jump in."

We strolled over to their table with our publicity man and the lady introduced us to her husband as if she had known us for a long while. Bill and I accepted the place at the table her husband offered.

I asked her to dance. And under the low lights of that lovely room, with the proximity of her gloriously seductive little body, I suppose I did hold her a bit romantically. Besides, she was rather a doll-like creature, much younger than her millionaire husband, and she seemed not at all fearful of my embrace as we glided about the floor in time to the magic music.

When we got back to the table Bill and the husband were engaged in a lengthy discussion of stock prices. Bill's ambition was Wall Street. It was a wonderful evening for both of us and we went over every detail of the night's fun as I pulled off my tight evening shoes early next morning back at the hotel. What we didn't realize, however, was that our three weeks were almost over and then we would either have to go back to the humdrum of the classroom or stay on as best we could in Hollywood.

We stayed. Only a starving extra will understand what we went through for the next six months. The publicity man who had brought us out thought we were saps for trying to crash the studio in a regular way; his stunt had been all prearranged and the studio had been well paid for cooperating with the cigarette company.

If ever I can look a ten-cent tamale in the face again I'll know I'm terribly broke. For between chili beans and hot tamales, which are about the cheapest food one can get in Hollywood, Bill and I existed on the few remaining dollars we had for six whole months.

WE rented, for $22 a month, the hay loft of an old barn just off Sunset Boulevard. The hay loft had been cleaned and walled off into two large rooms and bath. What had probably been a veranda for the cows at one time was our outdoor kitchen. One of the large rooms we fixed up as living quarters; the other room we divided into a bedroom and a wardrobe, which we built ourselves. For our clothes now were our stock in trade and we kept them as carefully as if they were gems.

Most of the girls we knew were extras—and mostly

Who Became a Hired Escort—a Movieland Gigolo

blondes. It was then I discovered blondes were not only ornamental—they could actually cook, for many of them had come to Hollywood from farms.

That's where Mazie made an inning. Boy, how that cutie could bake biscuits, and the strawberry shortcake she could turn out was nobody's business but just the four of us. Yes, Bill had got himself a blonde also, because brunettes were so scarce and, being no gentleman as he told us, he preferred 'em.

When our money was just about down to nil and the blondes were out of work, too, I decided to go out and look for a regular job. Down to Los Angeles I would go, for there were no jobs in Hollywood—at anything. I was waiting for the bus on Sunset Boulevard when traffic halted. And in that line of sparkling cars I suddenly heard a woman's voice call out to me. I looked up and there discovered the lady from Pasadena, the young wife of the millionaire who had come west to rest.

"Darling," she drawled, "wherever have you been? I've searched Hollywood for you, and no one has seen you. Jump in and let me take you where you're going."

I jumped. That was a dime saved, anyway—the price of another tamale.

Down to Los Angeles we drove and I stalled on an excuse that I was no doubt too late to keep the business appointment I had. Florence—that was her name I learned then—was delighted. She insisted that we drive over to her home for tea. Did I go? Don't ask foolish questions.

And what a home. Gosh, I was never inside such a mansion. On Orange Grove Drive, where only the multi-millionaires conspire to live. Two wide gravel paths led up to the entrance—but you know how millionaires' homes are laid out. A butler opened the door, a personal maid took Florence's wrap. Another servant served us cocktails (which is Pasadena for tea) and they were brought to us in a beautiful silver service in the walnut-panelled room in which a log fire flickered bewitchingly. It was beauty and comfort and I lay back in one of the soft cushioned chairs watching Florence as she gracefully smoked a long cigarette in the chaise longue opposite me.

"Darling," she said suddenly, breaking the restful silence of that sumptuous room, "why do you act so cold toward me. Don't you know I like you—terribly?"



Suddenly she laughed at me, throwing back her sleeked head in a gesture of mockery. "Don't be silly, darling," she laughed. "I want you only as an escort. I need someone to take me out." "Then you mean," I asked, amazed at her sudden change of attitude, "that I am just a professional escort?"

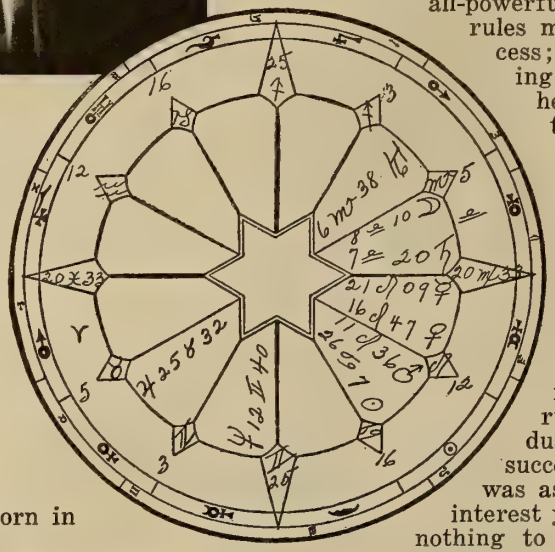
I REGARDED her, puzzled for the moment. What of her husband—she was a married woman.

"But, my dear," I countered, "you must know you are very attractive—and very tantalizing. More so because the fruit of your affection would be stolen—and I am not a courageous crook." (*Continued on page* 80)

Many Movie Folks Born Under the July Sign of Cancer Have Failed to Live Up to Their Early Promise. It's All Due to the Stars, Says the Celebrated Astrologer



Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., on July 14, 1895. Evangeline Adams says he is an excellent example of the essentially sturdy person born under the unstable sign of Cancer. Certain planets are so favorably placed that they overcome the inherent Cancer changeableness. The stars, by the way, foretold the unusual success of Mr. Dix in "Cimarron."



WHY do movie stars flop? Can it be because they are born in July?

Or, rather, that they are born between June 22nd and July 23rd in the sign Cancer?

The question is raised because of the list of Cancer people that lies before me as I write. Not a list of flops, certainly—because it contains the youthful Phillips Holmes, whose star is steadily rising, and the experienced Richard Dix, whose star has long been in the ascendant! But, nevertheless, a list which makes me very thoughtful!

On it are such names as Viola Dana, Olive Borden, Mary Philbin, Lois Wilson—none of them flops in the sense that they haven't had their periods of earning big money at the box-office, but none of them fulfilling at the moment the great promise of their early years. On it, too, is the name of the man whose ups and downs—especially his more recent downs—have long been the topic of discussion wherever one or two good movie fans are gathered together, Mr. Jack Gilbert.

I SUPPOSE that a list of men and women born in the sign Aries might have shown a similar number of meteor-like careers. Or in the sign Libra. Or in the sign Capricorn. And there would be a reason for that being so, because these four are the cardinal signs of the Zodiac, sometimes called "Movable" or "acute," in which things go fast or not at all. Therefore, people born in Cancer or in any other of these signs often show extreme early promise. Sometimes, this promise is backed up by other qualities in the horoscope which assures a complete fulfillment. Sometimes the good qualities may be there, but they may not be strong enough to assure an uninterrupted success.

Richard Dix is an excellent example of the essentially sturdy person born in a somewhat unstable sign. The reason for this apparent contradiction is that the other planets in his individual chart happen to be so favorably placed that they overcome the inherent changeableness imparted by this sign. His Sun, although in the sign Cancer, is in conjunction with the all-powerful Jupiter, the planet which rules money, glory, honor and success; so Richard couldn't help being a success in any line of work he might have chosen. But that is not all. The Moon, which governs his relations with the public, is in conjunction with Neptune, the Shadow Planet, which rules camouflage, make-believe, acting of all sorts. With that combination of planets, Mr. Dix would have acted a part even if he had been a broker or a farmer; but since Neptune rules the motion-picture industry, the shadow stage, his success as an actor in that field was assured. Incidentally, it may interest you to know although it has nothing to do with the point we are discussing, that it is true of Mr. Dix, just as it was of Mr. Valentino, that he is apt to get more satisfaction and happiness out of the love affairs in which he plays a part on the screen than out of those in real life. This is very apt to be true of artists who are so supremely successful in romantic rôles.

I HAVE gone into Mr. Dix's horoscope in some detail because he is an old client of mine, and I know personally how faithfully he has fulfilled his stars. For example: I had occasion to read Mr. Dix's horoscope about a year ago with a view to his chances for continued success during the coming year—that is, now. This is what I said, and I have it in writing: "You are coming under the best conditions financially and personally, beginning with this fall (1930) and extending through 1931, that you have been under for a long time. In fact, if your horoscope did not show that you are such a modest and wise sort of person, I should have to warn you against the danger of becoming 'high-hat' over your success." That was in the Summer of 1930. In the Fall of that year "Cimarron" was being produced. In the Spring of this year, it and Mr. Dix achieved their triumphant success.

And yet there are some people who do not believe in the stars!

But to get back to July people who do not have the sustaining influences which we find in Richard Dix's

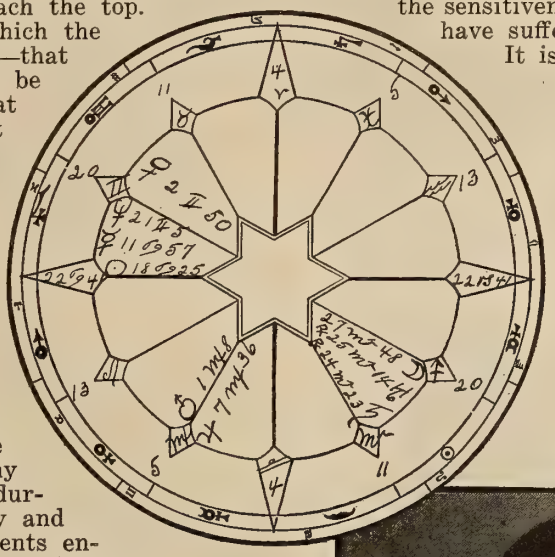
Why Stars Flop

BY EVANGELINE ADAMS

chart: what of those four beautiful little girls? Why haven't they fulfilled the promise of their first appearances? Well, the answer is as plainly written in their charts as Mr. Dix's answer was in his. They not only have the Sun in a cardinal sign, but they have several other important planets similarly placed. All of them have still other aspects of a most favorable nature, but not sufficiently strong to overcome *at all times* the effect of their sign.

You notice those italics? Well, they mean this: all four of these young women may yet redeem the promises they made to the motion-picture public. They may yet attain the heights which were once within their sight. Because there is nothing in the influence of a cardinal sign which condemns people to failure. I should say not! John D. Rockefeller is Cancer-born, and he has been fairly successful! So has Calvin Coolidge.

No, July people may well reach the top. If they have the qualities which the stars gave to Richard Dix—that is, if the stars happened to be especially favorably placed at the moment of birth—they get there and stay there; they can't help it. If, as is the case with these girls, the stable qualities are not as strong *at times* as the unstable ones, they simply have to work harder in order to keep their course continuously upward. In all four cases, however, their task for the next few years will be much less difficult than it has been for some time. There is no reason why all of them shouldn't enjoy during this period the popularity and prosperity to which their talents entitle them—and if I were a movie manager, I'd put a bet on them!



DO the same conditions apply to Jack Gilbert?

Well, we'll look at his horoscope in some detail, as we did at Mr. Dix's; and then you can judge for yourself. In the first place, he has been under the worst planetary conditions during the past two years that he will be under for twenty-one years. During this period, in which he has met with such reverses, the depressing planet Saturn and the upsetting planet Uranus have been unfavorable to Mercury, which rules his mind, and the Sun which governs his magnetism and his health. When people are under these particular adverse conditions, even their friends turn against them, and their popularity with the general public is bound to be nil. But even worse conditions have been hanging over Mr. Gilbert. Neptune, the planet which rules Mr. Gilbert's particular profession, has been unfriendly to Venus, which rules entertainment, and to Jupiter, which rules financial success. (Incidentally, when a person has Neptune unfriendly to Venus, he is likely to contract a marriage which may not turn out to be just what he expected!)

Now as to the future.

Can Jack Gilbert come back?

In *something*, yes—that is, if he can overcome the sensitiveness which is inherent in Cancer people and makes them apt to wilt under criticism. Whether Mr. Gilbert can ever attain in talkies the high place he held in movies, I honestly doubt. The same malefic planets which have been temporarily afflicting his Mercury and his Sun during the past two years are permanently opposed in his horoscope to the sign Taurus, which rules the throat. This is *not* a good aspect for success in talking pictures. On the other hand, there are many indications in Mr. Gilbert's chart which point to continued success in *some* line, so it is impossible to believe that failure to adjust his voice to the needs of the microphone means permanent retirement from the spotlight of success. I am all the more willing to commit myself to this optimistic prophecy, because the actor is coming under very much better conditions beginning right now, in the late Spring and Summer of this year. His ultimate fate may depend on how he handles himself during the next few months—especially as to how well he overcomes the sensitiveness to criticism from which he must have suffered so much these last two years. It is too early, of course, to talk about

(*Continued on page* 86)

Jack Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, on July 10, 1897. Mr. Gilbert, says Evangeline Adams, has for two years been under the worst planetary conditions that he will encounter for twenty-one years. While the stars do not indicate great success in the talkies, better things are ahead for Jack Gilbert this Summer. His ultimate screen fate will depend upon himself.



How Griffith Made "The Birth of a Nation"

BY
LYNDE DENIG



Chance played a tremendous part in aiding D. W. Griffith during the making of "The Birth of a Nation." Dozens of times the director ran short of money—and had to bluff his way. At one time, a studio band playing "Dixie" swayed an investor who wrote a check for $15,000.

SEATED in the drawing-room of his suite in the Hotel Astor, New York, and looking entirely fit although he had but recently shaken off an attack of influenza, David Wark Griffith told the story of the making of "The Birth of a Nation" and how this most famous of all pictures nearly died before it was born. It is an interesting tale, this intimate biography of "The Birth," first shown more than fifteen years ago and still living in public consciousness as the first great picture by which subsequent productions, talking or silent, are to be measured.

"The Birth of a Nation" is not a transient creation. It is something definite, established and permanently set in the background of motion picture history. Years ago, ambitious producers tipped their hats to Griffith and his picture when they advertised some new film as "Bigger than the Birth of a Nation" and they have been bragging in a like manner ever since.

Even in the instance of Griffith's own production, "Abraham Lincoln," now current, the magic of the early title has been the drawing power of much of the advertising. Thousands of motion pictures have faded in their tin containers since the Night Riders first sped across the screen—faster, faster, faster—over the hills and through the valleys, galloping hoofs beating their way into the memories of a generation.

The true story of "The Birth of a Nation" starts a long way back and is considerably more than a bare relation of the physical facts of the picture's creation. Viewed in retrospect, it appears that "The Birth" was born of the spirit and quickened by that intangible something, a happy blending of feeling and expression that causes a prickly sensation to course up and down a normally sensationless spine. It happened that fifteen years ago the white-robed riders of the Ku Klux Klan set the town a talking about their ghostly figures racing through the moonlight.

WE asked Griffith to turn back the leaves of his calendar, to forget for the moment his quest of new material and to talk about "The Birth" without fear of being called sentimental. In the first place, how did he come to select the story?

"That's easy," replied Griffith. "I was producing features for the Reliance and Majestic companies at the time. Frank Woods, one of my associates, handed me a copy of Thomas Dixon's 'The Clansman.' I took the book home and read it through that night. I fell asleep with one fascinating scene running through my mind: White robed horsemen surging across the screen. It seemed to me to present magnificent material for picturization. It appealed to both my imagination and my dramatic sense. Before I went to the office the following morning, I had decided to turn the novel into a picture."

No great penetration is needed to account for Griffith's instinctive response to a drama of the Civil War period. He was born in LaGrange, Kentucky, in 1880, a son of Jacob Wark Griffith, known throughout the state as Roarin' Jake Griffith, because he was a thundering good soldier with an explosive Southern temperament. Saturated with the feeling of the South since his boyhood days and possessing a dramatic nature that first found an outlet in the writing of verse and later expressed itself through the stage, it is small wonder that Griffith's spirit was ignited by the thought of producing a picture that would reflect the beauty and the pathos of the storm-swept homeland he loved so well.



Lillian Gish happened to be in Los Angeles convalescing when Griffith selected her to play the leading rôle of "The Birth of a Nation."

In speaking of his first reaction to Dixon's book, Griffith noted that he was not particularly impressed by the story itself, rather by the emotional appeal of the Klan riders and the opportunity to bring romance and color to the presentation

For the First Time David Wark Griffith Tells the Real Story Behind the Making of the Most Famous of All Pictures

of an American epic covering the sorrowful but thrilling days of the Civil War. With characteristic energy, although still engaged in the making of another picture, "The Escape," Griffith set about planning the new venture, regardless of screen precedents.



Lillian Gish, Josephine Crowell and Elmer Clifton in the hospital scene of "The Birth of a Nation." Clifton later became a director and made the famous whaling picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships."

"I SOON discovered," he said, "that it was going to be difficult to finance a production costing at least $100,000, according to my first estimates. Practical picture men were dubious about the handling of a picture running from ten to twelve reels, which I figured would be necessary for a comprehensive treatment of the subject. Officials of the Reliance-Majestic companies were perfectly definite in their adverse decision when I asked for backing. Having found other producers to be equally wary, I looked beyond the usual motion picture sources for the requisite capital. This was in 1914 when the country was beginning to feel the disturbed conditions consequent upon the World War.

"Finally I found a backer who advanced $40,000 with the assurance that more would be forthcoming when needed. During the period of waiting, I had finished 'The Escape' and developed the story of 'The Birth' as it came to me, utilizing 'The Clansman' and another story by Dixon, 'Leopard's Spots,' as a basis. I was not so much intent on giving a realistic depiction of the Civil War as in expressing the romance, the heroism and the sacrificial spirit revealed through the conflict. Propaganda of any description never entered my head.



The Little Colonel, Henry B. Walthall, climbs across the makeshift barricade to face the Yankees. It was the battle of Petersburg—and Griffith used 18,000 extras on a field five miles across. This was one of the thrilling scenes of "The Birth of a Nation."

"Considerable thought had been given to the selection of a cast. At that time Hollywood was not surfeited with actors and actresses of quality. I ran over the list of those who had worked with me, either in the Biograph Company, or later in the Reliance-Majestic groups. I was particularly interested in getting just the right player for the highly important rôle of the

(*Cont'd on page* 98)



Like Most Romances, the Story of the World's Champion and the Beautiful Movie Star Has No Happy Ending

ANOTHER popular romance seems about to end in the divorce courts.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, after six years of married life, have decided to part.

Because they are both innately honest, I believe they part friends, realizing that outside forces, uncontrollable circumstances and varying temperaments have caused their trouble.

Here you have the tragic and pathetic spectacle of two really swell people, once madly in love, convinced that they will never again love as they loved each other, yet brought to disaster.

Only two people in the world know, or ever will know, the real cause of that disaster. Jack and Estelle. Both are, quite literally, in tears. Yet some mad exasperation with their inability to fit together the brilliant mosaic of their lives and love into a pattern of peace and domestic bliss drives them to separate. They have decided to endure the ache of loneliness rather than the tearing pain of being together.

ALL our lives are cut up into small pieces—work, play, love, friendships, social contacts, business necessities, responsibilities, finances, blood relationships. And all the little pieces are colored by our temperaments, our training, our inbred likes and dislikes, habits, tastes, yearnings and withdrawals. The essential business of living is to fit those pieces into a complete picture, and marriage complicates that business by giving us twice as many pieces and helps it by giving us two pairs of willing hands to do the work.

Jack and Estelle started with beautiful, dazzling pieces for their

Estelle Taylor is as dynamic, as full of life as Jack Dempsey, says Adela Rogers St. Johns. She is a woman of a high order of intelligence. She has wide interests. The truth about Jack and Estelle is that they were divided by their interests, separated by their work, and both are supersensitive and quick tempered.

Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

mosaic. But they have never been able to make them fit. Often, when the whole thing seemed about to fall together, after the manner of a cut puzzle, a careless hand or a gust of wind would sweep the whole thing into chaos again.

These two lovers have been for many years of constant interest to a wide public. Much has been said of them that is silly, stupid and untrue. Many who have written about them have been essentially biased. The champion's wife has been resented by his managers, trainers, and hangers-on. Her influence has been regarded by them as extraneous. Estelle's friends and devotees have a concerted opinion that her great talent has been cheapened and overshadowed by Jack's profession and constant publicity.

IT is worth while to attempt an analysis of the underlying causes of their failure to make their love safe from their friends.

In many years of reporting divorce cases and in watching the tremulous matrimonial seas of Hollywood, I have learned to walk carefully when it comes to placing the blame for a broken home. I have as yet to see any case where one person was all right and the other all wrong. I have seen many cases where a husband or wife kept silent, covered difficulties and faults, from pride and a desire for self-respect. And later that very silence reacted against them.

This was a great romance. Never were two people more in love than the champion of the world and the beautiful screen star. It was an impassioned love, with a touch of the theatrical in it. Jack idolized his wife. I use the word advisedly. He didn't simply love her. He worshiped her. I do not think Estelle ever loved him quite as much as he loved her. But she loved him more than most women are ever fortunate enough to love a man.

Yet today they are hundreds of miles apart at this writing, Jack in a hotel in Reno, Estelle in the home which once was theirs together in Hollywood. Both are sad. Jack sits crouched as he used to sit in his corner of the ring. Estelle turns away white and trembling from a silver-framed picture of them taken together in their garden.

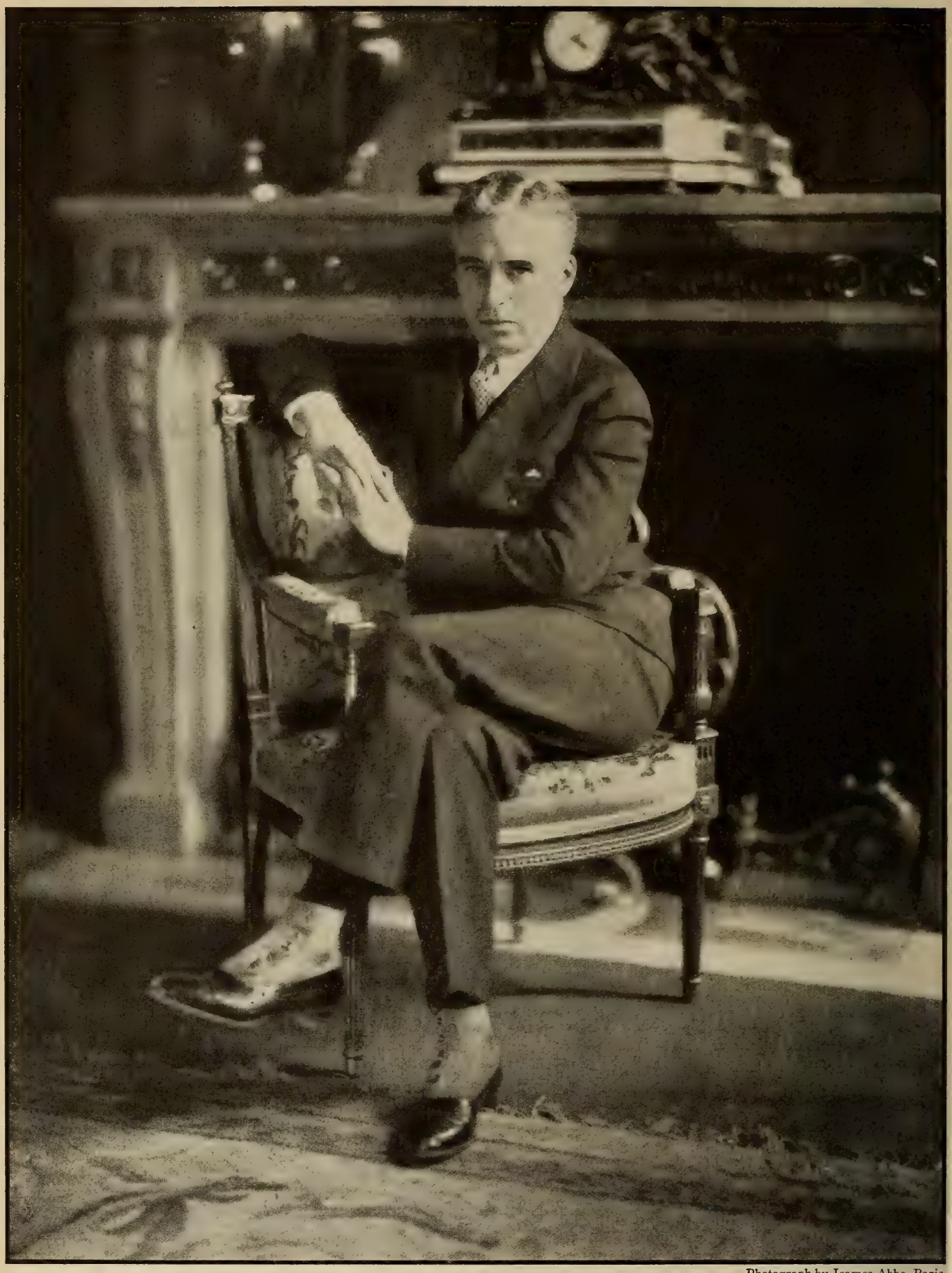


Acme

One of the last pictures taken of Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor. Adela Rogers St. Johns says their marriage failed because they both dramatized everything. Had they been less madly in love, their romance might have survived.

They do not speak to each other, and outsiders, friends, strangers, lawyers and newspaper reporters, toss back and forth between them the details and intimacies which once were sacred.

I WILL tell you this. They are both desperately unhappy. Yet conviction of its hopelessness has carried them beyond the point of any possible reconciliation. They are still young. They are tragically convinced that they cannot find happiness together. So they have both resolved to start anew (*Continued on page* 76)



Photograph by Jeames Abbe, Paris

While his newest comedy, "City Lights," has been having its première in America and Europe, Charlie Chaplin has been making a triumphant tour of England and the Continent. Everywhere he has attracted wide attention and everywhere he has been received by the foremost men of the old world. In several countries, Chaplin has selected a native beauty for his next film. From these selections he says he will choose his next leading woman.

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Earle W. Hammons

BY LYNDE DENIG

EARLE WOOLDRIDGE HAMMONS, president and general manager of the Educational Film Corporation of America, would be the first to admit that many Educational Pictures are not in the least educational. They are all in fun—even custard-pie fun, popular in the past, the present and, no doubt, destined to be popular in the future.

The trademark of the company that releases some sixty-odd short pictures each year suggests a contradiction, if you study it closely. It is, perhaps, the oddest of motion picture trademarks. In the center of the design is a lamp of knowledge emitting a flame curling up into the words, "Educational Pictures." Under the lamp, in quotation, is the slogan "The spice of the picture." Now, who ever heard of education being spicy? No, there is a story behind the trademark, as there is a story behind its sponsor.



Earle W. Hammons

Hammons was born in the prettily named town of Winona, Miss., in 1882, descendant of a distinguished line of English gentry, including Sir William Wooldridge and other equally illustrious statesmen and soldiers. By birth and training Hammons was an aristocrat in a lazy land of sunshine and cool drinks. But the soldier-statesman strain remained active in his blood, giving him abundant energy along with an independent spirit and confidence in his own judgment.

HAD he failed, kind friends would have commented on his stubbornness, his unwillingness to heed advice. But now that he has succeeded so decisively these same friends, must, in common justice, applaud his courage. He jumped in where wise men feared to venture and found a lot of gold-back contracts. Everybody (everybody meaning the respected leaders of the motion picture industry) assured him that no company could earn three meals a day with nothing but short subjects to pay for them. The wise men knew—well, it just could not be done, especially by an amateur at the picture game.

As a matter of fact, Hammons was a novice. Most of his youth had been spent in Southern towns where he occasionally visited a nickelodeon to see a John Bunny or a Broncho Billy picture. He had topped off his education with courses at colleges in Washington, D. C., and Dallas, Texas. Then he became private secretary to an official of the Mexican National Railway, after which he filled a secretarial place with the Fire Department in Brooklyn, N. Y. During this stretch of years he had in no way concerned himself with motion pictures. But, naturally enough, he did want money. When he decided to do something on his own, two highways to wealth, or possibly, poverty, appealed to him—brokerage and real estate.

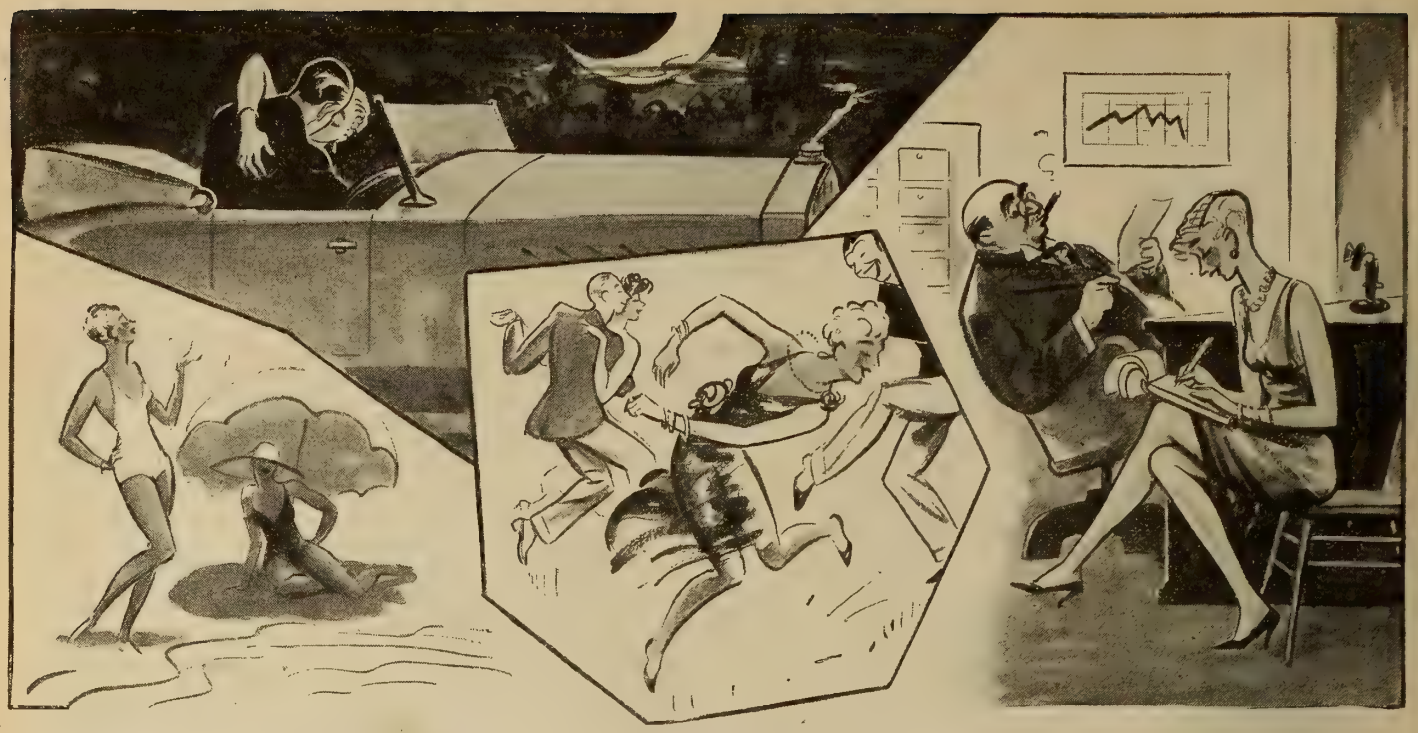
IN the course of his travels on the Long Island Railroad Hammons had noted an expanse of unimproved marshland bordering on Jamaica Bay. He realized that if this land could be filled in it would be of considerable value as a site for summer homes. Such a project was worth investigation. For the most part, real estate men whom he approached ridiculed the plan; but in time, for he kept everlastingly at it, he organized the Howard Development Corporation and the Jamaica Land Company to finance the development of what is known as Howard Beach, Ramblerville, L. I., an exceedingly profitable enterprise. The success of this venture, despite the gloomy forecasts of level-headed business men, no doubt did much to convince Hammons that his head was on the level, too, if he needed any convincing.

Save for one important friendship and a happening in connection with that friendship, the gentleman from Mississippi might have been content to breathe the salty fragrance of Long Island and call it a career. If you know your picture history, you must recall the Bruce scenics made by a true sportsman and a discriminating artist, Robert L. Bruce. Sunsets on mountain peaks, brooks rippling in the April sun, a magnificent dog silhouetted against the sky in a woodland dusk and a woodsman complacently smoking his pipe; altogether the most inspiring photographic studies of that period, they were the first pictures to stir the imagination of the prosperous real estate operator.

The committee in charge of sessions of the Red Cross at Briarcliff Lodge in 1915 wanted to exhibit a film suitable to a critical audience. Recalling the pictures made by his friend, Bruce, and deciding that they were just the thing for an audience with an eye for beauty, Hammons borrowed one reel and, with the tin container under his arm, appeared at the Briarcliff meeting. This was the real beginning of Educational Film Corporation.

IMPRESSED by the reception accorded the Bruce scenic, Hammons planned a regular picture service to churches and clubs outside the theatrical field with the Bruce scenics as the nucleus of his program. He found, what others had found before him, that the non-theatrical field did not pay. And it was this discovery that led Hammons into becoming an out-and-out picture man.

Determined, or just plain obstinate, if you prefer, he organized a company under the name of Educational and was ready to break into (*Continued on page* 113)



Gone is the jazz baby, the peppy petter, the hot dancer, the cutie who made the nation knee conscious. At least, that is Will Hays' belief.

The HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood, Cal.:

"WHY do you pick on Garbo?" growls a fan loweringly.

The answer is: because I like to get letters. Prior to the sacrilege my mail consisted of a few notes from kind souls and hard merchants. By speaking irreverently I have given employment to several extra postmen who think I must be a beauty contest winner. My household begins to esteem me a personage, and the editor, seeing the letters forwarded (he doesn't open them, being old-fashioned), writes me that I seem to have a real following and will I accept a raise. Best of all, by upping the question, "What about Greta?" I get the attention of her majesty, who regards all praise as silly, and am able to show her letters proving the throne is hers for another year at least.

Knock, and the doors open. Praise, and you shiver outside.

Falling In With Best People: "You are taken from your pedestal and your head crushed against the hardest stone I can find," writes Miss Viva Locker of Paducah, who, besides being a stone-crusher, is a dervish for goddess Garbo. She does not deny me last words of comfort, however: "I bid you farewell. Another fallen idol along with Mary Pickford."

I had no idea I should ever fall in with such good company.

The Final Blow: After seeing Garbo in "Inspiration" I even got mad at myself *myself*. I guess that finishes old blasphemous Howe. Gone and lost his best friend.

Pickford, Garbo and Miss (?): There was a time when it was heresy to question the divinity of Mary Pickford. When I failed to put her at the head of the screen's greatest actresses I received letters as I'm getting them now. Mary held the scepter longer than any other star will ever hold it. Nazimova was a challenger for a time, but Mary's colors continued to fly. The character she played was outmoded by the flappers, who elected Clara Bow. Now we have the Garbo worship, almost as fanatical as that accorded Valentino. And somewhere in the world is a girl unknown who, in her time, will sit upon the transient dais, whiffing the incense and harkening to the giddying adjectives.

Critic of Dietrich: Among the letters received in the Garbo-Dietrich controversy there is an excellent critique by Richard W. Passmore of Media, Pa. Mr. Passmore says:

"Everything Dietrich does is lacking in spontaneity and is very cool and calculated to the point of being a bit theatric. Her reading of lines is particularly weak, because of the very thoroughness with which she speaks. Too much practice makes too perfect, and the point is lost quite often. Notice this in 'Dishonored.'"

I did notice it. The dead pan monotony had my thumbs drooping, but they shot skyward again when Dietrich sparkled through that sequence as the peasant girl. She chirped out of the sing-song languor, proved she can be the sprightly sparrow as well as the stately peacock. What I mean to say is: Marlene's a bird!

Dutch Band Tempo: "Dishonored" moves to a goose-step. The tempo is the umpah umpah of a little Dutch band. Everything is given terrific significance. The stressing is too regular. Scenes of genuine portent, such as that between Dietrich and Warner Oland, lose effectiveness through want of contrast. There are magnificent moments, however, and in Von Sternberg's groping for new styles of expression lies hope for the talkie. He and Ernst Lubitsch have done more to advance the new screen form than all the rest of the directors combined. They have individuality, and their producers the good sense to let them alone. They are the targets for criticism because they are

DRAWINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN



Will Hays says the American public is again becoming gently romantic. "We have a new generation," he says, "now rising from the jazz age."

BOULEVARDIER

By HERB HOWE

The Boulevardier Gets a Lot of Mail From Garbo Admirers—Debunking the Gangster—Pola Returns—Applause for Norma Shearer

about the only directors worth criticizing.

It's All De Bunk: "The screen in recent months has done much to debunk the gangster by showing he can't win and by ridicule," says Will H. Hays. This just goes to show what different moral lessons can be drawn from the same pictures. After seeing "Doorway to Hell" I made a down payment on a machine gun, planning to send my little brother through college with the earnings from it, just as Lew Ayres did, then walk heroically forth to my death and the applause of ten million girl fans.

Just the other night I attended a Hollywood party where there was an unknown guest who looked like a gorilla, though a nice fellow. In a rompish mood some of us boulevardiers told the girls he was a gangster. Five minutes later we Apollos were in a wallflower huddle debating whether to enter a monastery or enlist with Mr. Capone. To a man the decision was: join Capone and be debunked.

Further, to show how moral lessons go askew: I know any number of women who would risk death and worse to meet Capone and yet appear utterly listless about meeting Mr. Hays.

From all this, it would seem that the screen somehow has debunked the wrong man.

Gigolo Cycle: "The American public," continues Mr. Hays, "is again becoming romantic. We have a new generation, now rising from the jazz age, that promises to support clean, high-purposed entertainment."

At first thought this seems an odd way of explaining the gigolo pictures which will form the next cycle. But on second, you recall that in all great romances it's the woman who pays and pays.

Isn't that true?

Capone Terrorized: Pola Negri's return means hot times and headlines in Hollywood once more. If she can't raise the old place from the dead there'll be no use of Gabriel wasting his b r e a t h trumpeting. On hearing that Pola was moving in, Al Capone hastily announced he would not make a picture here. Al knows enough not to muscle in on Pola.

Pola, the Writers' Pet: Pola is the writers' pet. She makes copy like an earthquake. And she has sense enough of humor to smile appreciatively at herself. When news of her return was broadcast Harry Carr and I retired to his ranch in Tujunga and built a bonfire on the highest hill. We Hollywood veterans miss the exciting days when Pola was constantly suing, getting engaged, having her jewels stolen and popping off burglars from her bedroom windows before going to sleep.

I dropped into Pola's mansion in Beverly Hills several years ago to condole with her over the loss of some jewels. Her chauffeur was suspected and lodged in jail, though Pola declared him innocent.

Pola tripped down the stairs to greet me. Shimmering in a robe of silver, blazing with diamonds, her black hair in a swirl, she looked like Salome on her way to the dance.

"I am sick of Hollywood, where all they talk is how much he makes and how much she makes and alcohol," said Pola. "Vanni! Bring Mr. Howe a bottle of champagne."

She was on her way to take dinner with Rudy Valentino at his hilltop castle, Falcon Lair. She had to drive through a dark canyon, and I expressed concern for her diamonds.

"Any robber can see you. (*Continued on page* 110)

Minneapolis Recalls Lewis Frederick Ayres III as a Pleasant Lad Who Refused to Recite at School



Lewis Frederick Ayres was born in Minneapolis on Dec. 28, 1908. When Lew was four, his parents were divorced. His father is now a Federal District Court reporter in Minneapolis. Lew was raised by his grandmother until he was fourteen. Then he was taken to California by his mother and stepfather.

THE hero juggled a heavy ladder beneath his sweetheart's bedroom window. He huffed and puffed before it was maneuvered in position, then after assuring himself that no one watched, looked up and split the midnight air with a piercing whistle.

"No, no!" admonished the director. "You are eloping with your beloved, and you don't want to notify the whole neighborhood of your intentions. Now do that scene over again—and don't whistle like a fire engine!"

"Oh, all right," said the hero, a bit petulantly. The ladder already was up. There was a soft whistle. A pretty head appeared at the window, and the hero threw a kiss. The window went up, slowly. A hat box was tossed to the waiting lover. The ladder creaked. An embrace, then the love birds hurried through the shadows to an automobile in the drive.

"Now that is more like it," said the director. "We'll do the wedding scene next."

There really wasn't a ladder, even a sweetheart. No grinding camera, Klieg lights nor megaphone. But there was a hero and a director.

LEWIS FREDERICK AYRES III was about seven years old when he made his first "movin' pitcher"—"Tillie's Elopement," or something like that. This thriller was directed by Mrs. Anna Ayres, the star's grandmother, and was produced in the cozy living room in her Minneapolis home.

Not long ago "Gram"—Lew calls her that—sat in a Minneapolis cinema palace and watched her grandson-protegé march, fight, smile and talk his way to stardom—real, tangible fame—on a real silver screen. She was fascinated by Lew's depiction of Paul Baumer, the German schoolboy-soldier in Universal's "All Quiet on the Western Front." Yet, thrilled as she was, this white-haired grandmother of more than seventy was not surprised that her handsome grandson acquitted himself so well.

"Lewis always has had exceptional ability," said "Gram" Ayres. "It was just a matter of time before he became a star. He loves his work and has made the most of his opportunities. He hasn't lagged behind, waiting for chances, but has gone after them."

Neither Lew nor his grandmother had the faintest idea when they made movies at home, that some day (it wasn't very long, either) the name of Ayres would flash around the world in the press, the screen and electric lights. "Gram" thought Lewis would be a fine musician, for as a music teacher she had begun his instruction early. The grandson never mentioned what he wanted to be, but he liked music.

As this is being written, Lew Ayres is twenty-two years old. He was born December 28, 1908 to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ayres, who lived at 2721 West Forty-fourth Street in Minneapolis. His parents were divorced when the chunky, bright-eyed lad was four and he went to live with "Gram" part of the time.

"I used to go to the movies while Lewis was in school," recalled his grandmother. "At night I would tell him about the picture and he would say, 'Let's act it out, Gram.' So that's what we did. I would tell him what to do and he would act out every part. He had a good imagination and inherent talent. We made many, many movies those days."

IN spite of his imagination and talent, prime requisites for the stage or screen (with the usual exceptions), young Ayres was stage-struck. He wouldn't appear in public, not even before the neighbors. He balked at speaking pieces at Lake Harriet School.

His father, now a well-known Federal District Court reporter in Minneapolis, remembers his son's penchant for impersonations.

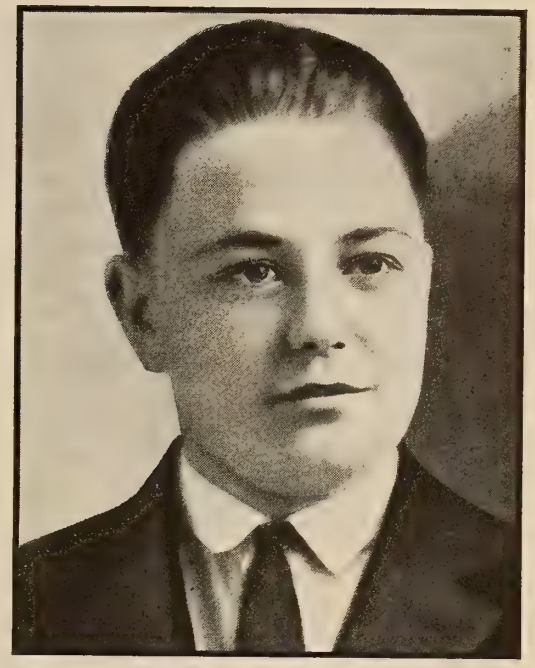
"We would be sitting around reading and suddenly jump from our chairs at a blood-curdling scream," he recalled, chuckling. "Lew would bound into the room, put one foot on a pillow, beat his chest with his fists and announce, 'I'm Tarzan, the Ape man, King of the Jungle.' Then he would twist his face and hunch his shoulders and announce he was one of the many characters made famous by Chaney. He was witty as a youngster and you never knew when he would crack out with some side-splitting remark."

LEW was a real boy, but he didn't mind his music lessons. He received a thorough training in the fundamentals of music—the profession which led him to screen fame.

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

By CHARLES W. MOORE

of The Dispatch and Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn.



Lew Ayres at fourteen, just before he went West. Fellow students of the Minneapolis High School recall him as a regular fellow who liked football, skating and swimming. There were minor puppy love affairs. And Lew had his own gang.

"He wasn't a prodigy," said Grandmother Ayres, "but he learned quickly. He seemed to have a sense of harmony and melody, and when he was at the piano he gave his best. He gives his best to everything he does."

The boy learned to play scales, then graduated to simple compositions. Later he played popular music. The first well-known melody he tried was "The March of the Wooden Soldiers." Next he accomplished the "Gypsy Love Song."

He continued his musical training after entering West High School in Minneapolis. He was graduated with honors from grammar school, but he did an about face in High School. Lew was an excellent student—when he felt the urge to be scholarly—but he lost interest in academic work, much to the chagrin of his father.

"I had several heart-to-heart talks with Lew about his school work," recounted Mr. Ayres, "but —well, I once was a kid myself. I knew just how he felt about school. We couldn't be serious about the matter because Lew would say something funny and we'd both laugh. I once suggested that he become a court reporter. He said, 'No, that may be all right for you, Dad, but not for me. I'm going to be . . .'" Young Ayres never once speculated on the future.

Lew had his own gang in High School. He had the usual puppy love affairs, but if he experienced trouble in matters of love his family never was taken into confidence. He read, swam, skated and went to football games. He was such a normal youngster that he ran away from home one day. Let his dad tell about it.



Lew Ayres at seven years. Everyone thought he would be a musician. His grandmother had given him a careful musical training. Later, in California, Lew briefly was a banjo player in a jazz orchestra—until he obtained a studio hearing.

"I WAS in my office winding up the day's work when Lew's grandmother called and said that he had not appeared for dinner. I paid little attention, thinking that he was around the neighborhood and had forgotten to come home. However, it grew late, and the later it became the more worried we were. Finally I appealed to the police and Minneapolis was scoured, high and low, but no Lew."

While the hunt was in progress a young adventurer dropped off a slow-moving freight train. He was certain it was hundreds of miles to Minneapolis. If he had looked in the right direction he might have seen the reflection of the city's lights against the sky. He walked across a field. A haystack looked ahead. He crawled on top and stretched out to think over the next day's plans. He went to sleep.

"Next morning," continued his father, "we were convinced that Lew had run away from home. We could think of no reason. Perhaps he had been reading 'Tom Sawyer.' While we were at breakfast Lew's uncle called. He had just met Lew on the street, homeward bound. When they met, Lew smiled and said, 'Well the traveler has returned.' He never recited the details of his trip, or told us why he ran away. It still is a mystery."

When Lew was fourteen he went to San Diego to live with his mother and stepfather. He entered High School there, then dropped out and turned to music. He decided to be a

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Tense moments in "Born to Love," "The Public Enemy" and "Iron Man."

REVIEWS

The Movie Month is Crowded With Gangsters—Comments Upon the Interesting New Pictures and Film Personalities

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

DESPITE all the worries of the reformers, the gangster film still holds sway. These folk profess to believe that the underworld film turns the feet of our young folk toward the path of machine guns, gats, and bombs. These pictures, they claim, paint the adventurous life of the racketeer in all too glowing colors.

Avalanche of Gangsters

NO such charge can be made against "The Public Enemy" (Warners), however. This is the grim, unrelenting life drama of a gangster as he makes his sinister and cruel way upward from petty thief to gang killer. He is never sentimentalized. The drama is drab, gory and savage. It is exciting, too, for the gangster is played remarkably by James Cagney, a newcomer, who gets his first real chance here.

"The Public Enemy," it should be stated, is adult fare.

Richard Barthelmess turned to the underworld for his "The Finger Points." The picture was suggested by the killing of Jack Lingle, the Chicago reporter. Barthelmess plays a cub reporter who hits the big town with all sorts of ideals. His dream of a journalistic career ends up when he consorts with gangsters—and splits the blood money with the gang chiefs. All this is in return for the publicity protection he is able to provide.

The film ends as a tragedy, for the reporter finally is put on the spot. "The Finger Points" holds an interesting moral point. It is this: Big newspapers expect too much of their underpaid reporters. In other words, they demand honesty and faithfulness, for which they give little in return.

"The Finger Points" isn't Barthelmess' best picture, but it has interest and suspense. Fay Wray lends effective aid.

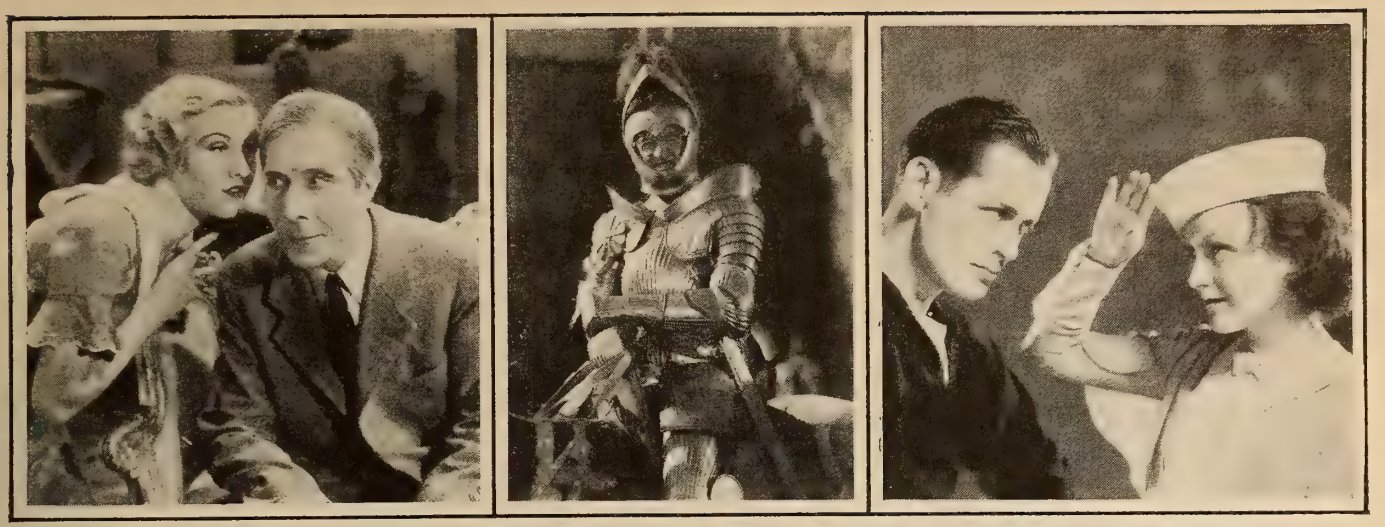
More Crooks

"CITY STREETS" (Paramount) is the tale of an upright young Westerner, born on the range, who gets involved in a big city's beer racket. It is rather good, owing its chief interest to the appearance of Gary Cooper in the role of the Kid. "City Streets" is the film in which Clara Bow was to have appeared. Miss Bow was withdrawn and Sylvia Sidney, a stage newcomer, substituted. Miss Sidney does not impress me as possessing a screen personality, although her acting is effective.

"Gunsmoke" (Paramount) is another variation of the gangster melodrama. Here a gang of racketeers invades a Western town, the event bringing the city gunmen in combat with the honest boys of the range. They bring killing back to where it was invented, as one of the cowboys remarks. Of course, the racketeers are



John Barrymore gives a bizarre performance of the hypnotist in "Svengali," based on "Trilby." Marian Marsh is the model of the Latin Quarter.



Interesting scenes from "The Millionaire," "A Connecticut Yankee" and "Shipmates."

wiped out by the sure-shooting Westerners. Richard Arlen is the hero of this so-so film. Mary Brian is the pretty storm center. Eugene Pallette steals the picture as a dumb cattle-rustler.

The Month's Emotionalism

NOW to turn to the month's emotionalism. Constance Bennett's "Born to Love" (RKO-Pathe) is a long, involved and tearful story of an American girl nurse in a British war hospital. After sharing her American lover's last night of leave, she finds she is to have a baby. All this leads to a lengthy series of emotional situations. They are not uninteresting, because Miss Bennett is too vivid and effective an actress to let the story down. Joel McCrea is the American lover and Paul Cavanagh is excellent as an Eglishman who loves the long-suffering Doris.

Tallulah Bankhead, an American girl, who, in the last few years, became a favorite on the London stage, returned to make her talkie debut in "Tarnished Lady" (Paramount), written by the humorist, Donald Ogden Stewart.

Miss Bankhead is an interesting and intriguing personality, but "Tarnished Lady" is a badly told story of a headstrong, strong willed daughter of an impoverished Southern family. She marries for money—and then finds she can't stand the bargain. The story is too long and badly assembled to stand up. Even Clive Brook as the wealthy bridegroom isn't as good as usual. Still, Miss Bankhead has distinct possibilities.

A Dirigible Smash-Up

THE spectacular film of the month is Columbia's "Dirigible." This is the often unbelievable yarn of two navy pals, one a dirigible navigator, the other a flier. When the reckless Frisky Pierce wrecks his plane at the North Pole it is Jack Brandon who takes his dirigible to the rescue. All this, too, despite the fact that Jack really loves Frisby's pretty wife.

Some of the air episodes are exciting, particularly the wreck and break up of a dirigible in a storm over the Caribbean. The Arctic stuff looks a little phoney, but, on the whole, "Dirigible" is an effective spectacular thriller. Jack Holt and Ralph Graves have their usual rôles of pals in love with the same girl.

Robert Montgomery is promoted to stardom in "Shipmates" (M.-G.-M.), another navy yarn. This is the comedy of a brash gob who tries to win the love of the admiral's daughter—and does. A slender effort, with only the colorful background of Uncle Sam's Navy and Montgomery's pleasant personality to save it from less than mediocrity.

Lew Ayres' popularity will be increased by "Iron Man" (Universal). This is W. R. Burnet's story of a slow-thinking, heavy-hitting pugilist, who is helpless without his crafty manager. When he throws his mentor over for a blonde, he is lost. Jean Harlow is the blonde and she is ornately effective here. Ayres is excellent, but Robert Armstrong steals the film as the manager. You'll like this film.

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Dramatic interludes in "City Streets," "Gunsmoke," and "Quick Millions."



Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 67)

and save, if not the measure of joy they once dreamed of together, at least some measure of peace and possible future contentment from what remains to them.

Let us see if we can understand why this has come about.

The first necessity is to understand a little what kind of people they are.

The second is a thoroughly neutral and unprejudiced viewpoint.

It seems to me that our ultimate aim, those of us who write for you of people whose lives have not the ordinary protection of privacy, must be a lack of prejudice or any personal axe to grind. We may not always achieve it, but that must be our aim.

The greatest newspaper reporter who ever lived, Damon Runyon, is a man capable of such clear, stainless neutrality that his vision cannot be impaired nor his judgment swayed. Yet his power of observation and his psychological understanding are so great that he can report for you every action, thought and word.

I sometimes wonder if the average reader realizes how great a thing that is. Readers should appreciate deeply such steadfastness in the public interest. Your opinion of many events, many people in high places, many vital affairs, is based upon what is written for you in the press.

Therefore no one serves a higher end than an honest reporter, one who makes a deep rooted, impassioned, prayerful effort to speak the truth, and to keep out of his or her writings the smallest drop of personal animus or biased judgment.

Malice, sheer sensationalism, distortion of facts to fit an end, character destruction by innuendo, the use of the printed word to hurt or humiliate when actual public interest or news value does not demand it—these things are and always have been dangerous to public welfare and against the policy of great publishers, such as William Randolph Hearst, Pulitzer, Herbert Swope, Dana of the *New York Sun*, George Horace Lorimer, Roy H. Howard.

I HAVE been betrayed into that side issue by the fact that in Hollywood we have lately seen much of the other sort of writing. It has quickened in each of us the desire to be sure that we have not and do not stray from the path permitted us as reporters. That we do not violate the code of newspaper ethics, which is as high a code as has ever been conceived by man. That we use the power and opportunity of the printed word without fear or favor, without prejudice or animosity. That we separate our private persons from our public office and dare to use facts gathered in the first capacity only for the good of those who admit us to their friendship and their homes. That when we appear in our offcial rôle we state that fact and then never stray from the effort to gather every known fact and incident upon both sides of any case before we present it to you for your judgment.

It is my good fortune to like both Jack and Estelle. For Jack, I have a real affection and gratitude. Many years ago he did a fine and unselfish action. He sacrificed himself to protect the good name of someone who was very dear to me. I know him capable of courage and generosity.

In the seven years that I have known Estelle, she has been a square shooter in every way. Direct and without pretense, she is more apt to give herself the worst of it than to give the worst of it to anyone else.

No personality before the public today is as dynamic, as magnetic, as lovable in many ways as that of Jack Dempsey. He is amazingly boyish, naive, modest, and he has every attribute of a gentleman, in that he instinctively thinks of the comfort and happiness of those with whom he comes in contact.

But Jack Dempsey isn't a boy. He was about thirty when he met Estelle Taylor and he is closer to forty now. Nor can one honestly estimate his character without remembering that he is, in the ring, the most ferocious, brutal and punishing heavyweight who ever lived. Damon Runyon, after the Carpentier fight, wrote one classic line that many of us have never forgotten. "A little French doll was today fed into the maw of a murderer." They didn't call him the Manassa Mauler for nothing.

When he met Estelle he was a man, experienced in the world, well acquainted with the facts of life at their rawest. He fell in love with her exotic beauty and he still loves her. But he has never been a peaceful lover. He is, in many ways, still the caveman, determined to rule his own home as men did in ancient days.

HE has said since he went to Reno that he wanted domesticity, a little wife waiting at home with his slippers, a woman whose chief interest in life was her home, her husband, her children.

When he says that Jack Dempsey is honest. But he is mistaken. He isn't a great self-analyst. Anyone who has followed his career through the sporting pages knows that if Jack has a fault it is a certain instability, a certain habit of indecision and of changing his mind under new influences.

Right now, face to face with his broken home, Jack believes that all he wanted was a domestic wife. Then why did he marry Estelle Taylor? Why did he select a woman of the screen, an actress, glamorous and effective, beautiful and intriguing? Wasn't he smart enough to know that such a woman wouldn't and couldn't fit into the mold of plain and placid home existence?

And if she had, wouldn't Dempsey, with his taste for the dramatic, his own flair for the unusual, his own continually exciting existence, have been bored to death with her? A man who has formed a taste for exhilaration, for excitement, has moments when he cries, "Peace, peace at any price." But once you give it to him, he becomes hopelessly restless and dissatisfied.

I have heard that tale about wanting just a nice quiet little woman beside the fire before from men who had been hurt by the brilliant women they selected. But when the time comes, they do it all over again. I remember Jack Gilbert making that same pretty speech, after he and Garbo had separated. But he turned right around and married Ina Claire.

ESTELLE isn't and never was and never pretended to be domestic. Yet I know no home in the picture colony better run, more charming, more delightful to enter than the Dempsey home. It wasn't, of course, a normal, sane, everyday home like yours and mine. It wasn't run by the clock, with the man arriving from his office every day at 6.30 and dinner right on the dot at seven.

But neither Jack nor Estelle were to blame for that. Jack was away, about his business, month after month. Estelle wasn't permitted in his camp when he was training, for the fight in Philadelphia, for the fight in Chicago. It was no place for her. She conceded that. But was it her fault that during those long months she wasn't able to make a home for Jack? In the last year has it been her fault that Jack has been on the move almost constantly?

No, nor Jack's either. But I think each is conscious that, being the kind of people they are, this separation of person and interest isn't safe.

One thing I do know. During those months of Jack's absence one saw very little of Estelle in public. Surely in this day and age when a woman is left alone for week after week she can dine or lunch with a man friend without it being a violation of her marriage vow.

I do know, and Jack knows, that twenty-nine nights out of thirty, it was always possible to get Estelle on the telephone at the Los Feliz Avenue home.

ESTELLE is as dynamic, as full of life, as Jack Dempsey. I think she is a great actress. She loves her work. When she and Jack married they agreed that both were to go on with their careers. He knew Estelle was ambitious. I do not believe we have any right, after marriage, to condemn nor criticize things we knew well before we said "For better or for worse."

The truth about Jack and Estelle is that they were divided in their interests, separated by their work, and that too many outside things happened. Both are supersensitive. Both are quick tempered.

Estelle Taylor is a woman of a high order of intelligence. She has wide interests. Music is one of her real passions. Her reading is broad and takes in psychology, history, biography. She became bored with prize fighting. She wasn't particularly intrigued by Jerry the Greek, by trainers, managers, handlers. Yet that was Jack's life. He moved, always, surrounded by an entourage of fight folk. It was a necessity.

Many wives are bored to tears by their husbands' business associates. Either they are too clever to show it, or their husbands understand it. Estelle did show it, and Jack resented it, as only a supersensitive person can resent a thing like that.

Both were jealous. Jack is one of the most attractive men to women I

(*Continued on page* 78)



Photograph by Ray Jones

Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and Percy Crosby's cartoon creation, Sooky, pal of Skippy, romp together. Otherwise, Jackie Coogan, sixteen, and his kid brother, Robert, five years old. Robert, who gave such a sympathetic performance of the across-the-tracks waif in "Skippy," is just the age Jackie was when he scored in "The Kid." Robert, however, doesn't seem to have Jackie's flair for acting. He says he wants to be a motorman when he grows up.

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 76)

have ever seen. In his tours he was thrown in contact with them constantly. Estelle was a good sport about it. But she didn't like it.

Jack objected to every contact she had in a business way with other men—directors, writers, producers.

THEY had violent quarrels, for they are both violent people, given to dramatizing themselves. That, in a sense, is why their marriage failed. They both dramatized everything. And there was much to dramatize. Take your own life. Start out in the morning and dramatize everything that happens. Magnify it by emotion and imagination. See where you are by nightfall.

If Jack and Estelle had been less madly in love, they might have survived.

As it was, they hadn't a chance. Too much went on all the time.

Too many exciting things happened. Too many separations. Too much outside influence. Too much talk to and about them both. Too many hurts, not always their own fault.

Jack lost his championship. Estelle was blamed by his friends, by the press, because she wasn't there. But Jack had sent her home from Philadelphia and only wired for her when the best time she could make would land her in Philly the day after he fought. Both were raw with the misunderstandings and criticisms of those times.

Business worries came in. Estelle advised and made enemies among Jack's friends. They battled over those things.

Estelle's own career had been temporarily halted by the talkies. She was unhappy about that. Trusted advisers told her that being the wife of a prize fighter had injured her chances rather than helped them, that she was overshadowed always by Jack. She tried to pull away from that publicity and Jack's friends called her high hat.

Oh, the whole thing seems a muddle of misunderstandings, growing, growing, in separation, as such things always do.

History will prove to you that great passions carry tragedy in their wake. Few big love stories of the past have had happy endings. The great, possessive love instinct, the mad adoration, of two dramatic people don't fit into the scheme of everyday living.

That's what happened to Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor.

Neither caused it. In a way, since both had to make a living for a large number of dependents, neither could have prevented it.

It's just too bad.

A mass of those strange emotions which so often tear at people in love. Anyone who attempts to place blame upon either of the sufferers must lack understanding of human nature, or have some personal axe to grind.

Casts of All Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

QUICK MILLIONS—*Fox.* Directed by Rowland Brown. The cast: *Bugs Raymond,* Spencer Tracy; *Dorothy Stone,* Marguerite Churchill; *Daisy de Lisle,* Sally Eilers; *Arkansas Smith,* Robert Burns; *Kenneth Stone,* John Wray; *Nails Markey,* Warner Richmond; *Jimmy Kirk,* George Raft.

SKIPPY—*Paramount.* Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Skippy Skinner,* Jackie Cooper; *Sooky Wayne,* Robert Coogan; *Eloise,* Mitzi Green; *Sidney,* Jackie Searl; *Dr. Herbert Skinner,* Williard Robertson; *Mrs. Ellen Skinner,* Enid Bennett; *Harley Nubbins,* Donald Haines; *Mrs. Wayne,* Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mr. Nubbins,* Jack Clifford; *Dad Burkey,* Guy Oliver.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—*Fox.* Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Hank,* Will Rogers; *Alisande,* Maureen O'Sullivan; *Queen Morgan,* Myrna Loy; *Clarence,* Frank Albertson; *King Arthur,* William Farnum; *Cagramor,* Mitchell Harris; *Merlin,* Brandon Hurst.

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—*Warners.* Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Toto* (Jacques Duryea), Frank Fay; *Diane Churchill,* Laura La Plante; *Fifi,* Joan Blondell; *Mr. Churchill,* (father) Charles Winninger; *Auguste* (butler) Alan Mowbray; *Dr. Dumont,* Arthur Edmund Carewe; *The Undertaker,* Charles Judels; *Basil,* Tyrell Davis; *Florine,* Louise Brooks; *Cesare,* Billy House; *Dagmar,* Yola D'Avril.

BAD SISTER—*Universal.* Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Dick Lindley,* Conrad Nagel; *Marianne,* Sidney Fox; *Laura,* Bette Davis; *Minnie,* Zazu Pitts; *Sam,* Slim Summerville; *Mr. Madison,* Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Madison,* Emma Dunn; *Valentine Corliss,* Humphrey Bogart; *Wade Trumbell,* Bert Roach; *Hedrick Madison,* David Durand.

DIRIGIBLE—*Columbia.* Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Bradon,* Jack Holt; *Frisky Pierce,* Ralph Graves; *Helen Pierce,* Fay Wray; *Rondelle,* Hobart Bosworth; *"Sock" McGuire,* Roscoe Karns; *Hanson,* Harold Goodwin; *Clarence,* Clarence Muse.

BORN TO LOVE—*Pathe.* Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Doris Kendall,* Constance Bennett; *Barry Craig,* Joel McCrea; *Sir Wilfred Drake,* Paul Cavanaugh; *Lord Ponsonby,* Frederick Kerr; *Leslie Darrow,* Anthony Bushell; *Lady Agatha,* Louise Closser Hale; *Major General,* Claude King; *Duchess,* Mary Forbes; *Evelyn Kent,* Elizabeth Forrester; *Tom Kent,* Edmond Creon.

CITY STREETS—*Paramount.* Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *The Kid,* Gary Cooper; *Nan,* Sylvia Sidney; *Big Fellow Maskal,* Paul Lukas; *McCoy,* William Boyd; *Pop Cooley,* Guy Kibbee; *Blackie,* Stanley Fields; *Agnes,* Wynne Gibson; *Pansy,* Betty Sinclair.

THE MILLIONAIRE—*Warner Bros.* Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *James Alden,* George Arliss; *Barbara Alden,* Evelyn Knapp; *Bill Merrick,* David Manners; *Mrs. Alden,* Florence Arliss; *Peterson,* Noah Beery; *Oldest Employee,* J. Farrell MacDonald; *Andrews,* Bramwell Fletcher; *Schofield,* James Cagney; *Briggs,* Tully Marshall; *Davis,* Ivan Simpson; *Dr. Harvey,* J. C. Nugent; *McCoy,* Sam Hardy.

IRON MAN—*Universal.* Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Kid,* Lew Ayres; *Rose,* Jean Harlow; *Regan,* Robert Armstrong; *Lewis,* John Miljan; *McNeil,* Mike Donlin; *Sparring Partner,* Edward Dillon; *Riley,* Ned Sparks; *Mandl,* Sammy Blum.

CRACKED NUTS—*Radio.* Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Wendell Graham,* Bert Wheeler; *Zander Ulysses Parkhurst,* Robert Woolsey; *Betty Harrington,* Dorothy Lee; *Aunt Minnie,* Edna May Oliver; *Carlotta,* Leni Stengel; *Gen Bogardus,* Stanley Fields; *King Oscar,* Harvey Clark; *Revolutionist,* Boris Karloff.

LAUGH AND GET RICH—*Radio.* Directed by Gregory LaCava. The cast: *Alice Austin,* Dorothy Lee; *Sarah Austin,* Edna May Oliver; *Joe Austin,* Hugh Herbert; *Hepburn,* John Harron; *Larry,* Russell Gleason; *Vincentini,* George Davis; *Miss Teasdale,* Maude Fealy; *Biddle,* Charles Sellon; *Phelps,* Robert Emmett Keane.

SHIPMATES—*M.-G.-M.* Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Jonesy,* Robert Montgomery; *Scotty,* Ernest Torrence; *Kit,* Dorothy Jordan; *Admiral Corbin,* Hobart Bosworth; *Bilge,* Cliff Edwards; *Mike,* Gavin Gordon; *What-Ho,* Edward Nugent; *Mary Lou,* Joan Marsh; *Wong,* E. Allyn Warren; *Capt. Beatty,* George Irving; *Auntie,* Hedda Hopper.

THE NAUGHTY FLIRT—*First National.* Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Kay Elliott,* Alice White; *Alan Ward,* Paul Page; *Jack Gregory,* Douglas Gilmore; *Linda Gregory,* Myrna Loy; *Wilbur Fairchild,* Robert Agnew; *John R. Elliott,* George Irving.

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN—*Warner Bros.* Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Bill,* Grant Withers; *Lily,* Mary Astor; *Jack,* Regis Toomey; *Ed,* James Cagney; *Haley,* Fred Kohler; *Pegleg,* J. Farrell MacDonald; *Marie,* Joan Blondell, *Bixby,* Walter Long.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—*Warner Bros.* Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Jack Forbes,* William Gaxton; *Looloo Carroll,* Claudia Dell; *Michael Cummings,* John Halliday; *Violet Hildegard,* Helen Broderick; *Marcelle,* Carmelita Geraghty; *Joyce,* Evelyn Knapp; *Pernasse,* Charles Judels; *Billy Baxter,* Lester Crawford; *Simon & Peter,* Olsen and Johnson.

THREE ROGUES—*Fox.* Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Bull Stanley,* Victor McLaglen; *Lee Carleton,* Fay Wray; *Ace Beaudry,* Lew Cody; *Layne Hunter,* Robert Warwick; *Nelson,* Franklyn Farnum; *Bruce,* David Worth; *Bronco Dawson,* Eddie Gribbon; *Bull's Girl,* Carol Wines; *Ace's Girl,* Joyce Compton; *Bronco's Girl,* Louise Huntington; *Marshall Dunn,* James Farley.

(*Continued on page* 90)



Hats have influenced feminine behavior through the ages. How could a girl be anything but demure in a ribbon-ruffled poke bonnet? Eyes just naturally misbehaved under a lace-edged bonnet. Sweeping feathers reacted toward coquettishness, while the trim sailor hat gave her a bearing that won her the privilege to vote. The brimless modern models are responsible for the straightforward type of girl of 1931. That, at least, is what Lillian Bond says—and she poses effectively to prove it.

Reviews

(*Continued from page* 75)

The New "Connecticut Yankee"

THE new talkie version of "A Connecticut Yankee" (Fox) does not displace our pleasant memories of the old silent production which had Harry Myers as the redoubtable Sir Boss. I say that in the face of Will Rogers' amusing playing of Mark Twain's immortal yankee. The present version, directed by David Butler, moves a little slowly. Still, it is amusing and entertaining.

You will want to see John Barrymore's bizarre playing of the crafty old hypnotist, Svengali, in the Warner Brothers filming of the celebrated Du Maurier novel, the foremost of all the Latin Quarter romances. Barrymore is always vivid and theatrically effective. Marian Marsh is a pretty but not very interesting Trilby.

And now for my favorite film of the month, George Arliss in "The Millionaire" (Warners). Here the superb British actor plays an American captain of industry ordered by his doctors to retire at the age of sixty. He can't stand idleness and slips away to buy a garage. In a few months the garage is a whirlwind success and he has his health back.

Arliss gives a superb performance—and the whole picture is charming.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Secret Six—*Metro-Goldwyn:*—Gangster pictures are a long way from dead; in fact, they are not even ailing, if this may be taken as a sample of what to expect. For concentrated excitement, "The Secret Six" breaks some sort of a record; it does not matter just what. Wallace Beery, as a gangster fresh from a slaughter house, his boots still smeared with blood, is tremendous, terrible, frightful, anything you may wish to call him. And Lewis Stone, especially in the first part of the picture, as a drunken, soiled gang leader. Well, you never saw Stone like that. Then there are others just as good. You must see "The Secret Six." It will keep you awake.

Three Rogues—*Fox:*—The picturesque period of the earlier West, where men were born with a six-shooter in one hand and a glass of whiskey in the other, is the background used here. There is a price on the head of each of the three rogues who unite in deeds of desperate daring, holding up stagecoaches and the like. Then along comes a pretty petticoat, Fay Wray, and the rogues melt into bashful suitors. The softening process, as revealed through the personalities of Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon, is amusing. The kick of the picture, however, is the land rush: the wild riding and driving across miles of arid land is immense.

Mr. Lemon of Orange—*Fox:*—Kidding gangsters is becoming a favorite studio diversion. In this somewhat confusing story the terrible Silent McGee is mistaken for a harmless little Swede, Mr. Lemon, several degrees more guileless than the children he delights to amuse with his simple magic. Guided throughout the picture by the far-reaching arm of coincidence, the two men who happen to look alike are forever fooling the other characters in the picture, as well as the audience. El Brendel's dual characterization is clever and no fault need be found with the performance of Fifi Dorsay and William Collier, Sr. The trouble is in keeping tabs on what it's all about.

The Naughty Flirt—*First National:*—Myrna Loy and Paul Page share honors in the billing of this picture, although Alice White, obviously enough, is the leading member of the cast. Alice, as the harum-scarum daughter of a millionaire, is the leader of the younger and wilder social set. She and her merry friends treat life as though it were a perpetual cocktail party; get themselves arrested and worry their families as well as the police. The story, what there is of it, shows how Alice, at the very last moment, is saved from marrying an adventurer after her money; all of which is familiar material handled in an extravagant fashion.

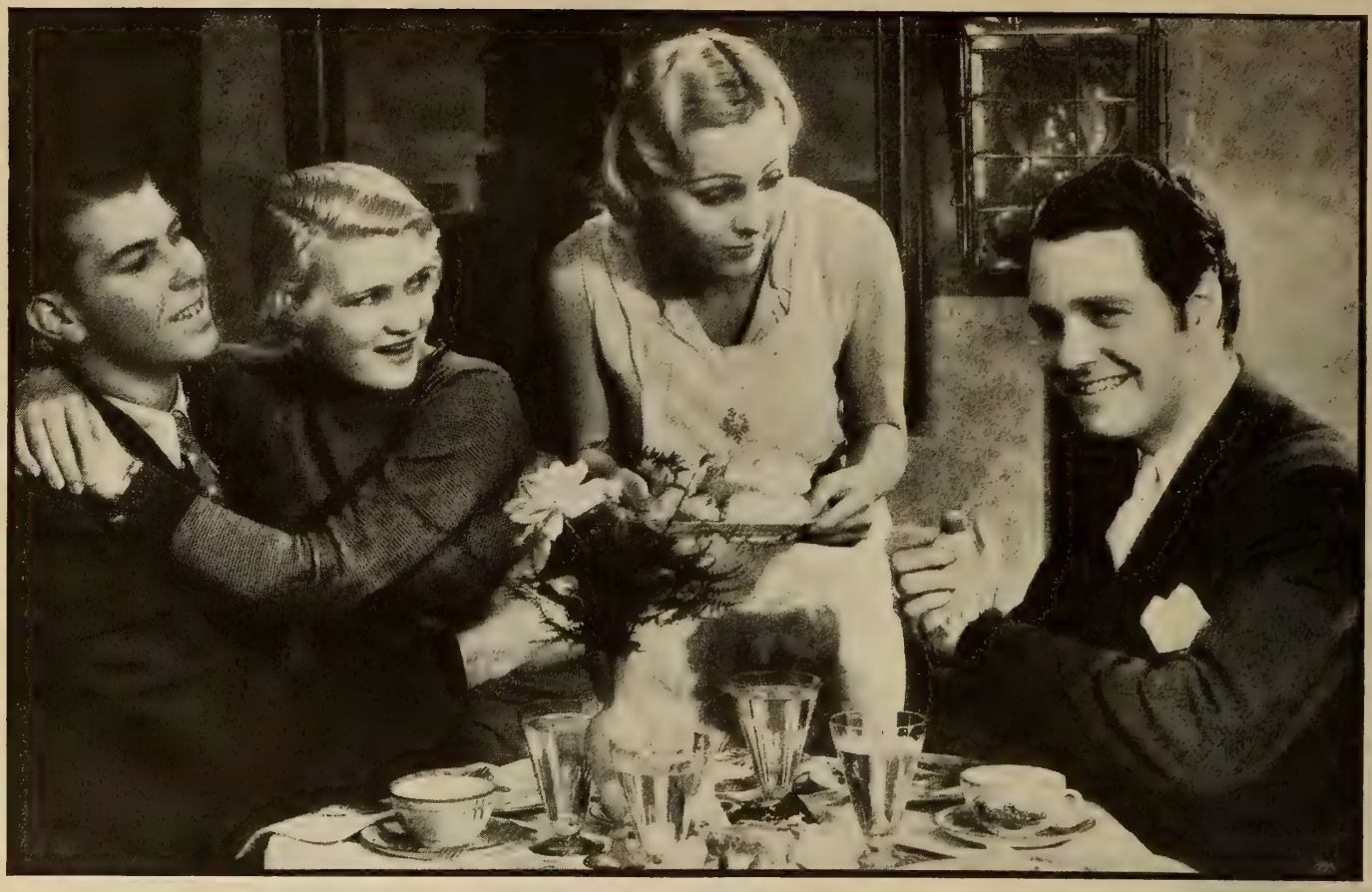
Cracked Nuts—*Radio:*—Frank nonsense composed of puns and wisecracks and gags and goofy pranks in which Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Edna May Oliver work hard and not without success. Ralph Spence, the punster king among screen writers, had a pen in the dialogue. Once again a mythical European kingdom is taken as a setting, with Wheeler and Woolsey as rival claimants for the throne. The farcical action is loosely strung together, which is just as well in a knockabout farce of this character, harmless for children, as it is for adults possessing a youthful sense of humor.

Quick Millions—*Fox:*—Gangster stuff minus the kick. Comparatively recent happenings in New York, more specifically those following a famous dinner attended by certain judges, inspired this story which contains the ingredients of a first-rate melodrama. But the ingredients fail to ignite. As a result we have a spiritless presentation of double-crossing racketeers led by Spencer Tracy as "Bugs" Raymond. Toward the close the story is brought to a temporary stop to permit of some preaching—how the public is remiss in permitting such conditions to exist and that sort of thing. Not so good.

Laugh and Get Rich—*Radio:*—Sincere acting and a reasonably developed story combine to make an amusing comedy seasoned with a pinch of irony for those who care to look beneath the surface. A boarding-house in a Massachusetts town provides the background for the monotonous routine of living as experienced by a hard-working landlady, burdened with a shiftless husband, who has become a chronic loafer. He has passed years of his life looking for a job, taking care, however, not to look in the right place. The leading characters, as played by Edna May Oliver and Hugh Herbert, are in tune with reality.

The Conquering Horde—*Paramount:*—A conventional western endowed with the power of speech and enlivened by stampedes of bellowing cattle. It is a good picture of its type, carrying a pungent flavor of the West in those bad old days following the Civil War. Nearly everybody was broke and land was being grabbed by real estate racketeers. But even with life running low there was plenty of rowdy merriment in the local saloons and romance was in the saddle. You will like Richard Arlen and Fay Wray, also Claude Gillingwater. By way of excitement, the highpoint is reached when the cattle rip and roar through the main street

(*Continued on page* 90)



Most of the girls we knew were extras—and mostly blondes. It was then I discovered blondes were not only ornamental, they could actually cook, for many of them had come to Hollywood from farms.

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 61)

"Stolen? How so?" she smiled indulgently.

"Your husband——"

"Don't be silly, Gorgeous," she laughed, "my husband and I live our own lives. We are perfectly free of each other, except for the mere conventionality of appearing married. That was my bargain when I married him. He understands that I am young and I need the companionship of youth. He had had his youth and he is willing to let me have mine."

I suppose if I were an experienced gigolo I would have taken advantage of the lady's affection without delay. Truth of it is, I was slightly scared, never having run into anything like this before.

I don't know what I answered—I think I merely smiled. Anyway, when she came over to light my cigarette, she bent low and gently kissed my ear as she drew her head away from mine.

We got to be awfully good friends by dinner time. I gladly accepted her invitation to a beautifully served dinner and I was a little surprised to learn that her husband would not be home until very late. He was dining at the club with some men friends.

WHEN I was about to depart, I held her close in my arms and kissed her soft eyelids, her cheeks, her throat; I whispered to her that I would kiss her beautiful, full mouth only on the day she declared she truly loved me.

Suddenly she laughed at me, throwing back her sleeked head in a gesture of mockery.

"Don't be silly, darling, I'll never tell you that!" she laughed. "Don't you understand, I want you only as an escort. My tired husband never wants to go places or do things. And I need someone to take me out—you know, one can't really go to premieres and supper clubs alone. It's the price one pays for being a woman."

"Then you mean," I asked, quite amazed at her sudden change of attitude, "that I am just a professional escort—that I don't really mean anything to you personally?"

"I mean," she corrected, "that you are perfectly adorable, very handsome, enough to have other women envy me. I like you, terribly, of course. It makes it so much more pleasant gadding about with someone who really can thrill one, doesn't it? Come now, no serious love making, darling. I'm too well established socially to get myself into any scandal—and lose my income." She laughed gayly at this, as though it were her own original idea.

We shook hands on that idea then, and I found myself being called up regularly to take her to theaters, dances, polo matches, etc. But somehow she had begun to get into my blood. I tried to reason it. I knew I didn't love her—not the way I had always figured love would come to me and the girl of my dreams. When Florence failed to telephone me at least several times a week I felt lost. Bill dragged me along to parties, little apartment get-togethers, where we drank gin and ate sandwiches the girls made up themselves.

And then, one day when I began to think the thing out, I decided it was not the thrill of Florence that was in my veins, but the lure of the luxury which surrounded her. It had got me into its web and I wasn't happy unless I was having a (*Continued on page* 94)

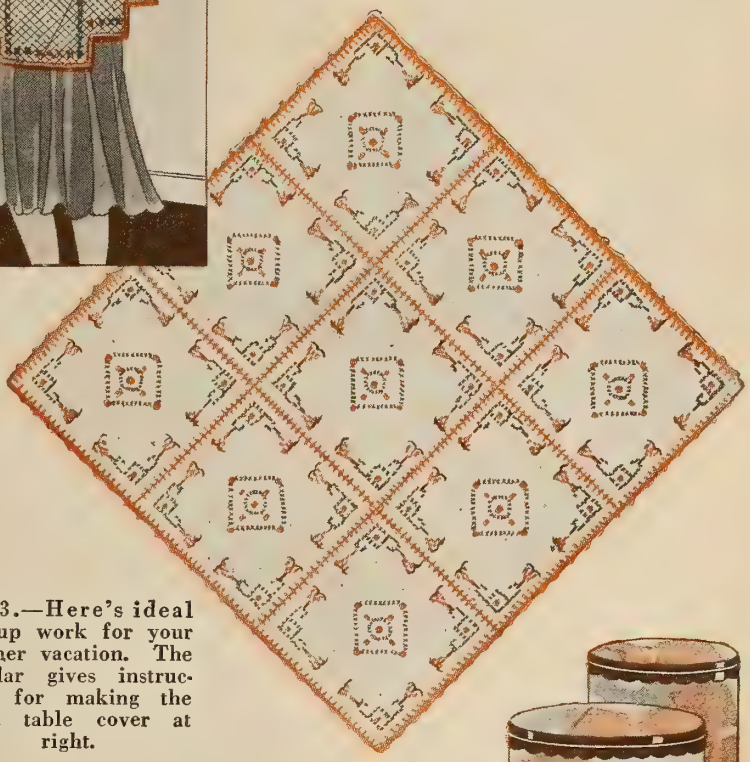
Things You Can Make for Your Home

Leisure hours of your vacation may be spent to advantage making the inexpensive articles shown on this page with the aid of our New Method Circulars.

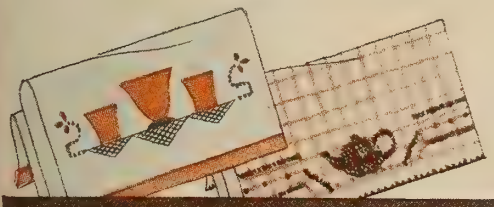
Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.



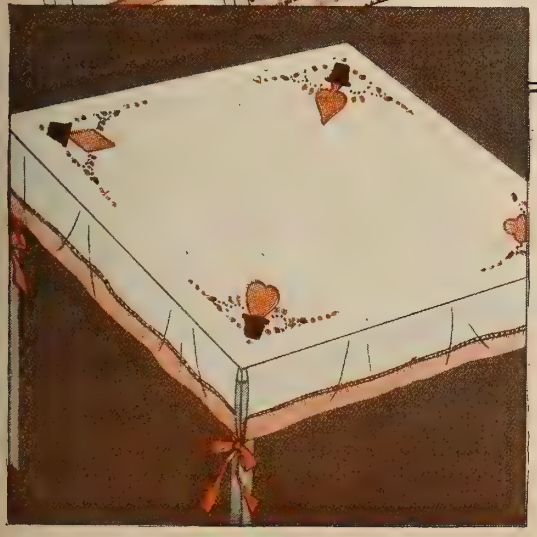
AG38.—Practical curtains, table runners and chair cover for the kitchen are made from waterproof chintz with the aid of this circular. Directions for making the gingham apron with cross-stitch embroidery shown above are given in circular AG39.



AG40.—Even the humdrum dishtowel assumes distinction when it is finished with an embroidered end. The circular gives four designs including those shown below.



AG43.—Here's ideal pick-up work for your summer vacation. The circular gives instructions for making the smart table cover at right.





AG42.—From one yard of figured oilcloth and ¼ yard of plain you can make covers for your cannisters, cook book and budget book. Circular gives full directions.

AG41.—For bridge and other card games washable table covers are essential. The circular gives directions for making the cover at the left and two others.

"I'm a Lucky Old Devil"

(*Continued from page* 35)



Marie Dressler in the living room of her Beverly Hills residence. Jim Tully says her home is furnished in restful and excellent taste. About her are many photographs. She says she must have her friends about her always.

"Two of my servants, Mamie and Jerry, have been with me seventeen years. Even when I couldn't pay them, they stuck to me. We just know that we three have lived this life all together.

"I REALIZE every day of my life how fortunate I am. It is better to be successful in age than in youth.

"I am not a rich woman. I have spent as I have gone along."

Of the late President Harding, she said: "I loved Warren Harding. He was like me—he couldn't say 'No.' You cannot enter the White House and come out feeling that you have satisfied your inner self while you were there.

"I love my country, and wish our law-makers were not so chained to politics. I loved Warren Harding because he was so human."

Of old-time acting, she said: "If actors like Booth and Barrett came back today people would laugh at them. Actors and actresses have gotten away from the heavy dramatic emoting, and now act their parts naturally.

"I often would go to see people whom the public were raving about. They would walk around the stage delivering lines some other person had put into their mouths. The lines were going over, not the actors.

"I am the originator of cyclonic dancing. I did an acrobatic dance with Dan Daly that lasted over fifteen minutes. It wore Dan out.

"I did not care for talking pictures at first. The war took me out of the theater. When I went back I realized that the theater had so deteriorated that I could not waste any time in it. All the thinking people had been doing war work. Only the lowbrows had had time to attend the theater. There was nothing worth while to go to. I used to go to the picture houses and rest there. The symphony orchestras were so soothing. The acting was natural and easy. It interested me. The first talking picture I saw, I thought, 'All my peace and quiet is gone,' but now I love them."

IT was the part of Martha in "Anna Christie" that paved the road of Marie's old age with gold. She came near to not getting it, so full of vagary are films. Frances Marion, the smartest woman in films, insisted that she be allowed to play it. Many insisted she could not play the part. The matter came before Irving Thalberg.

"There is not a part on the Metro-Goldwyn lot she can't play. Let her play Martha." And so the stars in their courses, helped by Frances Marion and Irving Thalberg, gave Marie a break.

"Taking an old gutter snipe like Martha and making her loved in her drunkenness—that was *something* to be able to do."

The vast, sentimental woman looked proud. She had a right to be. She was one with life.

Everywhere Marie goes she finds friends. A Pullman porter said to her: "Ah'm glad of this honah of waitin' on you. Ah'll nevah fohgit the time in 'Anna Christie' the old man kep' you waitin' at the side doah. You was so mad you took it out on youah cuff."

Marie had the picture run and found that the porter had observed something she had overlooked.

Of comedy and tragedy, she said: "They are the only things that are married that can't get a divorce."

A shrewd show woman, Marie Dressler has the art of being disarming.

She does everything with vigor. (*Cont'd on page* 104)

A YOUNG MOTHER . . HAS WORDS WITH HERSELF ABOUT

. . "pink tooth brush!"



'I wonder . . that 'pink' on my tooth brush, morning after morning . . "

"HER two tiny teeth are so white that they fairly sparkle! I suppose mine looked like that when I lay in a bassinet. Even two years ago they certainly were brighter than they are today. Why, at this rate, I'm afraid that by the time she's old enough to be *critical* of her mother's looks, she'll never know that once upon a time people had rather nice things to say about my smile!

"I wonder . . that 'pink' upon my tooth brush! What does it have to do with my teeth looking cloudy and dim? Why, they're as dull as a blue Monday. And my gums are so touchy and soft that they can't be of much help to my teeth! I'm going to try massage. I'm going to get Ipana and I'm going to write it now upon the telephone pad—we're going to see about this 'pink tooth brush' business."



A glance over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and you'll notice at once that most of our modern foods are *soft foods.* And soft foods certainly give our gums no work to do.

Lacking exercise and stimulation, the gums grow more lazy, more touchy with every day. In time they become so tender that "pink tooth brush" makes its appearance.

And, while that first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a national calamity, don't ignore its warning. For it often opens the way to many gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the dread, though much rarer, pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may threaten some of your soundest and whitest teeth through infection at their roots.

Don't tolerate "pink tooth brush." There's a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly—it is a marvelous cleanser—and then, each time you use it, put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *massage it into those touchy gums of yours.*

Twice each day.

Within a few days your teeth will regain a sparkle they haven't had for years. And within a month, your gums will be less lazy and far firmer. For the ziratol in Ipana—plus the massage—tones and stimulates the gums back to healthy hardness. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush."

* * *

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Conchita Montenegro prepares for her first suntan of the season on a Pacific beach.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The Suntan Vogue Continues This Summer—Its Effect Upon Modes and Beauty Methods—How to Get the Easiest and Most Successful Tan

By ANN BOYD

WILL a suntanned face and body be chic this summer? If so, there must be saner and safer methods of acquiring a tan—if not, there must be more effective methods of bleaching.

The first deliberately bronzed woman caused a sensation on the Riviera back in 1927. Since then the suntan movement gathered momentum until in America it transcended a trend and by 1929 had become a craze. It had gained for itself a whole series of attributes—suntan frocks, suits and lingerie, and established its own range of colors.

Although beauty specialists are still skeptical about the popularity of suntan this season, I feel that the vogue will not pass away quickly. Suntan can cover such a multitude of sins. Under the smile of the sun, complexions that are pallid and unhealthy looking take on pleasant rose and brown shades and the pores of oily skins tighten. For some women it is the most becoming thing that ever happened to them.

Hours of activity spent in the sun and water build up the muscles and stimulate circulation, which in turn lay the foundation of good looks—which is health. When women start collecting their summer wardrobes they will realize the necessity for a suntanned background. When they discover that the more vivid colors of this summer are as greatly enhanced by a golden-tinted skin as were the pastels of the previous summer they will once more become worshipers of the sun god. But profiting by past experience, the wise woman will not endeavor to acquire a tan in a week or two, but will be content to be sun-kissed naturally.

Granted that suntan is to be in favor, what is the most painless manner in which one can acquire a beautiful and even tan? The prime rule is to tan wisely rather than too well. It is a natural phenomenon. It is an effort on the part of the skin to protect itself. Even at this enlightened stage many women believe that the preliminary step to a coat of tan is a burn, but expert cosmeticians have been perfecting ways and means by which a tan may be acquired without discomfort or danger. Always, too, there is the mistake made by some women who have become so enchanted with the success of their burn, that they have allowed it to become darker and darker until all of its charm is lost.

THE excellent sunburn preparations and cosmetics that are now available are legion, for seldom has any vogue found such a prompt and satisfactory response on the part of those who create for beauty. There is a marvelous new sunburn cream on the market which contains two organic chemicals—one with the property of absorbing the ultra-violet rays, the other with the property of filtering like a screen. Unlike most creams of this nature, this cream does not have an oil base, and yet it is very flexible and easy to apply. This cream does not interfere with the natural color and rouge and powder may be applied over it. Altogether, it is really the most satisfactory protective basis that has yet been discovered. For those who feel safer in selecting a lotion containing oil there is a new one compounded of alcohol and oil. This lotion is good for both dry and oily skins. The oil offers the protection and the alcohol acts as an astringent which makes it easy and pleasant to wear.

Who shall continue to wear suntan and how? The sweeping assumption that (*Continued on page* 102)

Already 300,000 women *have called on us for* help



In her search for greater loveliness where must a woman begin? During the last twelve months Cleanliness Institute answered that question for 300,000 women . . . sent them free copies of *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test.* And each day brings more and more requests.



IN spite of all that has been said and written, there is, of course, no *one* great loveliness secret. Loveliness consists of *many* things — many separate little details. To achieve loveliness regular attention must be paid to all these important little matters.

For instance, your skin. If you want it to look clear and fresh and radiant, you must keep it really clean. Every night, every morning — without fail — cleanse your face with soap and warm water. If you like to use creams, use them before or after, never in the place of, soap and water.

And your hair! It should be soft and smooth and lustrous. So don't neglect it. Shampoo frequently and thoroughly. And incidentally there is a right way to shampoo and a wrong way. Read page 15 of our booklet.

To be dainty, to look your very best at all times, be particularly careful of your clothing; nothing brings out poise and charm like immaculate cleanliness in dress.

And it is for that same reason that the bath is so important. Good grooming begins with the bath. Always step in before you step out!

Above all, guard against letting one or two little things spoil the good effects of all the others. That, perhaps, is the most helpful thing about *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test.* It suggests a single, simple plan, a definite program to follow.

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EVANGELINE ADAMS READS THE STARS FOR JULY

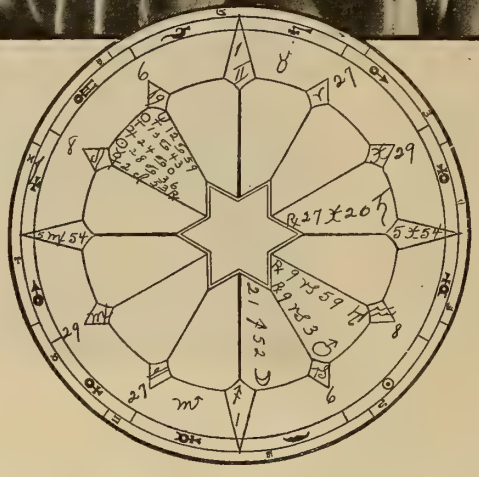
(*Continued from page* 63)

Phillips Holmes' career in any terms except those of the future, but since the future is my business, I may as well say that he is a most remarkable young man. His Neptune, which is one of the first things I look at in reading the charts of picture players, is in conjunction with Venus, the goddess of entertainment *and* love. What that means to Mr. Holmes personally is nobody's business but his own; but surely there could be no more promising combination of influences so far as his career as an actor is concerned. His Venus is also in aspect to Mars and Uranus, which gives him unusual magnetism. An exceptional chart in many ways! Mr. Holmes also has no unfavorable planets in the sign Taurus, so his excellent talkie voice should suffer no diminution in its effectiveness. Another thing: Mr. Holmes is not so good an example of the typical Cancer traits as Mr. Gilbert or, for that matter, any of the other stars I have mentioned, because he was born at the very end of the sign, on a day which was also strongly under the influence of the incoming sign Leo.

There are, however, some indications in this young man's chart which should give him pause. I doubt if these past two years, which have brought him his present professional success, have been wholly free from personal worries. He has five planets in his house of friends, and at present they are all afflicted. Of course, these afflictions will pass, but he must be very careful to do nothing while they last which would injure his future relations with those who wish him well. He must also be careful of the years 1932 and 1933, which may prove as important to him as the present one is to Mr. Gilbert. These warnings aren't intended to discourage Mr. Holmes but merely to forewarn him—and they are given in the face of a most exceptional array of favorable aspects, which ought to carry a much less talented actor than he is to the very heights of his profession.

And there is another thing about Cancer people which I leave with you as a final word: they *are* quick, sensitive, sometimes changeable, but underneath these tendencies they possess a tenacity of purpose which should lead ultimately to success. The symbol of the sign Cancer is the Crab. It sticks!





Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 22, 1909. His astrological chart, shown at left, is excellent in many ways, says Evangeline Adams. Mr. Holmes must be careful of the years 1932 and 1933, says the astrologer.

WERE YOU BORN IN JULY?

IF you were born between June 22nd and July 23rd you are in the sign of the Zodiac known as Cancer, ruled by the Moon and symbolized by the Crab. The Moon is the most facile and changeable of the planets. The Crab is the most tenacious of living things. You are, therefore, a combination of sensitiveness and perseverance. You are alternately restless and immovable. You are adventurous and love to travel; and you are home-loving and keen to maintain domestic traditions. In the end, however, since the Crab is more dependable in its field than the Moon is in its, the domestic is likely to triumph over the adventurous. You are likely to become, even against your will, a solid citizen of a community, a pillar of the society in which you move.

You have a natural gift of intuition. You best succeed when doing things your own way. Indeed, you are apt to be very clever in developing new and individual ways of doing things, if left sufficiently to yourself. You should not argue with people, however, as to whether your way is better than theirs. You should strive, instead, to maintain congenial, harmonious surroundings, because it is only under such conditions that your best work can be done. Argument and opposition will only disconcert you, whereas approval and congeniality will bring out your very best traits.

Don't allow yourself to be tied to the past. Look forward, not backward. Don't let your high regard for the value of ancestry blind you to the importance of the future. Be willing to accept new things, even if they are suggested by others. Build your future on the present, not on the past. Don't become a back number.

If ill at all, your natural tendencies are toward asthma, throat trouble, gastric disturbances and other forms of weak digestion. Cancer rules the stomach, so all Cancer people should be careful as to eating and drinking. Alcohol is not for you. Cancer people do well as politicians, wholesale merchants, importers and exporters, and in positions connected with transportation. They are most successful in any business involving liquids. They are excellent chemists. Cancer women make wonderful nurses; in fact, they are successful, as a general thing, in any activity having to do with children or the care of the home; they often specialize in domestic science and dietetics.

Hollywood Cooks



Bessie Love sings for her supper . . . and cooks it, too!

HOLLYWOOD'S famous stars give you their favorite recipes in this unusual new cook book. Constance Bennett tells you how to make "Spanish Chicken" . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., votes in favor of "Boston Brown Bread." You will enjoy giving your friends a movie dinner, a movie lunch or a movie tea. Forty-seven pages of new photographs taken in the stars' own homes! You won't want to miss this new kind of cook book. It is on sale in many Woolworth stores.



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INCORPORATED
55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

If you do not find "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" in your Woolworth store, we will mail your copy. Send us ten cents plus three cents postage.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

THELMA CLARK

Miss Clark always should be photographed in colors. She is a striking red-head. You saw her in First National's "The Hot Heiress" and she helped to add pulchritude to "Sonny."

YOU'D BE SURPRISED

TO KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO YOUR TEETH THIS MORNING

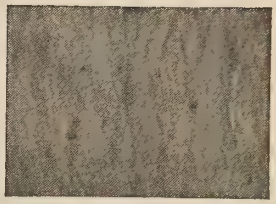


Before

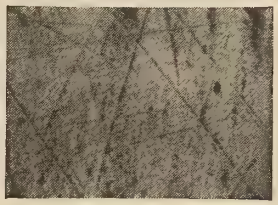


After

NORMAL TEETH CLEANED BY DR. WEST'S—*pictures show same teeth stained both before and after brushing. Note how thorough the cleansing—in second picture.*



NO SCRATCHING! *Microphotograph of tooth brushed with* DR. WEST'S *shows no scratching of enamel. (Tiny ridges are natural enamel.)*



THIS ONE DID SCRATCH! *Compare this with microphoto above. Note scratches left by this dentifrice —plainly visible.*

UNIVERSITY LABORATORY TESTS

show DR. WEST'S the only one of 10 dentifrices that:

1) REALLY CLEANS TEETH
2) WITHOUT SCRATCHING ENAMEL

GUESS-WORK, in care of teeth, is flirting with risk. You have a right to know—in advance—exactly what a tooth paste will do for your teeth.

That's why we report these results of University Laboratory tests on 10 dentifrices—DR. WEST'S and nine others:

SEVEN DO NOT CLEAN TEETH—*and two of these scratch enamel.*

TWO OTHERS CLEAN TEETH—*but both of them scratch enamel.*

ONLY ONE OF THE 10—DR. WEST'S—CLEANS TEETH WITHOUT SCRATCHING ENAMEL!

Powerful camera lenses and delicate instruments recorded these scientifically impartial tests. Normal teeth were stained (to show invisible as well as visible dirt) both *before* and *after* brushing with each dentifrice. Then the effect of each dentifrice on enamel was determined.

Only DR. WEST'S, of these 10 dentifrices tested, cleans teeth without scratching or injury to enamel.

And that certainly ends any guesswork, about DR. WEST'S at least.

Gentle polishers do it

In DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste you benefit by the most modern knowledge and experience in oral hygiene. It was perfected by the makers of famed DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes.

This modern tooth paste uniquely combines two gentle polishers with pure vegetable cleansers. They brighten teeth beautifully without any scratching or injury to enamel.

And in addition, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste gives every other good result you can safely hope for in a dentifrice. It is delightfully refreshing and cooling to the whole mouth. You'll *like* it—as millions of other folks do.

Get some today at any good store. Avoid risky guess-work—at least where your teeth are concerned. You *know* in advance what DR. WEST'S will do for your teeth: put it to work tonight and watch the prompt improvement teeth show.

WRITE FOR FREE TEST: Western Co., Dept. 127, 307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

BIG 10c TUBE ON SALE: AT MANY WOOLWORTH CO. 5c-10c STORES

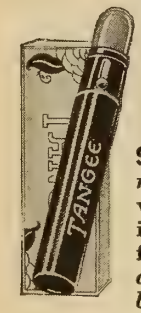
It's as good as the famous toothbrush!



TANGEE



LONDON, TOO ADVISES THIS NATURAL LIPSTICK



SKETCH, *famous London magazine, says:* "This season, a vivid artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony. The first essential is to *choose a lipstick and rouge that blend perfectly with your own natural coloring.*

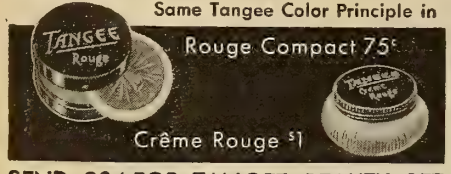
"TANGEE changes color magically on the lips and cheeks to exactly the right tone of the natural coloring of the skin. TANGEE suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or titian-haired."

TATLER, *world-famous authority, adds:* "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use

Same Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. TG6
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*Address*_____

Reviews

(*Continued from page* 79)

of the town, despite protests of the reception committee.

Fifty Million Frenchmen—*Warners:*—An unfortunate effort to transfer the wit, the color and the novelty of a popular musical comedy to the screen. Despite the tints and shades of Technicolor and the earnest attempts of William Gaxton and his associates to be funny, the comedy fails to click. On paper there are enough distinguished names concerned in the production to indicate an hour of fun. But the picture is like a costly watch with a broken mainspring. Nothing happens. Probably the best scenes in the production are trick effects, notably the police force stuck in the mud of a street in Paris and the traffic jam.

Bad Sister—*Universal:*—Not sufficiently penetrating to be classed as a serious page from contemporaneous town life, yet in the main successful in suggesting the atmosphere of a small-town home. It is in the spirit of Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Flirt," which supplied the plot and character material. Moreover, the picture is distinctly well acted with Sidney Fox, a newcomer to the screen, presenting a disconcertingly alluring flirt. Conrad Nagel is the big name of the production, but he has little to do. Then there is Zazu Pitts, as the housemaid, funny as ever.

In Conference—*Educational:*—A snappy Sennett burlesque of Hollywood producers, embarrassed by the new conditions brought about by talking pictures. The big money-maker of the company is a stalwart actor guaranteed to thrill. His agents hold out for another million or so before they accept a new contract. The producers (Hebrew and Scotch) put up a valiant defense, but finally concede to the new terms. And then the hero talks in a crack soprano. Just imagine. Such a pity. But such things do happen in Hollywood, the land of quaint surprises.

Other Men's Women—*Warners:*—Some sad moments and other passages that are genuinely exciting will be found in this sincerely acted but unpretentious story of a locomotive engineer and fireman. Bill (Grant Withers) is on the road to ruin, because of booze and women, when his pal, Jack (Regis Toomey) takes him into his home. Bill falls in love with Jack's pretty wife (Mary Astor) and, of course, there is the devil to pay. Scenes of a flood, the washing away of a railroad bridge, along with the engine driven by Jack, are well contrived. The characterizations ring true.

God's Gift to Women—*Warners:*—Frank Fay on the screen is an exact reproduction of Frank Fay on the stage: the same ultra-Broadway mannerisms, the same assurance and the same appeal. In this somewhat diluted French farce, the audience is asked to believe that the philanderer is fatal to women, and to prove it, three attractive girls hurl themselves at him, literally as well as figuratively. When the irresistible Jacques eludes his other admirers he turns to the pretty blonde, Laura La Plante. For an hour of nonsense, this farce does well. It keeps an audience laughing.

Casts of all Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

(*Continued from page* 78)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—*Fox.* Directed by John G. Blythstone. The cast: *Mr. Lemon and McGee,* El Brendel; *Julie LaRue,* Fifi Dorsay; *Mr. Blake,* William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Blake,* Ruth Warren; *June Blake,* Joan Castle; *Jerry,* Donald Dillaway.

THE CONQUERING HORDE—*Paramount*—Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Dan McMasters,* Richard Arlen; *Tasie Lockhart,* Fay Wray; *Jim Nabours,* Claude Gillingwater; *Marvin Fletcher,* Ian MacLaren; *Slud Grogan,* Frank Rice; *Lumpy Lorrigan,* Arthur Stone; *Cinco Centavos,* George Mendoza; *Mr. Corley,* James Durkin; *John,* Charles Stevens; *Splint Coggin,* Edwin J. Brady; *Digger Hale,* Robert Kortman; *Butch Daggett,* Harry Cording; *White Cloud,* Chief Standing Bear; *Captain Wilkins,* John Elliott; *Mrs. Corley,* Kathrin Clare Ward.

THE PUBLIC ENEMY—*Warner Bros.* Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Matt,* Edward Woods; *Tom,* James Cagney; *Mike,* Donald Cook; *Mamie,* Joan Blondell; *Gwen Allen,* Jean Harlow; *Tom's mother,* Beryl Mercer; *Bugs Moran,* Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Paddy Ryan,* Robert Emmett O'Connor, *Nails Nathan,* Leslie Fenton; *Bess,* Louise Brooks; *Putty Nose,* Murray Kinnell; *Kitty,* Mae Clark.

GUNSMOKE—*Paramount.* Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Brad Farley,* Richard Arlen; *Sue Vancey,* Mary Brian; *Stub Wallack,* Eugene Pallette; *Kedge Darvas,* William Boyd; *Dampsey Dell,* Louise Fazenda; *Tack Gillup,* Charles Winninger; *Posey Meed,* Guy Oliver; *J. K. Horton,* James Durkin; *Spot Skee,* Brooks Benedict; *Mugs Maransa,* William Arnold; *Mink Gordon,* Carroll Nash; *Jassy Quinn,* Stanley Mack; *Strike Jackson,* William V. Mong; *Isabelle Horton,* Dawn O'Day; *Chinese Cook,* Willie Fung.

THE SECRET SIX—*M.-G.-M.* Directed by George Hill. *Scorpio,* Wallace Beery; *Newton,* Lewis Stone; *Hank,* John Mack Brown; *Anne,* Jean Harlow; *Peaches,* Marjorie Rambeau; *Mizoski,* Paul Hurst; *Carl,* Clark Gable; *Johnny Franks,* Ralph Bellamy; *Colimo,* John Miljan; *Donlin,* Dewitt Jennings; *Metz,* Murray Kinnell; *Delano,* Fletcher Norton; *Eddie,* Louis Natheaux; *Judge,* Frank McGlynn; *District Attorney,* Theodore Von Eltz.

(Reviews will be found on page 74.)

The Newest New Movie Album

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New Portraits of the Stars
Their Start on the Road to Fame
Scenes From Famous Pictures

THIS latest NEW MOVIE Album has *more* in it . . . it has everything the motion picture fans want to know about their favorite stars. Which are *your* favorites, and in which rôles did you like them best? Besides new and beautiful photographs of the favorites, this new Album gives you vivid scenes from famous films . . . rôles the stars selected as the ones they themselves liked best. There is interesting information, too, about your favorite stars and how they started on the road to stardom. Get your copy! This latest edition of the NEW MOVIE Album will sell fast . . . and the issue is limited. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus three cents for mailing and we will mail it to you promptly.

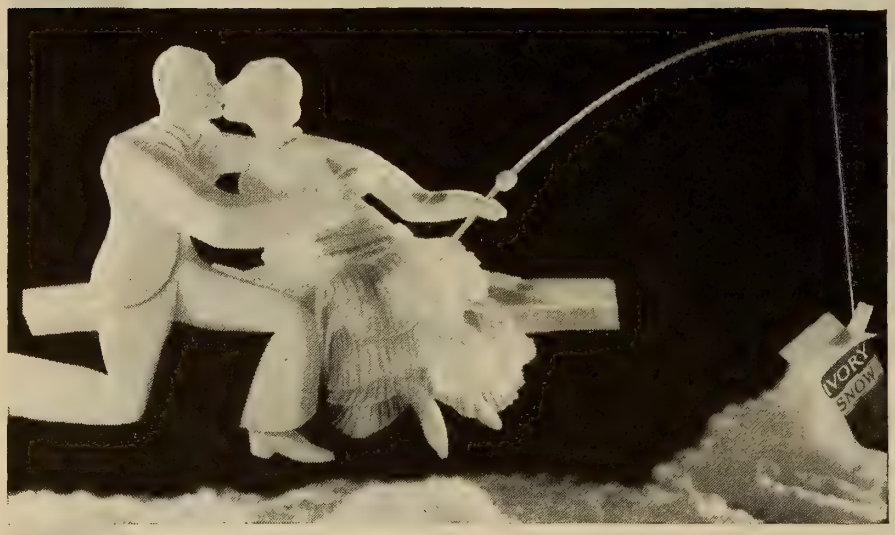
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Silks and woolens love this new IVORY SNOW

Suds instantly in lukewarm water

Ivory Snow is the new star among fine fabric soaps! It's so quick. So attractive. And . . . very, very kind!

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in a new instant form. No "beating" to give suds. Just add lukewarm water—and swish, these white snow pearls go *completely* into velvety suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make a *thick* suds. Ivory Snow can't possibly hurt colors that are safe in clear water. And the 15¢ box is so very big that even when you use its contents generously, it lasts through many silk-and-wool washdays.



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Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 14)

I am glad you have started a new and most praiseworthy movement in that direction. Nothing could so revealingly bring forth the pathos of her early environment and I devoutly hope her future progress will be in the paths of pleasantness and peace. It will, if others follow your lead, for after all it is the printed word and the picture story that form public opinion. How important that it should be a reliable guide!

Mrs. C. A. Emery,
1339 Sunset Avenue.

Cheers for Cooking Page

Chicago, Ill.

I enjoy Hollywood's Own Cooking Page. I have tried many of the recipes and I must say they are very appetizing. I hope this page will continue being published in the future. I also hope I may see some of my favorites demonstrate their own favorite dish.

G. T. M.,
7750 So. Throop Street.

New York, N. Y.

I like NEW MOVIE not only for its very interesting features, but NEW MOVIE also has beneficial articles. Take for example Hollywood's Own Cooking Page. I have tried some of the recipes, and they were delicious. I (and probably many other fans) like to know what the people of the movie colony cook and eat. I hope that sometime we will see Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Jeanette MacDonald demonstrating their favorite dishes.

Fay F. Herrman,
539 West 112th Street.

More Films for Children

Joliet, Ill.

I saw Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer" recently. It was delightful—humorous, appealing, interesting every minute. The entire cast was one hundred per cent adequate. I was not the only one who enjoyed it. There were three little boys sitting in front of me, and they were completely enthralled. Why can't we have more pictures that will appeal to children? It seems to me that they must be terrifically bored by problem plays and gangster stories. They really deserve and should have pictures which will appeal to them.

Francis Woodruff,
207 N. Broadway.

Read NEW MOVIE'S REVIEWS

of all the important new motion pictures and save yourself from a wasted evening in the theater. NEW MOVIE'S reviews save your time and money.

Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 31)

and is imitating me, and Minnie, and all our pals. And what is so awful about it is that he's doing a lot of things Minnie and I wouldn't think of doing. They look something like us and I'm afraid people will think they are us."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Hyland.

"Sue 'em, the short-whiskered, mangey copy cats— copy mice, I mean. But at that, I think even cats would be better company than these people."

All of which means that Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse, is suing imitators of his product.

OLIVE BORDEN eloped in New York with Theodore Spector, a Paterson, New Jersey, stock broker. They were married in Harrison, N. Y. Miss Borden gave her age as twenty-four, Spector his as thirty-one.

RESIDENTS in Beverly Hills have been unable to account for the heavy airplane traffic over their community of late, but one star was heard to say that she was afraid that she would be forced to discontinue her daily sun baths as there was about as much privacy on her sun porch as there would be in a goldfish bowl—especially with these high-powered binoculars.

WHEN Lady Mountbatten, a cousin of the Prince of Wales, was in town as the guest of Marion Davies, she was wearing a very short dress on frequent visits to the studio and when this was commented on, Lady Mountbatten replied, "All my street and sport clothes are short, they are becoming to me, so I have refused to heed the dictates of fashion except for evening and afternoon wear." Which proves that the smart woman is the one who wears what is most becoming, regardless of styles.

WHAT could be more appropriate than Thomas Meighan singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"? Tommy will sing this in his new picture, "Young Sinners," now being made at the Fox Studio. His good friend, John McCormack, the Irish tenor, gave him permission to use it and also contributed the coaching.

WILLIAM HAINES had his trunks all packed, passports all arranged and tickets all bought for a three months' trip to Europe. On the afternoon before he expected to leave, the Metro-Goldwyn studios canceled Bill's vacation and ordered him back to work. You can imagine Bill's disappointment. He had intended to buy a lot of beautiful new things for his antique shop.

In NEW MOVIE Next Month

JIM TULLY

writes a characteristically colorful story about

GARY COOPER



She couldn't bring herself to tell him

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as grammar school days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months . . ."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me . . . breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me . . . put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York . . . ?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why?* Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could.

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are present.

Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse your mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And before meeting others.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE AND LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores

AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



2
LITTLE SECRETS
about finger-waving
your hair at home
by Jean Duncan

MILLIONS of women finger-wave their own hair at home—and do it beautifully. Millions more could get the same results—if they knew just two little secrets. And here is what they are: First, of course, you must have the right finger-waving liquid. Anything but the best spells disappointment. It must not make the hair greasy or sticky; it must dry quickly—and it must set soft, natural-looking waves that will last for days. The perfect waving fluid is actually beneficial to both hair and scalp. To me, that means Jo-cur' Waveset—the original finger-waving liquid.

The second secret is that the hair must be **thoroughly "soaked"**—not just wet, but actually saturated with Jo-cur'. From there on the actual waving is simple. With every bottle of Jo-cur' there is a booklet showing you every step for finger-waving. You may use combs or your fingers for setting your waves. The little booklet makes it almost as easy as combing your hair. You will be delighted with the result, if you just remember these two secrets: Use Jo-cur' Waveset—and follow the directions that come with every bottle. Generous sizes at your favorite 5 and 10c store; 25 and 50c sizes at your drug or department store.



Jo-cur'
WAVESET
ONE OF THE
Jo-cur
Beauty Aids
for The Hair

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 80)

butler shake my cocktail and a chauffeur drive me to the best places. That was it!

ONCE, I tried to tell Florence that we couldn't go on—that I had begun to become enslaved by all this glamour which I knew could never last. She laughed me out of my serious mood and I went on and on—living again only for the day, the moment.

Bill thought I was crazy to even reason about the thing. He said I had the break of a lifetime. All I had to do, Bill reasoned, was to get Flo's hubby to put up the money for a movie company of our own, and with her influence, I'd be a star within the year. Other fellows had done it, so why not me? At present I could name several male stars in Hollywood who had wealthy women behind them to push them toward success.

And then, out of a clear sky, I received a letter from home one day. It was from my sister Sally. She told me they were hanging onto the homestead, after Dad's affairs had been washed up. She hoped I was making good in Hollywood as the folks back home were very proud of me.

PROUD OF ME, eh? What if they knew I was being paid by a woman to take her about to places which bored her husband? What if they knew I had landed only a few odd jobs as an extra before I actually fell for Florence's proposition to become a professional escort. Other women of her set paid young and good looking Hollywood men to take them places. It was quite a custom, in smart Los Angeles society, especially where the wives were much younger than the rich husbands.

Proud of me! The words rang in my ears as I motored in the car Florence had sent for me, over to Pasadena. I had almost reached there when an idea occurred to me. I wouldn't go! I'd turn back! If I went, I'd fall again for her persuasive arguments. And the money she paid me ($5 per hour with supper club, theater tickets and other sundry expenses extra) was so easy. It was like a drug, slowly devouring what little manhood I had managed to hold on to.

No, I wouldn't go. I told the chauffeur to turn about, drive me back to our little barn apartment. I got out quickly, told him to inform his madame I would communicate with her later, and dismissed him.

THEN I dashed upstairs, waked Bill from a nap he was enjoying on the couch, and asked him how much money we had in the cigar box. It was more than enough. I gave Bill most of it—and took the short half myself. Within an hour I packed my clothes, tagged my trunk, had it on the back of a taxi and was on my way—HOME.

I'm glad I got out of Hollywood when I did. I'm glad because life had become too soft for me. And when that arrangement busted up, where would I be? Probably down at Uncle Tom's mission eventually like so many other handsome movie boys have found themselves because the soft snap had ended abruptly and they couldn't take it.

I'm glad for another reason, too, even though Bill stayed on and is now an electrician in one of the big studios. I finished my law school, passed the bar examination and now I'm equipped to let life sock me on the jaw. I've something to fight back with now.

Also, may I add, that my mother and Sally have every reason to be honestly proud of me now. I'm making honest money—not much—but enough to support the little home town girl I never knew was so sweet until I knew Hollywood dames for comparison.



The Beverly Hills residence of Marie Dressler, who is so brilliantly described by Jim Tully on Page 34 of this issue of NEW MOVIE.

How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page 56*)

honor the party was given, wore white, a heavy flat taffeta, with a silver belt. The waist was simply caught around her neck like a scarf and had no back or sleeves. It was quite the most stunning costume of the many lovely frocks worn.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Hays. Mrs. Cedric Gibbons (Dolores del Rio) came with her husband. She wore a very severe gown of heavy black satin, absolutely without ornament and tightly belted at the waist with a plain band of the same material. But the severity of her costume was relieved by a magnificent piece of modernistic jewelry, a medallion of emeralds, diamonds and onyx.

Howard Hughes came with Miss Billie Dove. Miss Dove was in white satin and with her beautiful face and distinguished silver gray hair made a striking picture.

Marie Dressler was in beige chiffon, with emeralds.

Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, Mrs. Leonard wearing a print gown of pale blue and jade green. Hedda Hopper wore a satin and lace frock of silver, with long pointed sleeves that showed off her beautiful hands. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan were present, Mrs. Meighan attired in a lovely white frock. Others observed were Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, who wore bronze lace, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn. Mr. Selwyn's beautiful blond wife was in white satin, with a fascinating little lace peplum around her hips.

Lily Damita caused a sensation when she arrived, for she wore a white gown made exactly like the draperies of an old Greek statue. The neck was cut square and the skirt flowed to the floor from a silver girdle.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Netcher (Constance Talmadge) were guests. Connie, who is beautifully tanned by her life on the beach, looked unusually lovely in a gown of blue lace. The skirt looked very full and flowing and it wasn't until she began to dance that you discovered it was really made on the new pajama style. Her sister, Mrs. Buster Keaton, accompanied of course by her serious-faced husband, wore white, the lines accentuated by inch-wide ruffles. Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Paul Bern, Larry Gray, William Haines, Jimmy Shields, Eddie Kane, Gene Markey were among the well-known bachelors who attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. deMille and Mr. and Mrs. William B. De Mille were there, and Mrs. William De Mille's beautiful daughter, Frances Beranger; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall; Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, who looked prettier than ever in a frock of blue, green and rose print; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard; Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn; Mr. and Mrs. George Hill (Frances Marion); Constance Bennett, very stunning in a backless gown of apricot-colored satin, belted at the waist; Joan Bennett, all in white; Dorothy Jordan, in a frilly little gown of white net; Eileen Percy, in blue organdy.

"Now My White Kid Shoes Look Like New *and so do Little Betty's" said Mrs. Armstrong*



SUMMER FROCKS and white shoes! What a cool, fresh ensemble they make, thought Jane Armstrong. But her white kid shoes were so shabby and soiled, and she simply couldn't afford a new pair just now. What could she do?

Then she remembered about ColorShine. That very day she went down to the 10c store and brought back a bottle of ColorShine White Kid Cleaner. "My, how easy it is," she thought, as she saw the shoes transformed almost like magic.

In almost no time, her shoes and little Betty's were as clean and white as new. She had saved the price of two new pairs. And she had enough left to keep her own and the children's shoes looking spic and span.

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Gray and White and all Natural Shades!

•

Long Hair or Bobbed Hair—it doesn't matter which—must be orderly to look Smart!

•

JANNETTA HAIR NETS ARE 5¢ EACH AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 & 10 CENT STORES

How to Have Fun at Forty

(*Continued from page 47*)

him the appearance of a man who knew how to keep comfortably free from swank. On other occasions he seemed over-dressed. He would be wearing shirts with semi-starched bosom and necktie made from the shirting material. He went so far as to wear a pair of shoes made from crocodile leather. Notoriously thrifty, he had sent seventy-five dollars to a Paris shoemaker to have these crocodile shoes made to order. He often wore brilliantly colored Scotch Highlander socks. I like his slouchy camel hair overcoat—apparently his favorite cold weather conceit. His suits were tailored in London.

Chevalier wears three pieces of jewelry, all of them rings clustered together on the small finger of his left hand. One, a plain silver band, is his mother's wedding ring. Another is a huge white diamond, the gift of Jesse Lasky. The third is a narrow, diamond studded wedding band, his own.

Now, of course, I do not presume to say that all you middle-aged men should send to Paris for a pair of seventy-five dollar crocodile shoes. They won't help you with the women I know. But you might practice before the mirror with a straw hat—to try to tip it slightly over the left eye. That is the old Chevalier touch that gets the women. I tried this. I stuck out my lower lip, dashed into my abode, cried, "Hello, Beautiful!" and I am pleased to say that a look of wonderment, surprise and delight came over the face of an amazed lady.

PERMIT me now to present a few facts and figures concerning this wonder man from France. When he was not looking I slipped up behind him, and with my folding rule discovered that he is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall. And, by bribing the chambermaid, who must have peeked through a keyhole, I learned that Mr. Chevalier weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds on his bath scales. He has smooth brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion, athletic build and a wide flashing smile, which only disappears when he is paying a check.

I had a wistful notion that perhaps diet had something to do with Chevalier's charm. Consequently, I gave zealous attention to this phase of my research. I wonder if Mr. Chevalier suspected that I was looking over his shoulder when he sat down to lunch. At any rate, I was never able to discover him consuming anything but a Swiss cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee for lunch. He eats very, very slowly. (Did I hear somebody just now shout, "Who cares?")

Another thing—when Mr. Chevalier is talking casually in private his accent is not the thick French accent he uses on the stage. He is spoofing us just a bit, I fear. By the way, he learned to speak English while he was a French prisoner in a German camp.

Occasionally you will hear disparaging estimates of Chevalier's singing. He may not sing in quite the approved manner of traditional voice culture. The very fact that he is destitute of the pomposity of the trained concert vocalist merely emphasizes the fact that he possesses qualities which transcend accepted manners. By the way, I have the exact figures on his compensation for recent broadcasting over the radio. He receives eighty thousand dollars for his Sunday night coffee plugging.

Despite the bullet lodged in his lungs, Chevalier boxes daily and attends the fights at Madison Square Garden every Friday night. He also bowls out-of-doors, French style, with a ball the size of an apple.

THERE is an Horatio Algier aspect to the true version of Chevalier's triumph over adversity. He was born in Menilmontant, which is the Whitechapel or lower East Side of Paris. His father was a house painter who died when Maurice was eleven. After that his mother was obliged to bear the burden for him and other young children, often going out as a charwoman. Maurice tried to be an apprentice carpenter, but he was so boyishly curious about circus life and the stage that he dreamed more than he toiled. He was



Marilyn Miller has been spending a vacation in Europe but she has returned and you will soon see her in musical films again. This picture was made of Miss Miller upon her arrival from France.

soon discharged. He tried job after job—he was an electrician's apprentice, then a printer's devil, and finally went to work in a nail factory. Each attempt to learn a trade was a failure.

Chevalier was fifteen years of age when he boldly faced the manager of the Concert of The Three Lions. "I would like to sing," he said. The manager was indifferent. But the manager's wife insisted that this smiling amateur try a song. She sat at the piano. Having never sung to the accompaniment of a piano, Chevalier made a pathetic failure of his first real opportunity. He walked from The Three Lions confused but still secretly sure that he could sing. His next chance came at the Casino des Tourelles. He sang. People laughed and shouted approval. His pay was three francs an evening, four nights a week. He imitated popular hits and stars. Then he met the celebrated Mistinguett, the beautiful and vivacious musical comedy star of Paris. She looked at Chevalier carefully. He smiled. "You need have no worry about your future," she said. "That sparkling smile will carry you along." A few years later Chevalier found himself, now a handsome youth in his teens, the dancing partner to the great Mistinguett at the same Folies Bergere. Then in 1913, a conscript soldier, he marched away with his regiment.

IT is twelve years since Chevalier, wearing a tattered, ill-fitting uniform, returned to his native Paris from a prisoner's camp in Germany. His small and early successes as a music hall singer were by now almost forgotten. With two friends, he had escaped from the war camp by passing themselves off as Red Cross workers. Chevalier's doctors warned him never to try to sing again. They feared the bullet in his lungs would do him up. But he yearned to live the old life again. Soon he was singing in an obscure cafe—at first only a few songs each night. His old friends flocked to hear him. Soon he was back in the Folies Bergere and the Casino de Paris. Now he was dancing again with the beloved Mistinguett. Their names glittered in electric lights.

Mr. Chevalier is difficult to interview. He is shy and suspicious. In fact, he recently announced he would not submit to formal interviews. The reason is, I suspect, the fear that any enthusiastic statement about America will be picked up, reprinted and commented upon in France. There have been distressing reports that the French resent the fact that Chevalier deserted his Paris audience for American motion picture rewards. Such criticism is selfish, of course, because Chevalier has performed a great service for France. He has convinced the entire world that Frenchmen are not quite like the Alphonse and Gaston comics who cavorted so long in the daily papers. Millions of people no longer think of a Frenchman as a mincing little fellow who wears size five button shoes, full pegged pantaloons, and a three peck hat. Thanks to Chevalier, the world now thinks of a Frenchman as a lovable laughing boy, big and strong and gay.

It strikes me as rather important that Maurice Chevalier has created a new standard of taste—and shown our women that a capacity for unaffected mellowness, light heartedness, and great good humor is something to be cherished with tenderness.

Why your children will like KRE-MEL the new dessert



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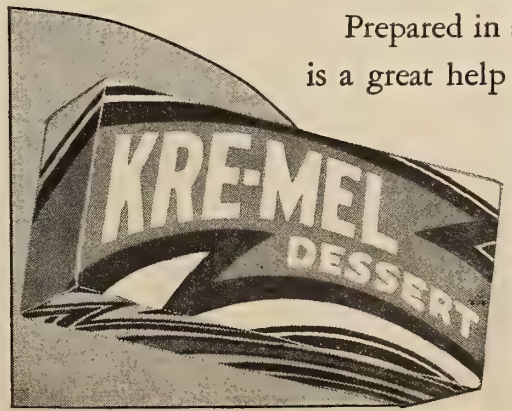
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BECAUSE KRE-MEL is not only delicious but is a real health food providing an abundance of Dextrose—the vital food element that gives strength and energy to the blood and tissue cells. You can safely serve it every time the children want it. Also, milk is used to prepare KRE-MEL—a pleasant way to have children consume more milk.

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Every stick of **DOUBLE MINT** *is as good as a Beauty Treatment. Such chewing stimulates the fine mouth muscles and acts like a massage. It keeps lips rosy, shapely and pretty in texture. Dentists and Beauty Specialists agree that foods are too soft to give the exercise Nature intended and unless you get more daily chewing, your mouth grows flabby and homely. So now it is a fact that you benefit from* **DOUBLE MINT** *as you enjoy it. Make it a daily habit.*



L-202

How Griffith Made "The Birth of a Nation"

(*Continued from page* 65)

colonel. My selection was Henry B. Walthall, to my mind one of the truest screen actors ever developed.

"THE choice of Walthall aroused protests from my associates, on the grounds that he was short of stature, physically unimpressive and therefore not adapted to the public's conception of a gallant Southern colonel. These objections were both obvious and true, nevertheless I felt that Walthall, because of features at once so aristocratic and so sensitive and because of his extraordinary gift for the expression of character, was the man we wanted. One night a simple solution occurred to me. We could call him The Little Colonel, thereby forestalling criticism on the score of his physique, and 'The Little Colonel' he became in a performance that will reflect to his honor as long as motion pictures are remembered."

At this point of the interview, Griffith's secretary, after rummaging through a file of newspapers, magazines and old programs, disclosed a yellowing sheet carrying the names of the cast—names that, for the most part, have become famous. Here they are:

Henry B. Walthall, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Josephine Crowell, Spottiswood Aitken, Ralph Lewis, Lillian Gish, Elmer Clifton, Robert Harron, George Siegmann, Walter Long, Mary Alden, Joseph Hennaberry, Sam de Grasse, Howard Gayo, Donald Crisp, William de Vaull, Jennie Lee.

Commenting on this impressive lineup of players, Griffith credited the engagement of Lillian Gish to a bit of good fortune. It seems that Lillian was worn out after a season on the stage with Mary Pickford in "The Good Little Devil." David Belasco, producer of the play, had sent her to California for a rest. Griffith met her on a street in Los Angeles and persuaded her that she was well enough to play a part in his picture. It is not on record that Miss Gish suffered any ill effects from the performance, which added substantially to her fame.

Continuing with his story, Griffith referred to the primitive conditions a producer faced in 1914. For example, all filming was done in the open and in the sunlight, thereby necessitating favorable weather. He followed the custom of the stage, in that he placed his entire company in rehearsal for six weeks before the action was photographed. Whereas, today, half a dozen or more men are employed in the shooting of important scenes which would be difficult to retake, Griffith relied on one cameraman, Billy Bitzer, who for years was with the producer. Together, they have worked out innovations in motion picture technique that have been adopted by all directors. The long short, covering a wide expanse of territory and night photography were used for the first time in "The Birth of a Nation." Then it was due to the pioneer efforts of Griffith and Bitzer that the soft focus and the fade-out were perfected.

"WITH the cast complete and thoroughly rehearsed," Griffith resumed, "we were ready to start shooting. After a long search my assistants corralled enough horses for the battle scenes. Under ordinary conditions this would not have been difficult; but at that time England, France and Russia were buying horses wherever they could be found for use in the real war. If I remember correctly we had some 3000 horses, along with Union and Confederate soldiers totaling close to 15,000. The weekly pay roll was appalling.

"At the end of two months of shooting my original $40,000 was gone and I owed not only the principals in the cast, but also the extras who became annoyingly insistent in demanding money due them. For several weeks, in fear of being waylaid, I sought the back roads on my daily rides from the location encampment to my home—not a very heroic escape but a wise one, just the same.

"Following a twelve-hour day of wearisome direction, I would take a bath, eat a good dinner and set forth to borrow money from wealthy residents of Pasadena whose names had been given me. My backers sent occasional wires promising cash; but promises do not feed a payroll. A change of fortune came about in an odd manner through my old friend Bill Clune, proprietor of Clune's Auditorium, a leading theatre of Los Angeles. I spent several evenings trying to convince Bill of the value of the picture I was making, offering him a liberal share of the profits in return for an immediate loan. But Bill was a cautious soul. I invited him out to see the troops in action, the impressive sets we had constructed, also the first prints of spectacular scenes already made. Bill accepted my invitation, but forgot to bring his check-book.

"ONE morning he arrived unexpectedly when we were shooting a scene of Walthall and his soldiers, accompanied by a band; all marching through a Southern town, warm in the sunshine of spring. Now it appeared that Clune, especially proud of his theatre orchestra, was always on the watch for something fresh to give it. Where facts and figures and spectacular scenes had left him cold, Bill thrilled to the tune of 'Dixie' and the tramp of marching soldiers. 'You know that music would sound great with my orchestra playing it,' said Bill. 'How much cash do you need and what security do I get?'

"In years to come, Bill got a fat return on the check for $15,000 which he gave me. Badly as I needed the money, I withheld cashing the check for several days in order that I might show it to skeptical prospects, for Bill Clune was known to be a shrewd investor. I really believe that the tune of 'Dixie'



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One simply *must* be colorful this summer to be in the mode!

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Do you know that there are 33 smart Tintex Colors? That they can give new color-beauty to *any* washable fabric in a few minutes' time? Or that Tintex will, if you prefer, restore *original* color to any faded fabrics?

Drop into any Drug Store or Notion Counter today . . . see the Tintex Color Card showing silk samples colored with Tintex...

The rest is easier than reading about it!

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TINTS AND DYES

on that fortunate morning saved the day for me and for 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

The importance of music in strengthening the emotional mood of a screen drama, which Bill Clune recognized, was fully appreciated by Griffith who labored mightily over a music score to accompany the entire production. He conceived an ideal synchronization that would become an integral part of the story, thereby opening a new approach to the artistic presentation of pictures. Scenes were run and re-run in a projection room until the full score was approved by the producer.

DURING three months of actual filming, Billy Bitzer exposed some 150,000 feet of negative, which impressed the backers of the project as being recklessly extravagant: probably they were right. Griffith, Bitzer and two assistant directors, Raoul Walsh and Joseph Hennaberry, scrutinized every foot of the film, cutting it down to 30,000 feet and eventually to 12,000 feet, the footage of "The Birth of a Nation" in its final form. Some of the scenes had been photographed from fifteen to twenty times before they were passed by Griffith and his critical jury.

Under the title of "The Clansman," "The Birth of a Nation" had its first public showing in Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles, February 8, 1915, and Bill Clune's orchestra did him proud in interpreting the thrilling score. After the genuine ovation which greeted the premiere of the picture there was no question about its becoming a popular triumph.

President Wilson, then in the White House, expressed a desire to see "The Birth of a Nation" and it was screened for the President, his cabinet and their families in the East room of the White House, February 15th. The following evening there was a second screening for the justices of the Supreme Court and the other prominent officials in Washington. But even with these endorsements from high places the troubles of the producer continued.

First in Los Angeles and later in New York, voices were raised on the assertion that the picture was unfair to negroes and calculated to inflame race prejudice. These objections resulted in court action, threatening to prohibit the exhibition of the film in New York. Up to a few hours before the metropolitan premiere at the Liberty Theatre, March 3, 1915, there was considerable uncertainty as to the action of city authorities. Meanwhile, the title had been changed from "The Clansman," which Griffith never thoroughly approved to "The Birth of a Nation."

SPEAKING of these eventful days, Griffith said: "I was in New York about one week before the Liberty opening and wanted relaxation. One evening I attended a musical comedy, occupied a two-dollar seat and sat through a frightfully boresome show. I figured that if a stage producer could get away with two dollars for a stupid performance I should charge two dollars for my picture. Nearly everyone disagreed with me, arguing that two dollars was an unheard of price for a movie. We compromised, advertising 'The Birth' as a two dollar show, but in reality selling the seats, with the exception of a few of the best rows, at fifty cents. The two-dollar seats were

(*Continued on page* 100)



Change It from Drab Darkness to a Cheerful Light Color!

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Dark colors are out of place in this summer's wardrobes and in this summer's homes, too!

All dark fabrics, from dresses to drapes, can be *easily* made gay and bright and beautiful with color.

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After that you can re-tint or re-dye the fabric to suit yourself—either light or dark!

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How Griffith Made "The Birth of a Nation"

(*Continued from page* 99)

prettily ribboned off, like the pews in a church all dolled up for a wedding.

"After the first performance and the rush for tickets the following morning, we extended the two-dollar limit, still playing safe, however. On each day of the ensuing week the two-dollar reservations were increased until they included the front rows of the balcony. Then, I'll admit, I was satisfied."

The writer of these comments was among those present at the Liberty premiere and recalls the agitated lobby chatter as to the probable fate of a two-dollar picture show, many of the picture-wise prophets shaking their heads with a dubious, "It can't be done."

But it was done with impressive conclusiveness when audience after audience poured out of the theater, thrilled by the mighty sweep of the white-sheeted horsemen. Now and again there have been echoes of the protests from race conscious organizations, and even at this late date there are cities and towns in the United States where "The Birth of a Nation" is barred. But, save for these minor exceptions, the picture has encircled the world, leaving countless audiences the better for having seen it.

On the material side, "The Birth" has netted millions of dollars but not for the producer, who, after backers, bankers and lawyers had been satisfied, found a surprisingly small amount left in his own pocket. But Griffith was too busy planning "Intolerance," his next big production to worry about that; just as today his interest and his energies are concentrated on preparations for the future.

Griffith is like that: he respects the past, works hard in the present and looks eagerly towards the future. At fifty, he faces life energetically, as though he were just beginning. He is a true son of Roarin' Jake Griffith, save that he does not roar.

Those cheers you have been hearing have been coming out of Hollywood. The author of the cheers is our own Herb Howe. Why is he cheering? Isn't Pola Negri coming back to try her luck in films again? This picture was taken when she arrived in New York on the "S. S. Paris."



Acme

HomeTown Stories of the Stars

(*Continued from page 73*)

banjo player in a dance hall, studied hard and landed in one of the best orchestras on the coast. He went places and saw things. He met a few movie stars.

ONE day in 1928 "Gram" received a letter from Lew. He was all agog about a movie contract he had just signed. That was about all he said. Tickled pink. He'd write more soon. Later Lew informed his grandmother and Dad that he would make his initial screen appearance in "The Sophomore." He did—for a fleeting moment, but he was the star of the picture to "Gram" and Dad.

Then came his chance with Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." His grandmother liked that pretty well, and the father did, too. Then came another letter from Hollywood.

"I suppose you know," wrote Lew, "that I've been chosen to play Paul Baumer in Universal's 'All Quiet. . . .' There are eight of us, and we all get killed. I get killed last. We are going out on location and I am working hard." Just that much information was spread over four pages. He signed the letter "Lew III." That was something new. "Gram" and Dad Ayres chuckled.

The progress of the "war" somewhere in California was reported periodically to the Minneapolis branch of the Ayres family. Lew was enthusiastic about his work. His letters sounded like a sophomore who had been made a regular on the varsity over night. He wasn't high hat, but honest, as youth generally is.

THERE'S a little black book, a sort of album, in his father's office desk. It means as much to the white-haired, jolly Dad Ayres as the stacks of Federal Court records in neat piles around the office. On the first page of the book is printed—"Lew Ayres, His Book." It bulges with press clippings from newspapers throughout the United States.

Above the desk is a recent photograph of Lew. He is smiling. It is a rather wistful smile. There are other pictures—stills from "All Quiet." Every night Dad Ayres thumbs through the book and looks at the pictures.

"Gram" has several photographs of Lew around her home. She writes to him regularly, and never frets if her grandson waits a month to reply. She sent him a Roycroft book for Christmas. It will be placed beside other such volumes in Lew's library.

A FEW days before the holidays he wrote to his Dad. "I'm going to make 'Man, Woman and Sin'," he scribbled, "and I'm going to be Sin. Ha!"

"Lew's still a kid," commented the father. "Except for growing bigger he hasn't changed much since he left his home town. And, by the way, don't forget that Lew was born in Minneapolis. San Diego is claiming he was born there. That's all bosh!"

Young Lew Ayres is Minneapolis' gift to Hollywood—ask any Mill Citian.



Russell Owen, the New York Times reporter who accompanied the Byrd Expedition to the South Pole, has covered many of the most outstanding events in the world in the last few years. He is also the winner of the coveted Pulitzer Prize for the best reporting job of the year.

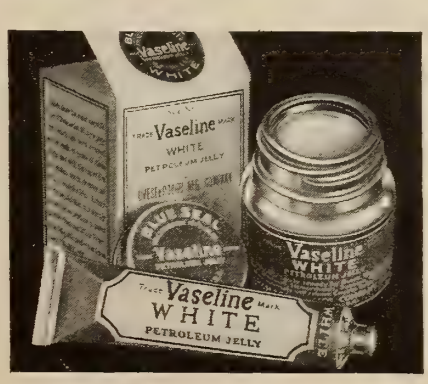
"It's Not the Heat It's the Humidity"

says Russell Owen

Those of you who fear hot weather will be interested to learn that experienced travelers in the tropics protect themselves and their equipment against heat and moisture with a familiar product which you too can get for a few cents at the corner drug store.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Through the green defiles of tropical forests or over pampas scorched by sun, explorers have penetrated toward the heart of South America. But despite all the centuries which have elapsed since the Spaniards first sought there the golden cities of El Dorado, or men have searched for the headwaters of the Amazon and Orinoco, there are great areas which have never been reached by white men.



The barrier of tangled undergrowth has successfully hidden many of the mysteries of a land where ancient civilizations flourished before the days of Columbus.

"These forests are filled with rivers and streams, the ground is sodden with moisture. Not only does the body suffer in the miasmic air, but the equipment which explorers carry with them also suffers. Instruments rust, leather cracks and rots, guns become useless unless cared for properly. That is why so many men who go into the interior of South America carry with them "Vaseline" Jelly with which to protect their materials as well as their skins. One of these men is Herbert Spencer Dickey, who has traveled through South America for more than twenty years, and who has penetrated deeply into unknown country.

"He always carries with him quantities of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly, and with it he coats his instruments, the metal parts of his camera, his guns, whatever might be spoiled by the all-pervading dampness—he even uses it on his boots. *In open country under the hot tropical sun he uses it to protect his skin.* He would not be without 'Vaseline' Jelly; and finds it one of the most valuable articles in his equipment."

©Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1931

Russell Owen



WE ALL HAVE IT

WE ALL ADMIT IT

WE ALL MUST DO

SOMETHING ABOUT IT

Thanks to modern candor, we all admit today that everyone is subject to underarm perspiration odor.

And we handle the problem just as frankly and as directly as that. With MUM!

You can use Mum any time, anywhere. There are no elaborate directions to follow.

You waste no precious time. A quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the day or evening!

Mum never irritates the skin. It does not harm your delicate frocks.

Mum does not interfere with Nature's healthful perspiration. It simply destroys all unpleasant odor; keeps you and your clothing fresh and free from perspiration odor.

And rubbed on the hands, it kills every trace of onions, fish, gasoline or other clinging odor!

Have the constant protection Mum gives. 35c and 60c at all toilet goods counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way the deodorizing power of Mum proves itself invaluable to careful women.

First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 84)

brunettes and sunburn always combine well has proved wrong in many cases. Many brunettes are charming with tanned skins, of course, but given a very dark brunette and a very dark tan, you have an Indian or even a negroid effect that is more startling than pleasing. Then there is the brunette who acquires a permanently reddish tan, and that is anything but attractive.

Blondes have burned more successfully than might be expected. A light skin frequently takes a golden brown that is the loveliest tone of sunburn to be acquired. Furthermore, a blond skin often escapes the sallow cast that occurs when the sunburn is in the fading stage. And it is the golden browned blonde who can wear black with such ravishing effect. But the blonde must look to her eyebrows when she goes in for suntan. Too often, blond eyebrows are bleached until they seem to have disappeared entirely from the face, but the faintest darkening will give them back their proper value.

Eye make-up in general has assumed new importance under the sunburned regime, since a dark skin is apt to dull the eyes. Eye shadows and creams, provided always that they are used with discretion, can do much to bring new beauty to eyes that shine from sunburned faces.

For those who have found tan unbecoming or are tired of it, there remains the bleach with its promises of a dazzling white skin. There are also many excellent new bleaches on the market.

If you are going to cultivate a tan, devote your energies to keeping it even and golden. If you have decided upon a white skin, be the fairest of the fair.

BATHING fashions are even more exciting than they were last year. And there is no stopping pyjama progress. The American woman needs to get the habit of wearing them here, there, and everywhere with more *joie de vivre.*

You say a person should select a shade of powder which is as near as possible the shade of her skin. How can one determine this? It would be so expensive to buy a powder in several different shades.—Mrs. F. W. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.

The only way to find out whether a particular powder is becoming to you is to try it on your skin. In most drug and department stores it is possible to purchase small quantities of loose powder in various shades in order to experiment at home. By buying such small amounts you could not incur a great expense. Beginning low on your neck, smooth the powder over your skin, rubbing off the surplus, until the whole surface has an even mat finish. Study the result in different lights—in bright daylight, under glaring artificial light and under softly shaded lamps. You may find that you need several powders in order to look your best under varying conditions. The heavier powders are generally best for oily skins and they are useful to camouflage coarse pores. The lighter powders are best for fine, dry skins.

What can be done to prevent falling hair? I am really getting desperate. B. B., Sioux City, Iowa.

Hair that is thin and falling is usually one of the symptoms of ill health and lack of vitality. Rest, recreation, sunshine, nourishing food, and freedom from worry are the best remedies. I suggest that you brush your hair thoroughly for five or ten minutes each day and massage your scalp for another ten minutes with vaseline or almond oil. Dandruff should be particularly guarded against, since the hair is apt to fall more heavily and the condition is more apt to become permanent if dandruff exists.

My elbows are in terrible condition and as sleeveless frocks are to be worn this season I should like to get them in better condition. I should be very grateful if you would suggest something.—Helen M., Chicago, Illinois.

Dark, coarse elbows are usually the result of constantly resting the elbows on desk or table. Break up this habit, and then begin systematically to massage tissue cream into the elbows every night. Use lemon juice or peroxide to bleach them. When you dress for a sleeveless gown, rub a little vanishing cream or hand cream into them and powder well. We can not all have round, pretty elbows, but we can prevent them from being noticed for unpleasant reasons.

I am never troubled with perspiration during the winter months, but when warmer weather sets in I have occasion to be annoyed. What would you suggest to remedy this condition?—Ursula T., Worcester, Mass.

Practically every woman must resort to a deodorant sometimes. Deodorants come either in powder or in cream form and should be used if there is any suspicion of body odor. A perspiration preventive is almost indispensable to protect delicate clothing from staining under the arm, and to avoid the unpleasantness of obvious perspiration. It should not be used over large areas, and the directions given on the package should be strictly followed. Perfect freshness and cleanliness demand fresh underwear and stockings every day. Dresses and coats should be aired after wearing, and should be promptly sent to the cleaner when they are soiled. Clean gloves, clean shoes, well-brushed hat, fresh handkerchief—these things help to make the impression of good grooming and fastidiousness.

Your Guide to Charm and Attractiveness

FIRST AIDS TO BEAUTY

Of course you are reading this splendid service department. If you have problems of beauty, send them to Miss Ann Boyd, NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, and watch for her answer in an early issue.

Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

(*Continued from page* 10)

Cook the sugar and cream together twelve minutes, then add butter and cocoanut, beat well and pour into a greased pan, cool and cut into squares.

AMONG Miss Jordan's favorite candy recipes are a number that require no cooking. These she uses when she feels in a candy-making mood on a warm summer's day.

Walnut creams call for the following ingredients:

3 cups whole walnut halves
1 pound (2 cups) confectioner's sugar
1 egg white
2 tablespoons thin cream
Few drops vanilla

Put the egg white and cream in a bowl and beat with a fork until well mixed. Then stir in the sugar, a little at a time, until you have a thick paste that will hold its shape. Sift a little confectioner's sugar on a rolling board, turn the sugar mixture onto it and form in a roll not more than an inch in diameter. Cut into pieces half an inch thick, form into balls and press a walnut half on each side of each ball.

For her younger friends Miss Jordan makes what she calls cinnamon potatoes. The cream mixture is made in the same way as described for walnut creams. Small pieces of the cream not larger than a small olive, are broken off and rolled into potato shaped pieces. Powdered cinnamon is then sprinkled on a saucer and the small potatoes are rolled into it until they are nicely coated with brown.

MISS JORDAN'S favorite brown sugar candy calls for the following ingredients:

1 pound brown sugar
½ cup butter
1 can condensed milk
2 tablespoons molasses
2 cups chopped walnuts
1 cup desiccated cocoanut
1 teaspoon vanilla
Pinch of cream of tartar

Put the sugar into a saucepan and stir in the butter, molasses and condensed milk, put over the fire and when melted add cream of tartar. Bring to a boil and continue boiling until a little dropped in cold water is nearly brittle. Stir in the nut-meats, cocoanut and flavoring and turn into a buttered tin and set aside to cool.

Here are some rules for making good candy that Miss Jordan always follows:

When candy is to be cooked, use granite or aluminum saucepan and be sure that it is smooth, immaculately clean and free from breaks.

Use a clean wooden spoon for stirring and beating candies. It is best to have one that is used for no other purpose.

Use the best ingredients; first-rate butter and strictly fresh eggs especially.

Measure accurately, using level measurements.

Are you trying Hollywood's choicest recipes, published in NEW MOVIE every month?

More *Glamour* added to your fingertips by this new Nail Make-up

Excels in brilliance, say women in 8 Fashion Centers "New way to fascinate," writes Beauty Editor in Budapest



IN all the fashion centers of the world beautiful women are making men's hearts beat faster . . . with the alluring brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish.

Guthy Böske, well-known Beauty Editor in cosmopolitan Budapest, writes: "This gleaming Polish makes hands more fascinating . . . surer of their effect. It goes on so smoothly . . . dries in a moment. Never cracks, peels or discolors . . . and the brilliant lustre lasts for days."

In all world capitals of fashion, lovely ladies are glad to find that this Polish contains no perfume. For they choose costly perfumes as they select their gowns . . . to suit their personalities. But they select their polish for its lustre. And they know that the brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish endures long after perfumed polishes have grown dull and lifeless.

A little booklet enclosed in each Cutex package explains, in detail, the manicure method prescribed by famous Beauty Editors all over the world.

After this simple weekly treatment a few minutes' daily care will keep your hands always romantically lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips, and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.



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Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance

TAKE THIS EASY WAY
to keep sun and wind from spoiling your complexion!



Use this marvelously different Face Powder containing an OLIVE OIL base

A FEW DAYS of summer sun and wind can do years of harm to an unguarded complexion . . . tightening and roughening the skin, dulling youthful color-tones, producing the unlovely dryness of age.

But this need not happen to *you*—even though you spend every day in the open. OUTDOOR GIRL—the *Olive Oil* Face Powder—gives your complexion double protection... fending off the penetrating ultra-violet rays while you're exposed to sunlight, and enabling your face to retain its normal freshness afterwards. The unique Olive Oil base of this powder soothes and softens the skin and keeps it supple at all times . . . OUTDOOR GIRL is as dry and fluffy as thistle-down, yet it *clings* to the skin for hours!

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades, including Lido, Boulevard and Everglades—the lustrous new tone that goes so well with this year's complexions.

Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and $1.00, *together with other* OUTDOOR GIRL *Beauty Products,* are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful make-up. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box...



With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

I'm A Lucky Old Devil

(*Continued from page* 82)

Her house in Beverly Hills is furnished in restful and excellent taste, and is a miracle in that no interior decorator did it.

There are many photographs. Marie must have her friends about her.

Miss Dressler's closest woman friend is Frances Marion, whom she has known since Frances, not Marie, was sixteen. Frances wrote "Min and Bill" and other Dressler successes.

The story within the story of "Min and Bill" has an element of pathos. It grew out of a novel, "The Dark Star," by Lorna Moon, a vivid girl now no more. Frances Marion and Harry Rapf were her friends. The book was bought. The money eased the dying girl's last days. The seed that was planted in kindness became one of the greatest financial successes turned out by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Everyone is Marie's friend. "I have something greater than riches for my old age, friends—*REAL* friends.

"I feel I know everybody. No face seems strange when it meets me with a smile and a word of greeting. Wherever I go, people call me 'Marie' as though they have known me all their lives. Perhaps they have. They may only know me from reading about me; hearing their fathers and mothers talk of me, or they have seen me on the stage. More recently, millions have seen me on the screen. Many have been kind enough to write to me as friends to a friend.

"Here's one letter from a young man, I gather from the signature. He rises up in mighty wrath because someone made a slight criticism of a performance of mine. Well, I suppose the dear boy wants to punch the critic in the nose for me," she chuckled.

"HERE'S a darling letter from a girl who writes every week regularly. She is an unhappy girl. It sounds like one of those broken romance affairs. I'm writing to her this day and what I am going to tell her about men is nobody's business. I'll take the snap out of some fickle man's garters, believe you me. A woman don't need a man to make her happy today. She can go out and make her own happiness. Then, if she wants a man—well, that's all right, too. But she mustn't let him think for one minute she can't get along without him.

"Here's one from a waiter in my favorite restaurant in Berlin. He saw 'Anna Christie' in German and says he was disappointed because he heard I was in the picture with Garbo. Huh, the funny part of it is that I do speak German. Maybe I'll do something in Germany some day. I have loads of friends over there. I'm really German, as far as that goes, although I was born in Canada. There's a thrill in getting a letter like that. Hans—what's-his-name knows me only from sitting at his table in the Hof Brau. Probably he's never seen me on the stage or screen. Well, maybe I'd better take that back. I did get up on a table one night and sing, 'Ist Es Nicht Ein Schnitzel Baum?' with the German orchestra. Do you know what a Saengerbund is? Well, that's what it turned out to be—sort of a community chorus, except everyone's full of beer and pigs' knuckles."

"Do you answer all your letters?"

A sigh came from the immense bosom.

"YES—I answer them all. I'm way behind but I'll get around to it as fast as I can. If they think enough of me to sit down and write a letter, I can at least find time to answer them. The people here at the studio try to get me to turn them over to the fan mail department, but I'd be an ungrateful old fool if I didn't appreciate my friends more than to have a perfect stranger write my letters. What would I be if these folks didn't like me and want to write to me. Nothing at all. They've made me what I am today. Hum. It's a funny world, isn't it? All my life I've had ups and downs. The last time the ship sank I thought I was under for good. Now look at me!"

I left, feeling that, no matter how deep she sank, her spirit would rise.



Has Will Rogers gone Hollywood? Perish the thought. The soup and fish was draped over our Will for some scenes in the Fox film, "Cure for the Blues," which is based on George Ade's "Father and the Boys." Personally, Rogers doesn't own a full dress suit, and doesn't intend to.

Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 8)

The Great Meadow. At its best this production has an epic sweep in presenting the settlement of Kentucky by courageous pioneers. A serious effort that might have been better, but still is worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

June Moon. A successful treatment of a stage comedy rich in satire. The song writing racket is treated humorously with Jack Oakie in a clever characterization. *Paramount.* Class B.

My Past. Cruising on the Mediterranean in a millionaire's yacht, well stocked with champagne, a lady with a past finds it difficult to throw off inconvenient emotional ties. Lewis Stone is nice, but old. Ben Lyon is young. Guess what happens. *Warners.* Class C.

Dance, Fools, Dance! The uncertainty of life in Chicago's best gangster circles is suggested in this melodrama based on the murder of a Chicago newspaper reporter. Tense and thrilling if you enjoy the rattle of machine-guns. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Man of the World. Even William Powell with his sophisticated manner and Carole Lombard with her unquestioned beauty are unable to gloss over the weak moments of a newspaper story dealing with blackmailers. It looks rather phoney. *Paramount.* Class C.

Charlie Chan Carries On. One of the best of recent detective melodramas presenting Warner Oland as Charlie Chan, a genuine characterization. *Fox.* Class B.

The Bachelor Father. Marion Davies doing her best, which is always good, in a comedy that wouldn't get very far on its own account. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Dracula. A creepy melodrama based on the morbid propensities of a male vampire. *Universal.* Class B.

Bright Lights. Dorothy Mackaill in a grass skirt and Noah Beery in some of his love-mad moments. Almost anything may happen and several things do. *Warners.* Class C.

Lonely Wives. Suggestive as the law will allow, with risque situations and lines that have a double meaning. Edward Everett Horton works fast to keep up with a dual role. *Pathe.* Class C.

Finn and Hattie. Mitzi Green and another youngster, equally pert, get most of the laughs in a comedy showing an American family having the time of its life in naughty Paris. *Paramount.* Class C.

Going Wild. Joe E. Brown, he of the broad mouth, is funny as the pilot of a runaway airplane. Acceptable nonsense. *First National.* Class B.

Aloha. Another South Sea Island mixup in which the native girl gets much the worst of the bargain, although Ben Lyon is ready to do right by the dusky gal. *Tiffany.* Class D.

The Single Sin. This time a woman has a part in the bootlegging racket, but she makes the mistake of drinking too much of her own medicine. She reforms, marries a millionaire and is

(*Continued on page* 121)



A Remarkable and Inexpensive Way to

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After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin an even, invisible "coating" of Linit which makes the usually heavy whiteners unnecessary. This Linit is absolutely harmless ...and absorbs perspiration WITHOUT CLOGGING THE PORES!

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub, bathe in the usual way using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! It will be soft and smooth as velvet, as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact the quality and purity of starch from corn are regarded so highly by doctors that they recommend it for the tender and super-sensitive skin of young babies » » » » » »



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I enclose....., for which please send me.....

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Name.....

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A Grand Duke Looks at Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 33)

Russians, etc., are continuing to pay their weekly toll to the Hollywood magnates for the simple reason that once in their lives they experienced a high emotional thrill while sitting in the darkness of gorgeous cinema palaces or shabby neighborhood houses. Even from the point of view of dollars and cents, it is doubtful whether a cheap melodrama, that succeeded in attracting the throngs but did not live up to their expectations, could constitute a greater asset for the future than a noble film which failed to click at the box-office but did raise the standards of the industry.

I UNDERSTAND that Von Stroheim's "Greed" and Vidor's "The Crowd" brought nothing but disappointment to their financial backers, and yet how many people do stick to their habit of patronizing the movies just on account of the good will created by those magnificent failures? I know I do, and I predict that in years to come when the very names of today's favorites are forgotten by all, the bitter sarcasm and the human appeal of King Vidor's pitiless American classic will endure, unscathed and undiminished in value.

At the end of these disputes—they continued for several days—everybody remained of identically the same opinion. I went on preaching the great possibilities awaiting the young industry on a more elevated plane, and they clung to the theory of low public mentality. We did not quarrel. One feels naturally peaceful in the early Spring of California when the sunset splashes its mysterious shadows along Wilshire Boulevard and the music playing in Cocoanut Grove sounds like so many trumpets heralding a magnificent future.

SOMETIMES I did find a few sympathetic supporters and listeners. At William G. McAdoo's table I sat with Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Will Rogers. Experienced travelers, they appreciated the responsibilities attached to the making of films; although in full possession of a shrewd business sense, they nevertheless were able to see things beyond the city limits of Los Angeles. They understood the language of the ledger but it did not prevent them from heeding the demands of new generations that came into contact with the outside world through the medium of the screen.

I had a curious feeling of having known them for a very long time. My boys grew up admiring the beauty of Miss Pickford and trying to out-do the exploits of the inimitable Zorro. I myself happened to be in New York on that memorable night, shortly before the war, when Miss Pickford became a full-fledged star and her name went up in electric lights for the first time. I told her how on that second visit of mine, twenty years after I had attended the World's Fair in Chicago, I was obliged to learn four new English words: Ford, Buick, Mary Pickford.

As to Mr. Rogers, I am in the habit of commencing my breakfast, both here and in Europe, with a juicy plate of his daily comments.

During the course of dinner he



This, gentle reader, is what the smart bathing girl is wearing on the Pacific coast this Summer. It's backless, designed for a complete sun tan. The wearer? Joan Marsh, who did an attractive bit in Robert Montgomery's film "Shipmates."

spoofed me for a while trying to recite the glorious titles of numerous "noblemen" who had worked in the same company with him in Hollywood, New York and London.

I assured him that I had likewise met no end of representatives of America's blue blood, every second acquaintance of mine tracing his or her ancestry straight back to the *Mayflower*. I wanted to find out what kind of accommodations his forebears secured aboard that good ship.

Mr. Rogers explained that he belonged to a much older American stock and that his clan came down to the pier to meet the *Mayflower*.

He was exceedingly sorry, he said, not to be able to laugh with us at this bright repartee having repeated it hundreds of times in front of the camera during the shooting of "So This Is London."

Each time something went wrong with the sound and the director shouted—"Cut" . . .

MR. FAIRBANKS advised me to pay Charlie Chaplin a visit.

"You'll have the time of your life with him and, besides, being in Hollywood and not meeting Charlie is like going to Rome and missing your audience with the Pope."

I replied that, although I had been in Rome on several occasions, I had never attempted to call on His Holiness; as for Chaplin, I had always admired the little funny man in the old derby and this was the exact reason why I did not want to meet the original. I cherished the memory of many joyful evenings spent watching "The Kid," "A Dog's Life," "The Pilgrim," "The Gold Rush," "The Circus," I was afraid lest the real Chaplin, driving a Rolls-Royce car and wearing conventional London-made clothes, should destroy the image of the lovable tramp. Never again would I be able to laugh and cry at the sight of those over-sized trousers should I come face to face with Charles Spencer Chaplin, Esq., of Beverly Hills, California.

"He may show you parts of his new picture," tempted Mr. Fairbanks.

"Even so . . . I shall wait until it is finished and released. Please, do not rob me of my pleasure. . . ."

And so I went back East without seeing the Pope of the Motion Picture World.

LOOKING back upon the carefree days spent by me in Hollywood, I may repeat what Kipling said of San Francisco: "There is only one drawback to this beautiful city—it is hard to part from" . . . Needless to add, I realize that I am endangering my reputation with the proud people of the Golden Gate.

It is a pity that the permanent residents of Hollywood are always in too much of a hurry to admire their surroundings. Even on Saturday afternoons, when there is no work to be attended to, they dash through the gates of their studios with the speed that would do honor to a marathon runner.

"Why all the rush?" I had asked a well known director. "Are you really in such a hurry?"

"Not at all," he grinned, "it's simply for the sake of my high standing on the lot. They all feel that I must be a pretty busy guy to walk that fast. They suspect that there is a conference going on somewhere. It makes them think, and this in itself is no mean achievement. . . ."



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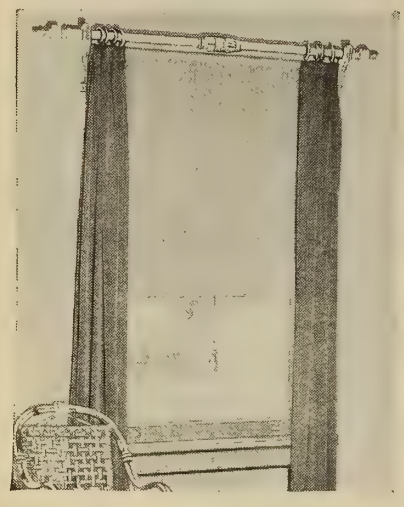
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Forest green or golden tan for formal rooms. Colorful chintz patterns for informal city rooms or to beautify your summer cottage at a cost you'll never notice. Only 10c each.

Clopay Shades are as durable and practical as they are good looking. Made of the newly invented Clopay, a remarkable art fibre that's sun-proof, crack-proof, fray-proof. No filling to crack and fall out. You can't tell them from expensive shades when they're hanging at your windows.

No rollers to buy. Clopay Shades attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tacks or tools. Clopay Shades are patented. There's nothing else like them. Insist on the genuine. Ask for them by name.

Every shade perfect and full size—36 inches wide and 6 feet long. Easily cut to fit smaller windows. If you can't find them, write us direct, enclosing 25c to cover cost of two shades and mailing. Specify color.

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Buy this with what you Save . . Figuring a low average of twenty windows, the cheapest old-fashioned shades all through the house cost $10. Clopay Shades cost $2. Saving $8 . . . enough for a new summer outfit that will keep you in tune with the times.

10c each at most 5c and 10c Stores and Leading Department Stores
15¢ in Canada

Sex Appeal Rules

(*Continued from page* 55)

"You know, I'd like to leave all this. I'd like to chuck work right now and go away for a year to get a new perspective. To go to the Riviera or some other place in France, and do nothing but rest.

"Then, at the end of that time, I might have decided to retire for good. But if I found that I wanted to work again, I'd like to start all over again. At the bottom, I mean. And make the climb from scratch.

"While I haven't any fortune, as the world judges wealth, I *could* do that. But I haven't the courage. Life has trapped me, just as it traps everyone."

I MUST have looked surprised at the idea of Mr. Brook, the placid, serene exponent of strength and fidelity, harboring such anarchistic views. For he hastened to reassure me.

"By that I don't mean that I am unhappy.

"I am tremendously interested in my work and I am fortunate in having a perfectly happy marriage.

"But it is just that every once in a while the routine, the eternal sameness of things, get on my nerves. I get tired of everyday work—of seeing the same faces, hearing the same voices, of going to the same houses. I feel restless.

"It may be because I am approaching forty and feel that life is slipping away from me."

Mr. Brook paused. His blue, British eyes burned brightly for a moment, then became calm. It was as if a curtain had been lowered. He slipped back into his conventional mold.

"I have no illusions about myself," he went on. "I know that had it not been for the advent of talking pictures I would have been through three years ago.

"For silent pictures demanded sex-appeal and a handsome face above all else—both of which I sadly lack." (I didn't agree with him about that, but—) "However, now that the microphone has placed a new valuation on voice and training, I have a new lease on professional life."

Mr. Brook smiled humorously. He is strangely lacking in conceit for one who has attained such enviable success.

"At present I am growing tired of the roles I have been playing—I'm afraid I have become too much of a type. And that's bad for an actor."

"WHAT kind of roles do you want?" I inquired, expecting him to murmur something about "Hamlet." But Mr. Brook surprised me once more.

"I want to do comedy. Oh, not slapstick, but the smart, sophisticated comedy of the Londsdale type. In fact, I was known as a comedian in England before I left the stage for the screen."

Mr. Brook likes Hollywood, but pities it.

"I don't think that anyone in Hollywood is happy," he said. "Everyone is restless, seeking, striving for they know not what. They don't know how to relax and enjoy life.

"Perhaps it is because fortunes have been made too suddenly—and too easily. Children scarcely out of their teens earn princely salaries. A whole world pays them homage.

"Naturally, that gives them a sense of tremendous power. They become spoiled, arrogant, and disillusioned. Poor young things, they are unhappy and don't know what to do about it. They are sated with life and living—with time unending before them, they have nothing more for which to aim and strive!"

MODESTLY, Mr. Brook gives most of the credit for his own happiness, and successful marriage, to that blind goddess, Luck. Because, he doubts the continued stability of marriage as an institution in this rapidly changing world.

"As it stands today the entire structure of modern marriage is trembling—and I think it will eventually fall. By the time our childrens' children are grown I think some other form of social relationship will have taken the place of our present form of monogamy.

"To begin with, the present-day emphasis of sex-appeal has torn down the very foundation of a happy married relationship—the basis of which is companionship, comradeship, and then physical attraction!

"This is truer in America than in any other country.

"America has the most beautiful women in the world—and the highest divorce rate. Do you know why that is?"

I confessed my ignorance, so Mr. Brook continued.

"Because American women have become so beauty-conscious that they devote all their time to care of their bodies, without bothering about their minds.

"As a result, they are so desirable and alluring to look at that men fall in love with them and marry them merely to possess them, without stopping to think of how well they may get along together.

"Then, after the first thrill of physical attraction has worn off, they find that they are strangers.

"BUT in the European countries, and in England, where women are not so beautiful, so shiningly clean-looking, so immaculately turned out, a man has to *like* a woman first, to *enjoy* her *company*, before he begins to think of her not-so-obvious physical charms.

Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month

"This is a poor analogy, but it will illustrate my point.

"In America bacon is packed in most attractive packages. It is sealed in air-tight cartons, tied with colored cords, adorned with bright-hued stickers. It looks inviting, delicious.

"But, when you cut American bacon you are doomed to disappointment. It has little flavor, little tang. You tire of the taste very soon.

"On the other hand, English bacon is poorly packed. It doesn't come in immaculate boxes. It has no tinsel bindings.

"But, when you eat English bacon, the flavor is perfect. It is of lasting goodness, immensely satisfying.

"And so it is with American and foreign women.

"And because of his disappointment with the woman of his choice, his wife, the average husband finds his affections straying, even against his will.

"That is why I see no hope for the marriage of today as a lasting institution."

"BUT what do you think will take its place?" I asked.

"Frankly, I have no idea," was the reply. "For I don't think a state of free love or companionate marriage would last, either. There can never really be a single standard of morals.

"Because all the modern ideas in the world cannot change the innate nature of men and women. And marital fidelity will always be something different to women and men.

"A man can be untrue to his wife without the incident being of any importance to him. That is the nature of man. It would be a purely physical infidelity and in no way would it mean that he loved his wife any the less.

"But a woman is so constituted; that is, a decent woman, that she cannot have a love affair with a man without giving him a little of her heart. She has to be in love with him a little to give herself to him.

"And that involves the greater, mental infidelity.

"Of course, in a perfectly happy marriage, such as my own, there is never a question of anyone else for either of us—now or ever.

"We are perfect comrades, my wife and I.

"Only this past Summer we had the most delightful camping trip. We joined Dick Barthelmess and his wife on a jaunt into Canada.

"For six weeks we slept under canvas tents and 'roughed it' in the woods.

"And let me tell you, you get to know people pretty well under those conditions.

"Don't the creature comforts mean anything to you, Mr. Brook?" Clive is always so impeccably groomed in pictures that it was impossible to visualize him as a woodsman and camper, far away from modern bathrooms and silken dressing-gowns.

"To me creature comforts mean going without a collar or tie, wearing old shoes and disreputable trousers, growing a two-or-three days' beard," he replied. And added, with a twinkle in his eye: "Besides, I seem to develop a greater sex-appeal at such times."

Not that that seems necessary, judging from the lines of women who storm the theaters showing his pictures. And evidently the powers-that-be recognize his attractions more positively than he does himself. For since his first job after the war, over twelve years ago, Mr. Brook has never been out of work.

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AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 71)

You blaze like an arc light," I said. "You have just been robbed by one chauffeur; what about this one?"

"Oh, he is all right," said Pola calmly. "He is a brother of the one in jail."

Viva Norma! When the Carthay Circle Theater blazed the heavens with STRANGERS MAY KISS—NORMA SHEARER we all turned out looking as much like strangers as possible.

"Smart" is the word for Shearer both mentally and sartorially. If you listened in on her radio talk you must have been amazed by her glibness. She forgot nothing. She mentioned everyone concerned with the picture and sent thoughtful greetings to Lila Lee and Renee Adoree in their Arizona sanatarium.

Wally Beery, master of ceremonies, described her as fashionably gowned in calico. "Chinchilla and orchids," corrected my accomplice.

Norma gave a suavely expert performance in the picture. A star unafraid, she sparkled in a tiara of brilliant performers—Bob Montgomery, Marjorie Rambeau, Neil Hamilton and a lot of others.

Norma is a girl you want to applaud. She's such a good sport. I don't know an actress who is as much like her screen self as Norma. She speaks crisply with a darting wit. Her poise is perfect because she knows just who you are and what you like.

"I have a devilish memory," she chortled when I lunched with her in her portable dressing room. "If you wore a red necktie the first time I met you I should never forget it."

To my discomfort she recalled that in my first interview with her I said she was as practical as the Bank of England. And on my part I recall that she dismissed me because, "I have a masseuse waiting for me upstairs and I'm paying her by the hour."

I admit I was lingering for no good professional reason.

Shearer has innate good taste. That's why she married Irving Thalberg, the best producer in Hollywood and a boy with more charm than any of his stars.

Norma never makes a mistake. Neither will you in attending her pictures.

Herb's Favorite Radio Star: You are probably as tired as I am of stars with the radio cry: "Hullo, Evreebudy."

That's why I shouted when I saw Polly Moran approach the mike and timidly ask Wally Beery:

"Can I say a word to Billy Haines? I know you won't let me."

"Sure you can," said big-hearted Wally.

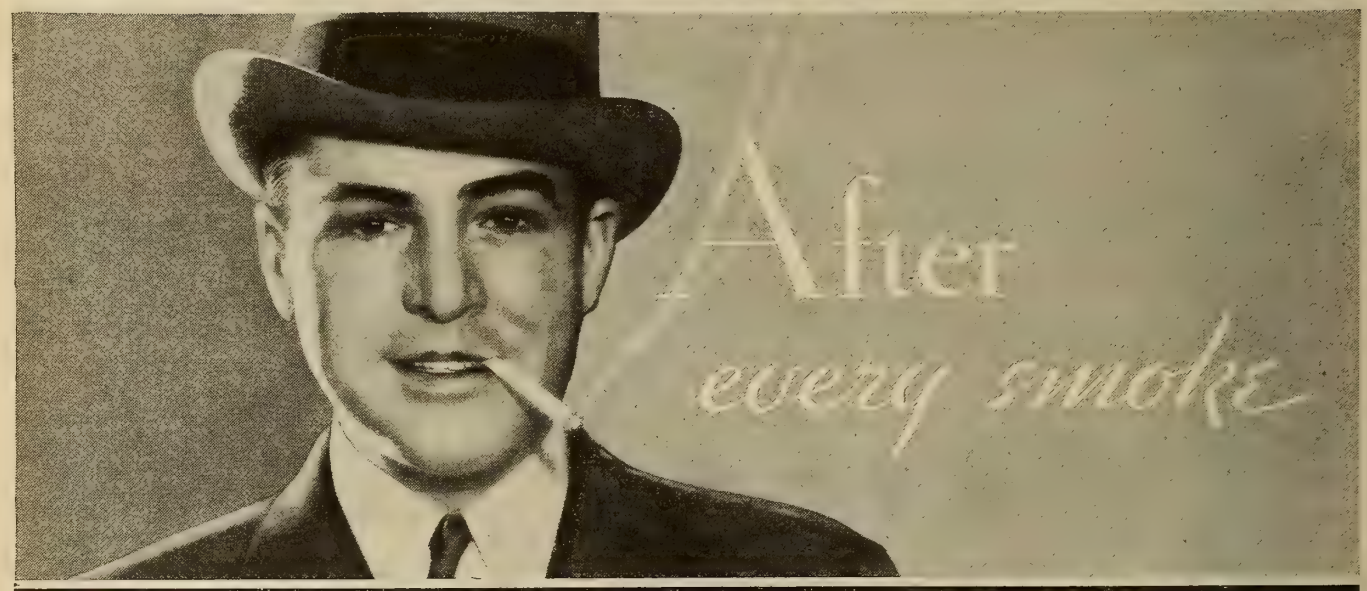
"Billee," cooed Polly, "I have just been down in the cellar and I think we ought to let it stand a few more days."

The Unfaithful Wife: I like Irene Rich. She touched the tear ducts in "Strangers May Kiss" when she discovered her husband unfaithful. But when I saw he wasn't Will Rogers, I felt that Irene was doing a little cheating herself and blew my nose.

We All May Get Slapped: Theodore Dreiser, the Nobel prize slapper, threatens to sue Warner Brothers if they use the title "Genius." He says he owns it. He might as well make it a blanket suit against Hollywood; everyone out here has assumed it. In fact, "genius" is as common in Hollywood as "Mr." and "Miss."

Musicals Stage Come-back: The screen is going singie again. Producers feel the public is now sufficiently rested to stand some more blasts. The fact is, we never got tired of music, it was the noise. Chorus girls clattering up and down stairs offended most. Then there were those soprano screechers who would have served better on locomotives.

The Foreign Menace: Hollywood has shivered so much from foreign menaces that she's practically palsied. Her head starts waggling and she shakes all over when an alien appears at the gates. Even though he come from New York (all places are foreign to Hollywood) she starts jabbering incoherently about "loyalty to the old home favorites . . . built up industry . . . tried and true . . ."



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The thread of invasion hangs over Hollywood as it did over latter day Rome (maybe significant). There have been waves of Latins, Germans, South Sea Islanders and East Siders. Now come the Chinese.

Warner Oland, a Swede, is to blame for the Yellow Peril. His home was so close to Lapland that some of his ancestors were probably of the Mongol type. Anyhow, Warner brought on the Mongolian menace with "Dr. Fu Manchu." Its success induced the Charlie Chan pictures—stories of a Chinese detective. Seeing the yellow tinge the screen has taken, producers turned their attention to Anna May Wong, who put Europe and then New York in a spell with her slant eyes. Though a Celestial, she blossomed in Los Angeles, attended school with several home-grown stars. So maybe Anna will not frighten old Hollywood into another spell of the vapors.

"My father is a laundry man," Anna remarked when playing in pictures. "That is good. Pictures are uncertain, but with a father in the laundry business I know I always have a home to go to."

Gats and Lollypops: Mabel Normand once exclaimed, "God help the star whom children do not love. They are the most loyal fans."

When the old rough-house comedies and fast shootin' dramas were replaced by the still life talkies the kiddies walked out of the theaters in disgust. The loss of their patronage has been sharply felt. But good times are ahead. The childies are trouping back, "being won," we're told, "by the gangster pictures."

Now if the gangsters can be won by the kiddie pictures which are flocking upon us they may trade their gats for popguns and all will be lollypopsy.

Another Hollywood Tragedy: Fate's irony stalks Hollywood again. Master Robert Coogan was dragged into pictures protesting "don't want to be an actor, don't like actors!"

Mr. Lasky pleaded. Mr. Schulberg pleaded. The Paramount lawyer made a tear-wringing plea.

"Aw, all right," said Robert seeing his betters in tears. "But I'd rather play with my dog."

Several times he abruptly left the set. "Goin' home to play with my dog," was all he said.

His triumph in "Skippy" is gall to Robert. He knows it means he will have to play with actors some more when he prefers his dog.

And so another tragedy is chalked against Hollywood; the separation of Robert and Rover. (Both howling in anguish!)

Herb Howe Writes Only for NEW MOVIE

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The Confessions of a Hollywood Husband

(*Continued from page* 38)

well, just having you for a few years is all the payment I want. If we go on like this we're bound to smash. Your nerves are shot. Mine aren't in a hell of a lot better shape. We're both in a game that's a bit too big for either of us—alone. But with me to back you up, encourage, comfort you, take your mind off all the thousand and one little details that are driving you crazy, well—I think I can help you to be not only one of the most successful stars in the business, but keep you a moderately happy woman, which will be the real triumph. At any rate, as I see it, that's my job for the next few years and I'm willing to work at it and take as much pride in doing it well as the next man might a more conventional position. And besides, there's our baby——"

With that, I led Eileen into the nursery where he was sleeping and I told her about the new nurse and the trouble I'd found when I came home earlier in the evening. And the sight of the poor little fellow and the thought of how he'd been neglected through both of us spending most of our time at the studio, seemed to settle everything.

Though it all had seemed so clear and reasonable and right that night, there were times in the next few years when I bitterly regretted every word of the bargain. Of course I didn't let Eileen know. I conceived it the first and most important part of my promise to keep my worries from her.

ANYWAY, she was having plenty on her own account. The company she was working for was merged with a larger one and that meant Eileen had to adjust herself to a whole new set of personalities and fight the old battle for proper lighting, direction and so on, all over again. And do it all in such a carefree confident manner that the new executives would never get the idea that she felt the least doubt about the security and rightness of the position she had taken. So, during these worries, I saw to it that Eileen had just as few as possible at home.

I paid the bills—with Eileen's money of course—hired and fired the servants, supervised the care of the baby, attended to income tax, investments and the dozen and one petty business details that constantly harass anyone making as much money as Eileen.

Finally, whether my cooperation had anything to do with it or not, Eileen won out in all her arguments. Her first picture, with the director and camera man she'd fought for, was a huge success. She was tickled to death and I was, too. Somehow it seemed to point out that the course I had taken was right.

It was a good thing I had thoughts like that to buck me up, for about this time I began to be introduced as "Mr. Eileen." Later, I counted up for a month and found that this so-called witticism was pulled at my expense on an average of one and three-quarters times per party, but never, as I remember, by any of the worthwhile people out there. Almost always by the hangers-on, second-raters, leading men, incompetent directors—failures, trying

(*Continued on page* 114)



Mary Nolan, the screen star, is a bride. She married Wallace T. Macrery, Jr., a young Wall Street broker, in New York a few weeks ago. The former Imogene Wilson appears to have given up films for the time being. It is reported that she will appear in a Broadway play very shortly.

Acme

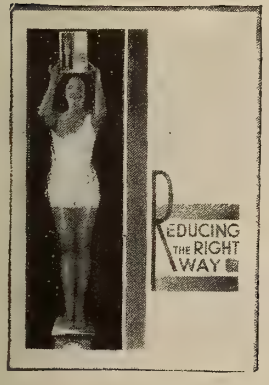
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The Men Who Make the Movies

(*Continued on page 69*)

the theaters; but he needed capital. As in the instance of the Howard Beach development, he listened to a chorus of discouragement and smiled—a poker-face smile. Short subjects were useful in padding out a program; but expected to go it alone—never. They could not make the grade. Day after day, week after week, Hammons sought financial backing until he had exhausted a long list of prospects. Then he made a surprising move: he sailed for London.

Hammons told his story once again and, to his surprise, one of the most conservative organizations in the world, the Hudson Bay Company, agreed with him. Where American money had proven shy in backing an American project, English cash was forthcoming. Branch offices for the distribution of Educational Pictures were established in thirty-six cities in the United States and Hammons proceeded to show skeptical film men that he was considerably more than a visionary idealist. In subsequent years, years of mergers, trust investigations and, most important of all, years that gave birth to the talking picture, Educational has preserved its individuality, over-riding difficulties and making bold shifts in policy when changes seemed advisable.

This brings us back to the company's trade-mark, more specifically to "The spice of the program." There came a steady demand for good short comedies, not mere fillers, rather short features made with all the care expended on long pictures. Hammons decided to concentrate on comedies of that type, enlisting the most popular comedians and the most successful comedy directors available; leaders in their particular fields, such as Mack Sennett, Lupino Lane and Lloyd Hamilton. Now, obviously, these merry gentlemen did not fall naturally under the title "Educational", yet the trade name, built up through a period of years, should not be thrown aside with a light gesture of dismissal. Among other things, it stands for square dealing whether a custard-pie comedy, an animated cartoon, or a diagram of the Einstein theory is being passed across the counter.

Personally, Hammons is a self-contained, self-reliant man, reasonably proud of his accomplishments in founding and guiding the one large organization devoted to short subjects. The poker smile, already referred to, is perhaps a mask for a sensitive but not unsociable nature. Hammons has concentrated on selling his product, not himself. He belongs to a number of clubs, plays a passable game of golf, excels at trap-shooting and feels comfortable on the back of a horse. His estate at Edgewater Point is one of Westchester's show-places, but, first of all, it is a real home, after an English model. Whether he agrees with you, or disagrees, he is courteous, as becomes a descendant of Sir William Wooldridge and a gentleman from Mississippi.



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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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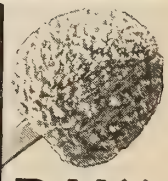


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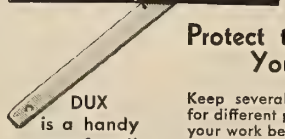
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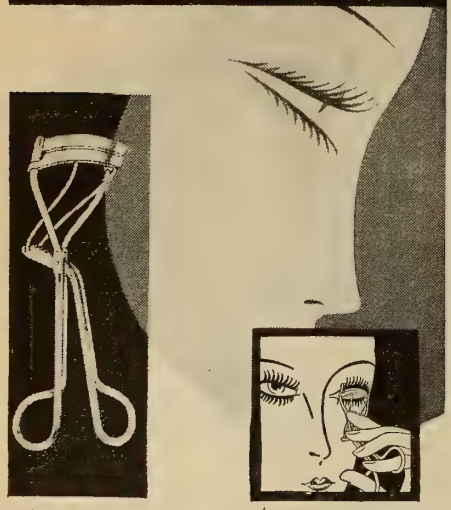
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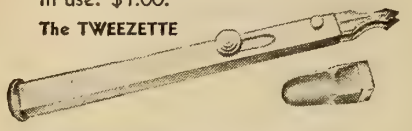
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The Confessions of a Hollywood Husband

(*Continued from page* 112)

to bolster up their own ego by running down other people. At first I used to amuse myself by planning how, when Eileen was finally ready to retire, I'd go around from party to party, one night, and take a good sock at everyone of the nincompoops, who'd inflicted that unfunny joke on me.

Another thing that got on my nerves, though it seems rather petty now, was the way people I was talking to—in which I flattered myself was interesting conversation—would suddenly look away and break our talk off short, just because somebody more important than me, or more able to help them along, joined the group.

And, of course, at the big parties, such as Academy dinners or functions the industry gave for prominent visitors to Los Angeles, I was always seated at what we used to call the "serfs'" table, with the other husbands and relatives, while my wife would be placed at the table of honor with the other big stars and directors and producers.

THERE are countless humiliations like that, which the husband of a really great star is compelled to endure, and after a while, in spite of all I could do, it began to get on my nerves a bit. It was no use for me to tell myself that for years before Eileen's success, I'd been recognized as a comer. That there had been a time when people had respected me on my own account. And that the course I'd taken was the only way to avoid the divorce and marital mix-ups that I'd seen wreck so many other Hollywood romances.

To brace up my ego, I went in for sports. On the tennis court or the golf links, the men I played with seemed to forget that I was only a star's husband and to accept me on my ability as a player. Also, I bought a speed-boat and I used to go out alone and buck the waves from San Pedro to Catalina and get a thrill in the thought that for once I was battling against something elemental on my own account.

But the very worst was when I began to have doubts about Eileen. I never knew just how or what precise time these started. Certainly Eileen was wonderful to me in every way. She never questioned me about money. She never disputed my orders about the house or the baby, and before taking any important step at the studio she always asked my advice. Perhaps it was because I'd got so low with what's called "inferiority complex" that I just couldn't imagine anyone being fond of me, much less a brilliant scintillating creature like my wife whom half the world worshiped.

It all came to a head at the start of the last year of Eileen's contract. Yes, those first few weeks when I went down to the bank with a five thousand dollar cheque to deposit every Thursday morning (the studio paid on Wednesday) were the ghastliest I have ever spent in my life.

THE company, in view of what they were spending on Eileen, decided to put an immense effort behind her coming series of pictures. And their first step was to engage a foreign director. We'll call him Lucian, though of course his name wasn't that or even anything like that.

He'd come over from Russia with some Art Troupe and had made his first hit directing for the stage in New York, so, with talkies just coming in, Eileen had been especially anxious to have him signed up.

I was myself. And at first I liked him. Liked him a lot. He had the most wonderful personality I'd ever



William Tilden III, for years tennis champion of the world, fears a racket in the hands of no man, but a studio "mike" has him worried. Mr. Tilden is making a series of tennis films for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

met up with. And Hollywood is full of people with fine personal magnetism.

The first time Eileen asked him to our house for dinner, instead of giving me the quick greeting or the half-listening attention most of our guests did, he went out of his way to compliment me on the cocktails, and after dinner he said he wanted to have a talk with me.

So I took him down to the billiard room and for half an hour he went over Eileen's forthcoming picture with me. It was his idea he said that the producers were making a mistake in following stage technique. After all, talking or not, it was the picture, the visual appeal, that was important. This was just what I'd been saying and thinking, but I'd never been able to get anybody to listen, so naturally Lucian's talk made a great hit with me, and when we rejoined the guests I felt better and more important than I had for months.

It wasn't long before Eileen was raving about him, too. Despite the importance he gave to visual appeal, he was a stickler for pronunciation and he took exception to what he called Eileen's "Iowa A." In fact, to hear him talk, you'd think there were no letters in the alphabet but the vowels; and he spent hours alone with Eileen in her bungalow at the studio, drilling her in them. As for Eileen, during this time, she was happy as a kid. She'd been in pictures so long and so steadily that in spite of all her success, they'd begun to pall a bit. But this new challenge of talking pictures and the inspiration she got from Lucian awakened her interest all over again.

I'LL never forget them at a dinner the company gave in celebration of their first picture together. I was down at the "serfs'" table, as usual, and Lucian and Eileen were placed together as guests of honor at a raised table where Mr. Goldman, the president of the company, sat. Eileen, flushed with triumph, was never more richly beautiful in her life. And Lucian, slimly elegant, with all his composure and confidence, seemed a perfect foil for her.

After the dinner, we drove him home in our town car and he was as charming as ever to me, asking my opinion about how his speech got over and all that. But as we approached his hotel, he leaned over and asked, "Mind if I borrow your wife for the week-end?"

Well, this remark was enough to startle almost any husband, but Lucian said it with such a charming, whimsical, smile I didn't know quite how to take it.

Without giving me much time to answer, he continued, "Mr. Goldman and his wife are spending the week-end on my yacht and Goldman suggested that it would be a wonderful idea to have Eileen come, too, so we could all go over the script of her next story without the usual studio interruptions. I'd love to have you with us, old man, but you see my little tub's so small."

"My husband and I wouldn't mind sharing the same cabin," broke in Eileen.

"You would under these conditions," laughed Lucian. "You see you'll have to have Mrs. Goldman bunk with you, while I put up with Mr. Goldman. Except for the crew's hangout, there are only two cabins on the whole blasted boat. But I tell you what you do——" he turned to me, "you run over with your speed-boat in the morning, for

(*Continued on page* 116)

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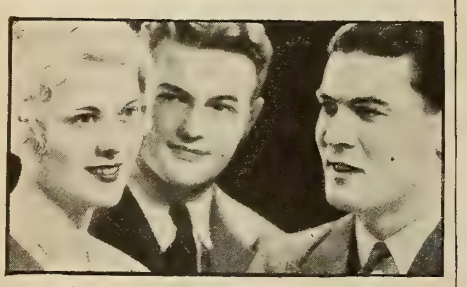
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The Confessions of a Hollywood Husband

(*Continued from page* 115)

cocktails. Then for the rest of the day you can fish with Mrs. Goldman, while we work. What say, old man?"

Of course, there wasn't anything for me to say but "Yes." With Mrs. Goldman going along I told myself I'd be worse than a fool to be jealous or suspect anything wrong.

THE day that Eileen was to go on Lucian's yacht, she had to leave early for the studio and they kept her so long making tests that she went straight from there to San Pedro, so, beyond a brief 'phone call, I didn't have a chance to say good-bye.

That afternoon, I had to go down to Brooks' to see about a new setting for a diamond pendant of Eileen's and as I was walking back to the parking space where I'd left my car, I was surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Goldman being driven in their Rolls, up Hill Street in the direction of the Biltmore. I'd understood the yacht was leaving San Pedro at four and there it was nearly six and the Goldmans hadn't even started.

As usual, when Eileen wasn't home I had dinner served in a little breakfast room we had instead of the main dining room. Usually Eileen didn't get home from the studio early enough for us to eat with the baby, but now I had him with me and it seemed he was never healthier or happier in his life. He could talk quite plainly now, and we had a grave conversation about whether or not he was old enough to have a pony.

As I looked at him, I thought of the thin, nervous child he'd been when Eileen and I were both working and his entire care and upbringing had been entrusted to servants. Also I thought of the nearly four thousand dollars put away in panic-proof bonds in our safety deposit box and I was glad I hadn't let Eileen play around with stocks or real estate speculations, as so many excitement craving stars had. Yes, there was something to show for what I'd done these past years, but was it enough?

Five of the best years out of a man's life, and as I could now see clearly Eileen and I had simply reversed roles. I had taken the part of the wife, been responsible for child, household and the saving of money, while Eileen as provider had been the real husband. Of course when I started in, it had seemed right, the only way of saving our happiness together. But was our happiness to be saved after all?

Could Eileen still love me, when day after day, she must see how all the rest of the world regarded me—as a weakling, a "Kept-man," a sponger, even? And now that she was being thrown so intimately with Lucian. Lucian, a man of brains, self-confidence, achievement, and who was madly in love with her!

YES, Lucian was madly in love with my wife. The realization came to me with a sudden lightning bolt shock. Why had I not seen it before? It was patent in every inflection of his voice as he talked to her. The look in his eyes. Why, all Hollywood must know it! Be laughing at me as a fool! Yet Eileen, my dear beloved Eileen, who had always been so honest and so true! Would she deceive me? Could it be possible that she was laughing at me like the



Edwina Booth demonstrates something new in feminine accessories. This is the pocket handkerchief. The squares of georgette have tiny pockets designed to hold small coins. The Summer girl doesn't have to carry a purse this year. Her powder puff is tucked in the top of her stocking and her "mad money" is carried in this neat fashion.

rest? Playing a cheap, deceitful trick to spend a night on Lucian's yacht?

My thoughts were broken by the baby demanding to know whether Daddy wanted his dessert? It was apricot whip. And laughing, I passed my portion over to him, as I knew that was what the little rascal had been hinting at.

After dinner, I told the nurse I would put the baby to bed myself, so I took him up to the nursery and put on his pajamas and listened to his prayers. Then after he was safely tucked away, I went down to the library and took out our list of private telephone numbers, called the Goldman mansion and got Hays, the butler, on the wire.

"No," he informed me, "Mr. and Mrs. Goldman were not in." Where were they? He wasn't sure. They hadn't come home for dinner. He'd heard some talk about a preview at San Bernardino. Was there a message? No.

TWO hours later, I was in my speed-boat skittering down the snaky harbor channel. Past the redolent Japanese fishing station. Past leashed gray battleships in the outer harbor. Out through the break-water into the twenty miles or more of rolling sea that lay between me and the Isthmus Harbor where I knew Lucian's yacht would be put up for the night.

The thoughts in my mind were as black and confused as the waters swirling about me. Could Eileen have lied to, and deceived me? Every hour of our past happiness argued against that. On the other hand, wasn't Lucian too suave, didn't he value his position too highly to entice her onto his boat against her wishes? Wouldn't he be a fool to risk the certain scandal that would lead to?

But perhaps I was the fool. What if the Goldmans *were* going toward the Biltmore late in the afternoon! There could have been a thousand reasons for that. After all, a speed-boat could take them to the Isthmus Harbor in an hour and a half, at any time in the night. As for what Hays said about the San Bernardino preview—just because Goldman had talked of it, didn't at all mean that he was certain to go.

Suppose I dashed up to the yacht to discover that all four were having a gay talk on the after deck? What a fool I'd look. Worse. I'd make Eileen a laughing stock also. What excuse could I give? I fumbled with the idea that I might say the baby was sick, but dismissed it. No matter what happened, I could never frighten Eileen with a lie like that. What a weakling I was even to have thought of it! Perhaps I was a fool and a weakling even to mistrust her at all. Perhaps the inferior position I'd been in for the last few years had so undermined my judgment and faith, that I was in truth no longer fit for a woman like Eileen.

A CASCADING wave struck the up-turned snout of the speed-boat with a smack that almost loosed my grip on the tiller wheel. For the first time since leaving the buoys of the harbor entrance, I paid attention to the waters around me. They were mountainous. As I looked around, I suddenly realized I had no choice but forward. To turn back now, to risk my fragile boat in the trough of those mighty waves was to ensure instant destruction. I pushed the throttle to its furthest notch and drove head-on at a spray-flecked ridge that towered before me.

(*Continued on page* 118)

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The Confessions of a Hollywood Husband

(*Continued from page* 117)

It was not until I reached the cross-current at the bar of the Isthmus harbor that what had appeared every instant inevitable, finally happened. Then there was a great slap against the prow of the boat and before I could swerve to face it, a second gigantic mass loomed on the starboard side. As it deluged the boat, I kicked free somehow.

For a moment, it seemed as though all the weight of the Pacific Ocean was on my chest. Then I fought my way to the surface and from a fresh wave's crest, saw the upright bow of my boat curtseying a last farewell.

It would be dramatic and romantic, I suppose, if I could tell of a long and exhausting battle for my life, but the truth is I have always been a strong swimmer. Besides, for some reason, with Eileen gone, it had suited my humor to dress for dinner that night. So after I had once got rid of the trench coat I wore for the boat, it was the work of an instant to wriggle out of my dinner jacket, and kick off my light patent leather pumps.

TRUE, there were some twenty minutes of buffeting before I won through to the harbor, but after that the water was as calm as it would have been in my own bathtub; and with slow thoughful strokes I made for the twinkling lights of Lucian's yacht.

He'd put over a little raft and there was a flight of steps from the deck down to it. And what with the starlight and the gleam from the cabin port holes, I could make out the two of them sitting on the edge of the raft in bathing suits and dabbling their toes in the water.

I swam up as quietly as I could and rested one hand on the anchor hawser. The Isthmus was black and deserted and there wasn't any other yacht in the harbor. It seemed as though those two were making the only noise for miles and miles. I could hear them as plainly as if I'd been on the raft myself.

And their talk was all about me, with Lucian doing most of it. He liked me, he said. He liked me a lot. But he'd found out that in this world all the sweets, the worth-while things go to the strong, the people who can do and dare.

"Like yourself?" asked Eileen.

"Like myself," he answered seriously and threw one arm around her shoulder.

At that, I guess I must have gone a bit crazy. I took a long dive from the anchor rope and coming up at the raft, grabbed Lucian's leg, pulling him off into the water. He screamed as though he'd been bitten by a shark and scrambled up on to the raft again. I followed. And on that bobbing six-foot float of timbers, I set out to prove to Lucian that I wasn't quite as weak or he quite as strong as he'd made out to my wife.

I DON'T claim any credit for that fight. The way the resentment of the last few years was boiling inside me, I could almost have cleaned up on the navy. Just as I had Lucian sagging at the knees, a sailor jumped down on the raft, but a straight left to the chin stopped him. Another, who came up in response to Lucian's cries, I'm sorry to admit I kicked in the groin. But at that, he was heaving at me with a boathook, so perhaps I was justified.

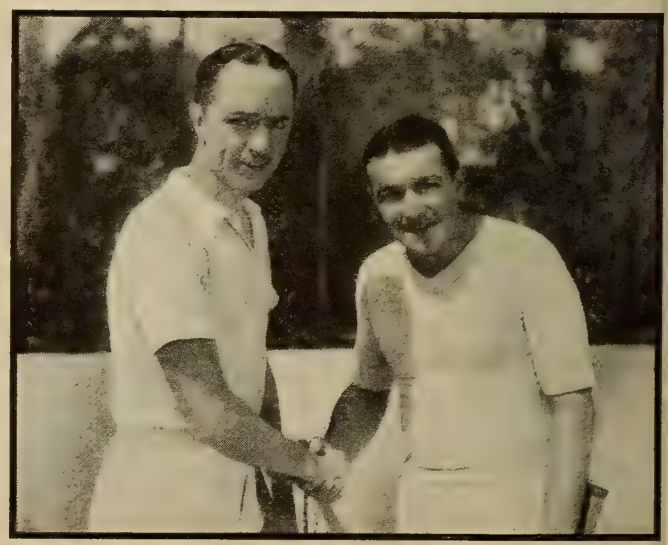
The Negro cook, the only other employee Lucian had on board, poked his head out of the galley, but not liking what he saw, poked it back again.

In the meantime, Lucian had staggered to his feet again. But I just back-slapped him into oblivion and strode over to where Eileen was steadying herself against the little flight of stairs. Her eyes were wet with tears and she was shaking all over.

"Oh, honey, why did you do it? How could you do it?" she reproached me.

I dropped back. So she was crazy about Lucian. With all my heroics, I'd only made a fool of myself all over again.

But she must have read my thoughts, for she pointed to where Lucian was raising himself, crawling around a bit



Those two pals, Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell, are now fellow stars on the Warner Brothers lot. Naturally, they get together between scenes for tennis. The life of a Hollywood star has its pleasant features.

uncertainly, on his hands and knees like a dog.

"Oh, I don't mean that," she protested, "I mean your doubting me. I could have taken care of myself with him and a hundred like him, but you had to go and risk your sweet, precious life. Oh, darling, you aren't hurt, are you?" And she just sort of melted into my arms.

Well, after what had happened, of course, we couldn't spend the night with Lucian and the weather was too heavy for us to leave the harbor on the yacht tender. But I remembered a director's cabin had been put on the Isthmus when Gloria Swanson was making "Sadie Thompson" there. So we borrowed some steamer rugs and blankets and as we were pushing off in the small boat, the dingy cook pokes his head out of the galley and hands us a package of food for breakfast.

WHEN we got to the Sadie Thompson cabin, it looked sort of ratty, and as the night had cleared, we just spread the blankets out under a couple of scrub oaks, and what with the fatigue of the swim and the fight, and Eileen snuggling up close to me, I had a better night's sleep than I'd ever had on our goose down mattresses and handmade springs at home.

When I woke in the morning, darned if Eileen hadn't got up before me. She had started a fire somehow and was poking at a bit of toast over the ashes. She looked at me and laughed.

"You see," she said, indicating her cookery exploit, "I've turned wife again. And I'm going to keep on being your wife. You've given me a whole lot out of your life and we've made our stake and we're still pretty young and we're still together. But if you think I'm going on with a mode of life that led to your nearly drowning yourself, you're crazy."

"I'm not crazy," I said. "Unless you call being in love, after as long a married life as we've had, crazy?"

So that's how Eileen happened to retire at what the fan magazines called the "crest of her career." At that I guess it was pretty close to the top, for about this time that ungentlemanly "gentleman's agreement" began to get in its work and Eileen and the other stars were given to understand that no matter how good they were, or how much money they drew, there'd be no more salary raises. Cuts, rather. But Eileen got even by having our second baby, mostly in the company's time.

Just now we're off to Europe with the kids for a long vacation. And after that—well, I don't know. Does anybody know? A couple of years of taking things easy, of companionship with the children will do Eileen good, rest and enrich her. And after that, perhaps the stage, perhaps pictures again. But one at a time, with vacations between. No more long-term contracts.

As for me. Well, just the other day, I heard that one of my old compatriots, Walter Morosco, who was supposed to be easing along as Corinne Griffith's husband, had since her retirement been given an important supervisorial job on his own account. And the trade papers have been giving grand reviews to the first foreign version picture directed by Hank de Falaise, Gloria Swanson's "ex." So perhaps we Hollywood husbands can amount to something after all. I've always had a secret hankering to write. Eileen says she'll back me to the limit. And I'm starting in with this story.



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Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page* 41)

girl with those dark eyes you suspect hot romance. But what he is whispering is: 'Tell me, what's your next picture?'"

I happen to know, however, that Dick is more excited by feminine charm than many a loquacious Latin.

Nazimova told me that she received Dick's first love letter. It was written at the age of six. Nazimova is as mistaken as Alice Terry. Dick was scribbling them before he could say papa and mama.

While still a college boy he was talking of getting married. There was no flippancy about him; he always meant right by a girl.

I told him then I'd bet that in his cradle he yelled for a wife instead of a rattle.

Dick was the most domestic fellow I've known. He was always sighing for a home and falling in love with Follies girls. Eventually he married one, Mary Hay.

Mary was delightful. Snub-nosed, carefree, with a tomboy humor, she promised to be the complement for Dick. I visited them at their honeymoon cottage near Harrison, New York. After dinner Dick and I walked in the garden and he solemnly declared that pictures meant nothing to him; all his happiness was in that cottage. All the yearning of his boyhood had been satisfied . . . he had a home.

But Dick continued in pictures by day and Mary on the stage by night. It was hardly an ideal cottage arrangement. Of course they thought when they had a little more ahead they would be all set. That little more ahead has bankrupted many a romance.

THE difference in temperaments may have been too wide to make complements. Mary, impulsive and gay, was perhaps not ready for the slippers-and-hearth felicity.

There was no frivolity in Dick and no humor. You felt at times he resented laughter and being conscious of this laughed a little loudly. His mother once whispered at one of his pictures, "Dick really excels as a heavy." He was born a tragedian. His greatest characters were Tol'able David and the Yellow Man in "Broken Blossoms." No actor can strike as poignantly the tragic chord of fatalism as Richard Semler Barthelmess.

Dick and Mary parted and the enchanted cottage of his boyhood dreams became a disillusionment.

Dick's charm lay in grace of mind and character. You appreciated in him the rare old qualities of sincerity, honor and consideration that amounted to courtliness. He exemplified the word gentleman—before it was given a priggish connotation by a spurious age. There was fine discrimination in all that he did and said. His formality made for pleasant relationship. You felt that as a friend he was reliable because he had substance of character.

"If Hollywood can alter Dick Barthelmess," I declared, "it can spoil any man."

HE had none of the pettiness of his vain profession. I never heard him talk about art or the prerogatives of the artist.

True, he once worried about his hair, which a quack barber in Philadelphia told him was thinning. He took me down there with him for the opening of the Griffith picture, "Scarlet Days." In the morning he went down for a shave and hair-cut. He came back with the air of a man condemned.

"Good God," he said, looking in the mirror. "The barber says I'm losing my hair. What will I do? I mean to say, I can never make any money bald."

It was the financial consideration, not his appearance, that worried Dick.

"Your barber is an old Delilah," I said. "You have more hair than Samson ever grew."

It was his first personal appearance at a picture and when he returned to the hotel I asked him if he enjoyed it.

"My heavens, no!" he said dolorously. "All I heard when I elbowed my way through the mob was, 'How short he is . . . I thought he was bigger!'"

Dick is inclined to take things too seriously. Once I declared in print that John Barrymore was the one great actor. I had the outburst upon seeing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Soon after that I visited Dick in New York. He received me with open arms and then sank down to regard me sadly.

"I don't know whether you still think the same of me," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"You said John Barrymore was the only great actor."

"Yes," I admitted. "But in the list of the screen's greatest actors I listed you second to Chaplin. That makes you out pretty funny."

A polite smile wraithed in his face, but it was skeptical. Dick never liked my facetiousness.

(*Continued on page* 122)

What Chance Would You Have in Hollywood?

Have you ever stopped to consider what would happen to you if you tried your luck in movieland? Have you the physical qualifications? NEW MOVIE will present the essential and necessary qualifications of a potential star, as named by all the casting directors in Hollywood? If you check these against yourself, you can find out whether or not you might be a film star. Watch for this sensational feature next month!

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TOWER BOOKS
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Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 105)

embarrassed by the visits of blackmailers. *Tiffany.* Class D.

Seas Beneath. Acted in and about a modern submarine. The story answers the purposes of the setting, which always is authentic. *Fox.* Class B.

The Southerner. Intelligent handling of a romantic story. Negro spirituals sung by negro chorus plus the voice and personality of Lawrence Tibbett make this tale of the son of an aristocratic Southern family diverting. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Girls Demand Excitement. An inept handling of a theme suggested by a modern stage presentation of "Lysistrata." A college background. *Fox.* Class D.

A Happy Little Honeymoon. The experiences of a bridal couple seeking to elude their friends. Glenn Tryon leads in the comedy. *Educational.* Class B.

The Royal Bed. A whimsical version of the behavior of the royal family in a mythical European kingdom. Lowell Sherman supplies an adroit performance. *Radio.* Class C.

Reducing. Particularly appealing to women familiar with weight reducing treatments. Marie Dressler is at her boisterous best. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Command Performance. Neil Hamilton giving his conception of a royal prince as impersonated by a popular actor. Good entertainment of the lighter sort. *Tiffany.* Class B.

The Gang Buster. Racketeers viewed from a comedy angle with Jack Oakie supplying most of the laughs. *Paramount.* Class B.

Resurrection. Russian tragedy originated by Tolstoy and carried to the screen with fair success. *Universal.* Class B.

The Blue Angel. Marlene Dietrich in her first and, up to the present, her best picture. *Paramount.* Class AA.

Tom Sawyer. Jackie Coogan embodies the unforgettable Tom Sawyer. *Paramount.* Class A.

The Man Who Came Back. A familiar story acted by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. *Fox.* Class B.

Reaching for the Moon. Douglas Fairbanks as a very peppy and up-to-date go-getter. *United Artists.* Class B.

The Devil to Pay. Ronald Colman in an English comedy of genteel sophistication. *United Artists.* Class A.

Romance. Engaging performance by Greta Garbo in a sentimental setting. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class AA.

Holiday. Ann Harding shows what a thoroughly good actress she is in a worthwhile play. *Pathe.* Class AA.

Journey's End. The war from an officer's dugout. Brave and true. *Tiffany.* Class AA.

All Quiet on the Western Front. A superb presentation of the physical and spiritual depredations of war. *Universal.* Class AA.

Song o' My Heart. Dependent upon John McCormack and his glorious voice. *Fox.* Class AA.

The Love Parade. Maurice Chevalier with all his fascinating charm. *Paramount.* Class AA.



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AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



Here is how they do one of those rugged Western scenes. Cecil De Mille has been making a talkie of the old silent hit, "The Squawman," out in the Arizona bad lands. Warner Baxter has the title rôle. Note the microphone hanging on a crane over Mr. Baxter's head but out of view of the sound-proof cameras, located at the left, partly hidden by the screen reflector.

Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page* 120)

Several years before he asked me if I thought he would ever be as great as Charlie Ray, whom I then considered the screen's greatest.

I perversely said no, though I believed otherwise. After seeing "Tol'able David" I wired him he was unsurpassed.

WHEN I dined with Charles Ray on arriving in Hollywood, he was planning to visit New York for the first time and was concerned about how he should dress.

"Whom do you consider the best-dressed actor?" he asked.

"I never thought about it," I said. "I guess I would say Dick Barthelmess because you are never conscious of his clothes. I mean to say he doesn't wear loud checks and lavender ties like the ham actors."

The next moment I congealed, suddenly aware that Charlie was attired in checks and lavender.

He also congealed, not because of my distaste for the combination but because, as I later learned, he regarded Dick as a poacher on his preserves.

Society in Hollywood is very difficult, and I soon realized I lacked diplomacy. In despair I dashed off to Mexico to dip in the congenial society of the Indians, after which I was hailed an "Ambassador of Good Will" by the gracious newspaper *El Universal.* Thus I was spared the fatality of an inferiority complex (Very easy to contract among Hollywood actors).

I was even able to return and take up residence in Beverly Hills. Dick called on me there when eventually he came to Hollywood.

Hollywood gossiped of Dick's joining Ronald Colman and William Powell in a "woman-haters' club."

But Dick said, "I still love women, in spite of all I have suffered recently."

He and Mary had decided on divorce.

LATER Dick married Jessica Sargent, a woman of charming character who was listed in New York's Social Register.

Through her he had the privilege of taking tea with the Morrows in Mexico and meeting the unsocial young Lindbergh.

He has a home of "Italian architecture" on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills, an impeccable butler and staff of servants. His wife has adapted herself to Hollywood society and is gracious to everyone, even an interviewer. Dick proclaims his happiness. He has realized, apparently, his ideal of a perfect home. Very rich, he has the financial security he always desired. And when he is not enjoying Hollywood society he is touring the world meeting the best people.

I do not know anyone who has realized his goal so completely.

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AUGUST 1931

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HELEN TWELVETREES

COULD YOU be a MOVIE STAR?

Turn to Page 33 and Find Out

WILL HAYS Tells the INSIDE STORY of his TEN YEARS IN HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER

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*Consider your Adam's Apple!!**

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

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Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."



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The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Magazines

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Verne Porter—Executive Editor

Vol. IV, No. 2 August, 1931

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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THE HITS OF THE MONTH

"One More Time," fox trot—played by
Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove orchestra (Victor)

"Shine," fox trot—played by
Louis Armstrong and his orchestra (Okeh)

"I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby," fox trot—played by
Snooks and his Memphis Stompers (Victor)

"Doin' the Rumba," rumba fox trot—played by
Irving Mills and his orchestra (Victor)

DE SYLVA, Brown and Henderson, that famous trio of Tin Pan Alley, have given the long suffering public another tune to whistle. It's called "One More Time," and I think you'll like it. Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, one of the big favorites on the West Coast, have been picked to do the recording, and right well do they do their part. The tune is quite modern, and we'll doubtless hear more like it in the near future. Bing Crosby does the vocal work as only he can.

The other side, "Thanks to You," is a tune that came out last Winter but never became popular. I can't understand the reason for the previous failure, for it's a sweet melody. Maybe this new recording will start it on the road to hitdom. This is also played by Gus Arnheim, and carries a vocal refrain by Bing Crosby. (This is a Victor record.)

Louis Armstrong, the little man with the big voice, comes forth with another revival, and this time it's "Shine." Needless to say, Louis puts plenty of heat into it and sings a few of his famous vocal refrains. This is good all the way through, but in my estimation the big feature is the last measures where Mr. Armstrong tries for a high note.

The other side is "Just a Gigolo," and gives Louis a chance to show us what he can do when it comes to sweet stuff. This side also has a vocal by the old Leader Man. (This is an Okeh record.)

HERE'S one from a band that may be new to you, Snooks and his Memphis Stompers. The boys turn out the popular "I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby" and they show that they know their stuff. I used to drop in and hear them last Winter when they were at Roseland, and I wondered then why one of the big recording companies didn't sign them up. This number carries a vocal refrain by Wally Ashby.

The other side is "Smile, Darn Ya, Smile." This tune always sounded a bit empty to me and I don't know how they happened to pick it, but they seem to make the best of a fuzzy number and sail through it in good style. This is also by Snooks and has a vocal by Bellare, Ashby and Herlin. (This is a Victor record.)

"DOIN' THE RUMBA" is next on the list, and this is also by a new recording outfit for Victor, Irving Mills and his orchestra. This tune is another takeoff on the current Rumba rhythm craze, and while it's not dull, I don't think it is in for a big hit. Mr. Mills has his name on the title page, and also publishes the song.

The reverse is "So Sweet." I always did like this tune, and there is nothing I can say against it. The boys do a nice job and I think you'll like it. On both sides of the record the vocal work is done by the Sunshine Boys. (This is a Victor record.)

Morton Downey, the popular radio favorite, has recorded his signature number for us. It's "Wabash Moon," and a very delightful tune it is. Morton certainly has a sweet voice and if you like vocals you won't go wrong on this one.

The other side is also by Morton Downey, "Mother's Apron Strings," and he does this equally well. I heartily advise you to listen to this record. (This is a Victor record.)

RUTH ETTING, that charming young lady, has given us "Were You Sincere?" and I know you'll be for it. I haven't heard a poor record yet by this delightful vocalist.

The other side is also by Miss Etting, "Falling in Love Again," from the UFA Picture, "The Blue Angel." This is very good, too. (This is a Columbia record.)

"Out of Nowhere," that tune which is getting such a plug these days, has been recorded by Leo Reisman. Leo does this in his regular symphonic style, and it's very pleasing. It has a vocal refrain by Frank Munn.

The other side, "Yours Is My Heart Alone," is a little too symphonic to suit my jazzy, Louis Armstrongish tastes. It also has a vocal chorus by Frank Munn. (This is a Victor record.)

ANOTHER new record which I predict will soon become very popular is "Star Dust," played by Isham Jones and his orchestra. Vic Young plays the violin, and that boy can certainly play it.

The other side is "Trees," another recording and something quite different, of that well-known poem. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," and this time you hear Bing Crosby whistle it. If you can keep from whistling it before Bing gets through, I miss my guess. (This is a Victor record.)

"Goofus," by Wayne King and his orchestra, sounds like a modern version of an old-fashioned barn-dance tune. You can almost hear the stamp of feet in the rhythm. (This is a Victor record.)

Next on the list is "Minnie the Moocher," by Cab Calloway and his orchestra, done in the fine, characteristic Calloway manner, though personally I don't consider this tune as hot as many of you doubtless will. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Those of you who are Chevalier fans will be glad to know of another Chevalier record, "It's a Great Life," which sounds to me like a pretty good tune.

The other side, "My Ideal," which I didn't care for quite as much, is also sung by Chevalier. (This is a Victor record.)

Another one that you will like is "Thrill Me," by Henry Busse and his orchestra. (This is a Victor record.)

NAZIMOVA *SAYS,*

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IT'S WRITTEN in the STARS



Leo's crown fits him better than ever!

IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." *It's written in the stars* that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.

"More Stars Than There are in Heaven"

METRO-



1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M's CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES **Wallace BEERY** **Joan CRAWFORD**
Marie DRESSLER **Greta GARBO** **John GILBERT**
William HAINES **Buster KEATON** **Robert MONTGOMERY**
Ramon NOVARRO **Norma SHEARER** **Lawrence TIBBETT**
Alfred LUNT **Lynn FONTAINE**

Dorothy Appleby	Reginald Denny	Neil Hamilton	John Miljan	Irene Purcell
Lionel Barrymore	Kent Douglass	Helen Hayes	Ray Milland	Marjorie Rambeau
Edwin Bartlett	James Durante	Leila Hyams	C. Montenegro	C. Aubrey Smith
William Bakewell	Cliff Edwards	Jean Hersholt	Polly Moran	Ruth Selwyn
Charles Bickford	Phyllis Elgar	Hedda Hopper	Karen Morely	Gus Shy
Lilian Bond	Madge Evans	Leslie Howard	Conrad Nagel	Lewis Stone
Edwina Booth	Clark Gable	Dorothy Jordan	Ivor Novello	Ernest Torrence
John Mack Brown	Ralph Graves	Joan Marsh	Monroe Owsley	Lester Vail
Janet Currie	Charlotte Greenwood	Adolphe Menjou	Anita Page	Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

You'll Soon APPLAUD

Marion DAVIES
in "Five and Ten"
Norma SHEARER
in "A Free Soul"
Marie DRESSLER
Polly MORAN
in "Politics"
Robert MONTGOMERY
in "The Man in Possession"
Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"
and many others

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

GOLDWYN-MAYER

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

The Unforgotten Rudy

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among your readers who express themselves I note Richard Passman and his reference to Rudolph Valentino that "following his death he became an idol." Indeed, he was greatly loved while living by both old and young, rich and poor, by men and women, by the prominent and the obscure. His exquisite grace and sincerity in pictures of romantic beauty and wholesome content made loving him an elevating experience. And the extraordinary devotion he inspired is with us yet. I contribute this continued devotion to his memory an indication of good taste and judgment, encouraged by our editors of movie magazines. His screen pictures continue to draw large audiences. Another indication of his and the pictures' intrinsic worth.

B. E. Stores,
371 State Street.

Stardom for Miss Rambeau

San Jose, Calif.

Hail to Marjorie Rambeau! One of the stage's finest actresses and now destined to be one of the talkies' greatest finds! Witness her superb characterization in "Min and Bill," her splendid support of the great Greta Garbo in "Inspiration," Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way," and Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss." An actress of outstanding ability and versatility, with a marvelous voice! How long will it be before M.-G.-M. puts the name of Marjorie Rambeau where it belongs? In lights—on the marquee—as a star!



Edna N. Sater,
344 Margaret Street.

From Barrie's Birthplace

Forfar, Scotland.

Until a friend in Canada sent me the January issue of NEW MOVIE I was totally unaware that such an informative, entertaining, inexpensive magazine existed. A bouquet is due to Hollywood for the sincere picturization of Barrie's "Medals," in which Gary Cooper and Beryl Mercer contributed perfect cameos of characterization that will live in the memory. Barrie's birthplace, Thrums, is only five miles from here, and I naturally am a confirmed Barrie enthusiast.

Before long I hope to see other works of the great Scottish playwright transferred to the talking screen.

David Donald Jolly,
27 Queen Street.

Take a Bow, Miss Oliver

Washington, D. C.

Here's hoping we shall see more of Edna May Oliver. Her performance in "Cimarron" revealed an ability as a comedian equal to that of Marie Dressler, and I have long been a Dressler fan. Miss Oliver's appearances throughout this interesting film seemed to add the spice and humor needed in those parts of the picture made sad by the trials of the young mother whose wanderlust husband had deserted her. Unless I am very much mistaken, Edna May Oliver will go far in gaining popularity with her most original type of comedy.

F. Slagle,
2127 California Street, N. W.

Paging Rudy Vallee

Minneapolis, Minn.

I surely agree with NEW MOVIE that it is about time Rudy Vallee made another picture. Occasional short subjects aren't enough; we all enjoyed his first picture, "The Vagabond Lover," and want another. NEW MOVIE are to be congratulated on the fair attitude that they take towards him. They aren't always throwing mud at him like so many other magazines do.

Mary Jansen,
1912 Thomas Avenue, N.

Fair Play for Greta

St. Louis, Mo.

What has happened to the American sense of fair play? Great Garbo won her place as America's foremost actress by her talent and personality, and now they try to raise the German "find" to glory on someone else's merits. If Dietrich is such a marvel, why do they have to use Garbo to put her over? Let her win her way alone just as Greta did. Undoubtedly Marlene is a great actress, but she is only going to meet a lot of unpleasant opposition when she trys to cash in on Garbo's reputation. Please let's not hear any more slams at Garbo. If the American screen loses the incomparable Greta due to all this unfair criticism, the films will surely deteriorate, in my opinion. And, most of all, what will we do, what look forward to, if our beloved Garbo leaves us?



Hazel L. Reider,
5472 Thrush Avenue.

Facts About the Producers

Chicago, Ill.

Just a word of praise for Lynde Denig, who gives us such interesting matter about "The Men Who Make the Movies." Too little, it seems, is written about the producers among whom are some of the pioneers of the movie industry. In fact, I cannot recall ever reading such articles elsewhere. Maybe it is because never until the publication of NEW MOVIE had I been able to afford a movie magazine (*Continued on page* 14)

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.



TO SAVE EMBARRASSMENT

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Lotus sanitary napkins provide adequate protection, yet are unnoticeable and cool under the filmiest summer gowns.

The modern woman demands just two things of a sanitary protection. It must be inconspicuous under the filmiest gowns and it must offer adequate protection at all times.

Lotus fulfills both of these requirements perfectly, and in addition, Lotus is the most economical sanitary protection that can be bought. That is why nine million women now buy Lotus. They appreciate the fact that when they buy Lotus they are getting good quality at a low price. Lotus sanitary napkins are manufactured under the most modern, sanitary conditions, insuring the utmost protection to you. Because of the finest materials, Lotus is non-chafing, with close-fitting oval ends. Lotus is highly absorbent, deodorant and dissolves instantly, thus insuring easy disposal.

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SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Irene Rich (center), with her two daughters, Jane (left), and Frances.

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE

EAT plenty of fruit—and the calories, vitamins, minerals and other things that food faddists worry about will take care of themselves. That is what Miss Rich explained when she let us into the secret of making her favorite dish, known in Hollywood as Fruit Cocktail à la Irene Rich. The ideal way to serve fruit, she assured us, is as a cocktail for the first course at luncheon or dinner, because then one is sure to do it justice. If you serve fruit as a last course after a substantial meal it is quite likely to go begging—not because your guests do not like fruit, but because their appetites have been satisfied.

Miss Rich's two lovely daughters, Frances, who has just graduated from Smith College, and Jane, who is a few years younger, are as enthusiastic about fruit as their mother. When she wants to plan a dinner that they will especially like she includes her favorite fruit cocktail for the first course.

In the Rich household this cocktail is always made of fresh fruit. It calls for the following ingredients:

1 cup Royal Anne cherries, pitted
1 cup grapefruit sections, peeled and skinned
1 cup malaga or other white grapes, split and seeded
1 cup diced pears
1 cup orange, peeled in sections and halved
1 cup diced apples

Combine these fruits without sugar, and pour over them the juice of fresh or canned pineapple, arrange in long stemmed fruit cocktail glasses, adding one tablespoon of grenadine syrup or cooking sherry to each glass if additional sweetness is desired. Chill several hours before serving. This recipe makes enough to serve twelve people.

Miss Rich uses all fresh fruit for this cocktail, but those not fortunate enough to live where such fruits are obtainable at all times may use canned cherries, grapefruit and pears instead of the fresh sort. Remember, however, that canned, not preserved fruit should be used, and that home-made canned fruit is usually not so good for this purpose as the factory product, because home-canned goods are more highly sweetened.

ANOTHER fruit cocktail recommended by Miss Rich is made from the following fruits:

1 cup grapefruit
2 cups orange

(*Continued on page* 111)

Movieland's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife



New and Different Dinners



You Will Be Proud to Serve

IN this little book, "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" you will find the answer to that perplexing question—what in the world will I serve to-day?

Every menu is a complete and delightfully different dinner. The recipes are given for the main dishes. You will find them easy to follow with perfect success.

Easy to prepare, economical, healthful and tempting, you will want to serve every menu in the book—and then serve them all over again—with variations.

If you do not find this book—"44 Easy Economical Dinners"—in your favorite Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus three cents postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.

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Savory Meat Loaf
Lima Beans Fried Fresh Tomatoes
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Crullers or Doughnuts
Applesauce or Stewed Fruit

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Bacon and Cheese Canapés
Broiled Fish
Asparagus with Melted Butter
Mashed Potatoes
Pear Salad with Ginger Sauce
Crackers

●

Fruit Cup
Pot Roast of Beef
Corn-on-the-Cob or Canned Corn
Mexican Tomatoes
Mashed Potatoes
Cottage Pudding Cocoa Hard Sauce



Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 10)

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

monthly. Now, I anxiously await the 15th of every month —many thanks!

A. I. Burke,
7726 Clyde Avenue.

Identifying the Players

Berlin, N. J.

I have just seen "Cimarron" with Richard Dix, and I want to say that the way the cast of players is shown is great! They had a picture of the actor with his "reel" name at the top and his "real" name at the bottom; for instance, in "Cimarron," Richard Dix was known as Yancey Cravat. I hope that in the near future each director will have their cast shown this way, as I'm sure most people will appreciate it a lot.

L. Evangelisti,
Box 13.

Goldfish Bowl Kiddies

Los Angeles, Calif.

Why can't the fans be tolerant about the picture stars showing photographs of their children? If Nancy Carroll don't want to drag her baby into the Goldfish Bowl with her, she should not be criticized. The stars have few liberties; and the fans should try to remember that there are a few people who must have at least one place where they can feel secure from prying eyes—one "location" on which the camera is not turned. Why not the Nursery, if it suits Nancy?

M. M.,
Box 65, Eagle Rock Station.

Music on the Screen

Detroit, Mich.

Why, why did they cut so many songs from Lawrence Tibbett's "The Prodigal," especially the splendid "Glory Road," to which many must have looked forward, as I did, after hearing him sing it in concert and over the radio? It seems the height of stupidity, if not an actual crime, to have wasted that lovely voice. Won't the producers ever begin to understand that it is not real music, especially by a truly great artist like Tibbett that we object to, but those trashy, trivial theme songs, delivered with all the artistic technique and depth of feeling of which the ordinary screen boy friend and the usual cinema cutie are capable, served to us with every film whether or not they have a place there. No wonder people wearied of those.



M. S.,
4523 Field Avenue.

And Herb Is Irish, Too

Tulla, Co. Clare, Ireland.

Mr. Howe, in introducing the first of his great screen personalities, the late Mabel Normand, tells us that before meeting this famous actress, he had a premonition that he would not like her—simply because he had been told she was "typically Irish," impulsive, wild tongued, in fact—a hoyden. (A hoyden, I believe, is a rude, bold girl.) Now, as an Irish woman I resent this deeply and I beg to contradict Mr. Howe's statement. Judging by his idea of feminine charm I am inclined to think he would find my countrywomen, to use a vulgar expression—rather slow!

Madge Kennedy.

Cheers for Cooking Page

Brooklyn, N. Y.

You can't possibly imagine how helpful the Hollywood Cooking Page has proven itself to the women readers of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. The suggestions are worth the price of THE NEW MOVIE more than a hundredfold. Keep it up, for it's prepared a great many of my meals. I believe I couldn't do without it.

D. Engel,
1121 Avenue R.

Anent Sylvia Sidney

Gardner, Mass.

The hard-working Clara Bow was taken out of "City Streets" and the unknown Miss Sidney was put in. That was a great disappointment to the numerous Bow fans. Who wants to see an unknown who hasn't worked her way up? Now Miss Sidney has been cast opposite Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy." This part should have gone to a better-known actress. I believe in giving the newcomer a break, but I also believe in giving some of the stars who have endured many hardships during their career an even break.



May Crabtree,
49 Dyer Street.

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Three cheers for that newcomer, Sylvia Sidney, who played with Gary in "City Streets." Why not see them together in another picture? They are marvelous together.

Mildred Greene,
503 Horner Avenue.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

Elmhurst, N. Y.

Why is it that the fans laud their favorite stars to the skies and give no credit to the one who really makes both the picture and the stars a success? In my opinion, this person is the director. Of course, I realize that acting entails a good deal of hard work, yet many actors and actresses do not possess the ability to make a picture successful without hours of coaching by the director. Why not give credit where it is really due?

Margaret Walsh,
42-70 79th Street.

Portraits Sans Make-Up

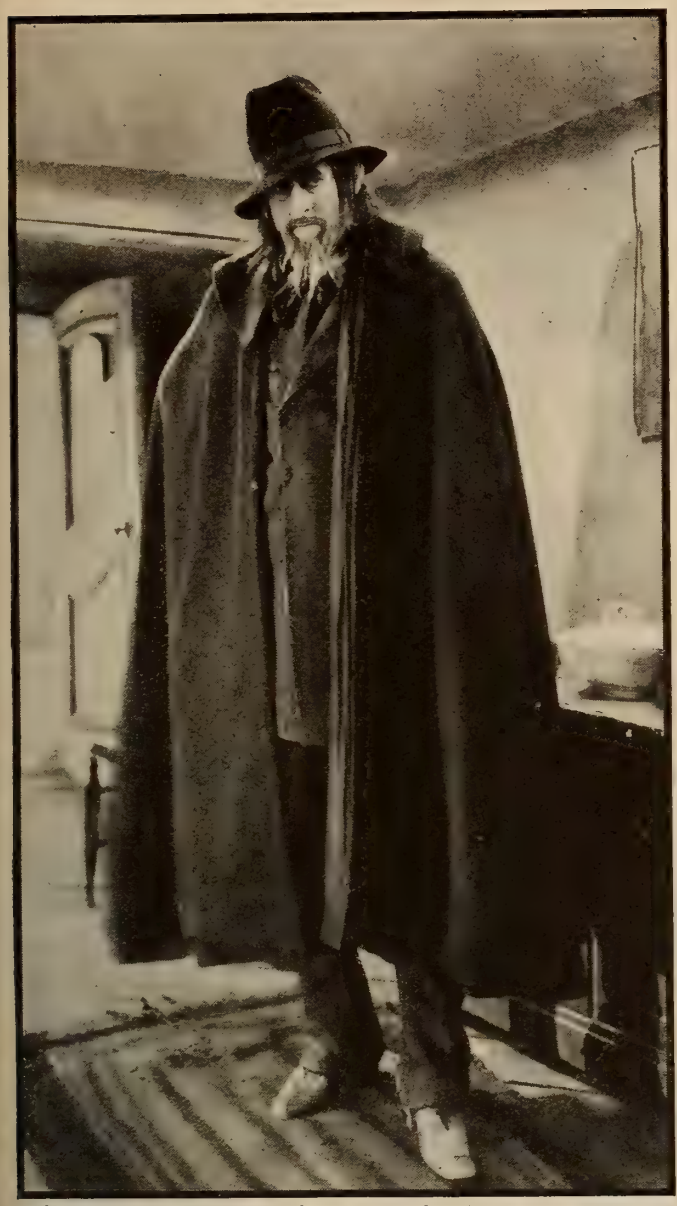
Allston, Mass.

In line with your policy I suggest that nothing would be more interesting than a series of photographs of all the stars—without make-up! The sort of photographs the rest of us have. Let's see their real faces. Most of their photographs suggest a mask-like quality. Mascara-darkened eyes, lips (*Continued on page* 113)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Best Films of the Last Six Months



John Barrymore gives a bizarre and colorful performance as the sinister hypnotist in "Svengali," based on Du Maurier's famous novel of the Latin Quarter. Svengali, you will remember, cast his spell upon the voiceless art model, Trilby, and made her a great singer.

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You won't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S *AA or A award of merit.*

The Public Enemy. A grim, unrelenting and exciting picture of gangster life introducing a new bad man in the person of James Cagney. Worth seeing. *Warners.* Class A.

The Finger Points. Barthelmess adds another interesting characterization to his long list of screen portrayals. This time he is a cub reporter who gets mixed up with Chicago gangsters. An engrossing story suggested by the tragic fate of Jack Lingle, a Chicago newspaper man who was killed. *First National.* Class A.

City Streets. Gary Cooper, a rough but honest youth hailing from a western ranch, becomes involved in the beer racket thriving in a large city. Cooper and Sylvia Sidney give interesting performances. *Paramount.* Class B.

Gun Smoke. Bold racketeers carry their activities into a Western town where they come into conflict with a bunch of cowboys. There is some right smart shooting. *Paramount.* Class C.

Born to Love. An intensely emotional love drama made diverting by the highly colorful Constance Bennett playing a war nurse in a British hospital. The chief problem comes in the form of a baby whose father is an American soldier. *R.K.O.-Pathé.* Class B.

Tarnished Lady. Tallulah Bankhead makes her initial appearance as a film star in a story that is hardly worth the telling. Miss Bankhead, however, reveals an individual and arresting screen personality. *Paramount.* Class C.

Dirigible. A spectacle in the air showing the break-up of a giant dirigible. The story doesn't amount to much, but there are moments of extreme excitement consequent upon the wrecking of the craft. *Columbia.* Class B.

Shipmates. An ambitious sailor impersonated by Robert Montgomery is out to get the admiral's daughter and he succeeds in doing so. Montgomery's first starring picture. Passable entertainment. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

Iron Man. A first-rate story of the ring with a dull but effective pugilist as the hero and Jean Harlow as a devastating blonde. The popular Lew Ayres and Robert Armstrong give particularly (*Continued on page* 16)



Constance Bennett is at her emotional best as the American war worker in "Born to Love." Joel McCrea plays the Yankee officer who receives her undying love.

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(*Continued from page* 15)



You will be charmed by George Arliss' playing of the American master of finance in "The Millionaire." Ordered to rest by his physicians he slips away to buy a garage and transforms it into a gold mine.

effective performances. *Universal.* Class A.

A Connecticut Yankee. Nothing remarkable as a talking version of the famous Mark Twain yarn in which Harry Myers appeared several years ago. This time Will Rogers carries the rôle of Sir Boss with fair success. *Fox.* Class A.

Svengali. John Barrymore brings out the sinister qualities of the once famous Svengali who made hypnotism famous. Marian Marsh interprets Trilby in a pleasant fashion. *Warners.* Class A.

The Millionaire. George Arliss at his charming best in a humorous interpretation of an American millionaire who refuses to be shelved because of old age. Not too serious, yet human in its treatment of a phase of American life. *Warners.* Class A.

The Secret Six. If you haven't seen Wallace Beery's conception of a gangster your rogue's gallery is incomplete. This film is as savage as the best of them and is guaranteed to thrill. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Three Rogues. The three rogues in question are Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon, who almost forget their roguishness when they meet the personable Fay Wray. Some entertaining comedy, and a bit of wild riding in a land rush over the Western plains. *Fox.* Class C.

Mr. Lemon of Orange. El Brendel provides a dual characterization as a much feared gangster and a timid little Swede. The action is somewhat confusing but some of the episodes hold the attention. *Fox.* Class C.

The Naughty Flirt. Life as some folks imagine it to be in the wilder social set in which there is never a shortage of cocktails. Alice White is the leading turbulent spirit in a none too convincing comedy drama. *First National.* Class C.

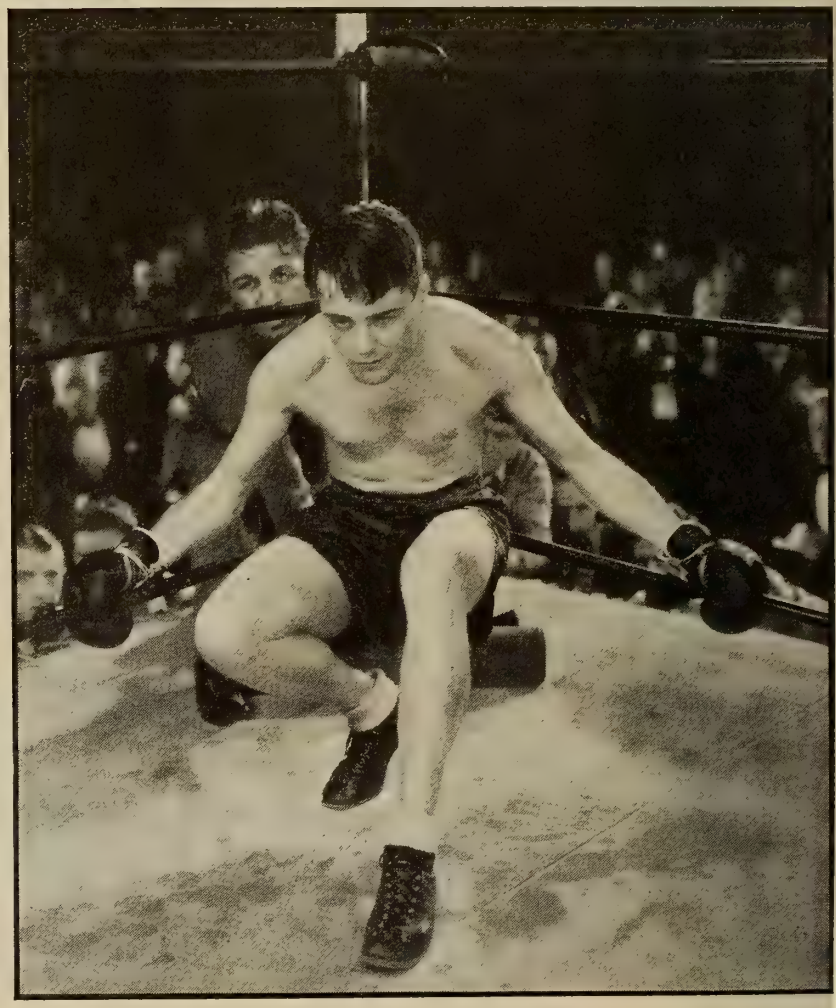
Cracked Nuts. Unsophisticated comedy aimed at a public that responds to slapstick, hokum and puns of an obvious nature. With the right audience it will get a lot of laughs. *Radio.* Class C.

Quick Millions. Still another gangster picture with a moral a bit too ostentatiously displayed. Falls short of an A classification in the gangster rating. *Fox.* Class B.

Laugh and Get Rich. Commendably real in spots this tale imparts the atmosphere of a cheap boarding house in a New England town. Some convincing acting by Edna May Oliver and Hugh Herbert. *Radio.* Class B.

The Conquering Horde. This goes back to the West of Civil War days and land grabbers. Not unusual but generally entertaining. *Paramount.* Class B.

Fifty Million Frenchmen. The sketchiness of this plot allows the picture to lag at (*Continued on page* 104)



Lew Ayres as a dashing prize fighter. That is the story of "Iron Man." You will like Ayres and you will like this vivid yarn which revolves around the squared circle of pugilism.

The Newest New Movie Album

NOW ON SALE!

New Portraits of the Stars
Their Start on the Road to Fame
Scenes From Famous Pictures

THIS latest NEW MOVIE Album has *more* in it . . . it has everything the motion picture fans want to know about their favorite stars. Which are *your* favorites, and in which rôles did you like them best? Besides new and beautiful photographs of the favorites, this new Album gives you vivid scenes from famous films . . . rôles the stars selected as the ones they themselves liked best. There is interesting information, too, about your favorite stars and how they started on the road to stardom. Get your copy! This latest edition of the NEW MOVIE Album will sell fast . . . and the issue is limited. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus three cents for mailing and we will mail it to you promptly.

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Virginia Cherrill with Charles Chaplin in a scene from "City Lights," Mr. Chaplin's newest silent production.

THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM



Virginia Cherrill had no other experience before the camera except a small part in "The Air Circus," with Sue Carol, when Charles Chaplin selected her to play the feminine lead in his new picture, "City Lights." It all happened because Chaplin sat next to Virginia at a dinner party one night. Impressed with her beauty and charm he asked her to come to his studio the following day to take a test. The test resulted in her being given the role in his picture. Virginia had long been ambitious to become an actress but had never had any dramatic school or stage experience. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs 117 pounds. Her hair is blonde and her eyes blue.

VIRGINIA CHERRILL



A scene from "The Love Parade." Maurice Chevalier, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald.

THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM



Maurice Chevalier tried trade after trade, carpenter, plumber electrician, and painter of dolls, before he found his metier, that of singer and actor. At nineteen he was the partner of Mistinguette at the Folies Bergere. The war intervened and at its close Maurice joined Mistinguette, to become a star known all over the continent and in America. When Jesse L. Lasky saw him perform he signed him to come to Hollywood to make pictures. His first assignment was "The Innocents of Paris." He was an immediate hit and with "The Love Parade" became one of the outstanding stars of the movie world. Maurice is just under six feet and weighs 160 pounds. He is fair, blue eyed and has medium brown hair.

MAURICE CHEVALIER

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER
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TRANSATLANTIC
THRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-gripping suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.
FOX



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

NANCY CARROLL

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

SEPTEMBER
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NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOAN CRAWFORD



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

KAREN MORLEY



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

CLARK GABLE



Photograph by Freulick

LEW AYRES



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOAN MARSH



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

MARLENE DIETRICH

Pictured on the edge of her Beverly Hills bathing pool for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. IV AUGUST, 1931 No. 2

Gossip of the Studios

WILL Clara Bow make another picture?

There is some question about this. Her doctor recently said she must have a rest of six months, following her collapse after a rehearsal of "The Secret Call" which gave the role to a newcomer, Peggy Shannon.



Joan Crawford: In vain for three years she has planned a European vacation with her husband, Doug, Junior.

Clara is reported to have begged for a release from her contract in the midst of the poison pen articles that appeared in a small Los Angeles sheet. She says she's fed up with Hollywood and the notoriety that has come her way and would like to get away from it all.

* * *

GRETA GARBO is no longer living on Chevy Chase Drive in Beverly Hills, in what she described as "one of the most adorable houses I ever saw."

One of the attractive features of the house was the high wall around its backyard . . . high enough to insure the privacy necessary to Miss Garbo's habit of sun bathing.

All went well . . . her tan grew darker and darker until a tragic sunny afternoon when she was aroused from the joys of her bath by the distant, but distinct tones of a voice that only a sightseeing bus announcer could possess.

She looked up and saw him . . . and his bus . . . and his sightseers. And that, after all, wouldn't have been so bad, if, from their position high up on a mountain road, the announcer . . . and his bus . . . and his sightseers hadn't seen Greta.

* * *

Groucho Marx, sans black moustache, dropped into an auction on Hollywood Boulevard the other night, with Chico.

They stood in the crowd. The auctioneer called out: "What am I bid for this doily?"

Groucho: "Two clubs."

Chico: "Three Spades."

Groucho: "Double."



Chico: "Re-double."

The auctioneer was burned and snorted: "Think you're funny, don't you?" The audience didn't think they were very funny either. Thought they were a couple of boulevard drunks.

But someone recognized the Marx brothers and the whisper went around. From then on, the auctioneer and everyone guffawed every time Groucho said a word. He entertained the crowd for half an hour.

* * *

IRENE RICH has started something in Hollywood. It may even become a vogue.



Greta Garbo: Moved to a new secret hide-away because sightseeing buses crowded about her house.

In great big bold letters she admits she is thirty-nine years old and proud of it. And this in spite of Oscar Wilde's "a woman who will tell her age will tell anything."

Following in Miss Rich's footsteps, Clara Kimball Young admits to 38, Marjorie Rambeau 37, Billie Burke 39, Florence Reed, over 40; Nance O'Neil, over 45; but how much over she does not say; Louise Dresser says she will soon be 49; Cissie Loftus, 54; and May Robson, over 60.

It is all in connection with a national advertising campaign telling how to keep young by care of the complexion.

* * *

THE Malibu beach home of Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, now under construction, promises to be most unusual. Interior and exterior will be entirely in white. The only coloring used will be in their furnishings of brilliant red.

* * *

THE beauteous Corinne Griffith has been sporting a very unbecoming black and blue nose. It was acquired in a set of tennis when husband Walter Morosco's service missed its objective. Yes, there were witnesses.

* * *

Toluca Lake, on the edge of Hollywood, and a little picture

SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Robert Montgomery: He used to take a bus to the studios, now he owns an expensive sport car.

community all to itself, has lost its fire chief. Charlie Farrell, erstwhile leader of the helmet brigade, has become a Beverly Hills burgher, so as to be with his new frau, Virginia Valli.

Richard Arlen, Mayor of Toluca Lake, claims that Charlie ran out of town fearing that a political upheaval would lose him his siren.

Of course Dick wasn't referring to Miss Valli.

Meanwhile, Farrell and his bride are seen daily in Beverly Hills doing the marketing. Virginia does the choosing—Charlie the hauling.

* * *

IT is not all glitter and success in Hollywood! There's many and many a tear shed and the other day I felt like squeezing out a tear or two myself!

Fifteen or twenty years ago, you will remember, our own Mary Pickford was the "Biograph Girl" to the fans and sharing equal popularity with Florence Turner, the "Vitagraph Girl."

Mary is still "Our Mary," but the occasion for my misty eye was encountering Florence Turner on a set as an extra, and glad to get the little money the work brought her. Recently she had a bit, a very small bit, in Universal's "The Whole Town's Talking."

* * *

WHEN Paramount let three of its prominent leading women go, there was a reason.

The company figured it hadn't made stars of Fay Wray, Jean Arthur, or Mary Brian. It might be easier to create a star from a comparative newcomer like Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sidney or Peggy Shannon, than from someone who hadn't got the best breaks. And the girls were getting big salaries for these depressed times. Mary Brian was said to be getting $2,000 a week a the time of her release.

* * *

WHEN Pola Negri came to the coast on a purported contract to star in RKO-Pathe pictures, she came purely on speculation as to whether the contract would be consummated upon final approval of tests to be made here.

Since then the tests have proven far beyond the expectations of studio officials and the contract was signed and sealed. It carries no options but is an iron-clad agreement that she will be paid weekly for the next three years. The company is looking for her first story wherein she can play the part of a foreigner on account of her accent, the rest of the cast to be American.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Helen Twelvetrees has been married three times to only two husbands, she was called upon to make several rehearsals for a wedding scene, when she played the part of a bride in "Gangster's Wife" for RKO-Pathe. You see when Helen divorced Carl Twelvetrees she married Frank Woody in Reno only to find the divorce was three days from becoming final and they had to marry a second time in Los Angeles. All three ceremonies were performed by a justice of the peace, which accounts for Helen's limited knowledge of church weddings called for in "Gangster's Wife."

* * *

Fay Wray has bobbed and bleached her beautiful brown locks for her role with Ronald Colman in "The Unholy Garden."

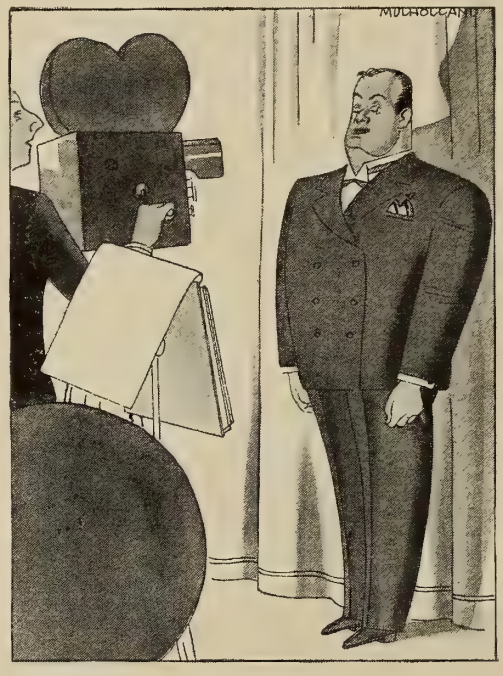
* * *

HARRY BANNISTER, actor-husband of Ann Harding, is possibly the highest paid manager in Hollywood, if one assumes that it was because of Ann Harding that he was signed to a long-term contract at Pathe at a reported salary of $750 per week. Since that contract was signed two years ago, the actor has worked only in two pictures.

In perfect fairness to Mr. Bannister, an excellent actor, it has been one of those things that happen in the movies. Another reason has been the change of ownership of Pathe and a consequent break in production activities. He is still under contract for another year, or as long as his wife remains under her present contract.

* * *

JOHN BARRYMORE ended his yachting trip abruptly to return to Hollywood to talk over a new picture deal with Paramount, where it is understood they offered him $25,000 a week to portray the character of Dr. Jeykll and Mr. Hyde in its forthcoming sound version of the old Barrymore silent hit. Under any other circumstances, Barrymore would have made Paramount wait until his return from a contemplated three months' trip into Alaska, but since it is understood he lost heavily in the Bank of Hollywood crash, replenishment of the Barrymore financial larder seems desirable. This same financial reverse is said to be responsible for Barrymore insisting on completing his last two pictures for Warner Brothers during the first part of this year instead of stretching them out over the whole year. Barrymore received $125,000 for each of these two pictures, which comes in handy when a bank fails with most of your surplus cash.



* * *

A well-known newspaper writer had for some time been trying to interview Greta Garbo. Never meeting with any success, she went to the studio head with her complaint, whereupon the exec's reply was, "I am sorry, there's nothing I can do. I am her boss, and I haven't seen her for two years."

* * *

STARLETS on the M-G-M lot are going back to school.

Oliver Hinsdell, noted dramatist, is the teacher in the new school.

Among the pupils are Anita Page, Dorothy Jordan, Edwina Booth, Karen Morley, Janet Cur-

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

rie, Joan Marsh, Madge Evans and Phyllis Elgar. Diction and high-powered emoting are the chief parts of the curriculum.

* * *

HOWARD HUGHES, Hollywood's young millionaire producer, has taken to flying again. A favorite hobby of his which he sacrificed on the altar of love. In other words when Mr. Hughes started paying marked attention to Billie Dove he lost his interest in flying, for this "Dove" had no use for flying and a gentleman in love always respects a lady's wishes. Maybe something has happened to the romance, for Hughes has been seen quite frequently lately taking off not only in his plane but with a very attractive California society girl.

* * *

Slim Summerville pulls a funny one every now and then, even if he is supposed to be a comedian.

"Hello," says Slim, "what 'u think of the opera?"

We were standing in the lobby after Mrs. Leslie Carter's performance of "Shanghai Gesture."

"Good, wasn't it?" adds Slim.

"Suppose if they make it into a picture 'Mother Goddam' 'll have to be 'Ma Goshdarn' or the censors won't let it by."

* * *

ONE of the most charming homes on the beach at Santa Monica is being built for Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, from plans they decided upon before leaving for Europe. The home will be ready for occupancy upon their return.

The house, costing $50,000, is of French Provincial design with special nursery features and sun rooms for the Thalberg heir. One of the many recreational appointments is a commodious sound projection room and theater in which a full screen and sound system rise from the floor at the touch of a button.

* * *

MARY DUNCAN has joined the large pilgrimage of film players now vacationing in Europe.

* * *

Leon Errol was asked what plans he had made for his Summer vacation. His reply was "Scotch Plans," he would remain home and let his mind wander.

* * *

KAY JOHNSON says her departure from the screen is not permanent—that she simply felt the "call of the boards." You remember her in "Dynamite" and "Madame Satan." She is now portraying the part of Eve Redman in Phillip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" on the coast stage.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD is just about ready to give up any hopes of ever seeing Europe. For three years she and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have been planning vacations abroad and for three years they have been disappointed.

This year it was all set, Joan and Doug both securing the same time for vacations. Voluminous maps, sailing tables and touring routes were scrutinized, innumerable reservations made and side-trips arranged.

Then, at the last minute, Joan found her picture work extended and Doug, in waiting for her, overstayed his production schedule with the result that all the maps, etc., have been thrown in the rubbish heap and the couple have taken a house at Malibu where they at least can see the ocean.

* * *



Irene Rich: Started something in the Hollywood colony when she admitted her age to be thirty-nine.

Constance Bennett and Mary Astor have the distinction of being the only two stars to receive long distance telephone calls from fans requesting photographs. A New Jersey admirer phoned Constance recently and Robert Duncan of Atlanta, Georgia, tuned in on the Mary Astor home. Both received their photos via airmail.

* * *

WE see Columbia Pictures has up and cast Laura La Plante in a dramatic part when they know very well that we prefer Laura in comedies.

Laura is doing the lead in that old time thriller, "Arizona."

By the way, Forrest Stanley, once endeared to flappers because of his big eyes and leading-mannish looks, comes back to the screen in "Arizona."

* * *

WITH Reno for focal point of the nation's divorce news, screen celebrities have to be careful not to be seen around its tempting haunts.

Lawrence Tibbett jumped off at Reno during a train stop to buy a sandwich. In an hour news wires hummed with divorce rumors which gained credence when Reno correspondents followed with flashes of his vanishing. He was located later getting off the train at Oakland to fill his scheduled concert engagement.



Wallace Beery swooped down upon a Reno airport for gasoline a few weeks ago and went to town to see the sights before returning to Hollywood. Nothing could convince reporters his visit was purely by chance, until he telephoned his wife by long distance for their benefit.

* * *

It's lucky that Greta Garbo likes wild animals.

In "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox" Garbo has to hobnob with a whole menagerie in the circus scenes and has a giant bear for a companion in some of the most dramatic moments.

We recall a few years back when Garbo played in "Wild Orchids," most of the members of the company were scared stiff by the lumbering elephants, but Garbo shamed them by allowing

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The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Conrad Nagel: Holds Hollywood's busy actor record, playing fourteen leading roles inside of ten months.

him in a series of shorts.

* * *

KING VIDOR and his wife, Eleanor Boardman, went to Seattle to launch and christen their new fifty-two foot cruiser "Runaway." After a three weeks' cruise through British Columbia, they will return to Hollywood.

* * *

The residents of fashionable Beverly Hills are wondering what next in the line of pets to expect in their ultra residential community. Chic Sale has put an ordinary goat to pasture on his high-priced lawn. It's to amuse the comedian's children.

* * *

DETERMINED to see his daughter, Marion Schilling, forge to the highest peak of screen stardom, Ed Schilling, veteran stage producer, insists on putting Marion through a one-act play each evening after dinner. The father coaches her as severely and painstakingly as he would any other actress for a stage production. Marion is slated for individual stardom within the next year at the RKO-Pathe studios. It would seem it pays to rehearse.

* * *

LOOKS like Jack Oakie's going to be a long time between pictures.

Jack is having his annual disagreement with himself —mainly over the fact that three different agents get a cut on his salary which leaves him only a fraction of what Paramount pays him. Jack wants to work for himself now, although he's responsible for these agent agreements.

He wants Paramount to raise his pay so that he can take care of the agents and have more for himself, but the studio can't seem to see it in these depressed times. So Jack is not working and not getting paid. There's no telling how long it will be before another Oakie comedy is made.

* * *

Two years ago when Robert Montgomery first came to Hollywood he had to take a bus to the huge beasts to pick her up and take her riding.

* * *

SPEAKING of golf courses, the golf bugs at the Warner Brothers' studio, which practically adjoins the Lakeside golf course, have a new racket.

When a golfer executive leaves word in his office that he is out on a set, the first place he is sought is over at Lakeside where the Brothers Warner have Bobby Jones tied to a club, while they photograph



studio where he was working. Later he scrimped and bought a second-hand Dodge. Then he jumped to a shiny Ford coupe and an Austin to spare. But now that he has won stardom and accompanying shekels, Robert has blossomed out in one of the niftiest sport cars in town, an underslung Cadillac sport touring with a hefty twelve-cylinder engine.

* * *

BERT WHEELER and Bobby Woolsey, Radio's brace of half-pint comedians, have finally settled the most important problem of their existence.

After "Rio Rita" and several other pictures the inevitable argument finally took precedence over all other matters: which was the funnier.

Bobby, with characteristic modesty, admitted he was far more comical than Bert.

Bert was willing to concede this point, providing everyone agreed with him that he was the real reason people went to see their pictures. The studio took sides and the argument raged until the pictures weren't quite so funny.

Then William Le Baron took matters in hand and Solomon-like decided to split the team; make each a star and after that . . . every man for himself.

Bert made a picture. So did Bobby.

Both pictures were previewed.

The answer was simple.

In the future they are going to be a team again . . . and really a trio, for the previews proved that just about as many people came to see Dorothy Lee.

* * *

WHEN John Boles steps out to a Hollywood opening, he wears a handsome gold-headed cane which he inherited. It was the gift of his grandmother to his grandfather about fifty years ago and Boles is very proud of the malacca stick with its engraved gold trimmings.

* * *

Overheard at a preview of John Barrymore's picture "Svengali"—"Barrymore is getting more like Fredric March with each performance."

* * *

UNIVERSAL seems to be having more than its share of trouble with temperamental stars. Perhaps it's bad luck. Perhaps it's the way they handle them.

First, they tried to tame beautiful Mary Nolan. The fights at the Hollywood stadium were nothing compared with some of the battles with this temperamental ex-Follies gal. Now Mary is off the screen.

Then came Sidney Fox from the New York stage, where she had scored a personal triumph in "Lost Sheep." She came West at a tremendous salary increase but it was only a matter of weeks before she seemed to feel too good for Universal and for pictures in general.

Funny how money affects some people. Or perhaps it was because Miss Fox moved into the jade-green dressing room vacated by the beautiful Mary, and had too much time on her hands before she made "Bad Sister."

And now it's Rose Hobart, also from the New York stage,

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

with real ability and something to have temperament about. With but a few hours to go before finishing "East of Borneo," she walked off the set and it took the entire executive council to get her back to work.

On finishing she packed up her clothes and books and departed the studio for parts unknown. Whether it is an open breach remains to be seen. Miss Hobart is perfectly frank in saying she wants to get out of her contract.

This is the second serious clash between them.

* * *

AMONG the latest to join the film colony at Malibu Beach for the Summer months are Mr. and Mrs. John Boles, with their two pretty daughters, Marcelite and Janet.

* * *

Down at the Malibu they are building the houses closer and closer together, so the window sills are almost touching.

"Now supervisors and directors can have story conferences without getting out of bed," observed Cliff Edwards, Hollywood's pet wisecracker.

* * *

HAVING the reputation of being a good business man as well as actor-writer and director of motion pictures, Jimmy Gleason insisted that his son, Russell, be co-featured with him in a series of two-reel prize fight comedies for RKO-Pathe. As soon as this deal was closed, Lucille Gleason, wife of Jimmy, announced her retirement from the screen, which proves Jimmy must keep at least two members of the family working.

* * *

UNIVERSAL is gnashing its teeth because of one Joan Marsh, Metro's latest screen sensation. Universal had her and let her out into the cold. M-G-M was waiting just around the corner, and she is now one of the favorite daughters of Leo, the Lion.

* * *

Francis Edward Faragoh, responsible for the scenario on "Doorway to Hell" and other notable gangster stories, has a wolfhound trained to go into a ferocious barking rage when he mentions the word "supervisor." And since supervisors are the butt of much ridicule and always food for laughs at any party in the picture colony, Faragoh will invariably pull the gag when he wants to be sure of a laugh when picture people assemble at his home.

* * *

MARION DAVIES has taken Lenore Bushman, youngest daughter of Francis X., along as her guest on a two months' vacation in Europe. Constance Talmadge and her husband, Townsend Netcher, are also in the party.

* * *

BOBBY JONES, popular idol of the tee, stole the thunder from many of our famous screen stars at the opening of a Hollywood night club. Among those called upon to take a bow were Marilyn Miller, Joan Bennett, Thomas Meighan, Leon Errol, Mary Brian, Jack Oakie, Harpo Marx, Betty Compson, William Boyd and Stuart Irwin, all received a sizable ovation, but the longest and loudest applause went to Bobby.

* * *

Have you heard about the Scotchman who tried to buy a seven-passenger Austin?

* * *

HUNTLEY GORDON, he of the splendid English profile, is up for several parts in the capital of cinemania. Huntley's fan mail is still large even after a year away from featured roles. They say he lost most of his money in a silk hosiery mill, but he is still seen on the golf course. We'll bet he doesn't wear silk stockings when he plays. Pardon the pun, but Huntley says there were too many heels in the stocking game.



Mary Brian: She was on Paramount's payroll longer than anyone else—but now she's off it.

* * *

SINCE he is one of the most popular screen actors in Japan, Richard Barthelmess and his wife are planning a trip to the cherry blossom empire to receive some of the glory first-handed.

* * *

Marion Davies' favorite dish is welsh rarebit.

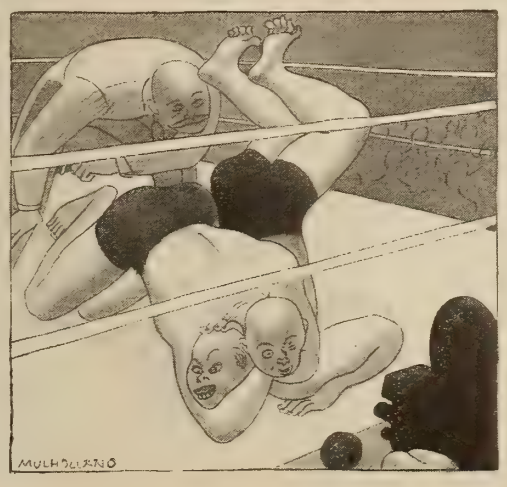
* * *

DOROTHY BURGESS, the dark-eyed Senorita of "In Old Arizona" (and who could forget that picture and the part Warner Baxter played), has a similar part in the title role of "Lasca of the Rio Grande" for Universal. Leo Carillo plays the bold, bad man.

* * *

Two cars bumped at an intersection. Gentleman leaps from one machine to apologize to woman driver of other car. "Sorry this happened, but I was rushing to the Paramount studio to pick up my wife, Eleanor Boardman." "That's curious," replied the lady, "I am on my way to the same place to call for my husband who is at present making love to your wife. I am Mrs. Paul Lukas." And, so the story goes, the two happily married couples drove to the studio and were formally introduced to each other by their respective husband and wife who were making scenes for "Women Love Once."

* * *



JOAN BLONDELL arrived here from Broadway less than a year ago and has played the feminine comedy relief in more than twelve feature pictures. At this rate she leads the feminine ranks, and Conrad Nagel, who has played the male lead in fourteen features during the last ten months, holds the lead for the male ranks.

* * *

Not to be outdone by his famous sons Harpo, Chico, Groucho and Zeppo—Samuel Marx, seventy-two years of age will be seen for the first time on stage or screen in their film, "Monkey Business."



Greta Garbo	Ruth Chatterton	Norma Shearer	Marlene Dietrich	Constance Bennett
Five feet six	Five feet two	Five feet one	Five feet five	Five feet four
Weight, 125 pounds	Weight, 110 pounds	Weight, 118 pounds	Weight, 120 pounds	Weight, 102 pounds
Blue eyes, blond hair	Blue eyes, brown hair	Blue eyes, brown hair	Blue eyes, blond hair	Blue eyes, blond hair

Here Are the Actual Figures That Will Enable You to Learn Your Screen Possibilities

FIGURING a formula for film fame! What a fancy-teasing task that is; spilling all their charms together, the pretty girls who are the screen's darlings, and the handsome interesting men. The blondes and brunettes, dark eyes and blue; the luscious curves and slender waistlines; tall, slender, interesting-looking men and burly hairy chested magnetic roughnecks! Taking them apart, bit by bit; weighing each feature and charm at the scales of the box office; then adding them all up and translating all this charm and fascination, this warm flesh and blood, this intelligence and personality, into mere terms of measurements!

It would take a cleverer person than you and I to do this gloriously impossible project as it should be done; but, at the risk of creating a lovely Frankenstein that will go to Hollywood and do untold damage, we will proceed to spill the stars into a big hopper, dismember them, and reassemble their charms by means of General Average. Then if you can add the soul to this lovely or handsome monster, perhaps success in films will be yours.

IF you have been hearing on all sides, after your striking work in the class play, that you should really go into the movies, you may take this magazine in one hand, and your mirror in the other, and in some quiet private place, determine once and for all your film possibilities. Don't forget the measuring tape and the weighing scales. And if you feel you have a camera-proof face, there's your own home film test, as prescribed by the seven foremost casting directors in Hollywood. They are the men you would have to see and impress favorably; they are the watchdogs at that golden gate that is located in Hollywood, with waters just as rough for young sailors as the big Golden Gate at San Francisco.

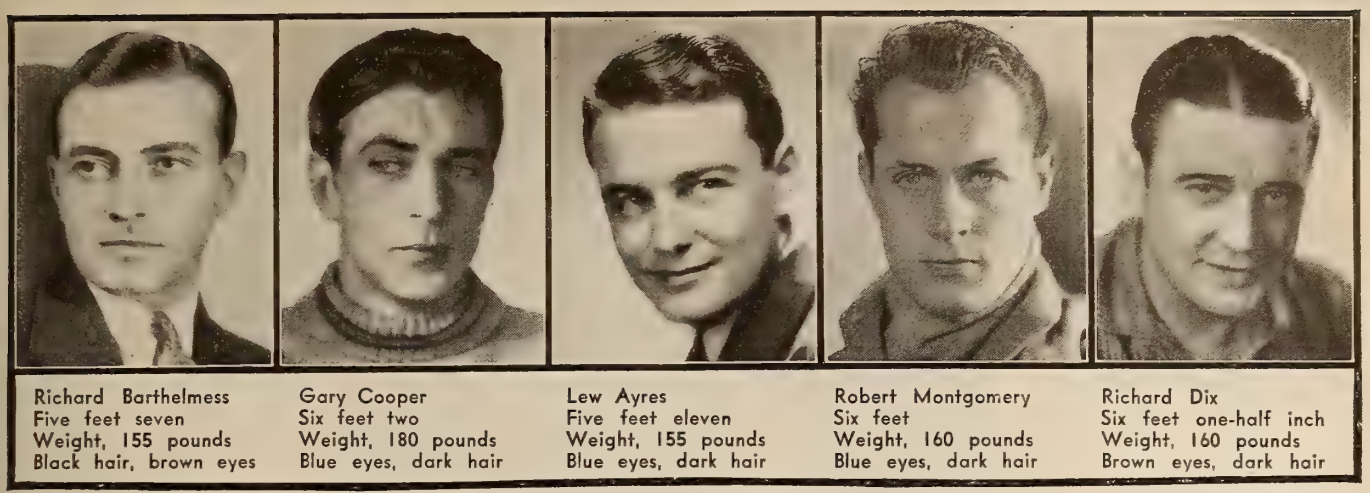
In spite of the talkies, a motion-picture star must still have more than a share of good looks; it is true that some stage stars of little facial beauty have made great successes in films, but without exception these people have been possessed of great talent and have come to pictures with an established reputation from the legitimate stage. It is very doubtful if any casting director would have given Ruth Chatterton a second look, if she had come, untrained, and unsung, to Hollywood.

In all the discussions in this article, the requirements referred to are for leading men and women, who would develop into stars; character rôles, and comic rôles, are not included. The requirements for these rôles are different; but there are so many talented people available for character rôles, as compared with those available for leading rôles, that it is a field not to be considered by the young artist. Older artists of tried and trained worth more than fill these rôles.

The qualities of



With a height of five feet three and one-half inches, and a weight of 110 pounds, Clara Bow comes closest to being the perfect feminine movie star in physique, at least. Her height is exactly right and her weight fractionally so.



Richard Barthelmess
Five feet seven
Weight, 155 pounds
Black hair, brown eyes

Gary Cooper
Six feet two
Weight, 180 pounds
Blue eyes, dark hair

Lew Ayres
Five feet eleven
Weight, 155 pounds
Blue eyes, dark hair

Robert Montgomery
Six feet
Weight, 160 pounds
Blue eyes, dark hair

Richard Dix
Six feet one-half inch
Weight, 160 pounds
Brown eyes, dark hair

What Chance Would You Have in Hollywood?

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

beauty in a motion-picture star, are slightly different from those acceptable in a stage star. The well-known fact that a camera in a close-up enlarges the face to sixteen times the natural size, shows plainly why defects are more glaring on the screen than on the stage. The camera also enlarges the body of a player; hence a girl who is correct medical weight, is at least ten pounds overweight for camera work. It may prove to be more even than that.

This is the reason that the camera is so hungry for youth, and more youth; only a young girl can maintain the required slimness, and yet not look haggard. It is the reason that most stars measure their careers in five short years; unless they develop marked talents of the irreplaceable sort, they soon lose the glamor of youth with its slenderness, and look haggard before their time with the strenuous requirements of keeping down weight while working at the world's hardest and most nerve-racking business. Being a film star is a business; the business of marketing youth and beauty within the short span of time that it is at its best. The life of the male star is longer, as a rule; this is because Nature is kinder to men and a male star can carry on in romantic rôles until the end of his forties if he can keep his hair and keeps his face free of bags under the eyes and other signs of good living or age. Ronald Colman is frank in being no longer in the flush of youth; the lines in his face add to his sophisticated charm. These lines are lines of thought, of character, of outdoor living. Gary Cooper, too, though younger than Colman, has the lined face.

Leaving for a moment these negative virtues we will return to the more positive requirements for screen success. By tabulating the weights and heights of eleven prominent screen stars, women, we reach an interesting average, as follows:

Ruth Chatterton	5′ 2″	110 lbs.
Gloria Swanson	5′ 1″	100 "
Greta Garbo	5′ 6″	125 "
Marlene Dietrich	5′ 5″	120 "
Ann Harding	5′ 5″	112 "
Constance Bennett	5′ 4″	102 "
Norma Shearer	5′ 1″	118 "
Joan Crawford	5′ 4″	110 "
Clara Bow	5′ 3½″	110 "
Janet Gaynor	5′ 0″	98 "
Nancy Carroll	5′ 4″	115 "

The total height, averaged, is 5 ft. 3½ inches. Total weight, averaged, is 112 lbs.

A similar averaging for representative men:

Richard Dix	6′ ½″ . . 160 lbs.
Fredric March	5′ 11″ . . 155 lbs.
Lew Ayres	5′ 11″ . . 155 lbs.
Robert Montgomery	6′ 0″ . . 160 lbs.
Dick Barthelmess	5′ 7″ . . 155 lbs.
Ronald Colman	5′ 8″ . . 160 lbs.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	6′ 0″ . . 175 lbs.
John Gilbert	5′ 11″ . . 165 lbs.
Clive Brook	6′ 0″ . . 185 lbs.
William Powell	6′ 0″ . . 180 lbs.
Gary Cooper	6′ 2″ . . 180 lbs.
Charles Farrell	6′ 2½″ . . 178 lbs.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN—

Your height should be between five feet and five feet six, preferably five feet three.

Your weight should be between 100 and 110 pounds.

You should be a blonde.

You should be slender, even thin.

There should be a contrast between your hair and eyes; one should be dark, the other light.

IF YOU ARE A MAN—

Your height should be between five feet eleven and six feet three, preferably six feet.

Your weight should be between 165 and 175 pounds, preferably around 168 pounds.

Your hair and eyes should be dark.

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FIGURING A FILM-FAME FORMULA

Total height averaged is 5 ft. 11 inches; total weight averaged 168 lbs.

THE color of eyes that predominates amongst the feminine stars is blue; light brown hair is also the favorite. Brown eyes and dark hair seem the rule to a greater extent amongst the men. Here are the tables for the men and women.

Richard Dix — Brown eyes, dark hair.
Fredric March—Blue eyes, dark hair.
Lew Ayres—Blue eyes, dark hair.
Robert Montgomery — Blue eyes, dark hair.
Richard Barthelmess—Brown eyes, black hair.
Ronald Colman—Brown eyes, black hair.
Doug. Jr.—Blue eyes, medium dark hair.
Clive Brook—Blue eyes, medium dark hair.
Bill Powell—Blue eyes, medium dark hair.
Gary Cooper—Blue eyes, dark hair.
Charles Farrell—Brown eyes, dark hair.
Ruth Chatterton—Blue eyes, light brown hair.
Gloria Swanson—Blue eyes, brown hair.
Greta Garbo — Blue eyes, blond hair.
Marlene Dietrich—Blue eyes, blond hair.
Ann Harding — Blue eyes, white blond hair.
Constance Bennett — Blue eyes, blond hair.
Norma Shearer — Blue eyes, brown hair.
Joan Crawford—Blue eyes, brown hair.
Clara Bow—Brown eyes, red hair.
Janet Gaynor—Brown eyes, brown hair.
Nancy Carroll—Blue eyes, red hair.



Jack Gilbert, whatever his present film problems, is the ideal male film star in height and weight. He is five feet eleven and weighs 165 pounds. The ruggedness and versatility are there, too.

In considering these tables, one must allow that a large percentage of the blondes are so by choice rather than by nature. Whether this assists them to popularity before the camera, is discussed in detail further along in this article.

Some general faults that would bar a prospect from films are agreed on by all casting directors. Very light blue eyes are considered impossible; they go white before the camera. Very dark eyes, with their accompanying shadows and coloring, are very difficult to photograph satisfactorily; the shadows blend with the eye, and the effect on the screen is rather smeary. It gives the effect of too much eye shadowing and mascara, and looks too artificial.

A small mouth is not desirable. It photographs badly and is expressionless. Too thin lips are useless for the screen, and it is difficult to make them up to look wider convincingly. A mouth must open so as to show the upper teeth; that is, a short upper lip is almost imperative for screen success.

THE importance of the teeth can not be over emphasized. They must be regular, of good white color and must not protrude even slightly. Teeth that face inward towards the tongue are the worst of all, as they create a shadow at the sides of the mouth, when the teeth are exposed. At least two stars have gone through the agony of having porcelain caps put on all their teeth; one screen star, coming from a stage career had to have not only porcelain caps but a lot of straightening done. In the old days, it used to be permissible to enamel the teeth with a temporary whitening on the set; now the new sensitive film is not fooled by this.

The color of the complexion is considered of little importance; if the skin is clear and healthy, the makeup department can lighten or darken it to the special requirements of the rôle.

Soft rounded features, while quite captivating in life, have nothing to give the camera. A cameo clearness is highly desirable in the cut of the face. A face that is too wide is most difficult to photograph successfully; the wide face of Nancy Carroll kept her from picture success for two full years, before her ability overcame the photographic handicap. It is only photographic, for face to face Nancy is as pretty as a picture. But the camera is not kind to the too wide face, with high cheek bones.

Eyes that are too close together are another hindrance before the camera. There should be the width of an eye between the two eyes to make them perfect for the camera.

Excess poundage is another handicap that had better be gotten rid of by the man or girl anxious to start in film work. A flabby body is something that shows immediately on the screen; men particularly must avoid that "weedy" look; every muscle must be fit. Body poise in girl or man is achieved only through the possession of lithe, active, firm muscles.

A girl with a figure that has marked deviations from standard proportions would do better to give up any thought of film

(*Continued on page* 82)

THINGS YOU CAN'T HAVE IN FILMS

Pale blue or very dark eyes.
Eyes too close together.
A too prominent nose.
A small mouth or thin lips.
Irregular teeth.
Small rounded features or a wide face.

Little Rollo Learns About Sound Movies

By J. P. McEVOY

Illustrated by Ellison Hoover

ROLLO: Daddy.

Daddy: What do you want?

Rollo: I want to ask you a question.

Daddy: Oh, lay off me.

Rollo: This is a new question. A brand-new question. I thought it all out in the movies last night.

Daddy: Well, make it snappy. What is it?

Rollo: What makes pictures talk, Daddy?

Daddy: Why, that's easy, Rollo. The sound—the sound makes pictures talk.

Rollo: But a lot of the sound isn't talk, Daddy.

Daddy: That's right, Rollo. Absolutely right. It isn't.

Rollo: Then what makes the talk?

Daddy: Why—er, it's a process, Rollo. A scientific process. A very scientific process. I don't think you'd understand it, Rollo, you aren't far enough advanced.

Rollo: Do you understand it, Daddy?

Daddy: Why certainly. Of course, Rollo. The very idea!

Rollo: You're smart, aren't you, Daddy?

Daddy: Well, I know a thing or two.

Rollo: Is that all? Don't you know more than just a thing or two?

Daddy: I know a lot of things, Rollo. Yes, sir.

Rollo: Well, tell me about talking pictures then. How do they talk? Who makes them talk?

Daddy: Well, the director. He makes them talk.

Rollo: Who's the director?

Daddy: Why, he's the fellow who tells the actors—how to act—and fixes up the story for the writer and—well you've been to the movies. You know, the fellow who has the great big name, all by himself. That's the director.

Rollo: They must be smart, huh, Daddy?

Daddy: Bet your life they're smart, Rollo.

Rollo: As smart as you, Daddy?

Daddy: Well, about some things, Rollo. They certainly know a lot about pictures. They wouldn't be directors of pictures if they didn't, would they?

Rollo: Do they know how to make them talk?

Daddy: Certainly, Rollo.

Rollo: How do they do it?

Daddy: How? Why. Why, let me see. Let me see if I can explain it to you so you'll understand. Let me see. I have it. You've seen how phonographs talk? The records, I mean?

Rollo: Yes, Daddy.

Daddy: Well, there you are. Simple, isn't it?

Rollo: But, Daddy, I read that they have the sound on the film.

Daddy: Ridiculous, Rollo.

Rollo: Ridiculous, my eye, Daddy! I didn't learn to read for nothing, Daddy. It was right in the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

Daddy: You'd be better off reading your books in school, and then you wouldn't be bothering me every night with questions about history and things.

Rollo: Didn't you know the sound was on the films, Daddy?



Rollo's daddy has a talking picture nightmare.

Daddy: Well—yes, Rollo. I'd just forgotten it for a moment. Of course, it's on the film. It's always on the film.

Rollo: Oh, not always, Daddy. The Vitaphone process started out using records exclusively.

Daddy: Of course, Rollo, but that was in the early stages.

Rollo: Don't they do it any more, Daddy?

Daddy: I don't think so, Rollo.

Rollo: Well, what do they do then?

Daddy: Just put the sound on the film.

Rollo: How?

Daddy: How? My God, what do you care? What is it to you how they do it? Do you have to know how everything is done in order to enjoy it?

Rollo: Don't get mad, Daddy.

Daddy: Who said I was mad?

Rollo: Never mind,

(*Continued on page* 108)

The famous humorist offers another amusing adventure with Little Rollo

What Happens When the Motion Picture Favorites Take to the Air, Told By a Real Cross-Country Skyman



Dolores del Rio photographed just as she was to take off for New York in a trans-continental plane. With her is Parker Sturgis, formerly a motion picture executive, but now active in aviation.

CAN you picture a Barrymore padding up and down the aisle of a transcontinental air liner in his stocking feet? Or the lovely Dolores Del Rio calmly continuing her flight to New York after the westbound plane had crashed in her path, carrying eight passengers to a fiery grave? Or Beverly Bayne, of the old silents, rehearsing a new rôle (with heroic sound effects) much to the amazement of her fellow air passengers?

These things were reality to me. I saw them take place as the stars traveled back and forth by air between Hollywood and New York.

I, a sort of glorified flying cabin boy and contact man on the Transcontinental & Western Air Express Planes, watched how these emotional people acted 10,000 feet in the air and under conditions that were sometimes nerve racking and terrifying. And I say that they are better air passengers than most people.

NONE of your hysterics or wild clutching of seats when the plane suddenly drops a couple of hundred feet. No sudden blanching at something unexpected. No little screams. No play acting of any kind. Instead an intelligent interest in everything connected with the planes and an appreciation of the American scene as it passes in review thousands of feet below.

Yet it was only a few years ago that many contracts expressly forbade the stars to fly. Now about the only time producers forbid it is when some huge amount of money is tied up in an incomplete production. In fact nearly everyone in the movie business flies, and the profession is more consistently represented on the passenger logs than that of any other. Hollywood's patronage came at the very beginning, when non-professionals were hesitating. And best of all they're still flying, these busy men and women whose time is money and who are not afraid to adopt the new and modern mode of travel.



Priscilla Dean and Mrs. Jack Maddux at the door of a trans-continental plane. Miss Dean, the former screen star, is married to Lieut. Leslie Arnold, who is now an aviation official.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, eldest of the Barrymore clan, is a regular air passenger.

I remember his first flight was a spectacular one, the roughest I ever made. There were storms on every side of us as we passed over the Kansas prairies and the air was so rough that the seven-ton plane just bounced and bumped all over the heavens. Lightning flashed back and forth in the black clouds and the pilots had their hands full sticking to the course. Nothing particularly dangerous, of course, but a very impressive introduction for the actor-director.

He seemed to be enjoying it though everyone else was plainly alarmed.

"Wonderful dramatic appeal," he said to me, and just then the ship took a breath-taking drop. Some of the passengers looked concerned and the pilot called to me.

Flying STARS

By ARCH SOUTAR

"Better have them adjust their life belts," he told me. "It'll be more comfortable."

These belts are kept under the seat cushions and are used only in extremely rough weather or during rough landings, an occasion so rare that it's almost unheard of.

BARRYMORE'S fellow passengers looked sheepish and made no move to carry out the orders. I suppose they hated to appear impressed before him. But his willingness to act unquestioningly on the judgment of the pilots influenced the others.

"Of course they know best," he said. "Well, here goes." And in a jiffy he was nicely strapped in.

Everyone followed suit after that and I suppose they are still telling the girls at the bridge table or the men at the directors' meeting how they had to wear a life belt along with Lionel Barrymore.

When the air became smoother he made a few excursions up and down the cabin and then I got a real shock.

He didn't have any shoes on!

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him plodding back and forth in heavy woolen socks. Not in my wildest dreams had I expected to see a Barrymore appear in public in his stocking feet—*sans* shoes—not, at least, the conservative and careful Lionel. But there he was and he made most of the trip that way, carrying it off as nonchalantly and as smoothly as though he were pacing the floor of some exquisite drawing room attired in evening dress and shod in correct patent leather slippers.



Gloria Swanson says good-bye to a Hollywood air traveler. This 32-passenger plane carries many of the more venturesome stars to and from Hollywood.

"Temperament," a fat lady passenger sniffed.

"Temperament nothing," I replied, "more likely just a matter of comfort." And mentally I was wondering how many times she herself had secretly removed her shoes at the movies, for instance.

THINKING back, I often wonder what brother Jack Barrymore would be like in a cabin with nine or ten other passengers. And I wonder just how he would react (or act) in a storm such as the elder brother went through. Surely Lionel's calm behavior had a great deal to do that day with putting his fellow passengers at ease during a difficult and stormy passage; and his willingness to mix with them made him very popular.

Although the romance of Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire is almost ancient history now, I well recall the start of their belated honeymoon over our route. Neither one paid the slightest at-

(*Cont'd on page* 85)



Helen Twelvetrees, photographed outside her plane when she came East for the opening of her picture "Swing High."

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

Montague Twitt, the Famous Director, Was at Work Upon His Own Private Version of the Crusades When Fate Took a Hand. This Is the Story of a Bricktop Who Fell Down an Extra, But Arose a Star



BY
STEWART
ROBERTSON

Lukewarm LULU

ALONG the castle battlements, bathed in sun and lined with medieval figures, ran a thrill of expectancy, and it was duplicated in every irritated group that lounged about, cursing costume pictures with a vehemence matched only by the carpenters on the reverse side of the Cinemagical sets as they threatened disaster to the next extra who tossed orange peels upon them.

The reason for all the excitement was the arrival of Mr. Montague (Don't Anticipate) Twitt, the director, who was equally at home in ball or bathroom and who now was being hoisted aloft on a camera platform dangling from a huge crane. Mr. Twitt squinted down on archers clad in green, peasants in drab, knights in armor emblazoned with crests that would have made an antiquarian dizzy, on ranks of ladies as colorful as gladioli, and he began to visualize his private version of the Crusades, little dreaming that Fate, disguised in the sleazy brocade of the wardrobe department, lurked beneath him.

Down in the courtyard Miss Lulu Fontenelle, ex-life of Woonsocket and now merely a molecule in the garden of genius, shivered a little amid the curvetting horses and looked hopefully at the tiny figure of the director. He was too far away for her to see whether his face gave any clue to his reputation of being kind to his co-workers, but it wouldn't be very long before she found out. A girl simply *had* to do something unusual to attract attention in Hollywood. She dabbed at her makeup, already far more perfect than any extra's had reason to be, bringing out the effect of an adorable retrousse nose, budlike lips of equal fullness and eyes that were Java brown, tranquil and strangely at variance with a mop of hair so vividly red that it seemed to crackle, but no amount of repair work could hide the fact that Miss Fontenelle was about to shake hands with her one big chance.

"LADIES and gentlemen!" bellowed Mr. Twitt, who lied easily. "We are about to shoot the episode where the Crusaders return from Turkey where they spread Christianity by kicking the props from under the natives, and I want you all to enter into the spirit of the thing, but no false moves, no anticipating! Your signal to do is a flag waved from the top of the company incinerator, which is in your line of sight, and then



The green-clad archers, the drab peasants, the knights in armor, the lovely ladies in silks and laces moved back to give way to Montague Twitt, the director. Then the famous Twitt saw Lulu.

"A bricktop!" he exclaimed. "Just what I've been hoping to stumble over. Ah, that nose, that curving upper lip—look at those burnt sienna eyes! If she can only talk!"

Drawing by
Ray Van Buren

Another Fascinating Yarn of Hollywood and Two Romantic Young Folk Almost Destroyed by Their Fake Movie Personalities

each lot of you comes prancing forth with ye olde tyme gladsome welcome, as my assistants have rehearsed you. You ladies-in-waiting in particular, kindly live up to your name and give me a little frenzied dashing, none of this duchess tiptoeing through the dew stuff. I've got a five dollar bill to heal every bruised knee, et cetera, that may be sustained, so now, ladies and gents, on your marks!"

The throng stirred impetuously, and little Miss Fontenelle's anxious eyes explored the cobblestones ahead. My, but they looked hard! But she must keep her mind on what she had to do, that her left profile was more soulful, that she mustn't allow nervousness to make her voice husky, as it was apt to do, that—a violent push sent her skittering forward as the flag was waved, and she commenced to run wildly, spacious skirts billowing about her, cornucopia hat awry upon her flaming head. This way lay the gangplank to glory!

In clattered the knights, up swished their charmers, cheers burst from the sturdy yeomen, and for several minutes color and sound machines recorded a dusty and lusty reunion. Three blasts on a whistle by Mr. Twitt ended the sequence, and the ladies promptly sprang from their hard-shelled heroes, giving impious thanks for 1931, but they were silenced by the megaphoned thanks of the director.

"Stupendous!" he shrilled. "A living, pulsing page from history, and we won't have to do it over again unless some crackpot yelled 'Hold 'em, Yale!' as in the French Revolution film I tackled last year. I—look, what's that over in the corner? Somebody giving their all to help my art? Lower me, boys, so I can give this my personal attention!"

His pointing arm sent the assemblage scurrying to where, crumpled inside the gate, lay the pitiful form of Lulu, spreadeagled against the unyielding stones with her left profile turned uppermost. Someone sent in a call for the doctor, but before he could be found the earnest little director had wormed his way through the herd of extras.

"MY poor child!" he panted. "Unconscious, and all for the sake of Twitt! Where's she hurt, do you think?"

"Just a faint, that's all," grunted an assistant.

"That's all!" said Mr. Twitt severely. "Sascha, I'm

surprised at you. Anybody who gives their last ounce like that is a trouper. Have her driven home in a studio car, give her fifty bucks and say I'll send over a signed photograph of my—hey, let me get a good look at her. Why, Sascha, she's a beauty!"

The cagey Lulu, listening hungrily to every word, struggled to prevent a sigh of relief. What she had prayed for had come to pass.

"Turn her over," came the command, and as the assistant complied Miss Fontenelle's hair cascaded from beneath her head dress, and she heard a gasp of appreciation. "A bricktop!" exulted Mr. Twitt. "Just what I've been hoping to stumble over, too. Ah, that nose, that curving upper lip—if only she can talk!"

Never having practiced muscle control, Miss Fontenelle, thinking it was time to return from the shadows, began to moan and roll from side to side, one satin smooth arm groping feebly toward her sympathizer.

"You're quite safe, child," the director assured her, trying to peer under her eyelids. "It's Montague Twitt in person who's hovering over you. See, I thought that would arouse her! Easy now, sweetheart, don't anticipate and—cops, will you look at the burnt sienna eyes!"

"My head!" altoed Lulu, shuddering artistically. "It's whirling so fast, and, oh, you've been so wonderfully kind to—to——"

She ceased abruptly as she realized that her voice, through excitement and the inhalation of considerable dust, was blurred out of its soft timbre.

"It sounds as though you wanted me to be loud and brazen," protested Lulu.

'Why not call it vitality?" answered the general manager. "You've got red hair, haven't you? The whole world knows that red hair and pep go hand in hand. That's a biological fact. You've got to be hot."

There was a moment's silence, then a sigh of ecstasy.

"You heard that, Sascha?" inquired the great man. "That kind of hoarse undertone like mission bells in the fog? I might have known that, along with the red hair, it couldn't be anything else. So far as I'm concerned, Sascha, you can cable Solova and tell her, while she's touring Europe, she'd better look out for some wealthy old bird with twinges and a title. And now, sweetheart, what would you say to a test?"

"Y-you mean I'm actually discovered?"

"Twitt has spoken, and when he speaks—er, you follow me?"

The amazed Lulu nodded, now fully aware that the director had transfixed her with the enraptured gaze of a village idiot watching a buzzsaw. She wriggled a little embarrassedly, for she hadn't expected such concentration, but then, perhaps, this was the way genius expressed itself. The next moment the genius lifted her upright.

"You fell down as an extra," he said grandly, "but you arise a possibility—I might say probability. The name, please? Ah, excellent, that one needs no hemstitching, thanks to your thoughtful parents. Go home now, sweetheart, and practice saying, 'Kees me, my fool.' Also do hate, love, hunger and derision in front of a mirror. Never mind the fifth pose; I'll bet you're perfect at it already."

"If you mean surprise," tinkled Lulu, "I guess you're right."

"Surprise!" scoffed Mr. Twitt. "The guys that play opposite you will have to register that. What I meant—and you can't fool me, girlie—was purple passion!"

ANXIETY reigned supreme in the general manager's office at the Cinemagical studios as Miss Lulu Fontenelle, shaking in her short vamps, affixed her signature to a contract which, to her dazzled vision, appeared to have been drawn up by Thurston, the magician. Then she relaxed a little as she thought of how her deception had triumphed, quite unknowing that the two onlookers were equally relieved that she had not balked at the last moment. Then Mr. Twitt punctured the silence.

"You won't be idle very long," he promised. "Not after the way you sailed through the test this morning. Just hang around the different stages and get an eye and earful of the way the stars put it over; then I'll throw you into 'Physics Phenomena,' that collegiate picture I'm beginning next week."

"Exactly my idea," seconded the general manager. "Write in a bit for her as a campus cutup, have her shock the dean—er, let me see——"

"I got you, chief. The dean will be scandalized over her lack of clothes, so what does she do but slip out of her slipon and blindfold him with it. She gives those eyes a few revolutions and he starts to weaken. Fade-out—Lulu dancing among the examination papers and the dean making believe that his ear trumpet is a saxophone."

"And if that doesn't click, give her a salty line for an exit," throbbed the executive. "He bawls her out, and she warns him she'll tell about the time he was injured. 'Injured?' he asks. 'What do you mean?' 'Why, deanie,' she says, 'don't you remember? I peeked through your window one day last week, and may I get athlete's foot if you didn't have the housemaid's knee.'"

"I'll run over that idea," said Mr. Twitt ambiguously, then he turned to the bewildered Miss Fontenelle. "You understand, baby, only a bit to begin with, but it will serve to identify you with the public. When it's over, I'll shoot you right into 'Pink Moons,' where you'll be a manicurist with an involuntary wink. Then onward and upward into something about a sailor's sweetheart, and before long you'll be a personality."

"B-but it sounds as though you wanted me to be loud and brazen," said Lulu faintly.

"That's one way of describing it," barked the general manager, "but why not call it vitality, instead? Here we are, thinking up parts with more snap than those pet garters O. O. McIntyre's always talking about, yet you don't seem enthralled. How come?"

"WELL," quavered the discovery, "I'm terribly grateful, and, of course, I'll do my best, but I always thought I'd be fine in pathetic roles. You know, die sweetly in a chair at the window while the leaves fall symbolically from a tree in case my acting isn't so convincing. I—I don't think I'll be a success at the jazzy stuff."

The gentlemen goggled at one another, and then regarded the lovely objector.

"But why?" Mr. Twitt wanted to know. "You've got red hair, haven't you?"

"What's that got to——"

"The whole world knows," put in the general manager, "that red hair and pep go hand in hand. That's a biological fact, young lady, and we don't go bumping our heads against anything like that. You've *got* to be hot."

"She's just being modest," grinned Montague. "Listen, Lulu, I'm starting you off by being only a little feverish, but I expect you to become a torch that will lend an added glow to my career. I've got a reason—Twitt always has!"

"But I'm just an ordinary girl," wailed Miss Fontenelle, "and I can't imagine your reason for making me otherwise."

"Solova!"

"Wanda Solova, the big star who gets all the publicity about being so hard to handle?"

"It's publicity, all right," (*Continued on page* 112)

From his own son Will Hays learned the part played by the movies in the lives of the young. As head of filmdom, Hays believed he could give a new bravura to boyish ideals.

Two months after Will Hays took the post of Movie Generalissimo he saw that he was neck deep in the biggest job of his career.



Wide World Photos

The Inside Story of Will Hays' Ten Years in Movieland

BY O. O. McINTYRE

THIS assignment should not properly perhaps come to me. I am not a wholly unprejudiced interviewer. Will H. Hays is not only a warm personal friend but I am one of his sincere admirers. I know some of the tremendous obstacles that would make far more robust men toss in the sponge.

I have always bristled when Hays has been referred to as the Czar of Hollywood, the Mussolini of the Movies and the Deacon of the Films. He does not fit any of these characterizations.

Firstly, I believe that Bill took the job because of the $150,000 a year pay—income tax paid by his bosses—and the fun he would have out of it. He was not dragged out of obscurity for the post. He is a member of one of the biggest law firms in the Middle West, had been chairman of the Republican National Committee, was a Postmaster General and recipient of many other high honors.

The second biggest appeal is that Bill is a romanticist at heart and in the moulding of the movies he saw one of the most romantic enterprises of modern times. I have forgotten all the shorthand I once knew, took no notes and shall attempt no direct quotations.

What information this article contains is from frequent dinner table talks with Bill himself and mostly from those who have worked with him. If there is any touch of egotism here it is my awkward writing and not Will Hays' notion that he is any miracle worker.

No One Knows Will Hays Better or Is Closer to the Head of Movieland Than O. O. McIntyre, the Most Widely Read Columnist in the World.

I THINK one of the finest tributes ever paid him was that of Harry Warner, a commanding figure in the industry, who once told me over the coffee cups: "We were never very proud of the movies as an institution until Will Hays took command." That in a nutshell sizes up the situation. Hays has cleaned it up without appearing the reformer. He has done nothing drastic.

Ten years ago, the big figures in the industry regarded their morale as a mess. The movie as a force in amusement life was being pot-shotted by pulpit and press. It was so much artistic clap-trap.

They called in Hays, offered him the job and he signed on the dotted line. This is not to convey that he merely jumped at the chance of acquiring a big high-salaried job.

He had first-hand knowledge that the cinema was playing a big part in the lives of impressionable youth. His

HE IS THE SERVANT OF 100,000,000 MASTERS

own son, Bill, Jr., the apple of his eye, was running around the yard of his Sullivan, Indiana, home in a cowboy uniform trying to emulate Bill Hart.

Hundreds of thousands of other boys all over the land had not Washington and other heroes as idols. They wanted to emulate the Hollywood stars. The senior Hays as generalissimo of the industry believed that he could do much to give a new bravura to boyish ideals. In accomplishing this he knew that he was really doing something sociologically worth while.

There were other factors entering into his decision but that was the compelling one. Two months after he took the post Hays saw that he was neck deep in the biggest job in his career. He was really the servant of 100,000,000 masters. That is that many people attend the movies weekly.

THE first thing he did was to invite the heads of sixty large national organizations—such as the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boy and Girl Scouts, Federation of Church Councils, National Catholic Welfare Conference, etc.—to a conference. He proposed a partnership between the industry and the public. The Open Door!

This, of course, has made Hays the target for much vilification. Whatever he does, there are thousands who rise up and say he is wrong. If he displeases one faction he is an ingrate and they write scholarly epistles to some editor or other about it.



P. & A. Photos

Will Hays and his wife, who was Mrs. Jessie Herron. They were married recently in Maryland.

I think the most superlative feature of Hays' reign is that he never dodges an issue. His office door is always open. A dozen phones are on his desk. No one ever wrote Hays who did not get an answer. He is a one-man clearing house.

There are times when it is all sunshine about him but mostly it is storm. It is difficult to believe that one so high strung, frail and dynamic can stand such a pace. But Hays does and thrives on it. The future of the movies is to him, outside of his family and religion, the very biggest thing in his active life.

That is why he has been so successful. It is easy enough to hoot at Will Hays. Everybody knows there are still some very bad pictures. But contrast them to the the days when he took the reins and there is no argument.

It must be remembered that the movies were at the beginning of his reign in stagnation. They were the topic of comic paper and vaudeville jest. There are still jesters but their ranks have been mightily thinned out.

Today every bit of newspaper has its movie critic who is read as avidly and who writes as learnedly as the dramatic critic.

Broadway, once the Rialto, is now a blaze of cinema temples, the finest amusement palaces in the world. Only one legitimate theater—the stately Empire—holds the old fort. All the rest have drifted into side streets. And all of this during the Hays regime.

Hays has developed a formula to reject the objectionable theme. It is not airtight but it has shown such marvelous progress that only a purblind cynic could protest.

There is a strict advertising code to make sure that pictures are in good taste and not misleading to the public.

The movies still have their performers

(*Cont'd on page* 106)



Will Hays and his fifteen-year-old son, Bill, Jr., at Lazy Bar-H Ranch, Cody, Wyoming. It was through his son's love of the movies that Hays realized the screen's influence upon impressionable youth.

Wide World Photos



The blonde Carole Lombard has been steadily advancing in ability and in prominence of movie rôles. You next will see her opposite Gary Cooper in "I Take This Man."



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

PHILLIPS HOLMES

Since his hit in "Stolen Heaven," Mr. Holmes has played opposite Sylvia Sidney in "The Confessions of a Co-Ed" and is now in "An American Tragedy," in which he has the coveted rôle of the boy.



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

SYLVIA SIDNEY

Miss Sidney succeeded Clara Bow in "City Streets," opposite Gary Cooper, and now she is playing the ill-starred heroine of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." The rôle may win her stardom.



Hoot Gibson, Cowboy Star, Holds His Golden Gate Rodeo at His Ranch Thirty Miles from Hollywood

Above, Hoot Gibson and his wife, known to films as Sally Eilers, look over the vast crowd gathered for their rodeo, held on the Gibson ranch at Saugus, Calif., just thirty miles north of the capital of moviedom. Twenty-one thousand spectators came by bus, trolley, automobile and plane to see the three hundred contestants.





Ride 'em, Cowboy!

Special Photographs for NEW MOVIE by STAGG



At the right, Hoot Gibson in cowboy regalia as the host of the day. The rodeo offered a series of thrilling events. One of the features was a pony express race. The cowgirls raced, changing horses after each time around the track. There was steer riding, utilizing a herd of vicious Brahma steers imported from Texas for the occasion. Hoot introduced some humane bulldogging of steers, in which the participant made a flying leap from his horse, grabbed the steer by the horns and was required to hold him long enough to place a rubber band over his nose. The famous wild horse, Tumbleweed, was successfully ridden for the first time, a reward of $700 being paid for this feat. The cash prizes ranged from $40 to $700. Also spurs, saddles, belts and cups were awarded the contestants.



Among the notable guests at Hoot Gibson's rodeo were most of the film luminaries. In the back row above you will find Adolphe Menjou, Natalie Moorhead, Lucille Gleason, Margaret Churchill, Sally O'Neil, Marian Nixon, Monte Blue, Bubbles Denny, Sue Carol, Clark Gable, Phyllis Crane and Mr. Eilers (father of Mrs. Gibson). Sitting are Russell Gleason, Nick Stuart, Hoot Gibson, Reginald Denny, Sally Eilers, Marshall Neilan, James Gleason, George Lewis, Lew Cody, Buster Collier, Skeets Gallagher, Eddie Sutherland and Marie Prevost. The Marquis de la Falaise is seated just behind Miss Prevost.



The stars were seated in the grandstand overlooking the rodeo. In the front row at the left you can see Elsa Peterson and Phyllis Crane; in the second row Marshall Neilan and Lew Cody may be observed and behind them you can see Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue. After the rodeo the stars were the guests of Sally and Hoot at a barbecue supper. Dancing followed to music supplied by a Hawaiian orchestra.



Here you see some lively scenes at the rodeo. Above, Bill Hart, one of the interested observers. Bill knows good roping when he sees it. Below, the riding of the wild horse, Tumbleweed, and, along the edge of the page, interesting action shots of broncho busting and steer riding.







Photograph by Nickolas Muray

ONA MUNSON

He Knew the Gas House Boys

No Wonder James Cagney Can Play a Tough Gangster So Effectively

By Dena Reed

IF you're born on East Eighty-Sixth Street, New York City—the Yorkville section—and you spend your childhood hanging out with the neighborhood boys at the corner cigar store, you're liable to become either a gangster or a successful movie actor.

On the screen James Cagney is both. Most players can portray a gangster well enough to get by with the "gas house lingo." If the public hears something sounding like "Toid Avenoo," it's satisfied—that is, until it has heard Jimmy Cagney. When he plays a tough his pronunciation is different from the popular conception, yet so authentic in its every syllable and inflection that both the public and the producers spotted it immediately when he was portraying Harry Delano in the Broadway play, "Penny Arcade." So when Warner Brothers bought the play they sent Jimmy out to Hollywood to create his original role in the screen version, "Sinner's Holiday"—and he's been playing gangsters and toughs ever since.

He's crazy about his role as the lead in "The Public Enemy," yet he doesn't want to be tied to gangster parts. Jimmy is a good enough actor not to be—but where will the producers find another young man with a pugnacious and good looking Irish face who speaks the "lingo" not like a motion picture actor portraying a role, but as a man speaking a not-to-be-forgotten language learned in childhood?

THE neighborhood gang that Jimmy belonged to when he was fourteen has scattered. One or two got into trouble with the law. The underworld that has gobbled up most of the youngsters has given Jimmy only a broader knowledge of life and a jargon that will very likely lead him to stardom. More than anyone else, Jimmy's mother is responsible for this. She brought up four boys in that threatening atmosphere and every one is a success in a profession. One is a doctor, one a lawyer, (*Continued on page* 98)



The neighborhood gang to which James Cagney belonged has scattered. One or two have locked horns with the law. At fourteen Cagney was an errand boy at the Settlement House. At sixteen he wanted to be a prize fighter, but he turned to the stage.





Marie Dressler made a hit by coming as Marthy of "Anna Christie."

Above, the hostess, Marion Davies, and her sisters Ethel and Renie. Below, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, and, lower right, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Joan won first prize for beauty of costume.







Marion Davies and some of her brilliantly attired guests. In the back row, left to right, may be found Kent Douglass, Leslie Howard and Miss Davies. George K. Arthur is seated beside Ramon Novarro, on whose knee is Eileen Percy.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

YOU would think that people who made their living and spent most of their lives at "make believe" would not want to think of or see, much less don a costume, once the studio gate closed on them for the day. But they do! In fact, they like nothing better, for strange as it may seem, the very thing that is their work is also their diversion.

Thus, when invitations were received from Marion Davies announcing a masquerade party at her beach house, joy and anticipation was at its height. For a week the fortunate few (one hundred and thirty-five) made frenzied preparations, for when Marion gives a party, whether it be Potluck or Banquet—you go. It makes no difference if Marion has two or two hundred, her parties are always the gayest and most successful in spite of the fact that she has what is known in film circles as a mixed party (one at which there are people from numerous professions and social positions). One thing is sure, you can always depend on meeting any royalty or distinguished personage who happens to be in California, at Marion's house.

Picture celebrities are no different from anyone else; they, too, get a big thrill out of meeting a prominent person. So the task of figuring out what to wear was a big problem, for each one wanted to get something original and didn't want anyone to know what they were going to wear.

Out of one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred had the bright idea of going to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe and there Joe Rapf, (*Continued on page* 96)



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH



Joel McCrea in the garden of his Hollywood home.

He Wanted to be Like Bill Hart

The Nearest Joel McCrea Came to Films For a Long Time Was Exercising Fred Thompson's Horses

BY DICK HYLAND

ONE sunny afternoon a little fellow nine years old scampered along the streets of Hollywood. He was going to the movies. And what was more important he was going to see his idol, Bill Hart. Movies, to this blue-eyed little fellow, meant Bill Hart. He was interested in no other star, cared about seeing no other. Mary Pickford? Heck, she had curls. Doug Fairbanks? Well, he was *pretty* good. And Charlie made you laugh the way he turned corners on his big feet. The others? Poohff! They walked around all dressed up all the time. Looked like they never did have any fun. Now Bill Hart—well, he was Bill Hart and that was all there was to it.

Sitting there in that darkened theater, watching Bill Hart come tearing out of the distance just at the right moment, fanning leather for all he was worth, young Joel McCrea made up his mind.



When *he* grew up he was going to be a motion picture actor. And not merely a motion picture actor, either. He was going to be just like Bill Hart. Maybe "another" Bill Hart, who could tell? That was the life. On top of a good horse most of the time, always doing things you wanted to do, shooting people who deserved to be shot, and rescuing beautiful girls. Only to leave them and go back into the plains—alone. Chaps, spurs, horses, lariats, two guns, silver mounted saddles and braided bridles. Little Joel McCrea

(*Continued on page* 88)

Joel McCrea grew up in Hollywood. At the age of nine he decided to follow in the footsteps of his favorite, Bill Hart. When he was graduated from Hollywood High School he still had the same ambition. But finding a place in the films wasn't easy

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



The charming Mrs. Richard Barthelmess does not pose often with her famous husband. She is satisfied to remain in the background. These pictures, however, were made at Malibu Beach, where the Barthelmesses have a cottage. Mrs. Barthelmess was the former Jessica Sergeant, socially prominent and well known in New York, Paris and the Riviera. The Barthelmesses live on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills and rough it between pictures at Malibu, the playground of the stars.



MEET the MISSUS



George Maillard Kesslere

She was born of an old and distinguished Alabama family. Her father, uncle and grandfather all served their country in the halls of Congress

She doesn't think you can reconcile love and a career, likes hot dogs, corn bread and hamburger, loves to ride on roller coasters

Holding Up the Family Tradition

By LAURA BENHAM

AN American and a Southerner, suh, Tallulah Bankhead has been the reigning idol of the English theater for the last eight years.

In London crowds follow her wherever she goes. A cordon of police escort her to and from the playhouse in which she is appearing. She is entertained by royalty, acclaimed by the press.

Yet, when her first film, "Tarnished Lady," opened in New York recently, she was too nervous to watch it. Instead, she made her arrival speech over the radio, then retired to the manager's office, where she sat for two long hours until time to make her personal appearance at the conclusion of the picture.

Which isn't at all according to the best traditions of "How a Famous Movie Star Should Act."

But traditions mean nothing to Tallulah, anyway. Her life has been one grand gesture of defiance of conventional codes. And because breeding and good taste are her heritage, the gesture never becomes flamboyant.

MISS BANKHEAD was born of an old and illustrious Alabama family. Her grandfather, John H. Bankhead, served in the United States Senate for many years. And during his last term of office, her father, William B. Bankhead, was elected to the House of Representatives. Incidentally, that is the only time in history that a father and son have served in the two houses of Congress simultaneously. And further to continue the old Bankhead custom, her uncle, John H. Bankhead, Jr., has only recently been elected to the Senate.

Her mother having died when she was born, Tallulah was reared by her father's family. And there was certainly no thought of a stage career—or, for that matter, of any career—for her. Even in this enlightened age, most daughters of the Old South are brought up to be more ornamental than useful.

But Tallulah decided to be both.

After a carefree childhood spent on the family plantation near Jasper, Alabama, Tallulah was sent to Washington to complete her education. And there she attended not only one school, but many. For as fast as she would enroll in any fashionable young ladies' seminary, she would change her mind about liking it and would leave without further ado.

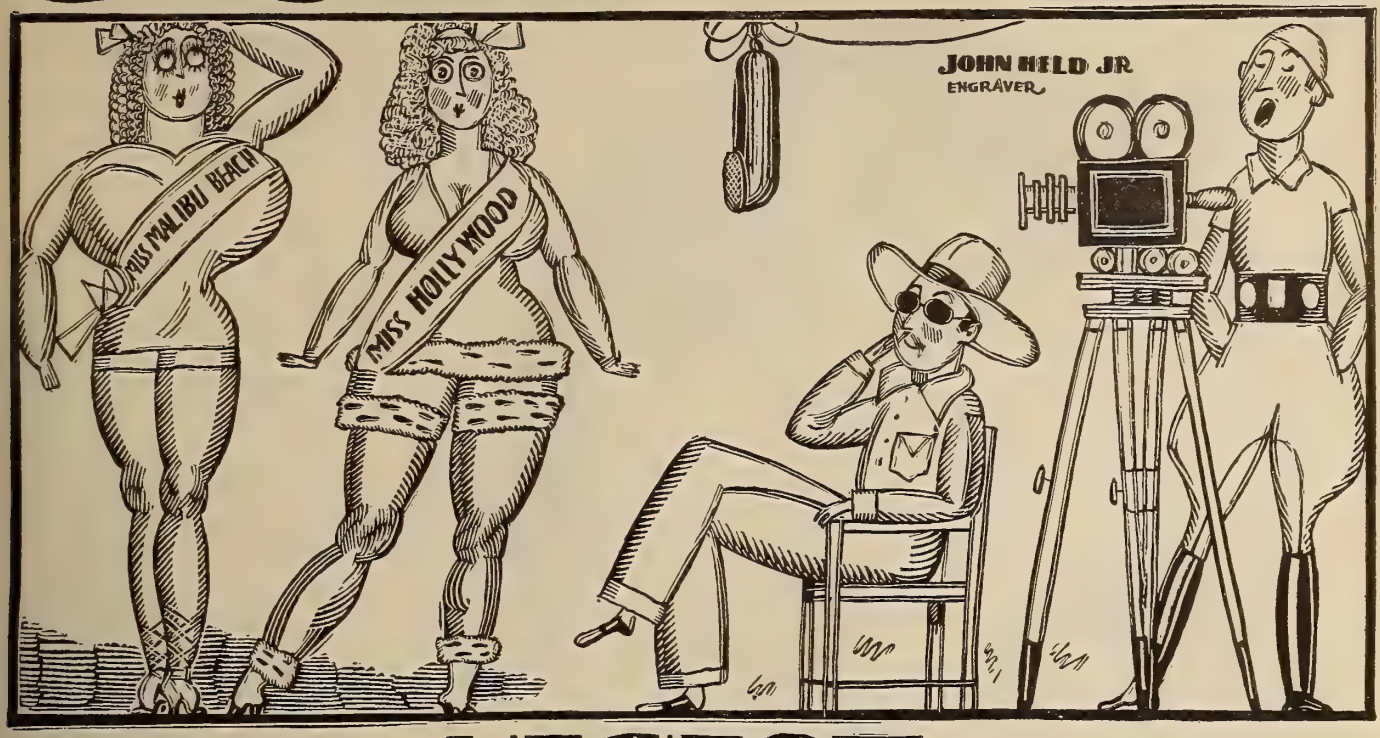
And all this time, in the back of her mind, was the firm determination to be an (*Continued on page* 81)



This is Peggy Shannon, the newest successor to Clara Bow. Every time Miss Bow withdraws from a film, another movie newcomer jumps into prominence. This time it is Miss Shannon, who fell heir to the Bow rôle in "The Secret Call."

Photograph by Otto Dyar

Midsummer

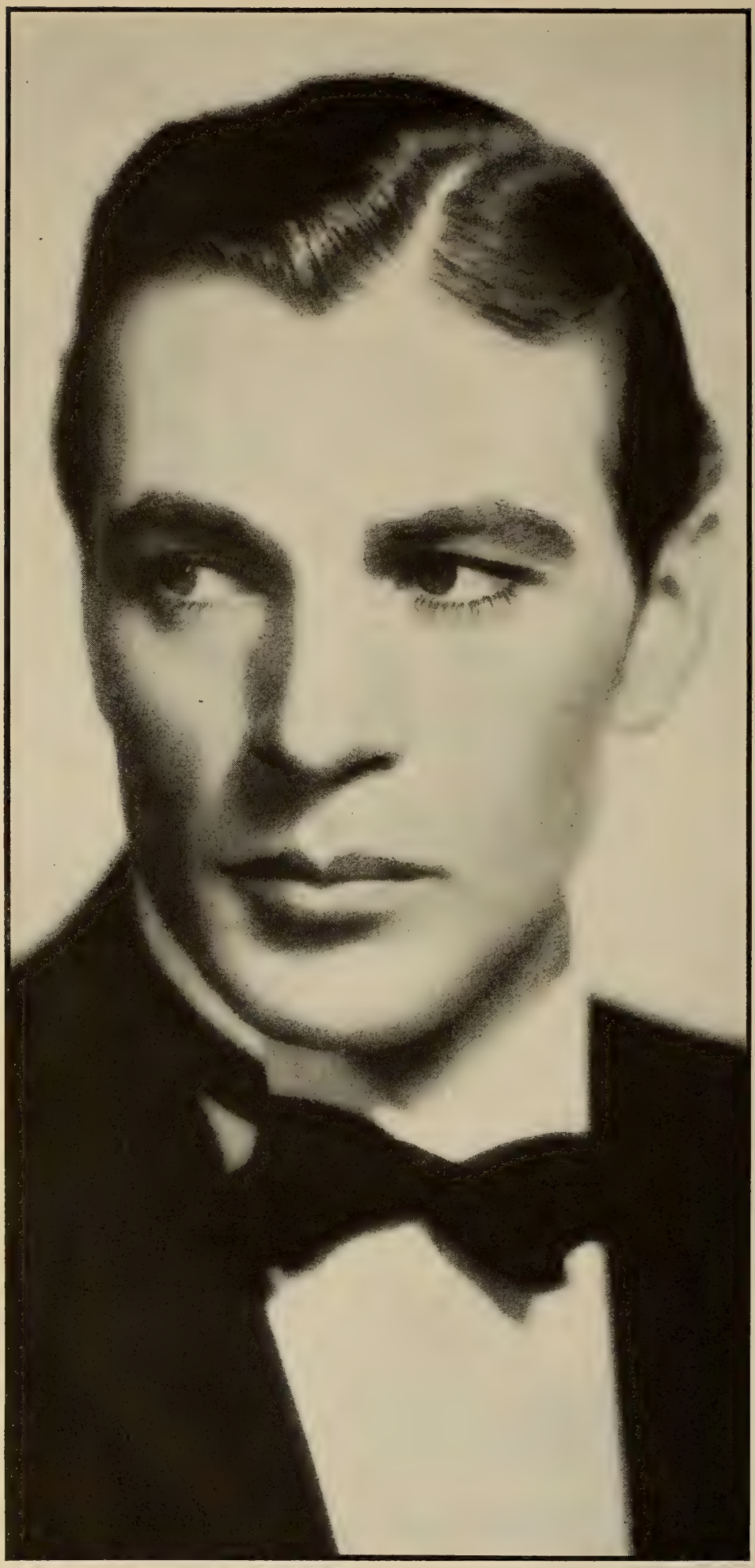


AUGUST

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Sat.	1798: Lord Nelson defeats French fleet at the Battle of the Nile.
2	Sun.	Birthday of Jack L. Warner. Also birthday of Olga Baclanova, Myrna Loy and Glen Tryon.
3	Mon.	1905: Dolores Del Rio born at Durango, Mexico.
4	Tues.	1897: Charles Delaney born at New York. 1908: Helen (Boop-a-Doop) Kane born at New York.
5	Wed.	1929: Scientist discovers that blondes have eighty times better chance of making good in Hollywood than brunettes.
6	Thurs.	1926: First Vitaphone program, featuring John Barrymore in "Don Juan," presented in New York. Moon in last quarter.
7	Fri.	1930: Whalers examine remains of Andree North Pole expedition, found previous day.
8	Sat.	1902: Colleen Moore born at Port Huron, Mich. 1910: Sylvia Sidney born at New York.
9	Sun.	1905: Charles Farrell born at Cape Cod, Mass. 1910: Dorothy Jordan born at Clarksville, Tenn.
10	Mon.	1885: Birth of Sam L. Warner. 1904: Norma Shearer born at Montreal. 1910: Anita Page born at Murray Hill, Long Island, N. Y.
11	Tues.	1807: Fulton's first steamship trip, New York to Albany.
12	Wed.	1881: Cecil De Mille born at Ashville, Mass. 1885: Pauline Frederick born at Boston.
13	Thurs.	1902: Regis Toomey born at Pittsburgh, Pa. 1904: Buddy Rogers born at Olathe, Kansas. New moon tonight.
14	Fri.	1889: Robert Woolsey born at Oakland, Calif.
15	Sat.	1914: Panama Canal formally opened to traffic. First ocean merger.
16	Sun.	1910: Mae Clark born at New York.
17	Mon.	1912: First Hollywood star photographed in library reading a book.
18	Tues.	1896: Jack Pickford born. 1904: Miriam Hopkins born at Bainbridge, Ga.
19	Wed.	Birthday of Eleanor Boardman, Kenneth MacKenna and June Collyer.
20	Thurs.	Moon in first quarter.
21	Fri.	1914: Maurice Chevalier wounded and captured by the Germans.
22	Sat.	Give a thought this day to the epidemic of bathing beauty contests.
23	Sun.	1926: Death of Rudolph Valentino in New York.
24	Mon.	1814: British burn the White House.
25	Tues.	1907: Alice White born at Paterson, N. J.
26	Wed.	1892: Ruth Roland born at San Francisco.
27	Thurs.	Full moon tonight.
28	Fri.	1926: Hollywood this day decides that it is the art center of the world. Much excitement.
29	Sat.	Vacation days are ending. Give a thought to the Boss.
30	Sun.	1909: Audrey Ferris born at Detroit, Mich.
31	Mon.	1898: Frederic March born at Racine, Wis. 1902: John Garrick born at Brighton, England.

Watch for This Feature Every Month

Birthstone for August: Modern, Topaz; Ancient, Carnelian. The topaz is said to endow wearers born this month with fidelity.



Gary Cooper is the Answer to Hollywood's Prayer—a Zane Grey Hero Come to Life

HE is quiet, well mannered, and good looking, the long awaited answer to the prayers of maidens and moving picture producers—a Zane Grey hero come to life. He is natural, without pose. Vaulted suddenly into the saddle of success, he rides as easily as if he were on an aged mustang—or in his twenty - thousand - dollar automobile.

He is tolerant and kindly toward others, and honest as concerns himself.

An inarticulate fellow, there is more in him than the maidens surmise. Success may spoil him in time. Lanky, slow moving, shy, he is, at present, as clean as the wind over his Montana fields.

HE was born in Helena, Montana, the son of a State Supreme Court Judge. At nine years of age he was taken to England, where he went to school for three years. At thirteen he was injured and sent for repairs to his father's cattle ranch in Montana.

He went to college at Grinnell, Iowa, for two years. Returning to Helena from college, he remained seven years trying to be a newspaper cartoonist. In 1924 he came to Los Angeles, his sketch book with him. Failing to get a job on a newspaper, he sold space for an advertising firm. Down and out, and in desperation, he heard of a moving picture company who wanted men to "ride horses." He got a job as extra.

For a year he was a member of the vast horde in Hollywood who talk much and eat little. Then a foreign gentleman by the name of Hans Tiesler, an independent producer, hired him to play opposite Eileen Sedgwick in a two-reeler.

Gary Cooper takes long motor trips into the desert. He always takes a small victrola. His favorite music is the chant of cowboys. He wears gloves while driving. He loves dogs and hates gossip. His chief hobby is his dude ranch.

The MAN from MONTANA

BY JIM TULLY

For his work in the film he received little money and less glory. But all unknowing, the lanky boy was riding down a well-paved road.

Samuel Goldwyn, who can see a dollar further away than George Bernard Shaw, thought that Gary Cooper might be convincing—and cheap—for a nice part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He already had two stars—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky—another well known name might conflict with them.

Thirteen months after his entrance in pictures, Mr. Goldwyn signed him to play the part of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Mr. Goldwyn was very kind to him. He realized that he was very young, and that too much salary at once might prove a temptation beyond the will power of a lone young cowboy. So he gave him fifty dollars a week, the salary a carpenter can earn, to play opposite his stars.

COOPER did not know what it was all about. The reputations of Banky and Colman and the deft politics on the set scared him.

So he did the only thing he could do—acted natural. When it came time to release the picture, it was found that Gary had part of it in his pocket. Now it is known in Hollywood that not even an actor can steal anything from Samuel Goldwyn.

A gentleman approached Mr. Cooper, who was broke, as usual. He inferred that Mr. Cooper might be able to sign a contract with Mr. Goldwyn at a small, a very, very, small salary. Mr. Cooper approached Mr. Goldwyn.

The last named gentleman seemed to have a change of heart. He was as cold as the editor of a popular magazine toward an honest writer.

Mr. Cooper was discouraged and willing to sign at fifty dollars a week. Mr. Goldwyn dallied—why—only an Einstein can guess.

Cooper's part in the film was actor-proof. But that was nothing unusual. Every part in which he has appeared since has been actor-proof. The producers know that the women know the kind of ham they like.

THEN B. P. Schulberg got a tip. A tall gawky boy by the name of Cooper had part of a film in his pocket. He was willing to return it to the Goldwyn, Colman, Banky outfit. They were evidently willing to accept it. But if they did, the public and the box office would suffer. And Mr. Goldwyn knows his public and loves his box office.

Cooper was allowed to keep what he had. Although, it is said, that the film cutters (*Continued on page* 86)



"I haven't read a half dozen books in my life and I'm kind of afraid of you," Gary Cooper told Jim Tully

HOLLYWOOD'S

BY HERBERT HOWE



Herbert Howe says that Ramon Novarro has the brilliance of metal, reflecting rather than radiating. His life is expressed in acting, not in thought. When he isn't acting, says Mr. Howe, he is like a theater with the lights out.

HE made me think of one of those bounding bright-eyed fox terriers which at first annoy you, then get your affection and finally have you worrying lest they get run over.

He was twenty-four then; that was eight years ago.

It was on the *S. S. Majestic* that I became acquainted with Ramon Novarro. We were sailing to join Rex Ingram in Tunis for the filming of "The Arab."

I had interviewed him in New York the year before. He had seemed to me then a pallid personality. I felt that he was restrained, secretive, not a little wary. There was no warmth or resiliency about him. He was walled in and spoke guardedly as through a grating. The only interests he manifested were dancing and the Coué creed ("Every day in every way I am getting better and better.") Though Ingram contrived to photograph him beautifully, Ramon was far from being the handsome youth he later became. He was somewhat chubby and his complexion was in that pimply period which is a trial to most fellows along about eighteen. His eyes were bright like shoe buttons, not yet with the luminosity of inner glow. The physical characteristic that impressed me most was a thin-lipped tightness suggestive of John D. Rockefeller. I did not miscalculate this sign of practicality, for Ramon today can toss dimes with John D. and does so, perhaps more freely.

ON the second day out, hearing he was confined to the bunk, I called at his cabin and found him with an ocean pallor, wanly fingering a huge gold holy medal imprinted with the miracle-working Virgin of Guadalupe.

The next day, miraculously restored, he joined me at dinner. Something I said—or was it the champagne?—ignited his confidence. The watchful reserve he had maintained was suddenly broken, like a Holland dike, by a swift flow of chatter. He spoke very rapidly with a heavy accent which was charming but a little confusing.

"You are not at all like they say you are," he said with conviction.

"What do they say I am?" I asked, amused by the sudden veer.

"Cynical, sophisticated, mercenary," he blurted.

"They are quite right," I said, "so far as they are concerned. You know the verse from Corinthians: 'I am made all things to all men'."

Ramon laughed: "But you'll find I am sold on my own ideas."

He proceeded to talk a great deal about himself and God, not as the Kaiser did, but more like Merton.

After my first resentful suspicion that he was trying to convert me I found myself gaping. "My God," I thought, "he's like I was at the age of ten—or maybe eight."

That was the delight of Novarro. He reminded you of yourself as a joyful illusioned child.

AT that time, following his success in "Scaramouche," he was suffering from comparison with Valentino. He had been hailed as one of those Latin lovers, a "Valentino successor" for no reason save he was "Latin" . . . as though a Mexican is like an Italian or that all men of a race have the same appeal.

Rudie had the warmth of the soil. He was tender, sentimental, dependent on human affection. Also he was worldly wise and, like all introspective people who have been bruised of illusions, he was something of a fatalist, aware of that old demon futility.

Ramon is cool, detached, unsentimental, bright with the brilliance of metal, reflecting rather than radiating, serene as the pool that sees only the sky. Untroubled by doubt or self-questioning he finds the old formulas of faith sufficient . . . "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Ramon was refreshing. I saw him as Galahad in contrast to the "Latin Lovers"—a new type of high distinction. This phase of him interested me and I was criticized for writing of him so much in this light. Not good boxoffice, I was told. A star should be sexy. To offset this propaganda you are repeatedly told that Ramon is not goody-goody. He certainly is not. As I

HALL of FAME

The Boulevardier Describes the Cool, Detached, Unsentimental, Religious Ramon Novarro

previously have said, he drinks and smokes and enjoys the night life as Galahad may have also. But any number of fellows do these things. In fact they are so common to man that they're not worth remarking unless your subject be one of those blades who boasts of such accomplishments.

True, Ramon today is much more the "regular fellow" than when I first knew him, far more congenial to the Hollywood folk but not nearly as interesting as a subject for copy.

RAMON'S interest in religion was natural. Born in Durango, Mexico, adoring his devout Catholic mother, impressed in his youth by the wondrous stories of miracles with which Mexico abounds, he found religion romantic and colorful—not the drab prosaic thing it is in this country. Three of his sisters became nuns. There was drama of exaltation when they said farewell to their family and home. Two went to the Canary Islands to serve in hospitals, ministering sometimes to lepers with the courage and love of St. Francis who leaped off his horse to kiss a leprous beggar. With sisters who are such heroines in fact it was not easy for Ramon to shake himself free of a monastic ideal. It was perfectly natural for him to wonder whether seventy-five hundred dollars a week was as much compensation as the gratitude in the eyes of a dying leper.

Americans on the whole are prejudicial. They think of spiritual heroes as inhuman and unromantic. Like leaders of the Anti-Saloon League. They should know St. Francis of Assisi, the gay troubadour, who was as colorful as Benvenuto Cellini and quite as lovable.

I thought of Ramon more in the terms of Francis than of Benvenuto.

We are told that Francis was a born actor. So is Ramon. With the possible exception of Charlie Chaplin I have never known anyone who is so wholly the performer.



Ramon Novarro as Ben-Hur, his greatest rôle. Mr. Howe tells an interesting adventure at Monte Carlo with Novarro during the making of this famous film.

Acting in the studio all day, Ramon rushes home to his private theater to perform for his family and friends. When Ramon isn't acting he is like a theater with the lights out. He really does not exist.

FROM the side of his house, juts a Neon sign: "Novarro's Teatro Intimo." He bought a modest house for twelve thousand dollars and spent over a hundred thousand adding his own quarters, his theater and suite of dressing rooms. His home is actually a theater.

(*Continued on page* 80)



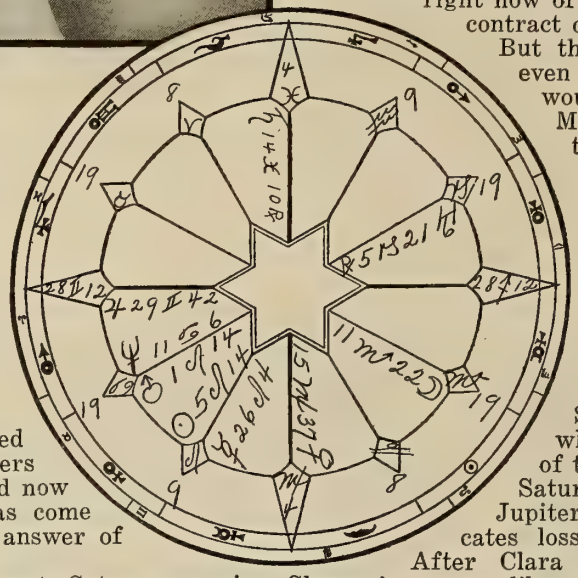
Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in "Where the Pavement Ends." Mr. Howe says that Novarro is just like the young pagan of this picture—joyful, child-like, serene. No one can actively dislike him.

When LEO Rules



Leo the Lion, Having Dominion Over the Theater, Rules the Month of August, Bringing Stage and Screen Success to Many of Its Gifted Children

Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn at 2 A. M. on July 29, 1906. The planet Saturn was in mid-heaven. So it was with Napoleon. But Jupiter was rising. Jupiter is the planet which comes to the rescue when all seems lost. Miss Bow's future, says Evangeline Adams, depends upon herself.



"IS Clara Bow through?"

"Can Clara come back?"

These questions are asked me more often than any others by my movie-minded clients. And now that Clara Bow's own month has come around, I am ready to give the answer of the stars.

Clara was born when the planet Saturn was in mid-heaven. So was Napoleon. So were many others, famous in history, who rose suddenly to great heights and achieved a no less sudden fall.

But Clara's fate is not so easily decided as that. If the time of her birth, as given to me, is correct, Jupiter, "the eleventh-hour friend," was rising when she was born. And Jupiter is the planet which comes to the rescue when all seems lost.

So there you have it: Saturn, who has pulled her up, is trying to pull her down; and Jupiter, always the booster, is trying to maintain her on her heights.

Jupiter is the most powerful of all the planets. But whether or not he exerts his whole strength on behalf of Clara Bow depends largely on whether Clara, herself, plays fair. Jupiter is the god of money and success; but he is also the god of honor and honorable dealing. He is a "square-shooter," this mighty Jupiter; and he helps only those who "shoot square" themselves.

I SHOULD say, then, that the answer to the first question, "Is she through?" is "Not necessarily"; and the answer to the second question, "Can she come back?" is "Yes—if she behaves herself."

Recently, Clara's stars have been nothing to brag about. She has been suffering for about two years from an affliction of the two sinister planets Saturn and Uranus, which more than accounts astrologically for the troublous times through which she has been passing.

Uranus was in the house of partnerships when she was born, indicating that she should be wary of entering into contracts, matrimonial or otherwise; and during the past year, Saturn, too, has been in that house, indicating that she is in especial danger right now of breaking her present business contract or having it broken for her.

But the chances of Clara surviving even that blow are better than they would be with most people. The Moon, which governs her relations with the public, and has been of great use to her in gathering her large following, was in the house of pleasure and the theater when she was born. It is unlikely, with such a Moon—friendly to Neptune, Saturn and Uranus—that this young lady will ever be obscure.

Incidentally, Miss Bow has the Sun and Mars in conjunction, which invariably shows danger of trouble with men. And she has Saturn and Uranus unfriendly to Jupiter, a combination which indicates loss of money by theft!

After Clara Bow's storm chart, Norma Shearer's seems like a sunlit sea. Miss Shearer was also born strongly under the influence of Leo, the Lion; but since Neptune was rising in the sign Gemini at the moment of her birth—according to the hour that has been given me—it was inevitable that she should work out her career on a somewhat more intellectual plane. Moreover, she has the Moon in Aquarius, which makes her, astrologically as well as dramatically, always the lady. Her instinct is ever to do the right thing, and, if possible, the fine and helpful thing.

THE reasons for her success, according to astrology, are obvious. Mars, the planet which gives initiative, industry and ambition, was very powerfully placed when Miss Shearer was born. Neptune, the planet ruling her chosen profession, is the dominant planet in her horoscope, her star of destiny. The Moon, ruling

the Heavens

BY EVANGELINE ADAMS

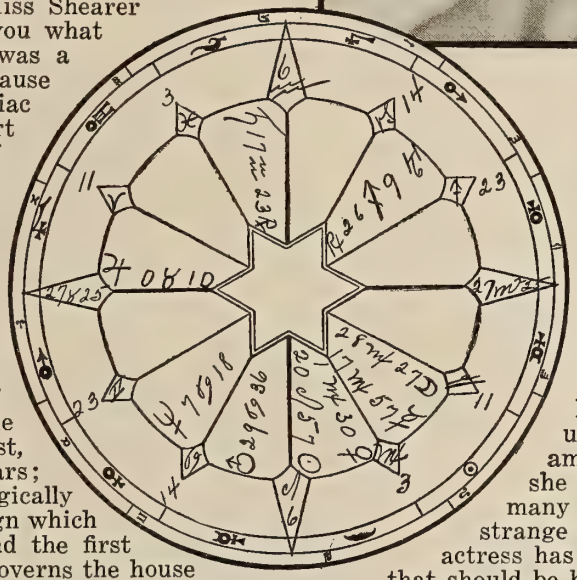
her relations with the public, was in the mid-heaven when she was born, which always brings publicity, and often fame. And Jupiter, ruling honor, glory, money and success, was in its own sign, Sagittarius, and friendly to Mercury, the God of the Mind.

These facts should answer once for all a question which is often asked about Miss Shearer. You hear it sometimes in the audiences, even at her best pictures.

"Oh, yes, she's a good actress, all right, but would she be where she is today if she hadn't married Irving Thalberg?" The answer to that is "Unequivocally yes!" In fact, there is nothing in Miss Shearer's horoscope which indicates that any marriage she might have made would have been especially lucky for her in a professional way. On the other hand, there is every indication that her greatest happiness as well as her greatest success will always depend on her sticking to her work and standing absolutely on her own feet.

As for Miss Shearer's immediate future, there can be little doubt of its success, for she is coming under the best astrological conditions that she has been under for many years. Let's hope that she makes the most of them!





The relation of Venus to Neptune in Buddy Rogers' chart is similar to that in Rudolph Valentino's, says Miss Adams. It gives him the power to play the lover. The planets indicate luck in the arts. The position of both Venus and Neptune intimates that his voice may yet be his fortune.

A GOOD many prominent stage folk, including the late David Belasco, William Gillette and George Bernard Shaw, were born in this period governed by Leo; so were Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, Pauline Lord, Elsie Ferguson and Alla Nazimova. Of course, there's a reason for this. But I have been so interested in Miss Bow and Miss Shearer that I have forgotten to tell you what it is. We found that April was a big month for movie stars because Aries, the sign of the Zodiac which presides over a good part of that month, is the sign of leadership: Aries people get to the top. May was a good month, too; a great many artists who have achieved special prominence since the coming of the talking pictures were born during this month; and the astrological reason, as you may remember, was that Taurus is the sign of the Zodiac which rules the throat. Now we have August, with its host of successful stars; and the reason is again astrologically inevitable. Leo the Lion, the sign which rules the last days of July and the first twenty-three days of August, governs the house of pleasure in the astrological heavens, and in that capacity has dominion over the theater.

Two of the stage stars in the list I just gave have tried their art with considerable success in the movies, and their stars indicate that they may "come back" at a not too distant date to achieve new triumphs. I refer to those beautiful daughters of Leo, Elsie Ferguson and Alla Nazimova.

Miss Ferguson, for example, is under more favorable aspects *right* now for her work than she has been for many moons; and in 1932, the heavens will seem to *conspire* to do her honor. Jupiter will be in Miss Ferguson's own sign, and will be favorable to *four* of her most important planets. If she takes advantage of these favoring influences and does not allow personal matters to interfere with her art she may achieve heights of which she has never before dreamed.

But the most interesting thing about Miss Ferguson's horoscope is not the good aspects under which she is coming, but the amazingly bad ones through which she has just been struggling. To many of her admirers it may seem strange that this beautiful and popular actress has fallen so far short of the success that should be hers during these last three years, but it isn't at all strange to an astrologer. Uranus and Neptune, the actors' planets, have been unfriendly to her Moon, ruling the *public:* to her Jupiter, ruling *finances;* to her Venus, ruling her *art;* and to her Mercury, ruling her *state of mind.* Under such conditions it was next to impossible for her to find a suitable play or to succeed in it if she did find it.

IN Nazimova's case the reason for her "up-and-down-and-up" career is astrologically obvious. She has Venus in Cancer, the Moon's own sign, and inasmuch as the Moon rules the public she was destined to deal with people in the mass. Her Venus is also friendly to Mars, bringing the two sex signs together and giving her power and passion in her art. And her Jupiter is favorable to Neptune, indicating the success and glory she was to achieve in her work, but—since Neptune is uncertain as well as (*Continued on page* 92)



RERI Is Here

Broadway hasn't time to go to the South Seas, so the South Seas are brought to the White Way.

If you saw that lovely idyl of coral atolls and beautiful dancing girls, "Tabu," you were impressed with the fresh charm and appeal of Reri, who played the leading rôle. Florenz Ziegfeld, the revue producer, was so impressed that he cabled an offer to the girl — and now she is on Broadway, having made the trip of 7,000 miles from far away Bora Bora, one of the Society Islands of the South Pacific.

Reri speaks only French. Her father was French and her mother Polynesian. She is eighteen, five feet, two, and she says she misses her quiet home at Bora Bora, where she has her French books, her French food and her French frocks. In private life she wears no grass skirts — but she did in "Tabu" and she will in the Follies.

At the left you see Reri as she arrived, poised and smartly garbed. Below, as she appeared in "Tabu."

Associated Press Photo (left)



Behind the Screen DRAMAS

THE HEARTBREAK SHE EXCHANGED FOR STARDOM

As Told to

VIRGINIA MAXWELL

THIS is another of the true life romances secured by NEW MOVIE'S *investigator, Virginia Maxwell, in Hollywood. Each story is founded on fact, although the names and sometimes the locations are disguised. The illustrations are the work of the famous Hollywood photographer, Stagg.*



I opened the window which fronted on an airshaft and peeped, as if through a telescope, at the fading stars in the pale morning sky. Something inside me had been stirred. It must be love, I guessed.

A HEARTBREAK behind every success in Hollywood—those words rang in my ears this morning when my maid brought me the newspapers so I could read the latest report about my pearls.

If you've been reading sensational news lately, you've no doubt read about the robbery of my exquisite pearls, worth a king's ransom.

MOVIE STAR LOSES GEMS TO THIEF IN BEVERLY HILLS MANSION!

That's what the newspapers said. That's what the public believes. I'm glad they do, for the real inside truth of the matter might end my career as a motion picture star.

It's my life's story — the real true story behind the theft of my pearl necklace. I'll tell it now for the first time on the promise that my name never be revealed.

Ten of us in our family. I laugh when I think of the way we lived in those far-off days when we packed ourselves into a cold water, railroad flat and thought we were lucky on those bitter winter mornings if Mom had got up early enough to start the kitchen range going. It meant a breath of warm air through the rooms and a hot breakfast at the same time. I worked, like all my sisters, in a store. But that didn't mean much. We were taught to work and it came as naturally to all of us as sleeping or eating. The important item of those days was the night my brother's social club (political, of course) ran off what we called a "swell racket." It was a ball, in the good old-fashioned way.

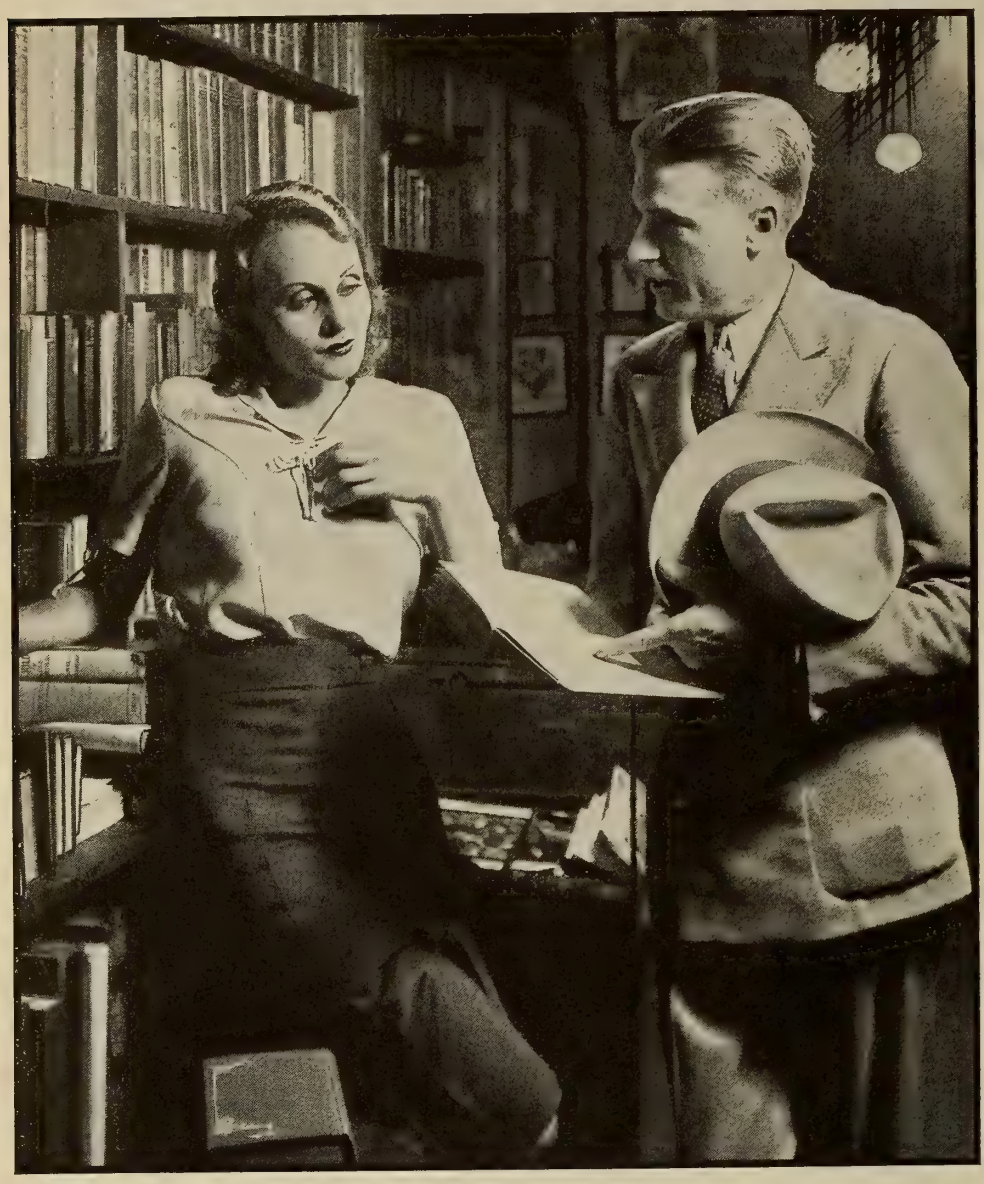
Paper streamers all over the hall, confetti at midnight, a band so brassy that had any of us an aesthetic sense then, we'd have lost our minds with its blaring, jazzy saxophone, a little off key.

THAT one night I will remember, for it was at this ball I met Steve. He came over, grinning, to our table with a tray full of sarsaparilla and setting down the glasses made himself quite at home.

"What do you say, Cookie, to a whirl?" I nodded and we started around the hall under the lights which were switched to a soft waltz number blue as we crooned the dreamy words of "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

The Confessions of a Hollywood Star Who Won



One day a good looking chap came in and began browsing around the bookshelves. He picked up several of the best sellers and asked me what I thought of them. Then I learned who he was—one of the most popular authors of the day. He had written a number of novels which had been made into movies.

Of course, Steve took me home. I liked him plenty and I knew he really liked me, the way he treated me when we were alone in the hallway early that morning. He told me how much he cared, called me his little sugar cookie, and when he pressed me close to him and kissed me again and again, I guess it was all over so far as any further looking for a husband was concerned. As daylight broke over the ugly tenement roofs across the street Steve and I were still in each other's arms. What broke up our rendezvous with love was the sudden opening of many windows in the flats above the vestibule with all sorts of remarks being flung at us. We discovered, quite as suddenly, that we had been leaning against twelve doorbells in the vestibule.

Steve got away as quickly as he could then and I went quietly upstairs into the shabby inside room where two of my sisters were already asleep. I opened the window which fronted on an airshaft and peeped, as if through a telescope, at the fading stars in the pale morning sky. Something inside me had been stirred. It must be love, I guessed. And so before the week was out Steve and I ducked over to our parish priest, told him what was on our minds, and after the bans were read for three Sundays, we were married. It was a very quiet wedding. Mom didn't want much expense with Pa not working.

Gosh, but I was proud of my three new box-rooms. They were a little more expensive than Mom's railroad flat and I kept my house spick and span. Steve worked steady in a garage. He used to tell me, after we were married a few years, about the swell girls who'd drive in their nifty sports roadsters to be fixed up. Beautiful girls from Park Avenue who gave Steve the eye more than once—or so he tried to make me believe. Maybe it was true, for Steve was a handsome fellow. Anyway, I dismissed it from my mind until Steve began working late. Sometimes I'd call up the garage from the corner drug store at ten or eleven o'clock and they'd tell me Steve had just stepped out for a cup of coffee. I believed them. I wanted to believe them, for I wanted little Stevie, our three-year-old baby, to always be proud of his dad.

Sometimes I'm glad that I was disillusioned early in life. It has helped me to brave the hurts of Hollywood. But that's getting ahead of my story.

STEVE didn't come home one night. But he had an alibi next day. I can see him now, standing with his woolen shirt open at the throat, his good-looking young face slightly averted as I tried to pin him down to facts. I tried only that I might convince myself. But that was ten years ago. The year little Stevie was five years old was indeed to be remembered. Gosh, what a baby he was—full of the joy of living and as interested in everything as if he were already grown up. I recall that Christmas only too well now, for Steve did not come home at all that night. And it meant so much to me then. I'd taken the baby to the stores on Fourteenth Street and a big, smiling Santa Claus had shaken his little hand and asked him what he wanted Santa to bring Christmas morning.

Stevie had told him a few childish desires, in his babyish, lisping voice, and Santa had promised to bring them. I nodded, knowing that the things the baby wanted were well within Steve's wages.

No, Steve didn't come home. We had planned to go shopping late Christmas eve while my sister came over to mind the baby. But Steve never showed up. He'd stepped out at the garage, as usual, for a cup of coffee, they said, when I telephoned at eleven o'clock. But Steve didn't come. And we had no tree, no toys. Little Steve and I dined on milk and crackers from the delicatessen store on Christmas day.

Success Despite the Tragedies of Her Life

That was the one day of all my life I remember too well. Steve came home at five o'clock Christmas evening, with every evidence of a night's whoopee behind him. We had words. He had forgotten it was Christmas, he said, under the pressure of work. I called him a liar, and, stung by the lash of our hot words, he broke out furiously and admitted to me that he had fallen in love with a Park Avenue debutante who had come into the garage one day to have her car fixed. She had seen him working in the place, stripped to the waist, and she had told him he was an Apollo. He was. But because a strange and luxury-loving girl had told him so, it had meant more than the everyday devotion of his wife. We told each other many other things under the heat of my anger and the powerful enchantment of this other woman which had slowly been turning Steve into a different man. He flung out of the room, not waiting to pack his clothes, and told me he would never come back.

Two hours after he had gone I was frantically calling the garage. There was no answer. Stevie and I went over to Mom's that night and soon learned that we were unwelcome. We had to sleep in the kitchen, on an army cot, for room was very scarce in the flat where my nine other brothers and sisters had to find sleeping space.



A few evenings later I threw away my reserve and accepted his invitation to dine at his penthouse apartment. I loved the luxury of it, the feeling of serene security which a home like this must afford. Of course, Henry made love to me, I expected it—men are like that!

NEXT day, after they had hung up the receiver on me several times, I went up to the garage and found that Steve had actually left—a week before, to become the private chauffeur of some swanky Park Avenue family, the name of whom he had carefully kept from his pals.

I'll skip by the agonizing days which followed for me. Often I tried to figure out why I was given a hurt like that. Steve was my husband—life seemed empty without him. I used to go to the wardrobe and finger his clothes—anything, to make myself believe he had not actually left me. But the end of the month proved that he had and there was no doubt about it now with the rent, the gas bill and the milk bill for the baby and the Edison Company threatening to turn off the lights for the few cents I owed on electric current.

I had to leave little Stevie with Mom while I went out to hunt a job and I think it was that day he caught cold. Either that, or Mom had given him something to eat that he shouldn't have had—Mom with her old-fashioned ideas about raising children. It seemed as if everything in my little world began tumbling at once when I got home to spill the glad tidings that I had landed a job in a book shop, only to find that little Stevie was terribly ill. We got a doctor, who, sizing up our circumstances, ordered the baby to the hospital at once. My kid sister ran to the drug store and telephoned for an ambulance and the young interne let me ride over with him as the bell clanged our way through the maddening traffic of downtown streets.

I don't remember much about the rest of the evening. I was frantic with fear for my baby. If only Steve were with me, I kept saying to myself. If only I could get in touch with him, somehow, to tell him about the baby. He'd want to know.

I phoned his garage and left (*Continued on page* 119)

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Photo above courtesy *Motion Picture Herald*

BACK on the BEAT AGAIN

Remember the good old Mack Sennett days, when Desk Sergeant Ford Sterling used to receive the riot call and all the cops went piling into the trick Fords in pursuit of the scoundrel who peeked into Marie Prevost's boudoir? The cops had a re-union in Hollywood the other day, making a two-reeler, "Stout Hearts and Willing Hands," for the Hollywood Masquers Club. (Above, left to right) Roscoe Arbuckle, Bobby Vernon, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, Clyde Cook, Mack Swain, Jimmy Finlayson and (reclining) Hank Mann participated. Below, the boys concentrating. Left to right, Messrs. Finlayson, Conklin, Swain, Cook, Sterling, Vernon and Mann.





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

George Arliss always has wanted to play the famous financier who gave his life in a duel with Aaron Burr. Now his wish has been gratified and he has completed a talking film, to be called "Alexander Hamilton," which he wrote with Mrs. Mary Hamlin. Mr. Arliss is now on a vacation in England and he will not return to these shores until October, when he will start a new contract with the Warners.

The HOLLYWOOD

The Beauties of Beverly Hills and its Flowered Boulevards—Los Angeles Invites Alfonso to be its Guest—Hollywood Ego

Beverly Hills, Cal.:

I'M back in Mayor Will Rogers' town.

Beverly always has been home to me. Even after I sold my tepee to Joan Crawford and moved up the coast, pushing on to new frontiers like Yancey Cravat, I still did my banking in Beverly. That's sentiment. You know—where the sock is there the heart is.

Earth's Beauty Spot: Kaiser Wilhelm said Taormina in Sicily was the most beautiful spot on earth. I used to think so, too. But I dunno. Looking out at these mountains from my high windows over a landscape of swimming pools churned with stars . . . (Wait a minute, izzat Lil Tashman doing a mermaid?) . . . I'm thinking Will Rogers is a better picker than Will Hohenzollern.

Nature here is certainly marvelous . . . (izzat Marlene taking a sun bath? Alphonse, the field glasses!) Excuse us.

An Air-Limbed Town: Fancy being awakened in the morning by Jeanette MacDonald warbling through the trees. What a home town!

Will Rogers may be mayor in name only, but he's done better by this town than mayors who are legally wedded to theirs by stuffed ballots. He's made it famous without saying a word against King George or the Moscow Reds.

He's the air-minded mayor of an air-limbed town. Everyone here suns the body. Women are still confined to purdah . . . prudah? . . . for the tanning process. But the pashas can bronze on the beaches in less than Gandhi, just like the boys at Biarritz and Juan les Pins. We make the pale Easterners look sick. How should they know we are just bronzed sepulchres?

Beverly Beats Hollywood: Hollywood is declassé, if you know what I mean. Hollywood's heels are run over. For every smart shop on the boulevard there are a couple of Closing Out Sales with gesticulant gents at the doors.

When Hollywood slaughtered her trees she cut her throat. Beverly has planted every street with bird tempters. As you enter from Hollywood you are met by a splashing fountain. Right away you know the town is fabulously rich because water is more precious than gin in California. (During the hot months you can sprinkle with water only certain hours, but gin flows all the time.)

As you slither along Santa Monica boulevard you feel a touch of the Champs Elysées. It is really a



Apple venders are barred from Beverly Hills. Beverly has no poor. Everyone is worth a million or owes it. Mortgages are often as magnificent as the palaces they adorn. But don't think they all have them. Plenty of stars need never worry about the rainy days.

Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

BOULEVARDIER

By HERB HOWE

boulevard—public gardens bordering it the entire length, one of riotous roses, another of grotesque cacti, some with lawns and pergolas and summer houses where children play.

The gendarmes of Beverly are smartly tailored and *très, très gentil.* You see, they never know when they're talking to a film star. Wear sun glasses and show your teeth and you'll get lots of attention. But they really are gallant to everyone, just like those good old caped cops of Paree.

Tables on Sidewalk: Another touch that enchants me. There is a little ristorante on Wilshire Boulevard with tables under an awning by the sidewalk. And it's Italian, than which nothing suits me better. The Florentine Gardens, it is called. There are photographs of Valentino all over the walls. The debonair young proprietor is from Florence, Italia.

"I've lived a great deal in Italy," I said throatily, "and expect to return this Summer."

"Oh, yes?" he said. "My uncle left for Italy today. . . . He took his Lincoln with him." With that he disappeared.

I ordered the fifty cent lunch and said no more. Good minestrone, spaghetti, lasagne, salad with wine vinegar dressing. Of course, there was no vino, but I think one of these days Beverly will tell the U. S. where to get off, just as she has L. A., and we'll quaff in the sidewalks as in our own gardens.

Stars of Pure Gold: Everywhere you see the shining chariots of the pharaohs with liveried slaves, often handsomer than their masters and more intellectual. (Bull Montana's first chauffeur was a college graduate, but Bull had to fire him because, "He no can cabish English," said Bull.)

Apple sellers are barred from this Eden. Beverly has no poor. Everyone is worth a million or owes it. Mortgages are often as magnificent as the palaces they adorn. But don't think they all have them. Mr. Doheny's roof is perfectly safe, I'm sure. And plenty of stars need never worry about the rainy days. Lew Cody is a heavy stockholder of the First National Bank, Fred Niblo a director, and I'm a depositor. (This ought to stop those overdraft notices.) Choice business property is held by Corinne Griffith, Harry Beaumont, Chaliapin, Fred Niblo. . . . Conrad Nagel is erecting the most sumptuous drive-in market in all this drive-in land of sunkist edibles. . . . The Warner Brothers house the Chamber of Commerce in their building and are erecting a theater on Wilshire Boulevard.

So you see, all stars that glitter are not tinsel.



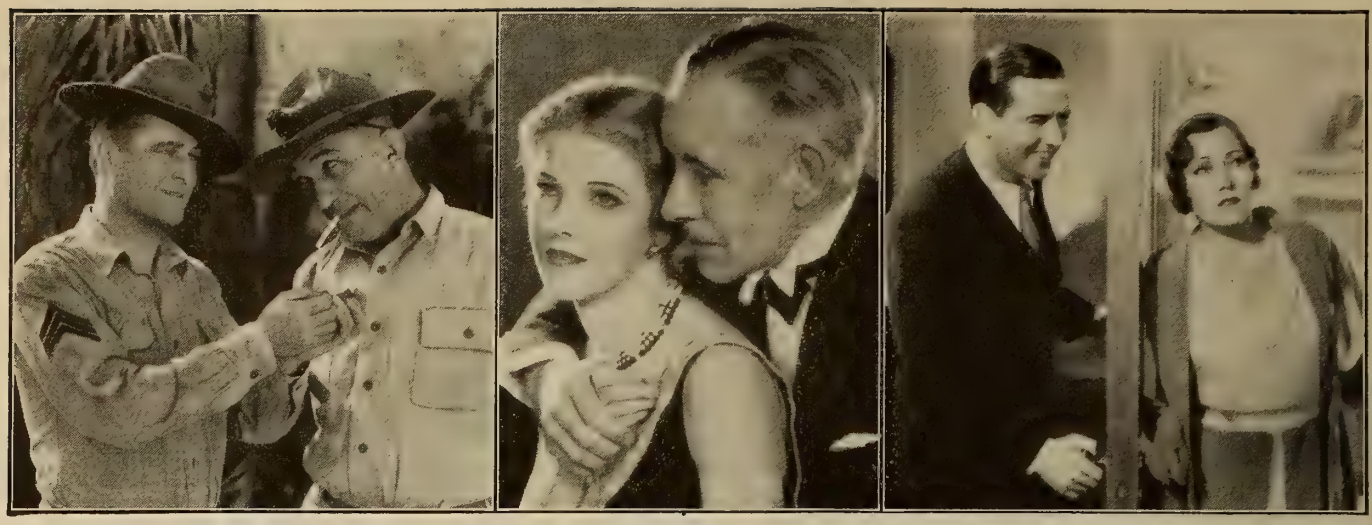
Los Angeles had invited King Alfonso to be its guest at the Fiesta next fall. When news came that the republicans had foreclosed on the throne, the city of Our Queen of the Angels assured Alfonso he would be welcome even though he wore a derby instead of the old jeweled beret.

Royal Charity: Don't think Beverly heartless because she bars apple venders. She's very charitable to kings. Pickfair, up there on the hill, is a refuge mission for unemployed nobles. And there's always a cake line at Marion Davies. No deserving king need go hungry in Beverly.

Alfonso Offered Job: When King Alfonso was thrown out of work the first offer of a job came from our Southland. Sid Grauman (Chinese and Egyptian theaters) cabled Alfonso a stage offer, agreeing magnanimously to a fifty-fifty split on billing and receipts. Proceeds to go to Spanish and American charities; half to Sid, half to Alf.

Los Angeles had invited the King to be its guest at the Fiesta next fall. When news came that the republicans had foreclosed on the throne, the city of Our Queen of the Angels lived up to her name and assured Alfonso he would be welcome even though he wore a derby instead of the old jeweled beret.

I'm sure the film folk would be nice to Alfonso and Victoria. Movie stars are big-hearted people, though a little squeamish about associ- (*Continued on page* 110)



Interesting moments in "Women of All Nations," "Always Good-bye" and "Indiscreet."

REVIEWS

The Lubitsch-Chevalier Team Turns Out Another Hit—Comments Upon the Newest Pictures and Personalities

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

BY all odds the best film of the month—and doubtless one of the best of 1931—is Paramount's "The Smiling Lieutenant." This is another delightful product of that happy Maurice Chevalier-Ernst Lubitsch combination.

Merry Screen Operetta

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT" will be compared to that pleasant celluloid operetta, "The Love Parade," and it will lose nothing by the comparison.

Director Lubitsch has gone a little further in his development of a story—and—music technique. "The Smiling Lieutenant" is a neatly arranged version of the Oscar Strauss operetta, "The Waltz Dream," once filmed silently by a German company with Willy Fritsch and Mady Christian featured.

"The Smiling Lieutenant" is the romance of a merry philandering officer in the Imperial Austrian palace guards. He is happy in the love of a pretty beer garden violinist when fate pushes him into a decreed marriage with the princess of a small neighboring kingdom. Niki can't forget his fascinating Franzi until—

Chevalier is delightful as Niki, Claudette Colbert is a delightful Franzi, but it is Miriam Hopkins who steals the real honors as the shy, prim little princess, Anna.

Lubitsch has directed "The Smiling Lieutenant" with all his sly and adroit humor.

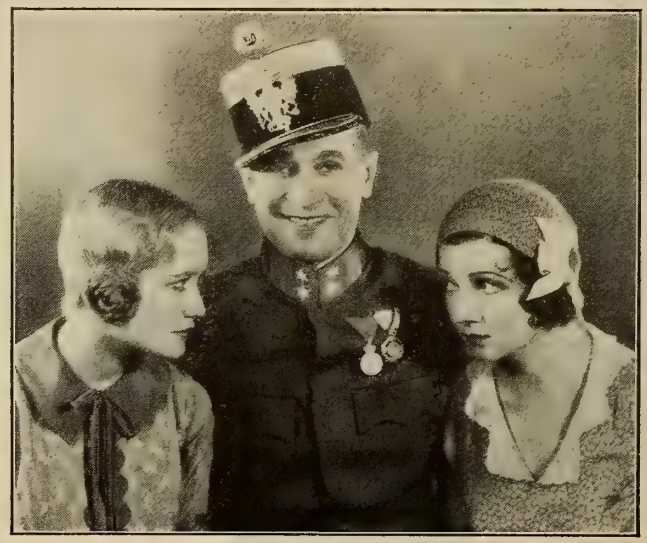
You must see this piquant music drama with its lovely background of prewar Vienna.

The Personable Elissa Landi

ELISSA LANDI, the newest invader from abroad, reveals genuine possibilities in her second Hollywood film, "Always Good-bye," made at the Fox studios. This is the story of a reckless young woman who masquerades as the wife of a handsome young scamp bent upon stealing some precious jewels. Fate has dealt unkindly with the lovely Lila. She has always been forced to say good-bye to everything precious and dear to her.

Imagine her problem, then, when she finds that she loves her partner's victim, the middle-aged connoisseur. Must her past force it to be another good-bye?

Miss Landi lends a warm vividness to the rather unreasonable rôle of Lila and Lewis Stone is excellent as the handsome Lake Como recluse, lonely among his diamonds. Paul Cavanaugh is a personable scoundrel.



Maurice Chevalier scores a large-sized hit in "The Smiling Lieutenant" directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert lend charming aid.

Those Marines Again

YOU saw "The Cock-Eyed World," of course. No doubt you remember those hard-boiled marines, Quirt and Flagg in "What Price Glory." The profane pals are back again, played once more by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, in "Women of All Nations," which offers further catch-as-catch-can amorous ad-



Sentimental interludes of "A Free Soul," "Tarnished Lady" and "Up Pops the Devil."

ventures. This time the boys upset a Turkish harem. Greta Nissen plays the object of the leatherneck's brash attentions.

All this is rough and rowdy. If you found "The Cock-Eyed World" funny, you will discover that this is even better—and even less restrained.

Norma Shearer's Newest

EVERY reader of Adela Rogers St. Johns' interesting Hollywood stories in NEW MOVIE will want to see the talkie built at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios from her novel, "A Free Soul." The story makes a very effective vehicle for Norma Shearer.

The motherless Jan Ashe has been raised by her father, a hard-drinking lawyer, to do as she likes. Conventions are something to break—until she discovers that she can't find happiness in smashing the rules of life. There's a murder trial sequence that will surely get you.

"A Free Soul" is superbly played. Miss Shearer steps further upward as the reckless Jan, Lionel Barrymore is admirable as her sodden but brilliant father, while Clark Gable—*watch this boy!*—is corking as the gambler who wins Jan for a few dangerously menacing moments.

The Problems of Authors

"SEED" is filmed by Universal from Charles Norris' novel of a young author who couldn't write when he had to face the problems of home and a brood of noisy children. So he goes off to Paris with a sympathetic charmer—and becomes the author of our best sellers. The film changes Mr. Norris' conclusion, for it shows the author finally coming back to his family. Thus Universal overrules Mr. Norris, and points out that children, after all, are everything.

The printed "Seed" aroused a lot of violent discussion among folks to whom birth control is TNT. The film "Seed" gets around all this nicely.

John Boles is less the musical comedy tenor in "Seed," Lois Wilson is sympathetic as the wife and Genevieve Tobin makes a very provocative charmer.

You will find some really moving moments in "Seed," too.

"Up Pops the Devil," filmed at Paramount, offers the tribulations of another author. This one kicks over the traces when his young wife tries to finance him from her earnings while he writes a novel. They drift to the edge of divorce.

You will like Carole Lombard (who improves steadily) as the young wife and Norman Foster is more than adequate as the kept author. This film is a pleasantly entertaining discourse of matrimony as modern young folk tackle it.

Introducing Miss Bankhead

"TARNISHED LADY" (Paramount) offers a bad movie introduction to Tallulah Bankhead. This presents the problems of the spoiled daughter of an impoverished family who marries money and then can't stand the bargain.

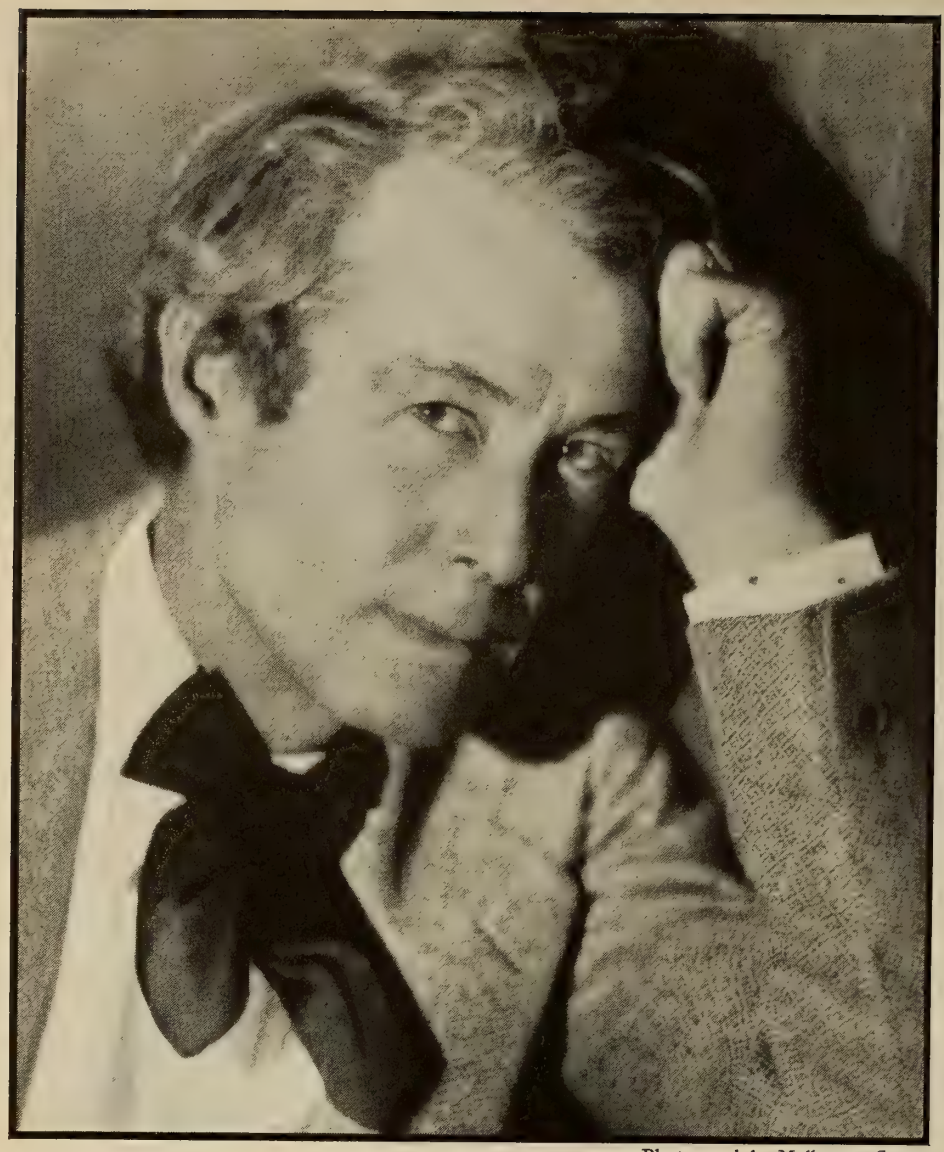
Miss Bankhead has much promise but the film should be forgotten.

"The Lawyer's Secret" (Paramount), offers the problem of the attorney who must violate a client's confession or let an innocent man go (*Continued on page* 87)

Drama and comedy in "Party Husband," "Young Sinners" and "Kick In."



The Beloved Little Colonel of "The Birth of a Nation" Relates His Recollections of the Glamorous Pioneer Days of Film Making



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Henry B. Walthall came out of the Griffith training school, along with Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Richard Barthelmess and other now famous stars. Here Mr. Walthall tells about those trying, precarious first days of the photoplay, before anyone knew the infinite possibilities of the film.

"WE all put on full beards and kept away from the camera as far as we could! Nobody was a camera louse in those days. I personally felt like a thief, for I was afraid I would be seen. They had to coax us to get us to come down front. We got only five dollars a day anyhow. Most of us treated picture acting as a joke and a mere meal ticket. Yes, that was in 1909.

"The stage producers had warned all us stage actors not to act in pictures or we wouldn't be given stage engagements. But all of us who were out of jobs in Summer went into the films just the same."

I was chatting with Henry B. Walthall during lunch at the Roosevelt in Hollywood. Surrounding us at various tables were any number of film celebrities—Charlie Christie, the comedy producer, at one table, Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale at another table, Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez right across from us.

"And this," I reminded Henry Walthall, remembering, "was where we used to stage picnics in an orange grove! On this very spot, you and Lillian Gish and Bobby Harron and Wally Reid and the rest of you were once munching sandwiches and pickles where now we're eating truffles! We used to come to the picnics on the street cars or in Fords, too!"

Then we went on with our talk about the old Biograph days which antedated, there in New York, even the Hollywood orange grove picnics.

"THERE wasn't much incentive to our picture acting," Walthall went on, "for our names weren't mentioned in the casts. We all bore numbers or fictitious names given us by the public. Mary was called the Biograph Girl or the Little Girl with the Blonde Curls. Even Frank Woods, in his movie-reviews in *The Dramatic Mirror*, never mentioned our names. The producers simply wouldn't let us have that publicity. They were afraid we would ask for more money and that other companies would steal us away from them. If anybody wrote in asking who a certain player in a picture was, the only answer the ardent fan would get was a number!

"I met D. W. Griffith in New York at the Biograph studio.

"And I met Mary Pickford the first day I walked onto the set, and talked to her. She was a pet of everybody and a friend. She always had a big sense of humor, although a quiet one, and she had the deepest interest in everybody around her,—a sort of little-motherly interest that was quaint and sweet. She had just come from working for David Belasco.

"Mary was just the most wonderful little girl that ever happened. She wasn't like other girls. She didn't run around and spend her money, for one thing. She saved her money and never seemed to want anything. She didn't go around with the boys either. She just worked and worked all the time."

HOBART BOSWORTH, Walthall told us, has a funny story about Mary's thriftiness and industry. It happened when Bosworth was directing pictures for Selig.

"'A little girl,' Walthall said Bosworth told him, 'came out and showed me some stories she had to sell. I wanted to encourage the child and help her along, and so I bought the stories for fifteen dollars! They were good stories at that, and I used them. I asked her her name, and she answered that it was Gladys Smith. That name didn't mean a thing to me. After she had gone somebody in the office said, "Do you know who that girl is?" I said "No." He said, "That's the Biograph Girl!" "My gawd!" I gasped.'

"We would all," Walthall continued, "in those days write and sell stories on the side. I did it as well as others."

REMINISCENCES of Henry Walthall

BY GRACE KINGSLEY

"After a while, to get back to the Biograph, Mary Pickford brought Lillian Gish to the studio. I think it was partly to placate Griffith for leaving him that Mary brought Lillian. I know that she told him, 'I will bring to you a young actress much more beautiful and capable than I am.'

"It wasn't until a little later that Dorothy came. Lillian was always shy and timid with the other people around the studio, but not Dorothy. Dorothy could always take care of herself. Although I hear that at school Lillian had been something of a mischief, and because Dorothy was full of pranks, right out, she always had to take the blame for what Lillian did.

"Priscilla Dean and Gertrude Robinson were there, too. All the girls were mere children. Florence Lawrence and Dorothy Bernard were among our number, but they were seasoned actresses.

"I WORKED with Mary Pickford in the first picture in which she played, and she knew her business right then, though she was so young. She had her thinker and she used it.

"Later Mary and I were in the first two-reeler made by Biograph. It was 'Ramona.' I think it was the very first two-reeler ever made. I played Alessandro and Mary was Ramona. She wore a dark wig and looked lovely. Kate Bruce played Ramona's aunt. We went to Camulas Ranch and got some very authentic stuff. We used to wait for good weather for exteriors. The producers and exhibitors made a big fuss in the advertising over this first two-reeler. 'Wonderful!' exclaimed the Biograph company in letters a foot high. 'It runs thirty minutes!' That, of course, was after we came to California."

I asked Mr. Walthall when Mary met Owen Moore.

"Oh, that was back in New York. He fell in love with Mary, I think, as soon as she arrived. But she was a mere child and her mother kept close guard over her. Mary was so young and her mother was afraid that Owen would sweep her off her feet before she really knew her own mind. The two just stood and looked at each other. Somebody was always watching them and teasing them. They would get behind a piece of scenery once in a while to have a few words alone, but it wasn't long ever before they were discovered.

"They were there together about four years. Finally they outwitted everybody by slipping away and getting married in Jersey City. They managed to keep their wedding a secret for (*Continued on page* 100)



Mae Marsh and Henry B. Walthall in that famous scene of "The Birth of a Nation," when the Little Colonel returns to his Southern home after the surrender of Lee. The little town is bankrupt, the family is penniless. With makeshift ermine, achieved by the addition of cotton to a plain gingham dress, Miss Marsh welcomes the tattered Confederate officer as he returns from the wars.

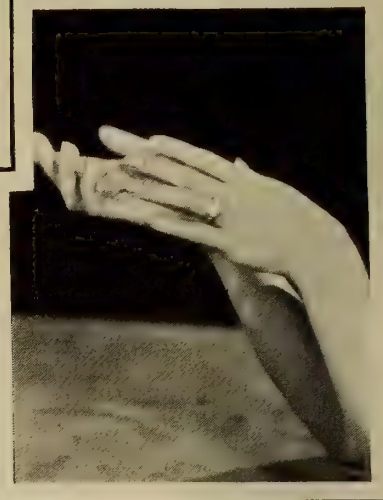
The hands of Mary Doran, below, show distinct artistic leanings. The contour indicates a talent for painting and drawing.



The hands of Raquel Torres, shown below, reveal unusual strength of mind. These hands belong to a person of real will power.



Above, the hands of Bessie Love. The firm, strong fingers indicate a born home-maker. Likewise they show that Miss Love is a happy, companionable person.



FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The Proper Care of the Hands—Advice on Charm and Attractiveness—Answers to Reader Inquiries

By ANN BOYD

WHAT have you let slip through your hands? Ah ha! You would hate to tell and so would I. We shan't confess.

Flawless, lovely hands, such as are pictured above, look as if they had neither toiled nor spun. Yet these are hands of modern women. And what hasn't the modern woman a hand in?

The succession of organic modifications which has resulted in the formation of the human hand is part of the general process of evolution. From slight extensions of body substance we have today a superb mechanism and an object of beauty.

Montaigne has said that hands speak a language which makes the tongue envious. Mary Wigman and Tilly Losch dance with their hands as well as with their feet. Miss Losch has even included a "Dance of the Hands" in her repertoire.

Every modern pursuit tends to bring hands more and more into play. Strong, worthy hands to swing a golf club or a tennis racket; to bridle in a horse; to manipulate a steering wheel or to pilot a plane. Yet these hands must be beautifully soft and perfectly groomed when flickering over a typewriter; dialing a telephone; gliding over a backgammon-board; in repose or action on a bridge table; and as a background for the exciting costume jewelry, without which no costume today is complete.

NOURISH your hands and arms to softness and suppleness.

Perfect cleansing is, of course, the first step. Always wash your hands in warm or tepid water and choose an unscented soap with an excess of fat. Soaps which contain a large percentage of alkalis irritate the skin. Highly scented soaps have a tendency to dry the skin. Be fussy about drying your hands carefully, and after every washing apply a specially prepared hand lotion. These lotions come in many varieties. Some are absorbed so quickly that you can apply them just before you pull on your gloves. Others have an oily base, and may be massaged into the skin before bathing. Enough of the oil will be assimilated during the bath to do the emollient work without leaving an oily surface.

If women were only as much concerned over the care of their hands and arms as they are over facial treatment! Apply a nourishing cream to your hands, arms and elbows every night, just as you do to your face. Massage cream into the skin of your hands in the same manner as you would work on a pair of gloves. Continue to work upward to your wrists and elbows. But stop!

ELBOWS deserve a paragraph devoted to nothing but elbows. They have such a bad habit of betraying a woman's age. The most effective method of applying nourishing cream to the elbows is by cupping. Cup the palm of your hand firmly over your elbow and manipulate with a strong, circular movement, so that the muscles are brought into action. Two or three times a month soak your elbows in warm olive oil. Place pads of cotton in the bottom of two little bowls, and into these bowls pour the olive oil. Let your elbows rest in this warm oil for fifteen or twenty minutes. If the skin on your elbows is slightly discolored, and the skin over this area usually is a little darker than the skin on the rest of the arm, coat your elbows thickly with emollient cream and let them rest cupped in the halves of a hollowed-out lemon. (*Continued on page* 94)

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of William Le Baron

BY LYNDE DENIG

AMONG the high officials that keep the cranks turning in the Hollywood studios, William Le Baron, vice-president in charge of production for Radio Pictures, is a distinctly individual figure: he knows what it is all about from so many angles.

When he talks to an author about human interest and popular appeal, he may sit back in his editorial chair and recall the days when he was managing editor of *Collier's Weekly*, selecting and rejecting manuscripts. If a point in dramatic construction pops up, he may draw upon his technique acquired through the writing of many stage successes. Or, if the subject in hand is a music score, he may turn to a piano and imagine that he is a composer once again. Then, when the hard, plain facts of business demand attention—the dollars and cents of production costs, the building up of an efficient organization — he may profit by practical experiences, starting in 1919 when William Randolph Hearst made him director-general of Cosmopolitan Productions.



William Le Baron

It should be noted, in passing, that William Le Baron is not the sort of a man suggested by his swanky name. Everybody, or almost everybody, calls him Bill and he likes it. He is forever smoking cigarettes and is not in the least particular about where they come from: his own supply, or the overalls of a studio mechanic. It's all the same to Bill. He never wears a high hat, save at a Hollywood first night, and that doesn't count.

BORN in the town of Elgin, Ill., Bill's parents gave him a good start. He appeared to be bright enough to justify a college education, so they sent him to two colleges, the University of Chicago and New York University. But even in those preparatory days Bill was more interested in the lighter phases of dramatic and musical art than in academic subjects. He spent a good share of his time writing comedies and plays with music. What is more, he had them produced. Sometimes he worked alone, sometimes in later years in collaboration: "Her Regiment," with Victor Herbert, for example, and "Apple Blossoms," with Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi.

Then, when he found a few spare moments, more likely than not, he would knock off a lyric for a popular song, all of which was fine preparation for the task of producing singing and talking pictures. In a corner of his spacious office in the RKO studios in Hollywood, there is a grand piano for the convenience of composers who think that they have just the right tunes for some new picture. Not infrequently the sounds emanating from the office are a noisy reminder of New York's Tin Pan Alley. Bill's verdict on the tunes submitted stands as final in the making of decisions as to what shall go in a show and what shall not.

One habit, at least, Bill shares in common with practically all of the successful picture producers. He is a terrific worker; furthermore, he expects others to follow his pace. For convenience, rather than pleasure, he keeps a couple of cars and a chauffeur to drive them. If there is any traveling to be done, he generally will be found huddled in the rear seat of a limousine reading a manuscript. Even on his transcontinental trips —he makes three annually between New York and Hollywood—he refuses to relax. While spinning across the prairies, he reads, revises continuities or dialogue, or perhaps takes one of his associate executives with him that they may map out a coming production.

LOOKING backward Le Baron confesses that in 1919, nearly ten years before the advent of talking pictures, when W. R. Hearst asked him to become director-general of Cosmopolitan Productions, he hesitated. He realized that there was a splendid opportunity, for anything that Hearst goes after he tackles in a big way; but pictures, especially silent pictures, were not exactly in Bill's line, and he was comfortably located on *Collier's*. Finally, Hearst persuaded him to take a chance and offered a nice reassuring contract to show that he meant it.

Without any assumed modesty, for Bill is not bothered by inferiority complexes, he asserts that his success is due to good fortune in picking the right men to work with and in keeping them happy. He is boss of the studio; there must be no doubt about that, just as an editor is boss of the editorial department of a magazine; but he is careful not to strangle individuality with red tape and form. He fosters the kind of democracy that exists in the city room of a newspaper. Men are judged by what they produce, not by the frequency with which they say, "Yes, sir."

When it came to organizing the personnel of Cosmopolitan Productions, Le Baron worked along these democratic lines with conspicuously satisfactory results. "Humoresque," winner of a contest in which thousands of motion picture patrons named it as the best film of the year, was made under his supervision. A few years later, the organization over which he presided came through with another prize winner in "Beau Geste." Still another picture that stands out as an especially worthwhile achievement was "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

By the time Paramount was prepared to expand production at the Long Island studios, along in 1924, Bill had won several pairs of spurs as a picture executive. With Jesse L. Lasky and (*Continued on page* 107)

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Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page* 63)

All Ramon requires of people is that they be a good audience. When he attends a party he looks for the piano, and before you know it he is singing and playing. Such a resourceful person makes a friend seem superfluous. Ramon craves music as most men crave love. That is why he is happier and more detached; he can always have music.

Ramon's assurance may seem like conceit but his candor disarms you. He tells stories on himself that most men would stop their mothers from telling. For instance, when he was a child of five or six his grandmother died. It was his first grief and he wept bitterly.

"Suddenly I wondered how I looked crying," he laughs. "I rushed to the mirror to see."

A born actor.

Ramon characterized himself in an anecdote that I have told many times. When he arrived in Los Angeles from Mexico at the age of seventeen he got a job ushering at the Philharmonic Auditorium so that he might hear the operas and orchestras. One night he rushed up to Mary Garden: "Oh, Miss Garden, may I sing and act and play and dance for you?"

"My word!" gasped Mary. "What a talented young man."

As an extra in "The Woman God Forgot" starring Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid, Ramon asked Miss Farrar to hear him play at the piano on the set. She obliged, but during the performance she turned to chat with Wally Reid. Ramon stopped playing and gave her a hard look. She was instantly silenced, and when he had finished she said, "Pretty good."

"*Pretty* good!" sniffed Ramon.

He laughed in telling me this, and added: "If any phonograph company had offered me a million dollars for my voice at that time I would have figured I was being cheated."

ONCE in New York when he was dancing in vaudeville he went to the Edison company and proposed it loan him ten thousand dollars for the education of his voice. In return he would give them the exclusive right to reproduce it on records. The manager actually considered him. But Ramon didn't go back the next day for the answer. He felt he was selling himself too cheaply. And he was right. Today he could demand many times that amount.

The big example that Novarro sets is faith in self. He did not have a great voice but he practiced regularly every day. He believes in system and loves a schedule. No pleasure can stand in the way of an appointment with himself to practice. Sometimes when we were enjoying ourselves in Europe I would become exasperated when he broke up the party to go and practice. One day I hired an Italian hurdy gurdy to play beneath his window during practice hour. He was annoyed and kept telling the organ grinder to go away, while from the window of the next room I tossed the man *lire*. When Ramon caught me in the act he was furious and would not speak for several days.

To understand Ramon you must think of him as a child. He is one of those Peter Pans. All of his emotions are adolescent. He never hates because he never loves too much. Words do not offend him but if you should pinch him real hard he might be indignant for a long time.

His childishness is his charm, I think. No other man of thirty-one could waggle his toes at the camera as he did in "The Pagan" and seem quite all right. But Ramon was, and I liked him. The Pagan is the sort of person he actually is—joyful, child-like, primitive, serene. No one could really dislike him.

Of course, you might become irritated by his prattle of art. I thought of him when I read Colette's "La Vagabonde." Speaking of the music hall artists of France, she says: "They are full of phantasy, pride, and an absurd and antiquated faith in Art; they alone, they, who are the last of all, still dare to declare with sacred fire: 'An artist must not . . . an artist cannot accept . . . an artist cannot consent. . . .'"

Ramon was forever talking about Art and the Artist.

"A GENIUS," he once said to me, "can excel in all arts."

"You mean to tell me that you, being of course a genius, could paint like Leonardo, sculp like Michelangelo and act like—like Novarro?"

"Certainly," he hummed, executing a pirouette.

Yet Ramon has no vanity in person. During the production of "Ben-Hur" in Rome we sneaked over the Italian border into France because we had forgotten our passports. Forced to leave our baggage at a hotel on the Italian side we had no clean linen for Monte Carlo, so Ramon would wash out our shirts at night in our palatial suite of the Hotel de Paris. Though a born actor, a constant performer, he is not a ham, he never preens.

Criticism never worries Ramon. If it is personal he considers it inverted love. As for the slander of Hollywood of which he has been a victim like all other stars, he says: "Why worry about it? . . . They never say it to your face."

Ramon, Alice Terry and I had great times in Tunis. We agree that those months were the gayest of our lives. Rex Ingram was sometimes hard on Ramon, but he had reason. Ramon was irresponsible, forgetful and gay. Now he is far more precise and exacting than Mr. Ingram.

Alice always championed Ramon when Rex got irritable. Alice loved to laugh and Ramon was a lot of fun.

"His jokes are terrible," Alice would gurgle, "but he laughs at them so hys-

(*Continued on page* 89)



International Newsreel Photo

Stan Laurel, the popular comedian of the team, Laurel and Hardy, took his little daughter, Lois, along when he went on a vacation trip to the Hawaiian Islands recently. Stan has a lot of admirers but none of them equals little Lois.

Holding Up the Family Tradition

(*Continued from page 57*)

actress. But she did not tell her family.

"I had always intended to go on the stage," Miss Bankhead confided, in the husky, throaty voice that has won even a phlegmatic English public from its accustomed lethargy. "And then a beauty contest gave me my chance!"

"One day I saw the announcement of a beauty contest in a motion picture magazine. Without saying a word to anyone, I sent in my picture. But I was afraid to put my name on it. And as I didn't find any more about it in the next few issues of the magazine, I decided that opportunity had passed me by."

Miss Bankhead smiled at the recollection. "Almost a year later," she went on, "I opened a copy of the magazine to find my own picture staring at me. I was one of twelve winners—and beneath my photograph were the words, 'Who Is She?'

"Of course I was excited to death and immediately telephoned the editor that I was the girl. But instead of being impressed, he refused to believe me. No less than forty girls had already called him to claim the dubious honor.

"But he grudgingly told me to send him a duplicate photograph, which I did. This, of course, convinced him, so I was told to go to New York to play a small bit in some picture."

"And what did your family do about it?" I prodded, with visions of all the political Bankheads, past and present, rising in united wrath.

"By that time—I had confessed everything to my father. And he didn't mind—except for thinking it foolish for any girl to want to work if she didn't have to."

With such an auspicious beginning, and an aunt for chaperon, Tallulah came to New York. Followed bits in several early films, as the result of the beauty contest, and then Tallulah assailed the stage.

HER first appearance behind the footlights was in "The Squab Farm," after which she did small parts in other Broadway productions.

She first attracted the attention of the public and critics when she succeeded Constance Binney in "39 East." Subsequently she played in "Nice People," "Everyday," "Danger," "Her Temporary Husband" and "The Exciters."

But, despite the fact that she acquitted herself admirably in each of these plays, success did not come fast enough to suit the ambitious young actress. So, heeding the words of the sage who said, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," Tallulah set out for new worlds to conquer.

She went to England and during the following eight years played the lead in fifteen productions.

"Only after I left America did I begin to realize my own potentialities," she explained. "As long as I was in this country, so close to my home and family, I always had the feeling that if things didn't go to suit me, I could chuck it all.

"But somehow or other, with an ocean between me and everything with which I was familiar, I attained my first feeling of actual independence.

"And after all, England did offer me far greater opportunities than did this country. Over there I had the advantage of being different—just as Greta Garbo, a foreigner, is conspicuous over here.

"As a result of that I was able to play successively the rôles essayed by several different actresses in New York.



Looks like New Year's Eve—but isn't. The young woman is Evelyn Knapp and the incident is in a new Warner Brothers' motion picture.

I played Ina Claire's rôle in 'The Gold Diggers,' Katharine Cornell's rôle in 'The Green Hat,' Francine Larrimore's rôle in 'Let Us Be Gay.' I could never have had all of those parts in this country."

Finally, the cameras and microphones beckoned across the sea—and Tallulah answered their call. "Tarnished Lady" was the result—and somehow or other, I thought it better not to bring up that subject. But I didn't know Miss Bankhead!

"HAVE you seen my picture?" she asked suddenly. (Her mind has a way of darting from one subject to another without warning). Then, without giving me a chance to reply, she went on with calm assurance, "It's a bad picture—and I'm really glad of it!

"For if the picture itself had been good, I would have been only a part of the perfect whole. But as it is, my work stands out. I am forced to carry the whole production."

She gave an expressive shrug.

"Of course, I am business woman enough to know that it would never do to continue to have bad pictures. But for a first film, I don't consider it a bad break for an actress.

"Besides, it is easier to improve upon a poor production than to live up to a good one. The future is easy while there is still something to be achieved. But it is terribly difficult to live up to success.

"Before you have accomplished much, a mistake or two won't count, because no one is noticing you. But after you have made a name for yourself, every decision is vitally important."

I THOUGHT it well to warn Miss Bankhead of some of the things to expect in the cinema capital.

"You'll be asked all sorts of questions—you'll have no privacy—you'll have no time to yourself," I told her.

"I'm willing to answer any and all questions," she replied, with misleading frankness, "except those about love.

"I'm not in love at present—of course, there *is* someone I left in England—and someone I met here last week—but I'm not in love. And if I *were*, I wouldn't talk about it. For discussion is what kills love.

"In the first place, I don't believe that love and a theatrical career can ever be reconciled. It is inevitable that a player shall feel some sort of attraction to the person playing opposite. The kisses may be for audience-reaction—only at first, but eventually some sort of synthetic attraction will develop.

"The spotlight of publicity may be fine for a career, but it's death to love.

"As to any other part of my life, I honestly feel that it belongs to my public. The loss of privacy is a just price for fame and all public characters should be willing to pay it. Otherwise, they should not choose a public life."

"I WAS born a blonde—and a blonde I shall remain. But not a platinum one—not even for the sake of my Art!" she added with a grimace. For one of her pet abominations is the tendency of some players to discuss their art with a capital A. She considers it an affectation and a pose.

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What Chance Would You Have in Hollywood?

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work. The figure is increasingly important in films today. Modes are so revealing that it is impossible to cover structural peculiarities. The perfect figure for films is the small boned medium tall sort, that gives the appearance of rounded slenderness, the type the French call *fausse maigre.* The large boned type looks too emaciated when slender enough for camera requirements.

FRED DATIG, casting director for Paramount, when interrogated on what he considers the ideal type for film success today, said:

"A woman under five feet is too small; it means she can not play opposite tall leading men without looking grotesque. I consider five feet six the tallest a girl can be who wishes to be a star. Five feet three or four is the ideal height, depending on the type of the girl. A heavy woman can be taller than a straight lead; it is not so important for her to be a perfect match for the leading man. A comedienne can be any height, depending on the nature of the rôle she is playing, as it relates to the characters in the story. I am inclined to believe little in the color of the hair and eyes, in their effect on screen success; it all depends on how suitable the coloring is for the rôle to be enacted. I would say, though, at this time, that the blondes seem to be doing very well; black hair and eyes mean a Latin look, which is not good for some rôles. Costume and Latin stories are "out" with the public at present. The sophisticated rôles now in such popularity are best played by blondes. There are a couple of reasons for this. A girl who is blond by choice often achieves a much more striking sophisticated personality for the screen than she possessed as a brunette. Then there is a glamour about blondes that the brunette does not have. Blondes are fewer and hence more admired.

"Girls for the screen are still slender; the taller girl, the show-girl type, who can wear clothes well, is now in demand. In the old days a girl was at the extreme limit when she was five feet five; now we use them five feet six, as a matter of course.

"A leading man should be five feet ten, or over. The closer to six feet the better; over six feet three is too large. Juveniles (young leading men) can begin at five feet six and five feet seven; but they will usually grow to the required height; if they do not, it will require a lot of ability and personality to develop into stars.

"A girl can consider a scale of weight as follows: five feet, the ideal weight is one hundred pounds. For every inch over she can add five pounds to her weight. This is a good general rule; some girls would be too plump looking at this weight. It depends on their special type. A man has more weight range than a girl; at six feet he may weigh from one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and eighty-five pounds, according to his frame.

"Regular clean cut features are highly desirable. A girl or man who is not handsome has no chance. The supply of people for character rôles and comedy rôles is always much greater than the demand. However, a man must not be too pretty; virility is the important thing. The men like Clive Brook and Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper who are well built, reserved, wear clothes well, wear uniforms well, wear outdoor clothes well, are in great demand for screen rôles today. Their spiritual quality is visible in their faces; it is an important part of their screen personality."

FRED SCHUESSLER, casting director at United Artists, bespeaks his ideal screen beauty thus:

"She should be five feet two and a half or three; and weigh from one hundred and six to one hundred and ten pounds. Her eyes, if they are not light blue, may be any color; her hair may be any color; her complexion, if clear, can be any color.

"A man should be six feet; never under five feet eleven; one under five feet ten is out of luck to begin crashing films in this era. He should weigh at six feet, one hundred and sixty-five pounds to one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He must be in good athletic condition. The eyes should preferably be dark; the hair dark; few blond leading men win through to success; they so often are regarded by the public as effeminate and not sufficiently rugged.

"I do not favor a heavier type of girl for film work. As for the preponderance of blondes in the big rôles of the year, I can only say that there are few brunettes in films to choose from; all the girls have gone blond.

"I consider education and a good cultural background most important since the advent of talkies. It is so evident in an actor's speech. The ideal age for a girl to come into films is eighteen; before that age, she is too hampered by the legal requirements for education to be able to devote herself entirely to film work. Marian Marsh, who came into 'Whoopee' at sixteen, was exceptional; all the studios wanted her after her stage work in 'Young Sinners'; Barrymore secured her for his leading lady and she is already a great success.

"A good photographic face is most important. More than this is the personality. Intelligence must show through the features. The flapper type, pert and self satisfied, is entirely out. In short, the sophisticated, intelligent, well bred type, the girl that could go around the world alone, and act like a lady while she's doing it, is the type in demand today. The innocent gaga girl is occasionally used for a young ingenue rôle, but her popularity has waned along with the flapper.

"I believe, along with a lot of others, that the place to find the young people the screen needs, is on college campuses; these young people have all the needed background, intelligence and sophistication, with the poise and ability to wear clothes. The corn-fed babies that are in cheap shows over the country, who come from common parentage, are not of any use to the screen today."

JACK GARDNER and Dave Todd, casting directors at the Fox Studios, consider the ideal height for a girl is five feet three inches. A boy should be six feet tall. In these days of scientific



Those rumors of a rift in the Mary Pickford - Doug Fairbanks marriage were set at rest again when Miss Pickford crossed the Atlantic to meet her husband in London. Doug went over to participate in the British Amateur Golf Meet at Westward Ho, Devon. He was defeated.

Acme Newspictures, Inc.

lighting, it is immaterial to worry over the color of hair and eyes. Blond hair, however, "picks up" the light better on the screen. The Fox lot has more blondes than brunettes.

The Fox studio considers that a girl at fifteen or sixteen can begin a career in films; but it means intensive training for two years before she is used for screen rôles. A young dancer, Yvonne Pelletier, came to Fox's at fourteen, and her potentialities were considered so great that she has been kept under contract for two years, receiving every sort of training. Education is considered of great importance.

The Fox company is allowing its stars to increase their weight somewhat; not noticeably, it is true, but to some extent. It was found that health and strength demanded a little more leeway than under the very strict diet of a couple of years ago.

Phil Friedman, casting director at Universal, who has the most complete index of players in Hollywood, with their good points, peculiarities, abilities, and other pertinent detail, considers that five feet four inches is the ideal size for an ambitious girl; one hundred and ten pounds should be her weight. Eyes may be any color, if they are deep enough in hue to register well; and hair too may be any color.

"The blond type lends itself better to the screen in my estimation; a blonde is more arresting, more glamorous. A blonde has a wider appeal than a brunette. Men of all nations, even the Latins, generally prefer blondes. The classic cut of features has superseded the vogue of the baby face. Teeth are very important; a short upper lip is desirable, as the showing of the upper teeth lends vivacity and personality to a screen face. A shapely mouth, with the lips sufficiently full and well shaped, and not too small a mouth, is desirable. Noses are important; they are the mainstay of the profile. They should be small rather than large, as the camera enlarges this feature. A nose may be almost any type if it is shapely of its kind.

"Men should be, for beginners, who will play juvenile leads for a time, not less than five feet ten and a half; preferably six feet. The weight will be around one hundred and sixty pounds. Dark men seem preferred; yet we find Phillips Holmes and Conrad Nagel doing very well; this is because there is a virility in them that overcomes the prejudice against blond men. A man must not be too good-looking in a pretty way; there are no more Arrow Collar men selected; men resent them and women don't like them. Character and ruggedness are preferred. This is a year for rugged heroes; Bancroft, Chester Morris, Bill Powell, Charles Bickford, Fredric March; all these men suggest strength and strong character. Lew Ayres is of this type.

"I CONSIDER eighteen the ideal age for a girl to come to pictures; she must be that old to be intelligent and take direction; and she must be that young to be molded for pictures. Background and education are becoming more and more important; their value is inestimable. A man may be twenty-one; men mature later than girls, emotionally and intellectually. Variety of types is of course important. There can be no one universal type. Versatility of character is required for different rôles. This takes intelligence. I consider Fredric Marsh an ideal type for a leading man and star; Lew Ayres is the ideal juvenile lead; and Walter Huston is head and shoulders over all character leads. Robert Montgomery is another ideal type of leading man.

"Ability to wear clothes well, to carry one's self well, individuality, and personality must be added to the finest screen photographic qualities, to guarantee success."

Benjamin Thau, the casting director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, provides a great deal of latitude for a would-be star's physical requirements. He says: "Of course the slender girl is always the one in demand for pictures; a really pretty girl is rarely too thin. There is little show of a trend towards a heavier type, though it is true that Joan Crawford's fan mail was full of letters a couple of months ago, demanding that she put on some weight. I consider an ideal weight and height for a girl to be one hundred and fifteen pounds, and five feet three. Types are so different, that it is hard to put it down in cold figures. The ensemble of all the physical features, plus the individuality, personality and intelligence of the player, is what I rely on in casting. There is room for any type today, as all are in demand for various rôles."

Rex Bailey, casting director at Radio Pictures, takes much the same general attitude, that there is no ideal screen type. However, he does have something to say about the photographic qualities of various features. "While dark eyes photograph best, I notice that men are often more attracted by lighter shades of eyes; more so than by a cold dark eye. A blonde I consider a more difficult photographic subject, for some of them have the unhappy quality of having their hair and face blend in a photograph. Slender sharp features photograph best. I consider that it is almost impossible to tell how a girl will look on the screen until she has a screen test. Nine out of ten prospects that look good in the office, go blah on the screen."



Jackie Coogan's brother, Robert, may in time become more famous than the celebrated Kid. Anyway, Robert has just been given a big screen contract on the strength of his work as the across-the-tracks waif in "Skippy."

WILLIAM MAYBERY, casting director at First National and Warners, believes that the ideal screen bet this year is five feet five inches, with weight around one hundred and fifteen pounds. "The taller type girl is more graceful and can wear clothes better; this is important in the screen rôles of today. A few years ago, all the leading ladies were around five feet; Shirley Mason, May MacAvoy, and others. The leading men were smaller then too; Barthelmess, who is five feet seven, played with Dorothy Mackaill who is five feet five, but she was the tallest of his leading ladies.

"A leading man breaking into films today should be six feet tall; he has to be to play opposite the tall modish girls. A man that height can weigh about one hundred and seventy-five or eighty; a girl five feet five or six should weigh around one hundred and fifteen; this is an individual matter, though some girls look better a little heavier than this.

"For men, I prefer a dark eyed leading man. A girl may be blonde or brunette according to her personality. Classic regular figures are still at a premium; the audiences still want their movie stars good looking. There have been stage stars who have come to the screen who are not classic beauties; but it is because they came with names well established. Ruth Chatterton and Kay Johnson are examples of this; but they are great actresses. Beginners have to be good looking.

"It is a good thing to have a constrast between the color of the eyes and hair in a woman star. Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford are examples in point. Their hair is dark; yet their eyes are blue. Joan Bennett has brown eyes with blond hair. Eyes that are deep set are bad for film purposes; the shadows are most difficult to photograph."

Charles Richards, Pathe casting director, considers five feet three or four the ideal height for feminine pulchritude this year; his reason is that they wear clothes better, yet are not too tall to dispel the aura of femininity so essential to a star. The nearer a man is to six feet, the better his chances are for screen success, according to Richards.

"I do not think the color of the eyes matters greatly, just so that they are expressive, sufficiently far apart and not too small. The exception to this is pale blue eyes; to these the camera is never kind.

"I am a firm believer in blondes, being at a studio that has brought forth Helen Twelvetrees, Constance Bennett and Ann Harding, I have some opinions about blondes. If you can get most men to admit their secret dream of an ideal woman, in nine cases out of ten, it will be a golden haired creature with blue eyes and a fair skin. All toy angels are blondes. I think this is because this type of woman can be considered more intensely feminine than any other.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Casts of Pictures Reviewed in this Issue

(*Reviews start on page 74*)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—*Radio.* Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Wayne Carter,* Lowell Sherman; *Helen Andrews,* Irene Dunne; *Agatha Carraway,* Mae Murray; *Lee Carlton,* Norman Kerry; *Lita Andrews,* Claudia Dell; *Henri De Maneau,* Ivan Lebedeff; *Janet,* Noel Francis; *Whoopee Girls,* Roberta Gale and Arline Judge; *Henry Carraway,* Purnell Pratt; *Rollins,* Charles Coleman; *Miss Clark,* Kitty Kelly; *Charlotte,* Bess Flowers; *First Drunk,* Arthur Housman; *Mrs. Halloran,* Florence Roberts; *Brown,* Winston.

DAYBREAK — *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Willi,* Ramon Novarro; *Laura,* Helen Chandler; *Herr Schnabel,* Jean Hersholt; *General Von Hartz,* C. Aubrey Smith; *Otto,* William Bakewell; *Emily Kessner,* Karen Morley; *Von Lear,* Kent Douglass; *Franz,* Glenn Tryon; *Josef,* Clyde Cook; *Emil,* Sumner Getchell; *Frau Hoffman,* Clara Blandick; *Herr Hoffman,* Edwin Maxwell; *August,* Jackie Searle.

A FREE SOUL — *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Jan Ashe,* Norma Shearer; *Dwight Winthrop,* Leslie Howard; *Stephen Ashe,* Lionel Barrymore; *Ace Wilfong,* Clark Gable; *Eddie,* James Gleason; *Grandma Ashe,* Lucy Beaumont.

IT'S A WISE CHILD—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Joyce,* Marion Davies; *Steve,* Sidney Blackmer; *Cool Kelly,* James Gleason; *Bertha,* Polly Moran; *Roger,* Lester Vail; *Annie,* Marie Prevost; *Mrs. Stanton,* Clara Blandick; *G. A. Appleby,* Robert McWade; *Otho,* Johnny Arthur; *Alice,* Hilda Vaughn; *Bill,* Ben Alexander; *Jane Appleby,* Emily Fitzroy.

SIX CYLINDER LOVE—*Fox.* Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Donroy,* Spencer Tracy; *Monty Winston,* Edward Everett Horton; *Marilyn Sterling,* Sidney Fox; *Richard Burton,* William Collier, Sr.; *Margaret Rogers,* Una Merkel; *Gilbert Sterling,* Lorin Raker; *Stapleton,* William Holden; *Mrs. Burton,* Ruth Warren; *Harold Rogers,* Bert Roach.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET—*Paramount.* Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Drake Norris,* Clive Brook; *Laurie Roberts,* Charles Rogers; *Joe Hart,* Richard Arlen; *Kay Roberts,* Fay Wray; *Beatrice Stevens,* Jean Arthur; *The Weasel,* Francis McDonald; *Madame X,* Harold Goodwin; *Red,* Syd Saylor.

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND—*Universal.* Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Donald Curtis,* Elliott Nugent; *Barbara Olwell,* Jean Arthur; *Inez Wakefield,* Betty Compson; *Mr. Olwell,* J. C. Nugent; *Mrs. Olwell,* Allison Shipworth; *Ezra Hunniwell,* Tully Marshall; *Peters,* Sleep and Eat; *Hester,* Eva McKenzie.

INDISCREET—*United Artists.* Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Jerry Trent,* Gloria Swanson; *Tony Blake,* Ben Lyon; *Jim Woodward,* Monroe Owsley; *Joan Trent,* Barbara Kent; *Buster Collins,* Arthur Lake; *Aunt Kate,* Maude Eburne; *Mr. Woodward,* Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Woodward,* Nella Walker.

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—*Fox.* Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Sergeant Flagg,* Victor McLaglen; *Sergeant Quirt,* Edmund Lowe; *Elsa,* Greta Nissen; *Olsen,* El Brendel; *Fifi,* Fifi Dorsay; *Pee Wee,* Marjorie White; *Captain of Marines,* T. Roy Barnes; *Prince Hassan,* Bela Lugosi; *Stone,* Humphrey Bogart; *Kiki,* Joyce Compton; *Izzie,* Jesse De Vorska; *Leon,* Charles Judels.

ALWAYS GOODBYE—*Fox.* Directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Lila,* Elissa Landi; *Graham,* Lewis Stone; *Reginald,* Paul Cavanaugh; *Cyril,* John Garrick; *Landlady,* Beryl Mercer; *Sir George Boomer,* Frederick Kerr; *Merson,* Herbert Bunston; *Blake,* Lumsden Hare.

PARTY HUSBAND—*First National.* Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Laura,* Dorothy Mackaill; *Jay Hogarth,* James Rennie; *Kate,* Dorothy Peterson; *Henri Renard,* Paul Porcasi; *Mrs. Duell,* Helen Ware; *Horace Purcell,* Don Cook; *Bee Canfield,* Mary Doran; *Pat,* Joe Donahue; *Sally,* Barbara Weeks; *Ben Holliday,* Gilbert Emery.

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT — *Paramount.* Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Niki,* Maurice Chevalier; *Franzi,* Claudette Colbert; *Princess Anna,* Miriam Hopkins; *King,* George Barbier; *Orderly,* Hugh O'Connell; *Max,* Charles Ruggles; *Adjutant von Rockoff,* Robert Strange; *Lily,* Janet Reade; *Emperor,* Con MacSunday; *Baroness von Schwedel,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Count von Halden,* Harry Bradley; *Joseph,* Werner Saxtorph; *Master of ceremonies,* Karl Stall.

UP POPS THE DEVIL—*Paramount.* Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Biney Hatfield,* Skeets Gallagher; *Stranger,* Stuart Erwin; *Anne Merrick,* Carole Lombard; *Polly Griscom,* Lilyan Tashman; *Steve Merrick,* Norman Foster; *Luella May Carroll,* Joyce Compton; *Gilbert Morrell,* Theodor von Eltz; *George Kent,* Edward J. Nugent; *Mrs. Kent,* Eulalie Jensen.

YOUNG SINNERS—*Fox.* Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Tom McGuire,* Thomas Meighan; *Gene Gibson,* Hardie Albright; *Constance Sinclair,* Dorothy Jordan; *Mrs. Sinclair,* Cecilia Loftus; *John Gibson,* James Kirkwood; *Trent,* Edmund Breese; *Baron Von Konitz,* Lucien Prival; *Maggie McGuire,* Nora Lane; *Sue,* Joan Castle; *Jimmy,* John Arledge; *Bud,* Eddie Nugent; *Madge,* Yvonne Pelletier; *Tommy,* David Rollins.

THE GOOD BAD GIRL—*Columbia.* Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Marcia,* Mae Clarke; *Bob Henderson,* James Hall; *Trixie,* Marie Prevost; *Tyler,* Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Henderson,* Nance O'Neil; *Mr. Henderson,* Edmund Breese; *Donovan,* James Donlan; *Pagano,* Paul Porcasi; *Roach,* Paul Fix; *Moreland,* Wheeler Oakman; *Spike,* George Berliner.

SUBWAY EXPRESS — *Columbia.* Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Killian,* Jack Holt; *Dale Tracy,* Aileen Pringle; *Kearney,* Fred Kelsey; *Tracy,* Alan Roscoe; *Borden,* Jason Robards; *Stevens,* Sidney Bracy; *Mason,* Selmer Jackson; *Mrs. Mullins,* Lillianne Leighton; *Mulvaney,* James Goss; *Prizefighter,* Maston Williams; *Tony,* Harry Semeles; *Zippe,* Robert St. Angelo; *Motorman,* John Kelly.

SEED — *Universal.* Directed by John Stahl. The cast: *Bart Carter,* John Boles; *Mildred,* Genevieve Tobin; *Peggy Carter,* Lois Wilson; *Junior Carter,* Raymond Hackett; *Margaret Carter,* Bette Davis; *Nancy,* Frances Dade; *Jennie,* Zasu Pitts; *Bliss,* Rich-

(*Continued on page 96*)



International Newsreel Photo

Doris Kenyon, motion picture actress and widow of Milton Sills, sailed away recently for a concert tour abroad. She took her son, Kenyon Sills, along. Miss Kenyon will sing in the larger cities.

Flying Stars

(*Continued from page 37*)

tention to anyone on board and they acted exactly as honeymooners are expected to—and they were entirely unconscious of the stares and smiles. One love scene, anyway, that the passengers didn't have to pay for.

Jack was very solicitous when Ina bumped her pretty blond head. I wonder if he would be now. Anyway, Miss Claire didn't like the flight, later saying that it made her nervous. Neither took the slightest interest in anything about them, but why should they when they were head over heels in love?

Our loveliest passenger was Dolores Del Rio and I'll never forget her beautiful face in repose as she lay back languidly in her chair, eyes closed, and lashes sweeping her cheek. This was just before her serious illness and she rested throughout the trip, yet no matter how tired she was she never failed to pose willingly for the photographers and she always insisted that pilots and crew be included.

When she learned that the westbound plane had crashed in New Mexico that very day, killing everyone aboard, she insisted on continuing though others, less courageous, canceled.

She devoutly crossed herself on reentering the plane at each stop and it was an impressive thing to witness. Many passengers do this, but never openly. Miss Del Rio was the only person I saw who made no attempt to conceal the act.

And when her maid became violently ill Miss Del Rio's solicitous concern in ministering to the unfortunate woman was a revelation to us all.

JOAN BENNETT, radiant, austere and blond, was an altogether different passenger. Her beauty was cold and her manner very reserved. She kept strictly to herself and throughout the flight spoke only to her maid, and then always in French.

She did enjoy the company of her peke, which she took on board in defiance of company rules, merely stepping into the cabin with the little fellow in a handbag kennel. And that's all there was to it! Those Bennett girls certainly do have a way with them.

Helen Twelvetrees, Priscilla Dean, Mary Doran, Tom Moore and other favorites are regular passengers. Without exception they are friendly with crew and passengers alike, and they take a keen interest in the big ships. They like to ask questions, to listen in on the radio when the pilots are talking to other planes, and they know a great deal about aviation.

Miss Dean, incidentally, is married to Lieut. Leslie Arnold, round-the-world flier, who is now an official with T & W A, Inc., and she has much experience in the air.

Jeanie MacPherson, the scenario writer, always flies when she can. She spends her time aboard busily pounding a typewriter or systematically going through the contents of a brief case.



International Newsreel Photo

Ann Harding is another movie star who likes to fly. This picture was made after Miss Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, had reached Hollywood after a 4,000 mile air trip from the East. The plane, a special Bellanca monoplane, is owned by Mr. Bannister, who flew it West.

She is herself a pilot of experience and has been flying for years.

But about Beverly Bayne. Well, you know there is a terrific racket on board due to the three 520-horsepower motors and the only person I ever encountered who could drown out the noise with her own voice was Miss Bayne of the old silents! Strange, isn't it?

She was rehearsing a speaking rôle for a new stage play and her trills and runs easily rose above the roar of the motors. Finally one of the passengers asked me if I could make her cut down on the orchestration and it took a lot of diplomacy to convince the irate man that he was hearing a new stage presentation for nothing and ought to consider himself lucky. The actress was entirely oblivious of her unwilling audience anyway.

With her was the attractive little son whose father was Francis X. Bushman of the Bushman-Bayne team and he kept things lively, too.

One day Mme. Chevalier, wife of the popular French idol, came over the line. She was racing against time to reach Paris where her mother was seriously ill and her brave optimism won us all—to say nothing of her accent and chic manner.

LAURENCE STALLINGS, author of "What Price Glory?" and other screen plays, together with his fellow dramatist, Charlie MacArthur, always enjoy themselves entertaining fellow passengers, but I notice that they manage to turn out a lot of copy, too.

And Will Rogers. He scribbles off his witty cablegrams a mile above the ground and then often passes them around for inspection by people he has never seen before.

So the next time you occupy a seat on one of the transport planes look sharply at your neighbor. It might be one of the stars, and if it is I'll be willing to bet that he or she won't be playing bridge for nine chances in ten the busy movie person will be writing or reading.

Furthermore, I'll bet it won't be Doug Fairbanks unless the stars tell him it's O.K. to fly this month—for Doug only flies when the astrologists say to.

What Strange Future Do the Stars Indicate for Greta Garbo?
Evangeline Adams, the world's most celebrated astrologer, will tell you all about the Swedish favorite's remarkable horoscope in next month's NEW MOVIE.

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

The Man from Montana

(*Continued from page* 61)

worked diligently. Mr. Schulberg sent for Mr. Cooper. The unconscious purloiner of film was ushered into Mr. Schulberg's office in which sat a group of men who could see a dollar even further away than Mr. Shaw or Mr. Goldwyn—that is—even in a canyon in the moon.

Cooper signed a contract with Paramount—WITHOUT A CAMERA TEST.

His first film was "Wings." It was followed by "Children of Divorce," "Legion of the Condemned," several Westerns and other types. Then "The Virginian." "The Spoilers," "Morocco," and "Fighting Caravans."

The rest is financial history—for Paramount. It was one of the shrewdest moves ever made by a film executive. It probably is one of the reasons why Schulberg receives eight thousand dollars a week even in rainy weather.

COOPER, one of the greatest drawing cards in the film world, receives a salary of fifty-two thousand dollars a year. It is, so I have been told, an excellent stipend. A repetition of an ancient Hollywood conflict enters.

The lanky lad from Montana is well aware that he is a far greater drawing card than many players who receive three and four thousand dollars a week. Then why cannot he get his share of what he draws at the box office?

The Paramount officials have their side of the question. In a materialistic world sagacity must receive its due reward. They gave Cooper his chance.

Cooper's contract has two years to run. He is not happy.

Schulberg is a humane man. His sagacity is tempered with justice.

We will watch the result.

It is said that women remain loyal to tall men. The lanky cowboy will need them in two years.

In the meantime, Cooper is learning the few things he needs to know.

He knows how to capitalize facial immobility. With a minimum of expression, he interprets many moods and characters.

His eyes, heavily-lidded and well modeled, are a joy to women. His mouth, surprisingly mobile, can curve into most infectious humor.

Quite virile, there are evidences of delicacy about him. His hands, extremely large, have beauty of contour and proportion. They are not the hands of a cowboy.

A SPLENDID horseman, he has been cast in a succession of pictures giving him little opportunity for the display of other ability. He has none of the healthy swaggering obviousness long considered essential for a hero of the great open spaces.

He has no rating as an actor. But still, by striding across a room he can suggest diffidence, fear, and anger with greater dramatic effect than many other gentlemen hams. Directors realize this fact. His films are filled with scenes displaying his entire figure. His is the most come-hither-maiden walk in motion pictures.

He is the embodiment of that feminine ideal—"the strong silent man." His fight scene, in the early part of "The Spoilers" was a delight. Without knowing the identity of his opponent or the worthiness of his cause, he threw himself into a brawl merely for the physical stimulation of the combat. With feet planted far apart, he delivered blow after blow with the regularity and force of one who knew how to fight. Later in the picture he engages in another fight, this time unaided, with the villain of the story. It is one of the best known descriptions of fistic encounter in popular fiction. Audiences shouted aloud in triumph as he stood, blood-stained and tattered, above the body of his defeated opponent. During the fight a lamp was broken, and much of the action took place in a dimly lighted room.

In "The Spoilers" he contributed a scene of great poignancy and strength to screen history. He stands above the dead body of his best friend. Gathering the man into his arms, he walks in silence from the group of onlookers. At the door he meets the woman he loves. He believes her responsible for the murder. Their eyes meet. He goes, still in silence, into the Alaskan night, carrying his dead comrade. By not acting at all, he endowed this sentimental scene with the elements of high tragedy.

THERE was a scene of similar pathos in "The Virginian." His best friend is captured in a raid upon cattle thieves. A member of the posse, Cooper is forced to watch the boy's execution. Imbued with the uncompromising standard of frontier justice, he witnesses the lynching in silence. As the posse rides homeward, the camera is trained upon Cooper's face. Without the movement of a muscle, he registered the impression of heartbreak.

He is often given shyness to portray. He is a master at the suggestion of deferential embarrassment in the presence of the other sex. The ladies love shy men—who are not too shy.

His romance with Lupe Velez has been widely publicized.

People interested in such things claim they have been married for a year.

I went with him for dinner to the home of his sweetheart.

There never was a greater contrast in two people since marriages were made in heaven.

In a simple living room, the only room in the house which does not bear the extravagant stamp of the interior decorator, he talked of Montana, where flaming sunsets leave glowing streaks in the sky late into the night, and where the trees are long etched in twilight. He was sad because people missed the shadows on the rocks which changed color as the sun moved lower in the sky.

"I haven't read a half dozen books in my life," he said, "and I'm kind of afraid of you, Jim."

"You don't have to be," I answered, "so long as you're yourself."

THE heart of Lupe Velez is not in the great prairie country. Hollywood offers all she desires—money and Gary. She is not without a metallic wisdom. Without money, in Lupe's opinion, one has no place in the world. People are cruel to one who is down. With money, the world lies at your feet. Books have no place in her life. "I can't waste time reading a book," she shrugged her shoulders.

Gary says of her, "The kid can act. She can step out and get four thousand a week. I'm just a type."

Beneath the boisterous manner of Lupe is a canny mind. She is fully conscious of the fact that she lives in a carnival town. And if it were not such, she would make it so.

Lupe's bedroom might serve as a DeMille motion picture set. It is black, gold, and silver. The vast low bed is undoubtedly larger than the entire floor space of some rooms which the young Mexican lady perhaps occupied during her struggle for the tinsel of success. It was in strident contrast to the living room, where the soft glow of lamps and the fresh flowers gave the effect of a play about to begin.

COOPER'S habits are those of an outdoor man.

He takes long motor trips into the desert. He always takes a small victrola along. His favorite music is the chant of cowboys. He wears gloves while driving. He is an amateur taxidermist and spends time in stuffing birds. His chief hobby is his dude ranch.

"I don't deserve to be a star," he says. "There are only about three—Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, and Charlie Chaplin."

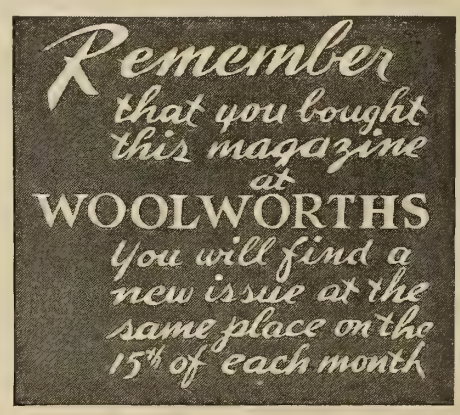
He always sits in the seat near the aisle at the theater. Other seats cramp his long legs.

He loves dogs and hates gossip.

He delights in simple things. That the name of a town in Montana was changed to Gary pleases him. His conversation always veers from Hollywood to his native state. In a more pretentious person his attitude would be considered a pose. In Cooper it is a genuine longing.

He is considered by interviewers the most colorless star in films. Neither is he a talkative person. There is in him the silence of the scenes in which he spent his boyhood. A sob sister might call him the ideal American man. He is something more—a fellow with neither cunning nor deceit who can lift a glass with a man and hold his own with a girl.

So long as women must prefer ham on the screen, they cannot go far wrong with Gary Cooper. There is at least a streak of venison in him.



Reviews

(*Continued from page* 75)

to the gallows. The chief interest in this slow moving story lies in Buddy Rogers' first appearance in a rather minor rôle.

Buddy's bosses, you know, feel that young Rogers did not hold his own as a star. Be that as it may, you'll like the courageous way in which Buddy starts all over. Give him a hand, folks.

"Subway Express" (Columbia), is a novelty, at least. The police lock the doors of a subway car after a passenger is found murdered—and try to solve the crime. This was better as a stage melodrama than it is as screen fare.

Gloria Swanson is delightful in the early part of "Indiscreet" (United Artists). Then the film gets emotional, propounding the problem: shall a girl tell her fiancé about her past? The heroine of "Indiscreet" does. Still, Miss Swanson is both smart and interesting and she receives excellent aid from Ben Lyon.

And, of course, you will want to see Miss Swanson once more in a typical De Mille bath.

COMMENTS ON NEW PICTURES
By LYNDE DENIG

Kick In—*Paramount:* — There are moments in this melodrama that will turn a sensitive blood stream into a cooling system. While the ending may be termed "happy," it is far from being gay and there is a deal of unhappiness before the sun peeps through. Chick, released from The Big House at the opening of the picture, wants to go straight and his young wife is with him, *but* the world in general and the police force in particular, are difficult to convince. After holding a job for two years, he is dragged into an ugly mess through no fault of his own. The story holds the attention and affords Clara Bow a sympathetic rôle.

It's A Wise Child—*Metro-Goldwyn:* —With all due appreciation of Marion Davies' animated performance, James Gleason, as an iceman, runs away with the comedy laurels in this adaptation of a Belasco stage success. The rather complicated plot has to do with the parentage of a child reported to be on the way. It is very much of a mixup that has everyone mystified except the audience which is in on the secret and can make a pretty certain forecast of the outcome. One of the most effective scenes, however, comes in the closing moments of the picture when Miss Davies and the suave Sidney Blackmer reach an emotional adjustment.

Donovan's Kid—*Radio:* — You may cry your eyes out over this picture without being in the least ashamed. Jackie Cooper, as the Kid, is an appealing youngster if ever there was one and the story is aimed directly at the heart, more especially the feminine heart. Richard Dix is a gang leader (1916 vintage) who straightens out his own life in order to set a good example to the youngster who idolizes him. The weepiest of the weeps comes in a court scene when the judge rules that the gangster is not a fit guardian for the boy. Richard Dix, using an Irish brogue, appears genuine enough, but the picture becomes a starring vehicle for Jackie.

Three Girls Lost— *Fox:* — Nothing new, yet up to the average picture offering a blend of realism and romanticism with the emphasis placed on the latter quality. The three girls in question arrive in Chicago and for want of a better plan, room together. One is a calculating minx, another is just a nice girl, whereas the third, played by Loretta Young, is almost too good to be true. Naturally, the three lone maidens are not overlooked by predatory males, and the bad little girl, convincingly presented by Joan Marsh, gets them all into trouble. Some of the dialogue is snappy.

Too Young to Marry—*Warners:*—This title has a personal significance to film fans who keep informed about the private lives of their favorites. Loretta Young and Grant Withers, who recently figured in an interrupted romance of their own, play the leads. The story has to do with a brow-beaten husband whose one sympathizer in the family circle is his youngest daughter. Her poor but honest suitor, kicked out of the front door, returns through the rear and marries the girl while her haranguing mother is attending a movie. Taken from a stage play, "Broken Dishes," the picture makes its strongest appeal as a character study.

Dude Ranch— *Paramount:*—Built around the idea of an over-civilized Western ranch where nothing bloodcurdling ever happens, this broad comedy makes a first rate setting for the consistently amusing Jack Oakie. This time, as a member of a band of traveling show folk, he arrives at a swell ranch hotel from which the guests are departing because of sheer boredom. The wandering players, in return for board and lodging, stage a melodrama which the guests take to be the real thing. Oakie, all rigged out as an immaculate cowboy, from spurs to ten-gallon hat, is the superhero and a funny hero he becomes. Mitzi Green, the wonder child of the screen, gets her share of laughs.

Don't Divorce Him— *Educational:*—Snappy action and the antics of Clyde Cook hold the attention during the run of this brief comedy. Cook is a softhearted law clerk, who threatens to ruin the business of his employer by persuading prospective clients to kiss and make up instead of parting. As a bit of laughable nonsense, "Don't Divorce Him" fulfills its purpose.

Daybreak—*Metro-Goldwyn:* — The elusive quality called glamor has been caught and screened in this picture of life among the gay blades of the Austrian army. Atmospherically, it suggests "Old Heidelberg." Ramon Novarro is a free young spirit clad in an officer's uniform. To clear himself of debts and to satisfy his uncle, a general, Willie is expected to wed an heiress. But along comes a demure little music teacher and the play slides into an acceptable re-telling of the old, old story. Helen Chandler scores, especially when impersonating an unsophisticated girl who has had a drop too much wine.

Doctors' Wives— *Fox:*—Believe it or not, the wives of wealthy doctors have a frightful time. They never know when to expect hubby home for dinner, nor when he will keep a theater date, nor when he will philander with one of his pretty patients. This last is the worst of all. Warner Baxter is the much-desired physician, Joan Bennett, the neglected wife and Victor Varconi, the always dangerous best friend of the husband. You will see rather intimate scenes in a doctor's office, where undraped, or nearly undraped, women are under examination. Also, you will see the alluring Miss Bennett come through her suffering with unshadowed beauty.

The Good Bad Girl—*Columbia:*—Gangsters' molls are becoming just too ladylike for anything. This good little girl has so far outgrown her badness that the "one mistake" of her past is difficult to credit. Her wardrobe is as superior as her morals after she weds the "only man she ever really loved." She is equally flawless in her unselfish devotion to her baby, "the only thing she has left to make life worth living." Most of this melodrama is bravely sad, a few of the gangster sequences are exciting and there is a heavy coating of sentiment. If you don't weep a few tears, you are cold to the finer things of life.

Six Cylinder Love—*Fox:* — This comedy, based on a once popular stage play, is in danger of talking itself to death. That it retains a breath of animation at the finish line, is due to the hardihood of a nicely balanced cast, including such reliable performers as William Collier, Sr., Edward Everett Horton, Spencer Tracy and Sidney Fox. It all happens in the suburbs and has to do with living beyond one's income and becoming an easy-mark for sponging neighbors. Some of the situations seem real enough, but their effectiveness is lessened by over-emphasis bordering on burlesque, which seems out of place.

Virtuous Husband — *Warners:* — The younger generation will get a lot of fun out of this marital comedy. It presupposes an elementary knowledge of the basic facts of life and is frank enough about human instincts. The virtuous husband is a frightful prig whose actions are guided by a series of letters left by his mother. His wife is just a normal girl, expecting a normal marriage. She is not content with a kiss on the forehead and a trip to Niagara Falls. Her honeymoon is a terrible bust and she is ready to call the marriage off when the trouble-making letters are disposed of and hubby begins to take notice. Elliott Nugent gives a capital performance.

Young Sinners—*Fox:*—The qualities that made this play one of the lasting successes of the theatrical season are preserved in this well-produced screen adaptation. It is another version of rampant youth and the ultimate tri-

(*Continued on page* 89)



International Newsreel Photo

Motion picture fans will be interested in watching the progress of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd's baby boy. Harold, Jr., is now home in the Beverly Hills residence of the Lloyds and is doing very nicely. Above, Gloria, aged six and a half, and Peggy, the four year old adopted daughter, gaze upon their little brother with keen anticipation. Pretty soon he'll be sharing their doll house!

He Wanted to Be Like Bill Hart

(*Continued from page* 55)

pictured heaven as being fitted out with just those things.

JOEL McCREA said nothing about his secret to his family. His ambition was his own and not to be shared with any one. But the very next Summer he insisted upon going to the family ranch in central California. There he started to learn "how to be a cowboy." He curried the horses, he rode herd on the cows. He learned to throw a rope and was hurt when his timid suggestion that he carry a six-shooter and a belt full of cartridges fell upon barren ground. What was wrong with that idea? Bill Hart carried *two* of them and a rifle as well.

But Joel kept at it. When he came back to Hollywood and school, in the Fall, he brought two horses with him. His father told him he could stable them in the canyon back of his home on the edge of the Hollywood hills, if he would guarantee to look after them himself. Joel did it, and every afternoon and all day Saturday would find him and one of his classmates astride those horses, riding deep into the hills, their "guns" and "grub" tied in saddle pouches.

He was sure serious about this being another Bill Hart business.

Time went on and he was graduated from Hollywood High School. The fact that he had played football for two years and threw the discus for the track team did not turn his mind from his one ambition—to learn to be a real cowboy and eventually become another Bill Hart. He once more made a timid suggestion to his father. That he go to work—he did not mention what kind of work, yet—instead of going to college. It was met with the same gentle firmness which had denied him the privilege of packing a loaded six-shooter on his hip when he was nine years old. Just here I might say, parenthetically, that I think Joel McCrea's parents must be fine people. I say that knowing Joel and having observed that children very often reflect their parents.

So Joel, still keeping mum about his ambition, trundled off to Pomona College. Which, while small as far as universities go nowadays, is one of the best institutions of learning on the Pacific Coast.

YOUNG Mister McCrea did several things while in college. He continued to throw the discus, stopped playing football, studied all the English literature he could get his hands on, joined the Pomona Dramatic Society and "trod the boards" every time they would let him and—exercised horses.

Fred Thompson's horses.

Fred Thompson, as you remember, was a Western star. He and his beautiful "Silver King" were just solidifying the popularity to which they had climbed when death cut Fred Thompson's career short. But before it did—and even after—young Joel McCrea rode Silver King and his double, Ranger, up and down the bridle paths of Beverly Hills and back over the trails which wound through the mountains north of Beverly and Hollywood.

"And it will probably sound like heresy to some people," Joel told me, "but Ranger was a better horse than the more famous Silver King. Silver King did all the close-ups, but Ranger did all the difficult stunts."

Occasionally, on days when he had no classes and during Summer vacations, Joel McCrea rode in Fred Thompson's cavalcade of cowboys. Tall, he had grown to a full six feet two inches, rangey and as strong as a young ox, Joel poured the spurs into his horse and galloped into the camera eye—even as, those years before, he had seen Bill Hart do.

His family noticed where he spent most of his time, but thought, well, Joel is young, he is still in college, and this is his way of enjoying himself at the moment. There was no doubt about that latter. Joel McCrea, on top of a horse dashing up to a camera, was happy.

JOEL McCREA was graduated from college. He was equipped as far as scholastic education would equip him. From now on his way was his own to earn. He had to go to work. Then came The Decision. Which is capitalized because it was such a surprise to his family, caused such consternation.

"I'm going into pictures," said Joel.

"You're what!" demanded his father.

"Why, Joel!" said his mother.

(*Continued on page* 105)

What Chance Would You Have in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page* 83)

She can combine beauty with intelligence without becoming masculine. Women must intuitively sense this; else why is it that brunettes bleach their hair? How many blondes do you know that dye their hair black? However, the current vogue is not for the cuddly fuzzy haired be-curled blonde of former years.

"INTELLIGENT sophistication, as represented by Ann Harding and Constance Bennett, and the wistful dramatic strength of Twelvetrees better satisfy the modern mode. Since the talkies, audiences are growing up; they demand more adult screen fare. Many silent pictures which were excellent would seem inane with dialogue added. Naturally a different type of actress is needed for the more intelligent and advanced type of play. Hence the blonde triumphant.

"The modern mode is more feminine, hence the contours given a woman are more rounded than in the days of the chemise frock. She is not necessarily heavier. Since the camera always adds the illusion of from five to ten pounds, any slightly fleshy girl is barred from films.

"Whether the vogue is for classic cut features or for rounded ones is best determined by perusing the features of the big successes this year; Nancy Carroll and Clara Bow are the only ones on top of the heap who have not got cameo features. Look at Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett; there is your answer.

"As to leading men; psychology that makes the blonde the feminine ideal, makes the brunette the male standard. A tall dark man! That's what the answer is to most maiden's prayers, and incidentally to most casting directors' as well."

Taking an average of the ideal measurements and descriptions of male and female ideals for films, one is struck with the fact that they are almost exactly the same as the figures for the stars selected earlier in the article. The ideal feminine figure, averaging the casting directors' answers, is five feet, three and a half inches; the weight is one hundred and twelve and a half pounds; four casting directors out of seven emphatically prefer blondes, one prefers brunettes, and the two remaining do not commit themselves on the matter.

EVERY casting director mentions six feet as the ideal height for a leading man; the weight varies considerably, but averages around one hundred and seventy pounds; four casting directors believe dark leading men the best bets, while none prefers blond leading men, and three believe either blond or brunette is acceptable.

Most casting directors want cameo-like features in their women stars, and virile faces in their men.

Only two studios were willing to admit a trend towards plumper women; a third hazarded that the clothes only made them look plumper.

The discrepancy between the ideal and actual figure was largest on men's height; this is because both Ronald Colman and Richard Barthelmess are below the standard now demanded in men's height. They both made their popularity in the days when smaller leading women were the vogue. They both have had so much ability, charm, personality and good looks, that their place on the screen remains unchallenged. It might be another matter if they were breaking in as unknowns in the era of six footers that is now upon us.

Reviews

(*Continued from page* 87)

umph of orange juice without the gin. The picture has plenty of excitement in following the crossed love affair of a couple of wild youngsters, tripping along the jazzy trail with a cocktail at every turn. A few months of hard training in the Adirondacks and the world looks different to the spoiled boy who finds the girl ready and waiting. Thomas Meighan is the big name in a first-rate cast. You won't be bored.

Party Husband—*First National:*—A preachment all tricked out in dramatic furbelows, the argument being that so-called modern marriages are the bunk. Theoretically, each is willing that the other play around with congenial companions, but practically, it appears that the old laws of possession and jealousy remain unrepealed. Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie play the couple weighed and found wanting in matrimonial tolerance. But all ends cosily when the sulking husband turns out the lights and crawls in between the nice warm blankets. Incidentally, for once in a lifetime, a mother-in-law is presented as a peacemaker instead of a troublemaker.

Bachelor Apartment—*Radio:*—When it comes to polite seduction, Lowell Sherman holds his own with the best of them. And he wears a gardenia as though it grew in his coat lapel. But this time he is a good-bad man falling honestly in love with his high-minded secretary and saving her little sister from "a fate worse than death." It is an amusing comedy, enlivened by dialogue that frequently has the ring of spontaneity. Sherman overlooks none of his characteristic mannerisms in allowing the audience to know that he is terribly fed-up on pretty women, including Mae Murray in a transparent negligee.

Monsters of the Deep—*Talking Pictures:*—If you have a notion that fishing is necessarily a tame sport, you will revise your opinion after seeing this highly interesting film. It is a photographic record of fishing off the coasts of California and Mexico made by Jack Draper and a hardy crew; they tackle anything that particular stretch of water has to offer, including sharks, leopard fish, stingarees and a tuna weighing 1400 pounds. To see this picture is to marvel at the skill of the fishermen, risking their lives in a small craft. The running narrative is clear and informative and pleasantly free from verbal excitement.

Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page* 80)

terically himself that you can't help joining in."

Recently Ramon was telling me his experience in directing the Spanish version of "The Singer of Seville."

"The Spanish are conceited like children," he said.

"You mean like you," I said. Ramon laughed.

THE test of your liking of a person is your ability to like his faults. Talking with Ramon on the telephone not long ago, he said:

"I hear you are working hard, I am glad."

"I am working because I have to but I hate it," I snorted.

"We must all work," he replied calmly, "and the best way is to do it cheerfully as well as we can."

His habit of homilies enrages me, uttered with the benignancy of a cardinal blessing sheep, and yet I am amused. Ramon is not to be taken too seriously. If he has the conceit of a child he also has the wit, the joyousness and the likable candor.

He is not a particularly good companion. As he often said: "I have so little to give." His life is expressed in acting, not in thought or conversation. You get the essence of him seeing him on the screen.

Off the screen he is, as I've said, a theater with the lights out.

SEPTEMBER
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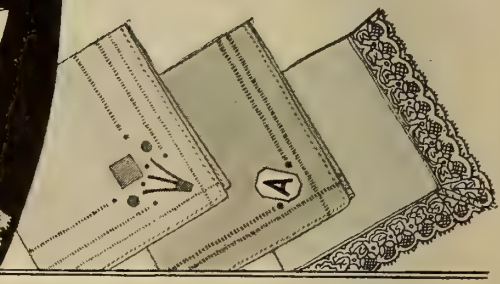
Things You Can Make for Your Travel Kit

These inexpensive accessories will add to your comfort and happiness on your vacation trip. Our New Method circulars give full directions.





AU44. An inconspicuous dressing gown is carried in a bag that may be used as a pillow. Both articles may be made with the aid of this circular.



AU45. Your travel bag should contain a handkerchief specially designed to go with every costume in your wardrobe. The circular shows how to make six including those shown above.



AU46. Here's an ideal bag to hold the toilet articles you will need on your travels. Make one for yourself—and others to save for Christmas gifts—from directions given in this circular.

AU47. This circular shows how to make practical slippers with a matching case that will take up little room in your over-night bag. The slippers are made of dark silk with leather soles.





AU48. A few finger-tip towels made with the help of this circular should be part of your travel equipment. They make charming going-away gifts.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the description.

"Listen, Lydia . . I've heard enough about 'Pink Tooth Brush' from you"



MANY a husband has grown bored, weary, and irascible over remarks to the effect that the lady of his house has found "pink" on her tooth brush—*again.*

He probably has "pink tooth brush" himself—but men are far more likely to ignore symptoms of trouble, and later find themselves embroiled. A woman *will* do something about it—if she knows what she should *do!*

"Pink tooth brush," of course, comes of lazy, unexercised gums . . . and lazy gums are the result of the soft foods we moderns almost unanimously prefer—foods that give our gums almost none of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. Circulation slows up day by day, until gums are so "touchy," so tender, that they begin to bleed on practically the slightest provocation.

It's a very real trouble, "pink tooth brush"—often the fore-runner of more serious trouble. Gingivitis, for instance . . . or Vincent's disease . . . or even pyorrhea, rare though that is. Also, it has been known to threaten sound teeth, through infection at the roots.

So it's best not to ignore that first touch of "pink" on your tooth brush. Step into your druggist's and get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly, twice a day. Ipana is a marvelous cleanser. But each time, put a little additional Ipana on your tooth brush and gently massage it into those touchy, tender gums of yours.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the regular massage, stimulates the flagging circulation—tones and firms the gums—strengthens the flabby walls.



Within even the first few days your teeth will begin to sparkle again. Your mouth will feel cleaner, fresher. And before the month is out, your gums will have recovered some of the healthy hardness they used to have. But don't stop using Ipana with massage! Conquer "pink tooth brush" for once and all, by *keeping* your gums hard and strong with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-81
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

* * * **Ipana** ***tooth paste*** *

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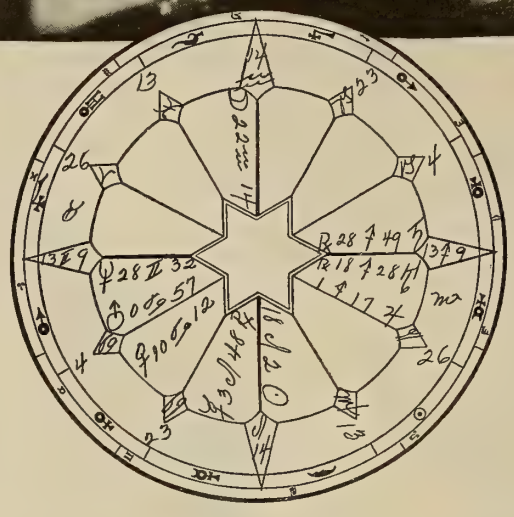
When Leo Rules the Heavens

(*Continued from page* 65)

inspirational—also indicating the period of great reverses which have characterized her meteoric career. I am very glad that she is now coming more strongly under both Venus and her own sign Leo than she has been for a long time. If she takes full advantage of these favoring planetary conditions, she may not only continue to display the superb talents which she has been exercising in recent years in behalf of Miss Le Gallienne's repertory company and the Theater Guild, but she may once more scale the heights of financial success and great popular acclaim on the screen.

Pauline Frederick is another gifted daughter of Leo who is coming under better planetary influences for her work than she has been under for some years. In fact, almost everybody born at about this time — whether they are in the movies or not —will be very strongly under the influence of the beneficent planet Jupiter through the Fall of 1931 and the Spring and Summer of 1932! The list of movie notables who will be so favored, unless their individual horoscopes are grievously afflicted, includes: Cecil and William de Mille, Lawrence Gray, William Powell, Helen Kane, Rudy Vallee, Colleen Moore, Sylvia Sidney, Charles Farrell, Dorothy Jordan, Anita Page, Eleanor Boardman, and—perhaps, most interesting of all —Buddy Rogers. Mr. Rogers





Norma Shearer's astrological chart is like a sunlit sea in comparison with Clara Bow's stormy one. The reasons for her success are obvious. Mars, giving initiative, industry and ambition, was very powerfully placed when she was born.

will feel the Jupiter influence —but with variations!

MR. ROGERS' Moon, ruling his relations with the public, is in Virgo; also his Mercury, the planet which rules the intellect. And inasmuch as Virgo is itself a highly intellectual sign, there is every reason why this young man, at a very early age, has proved so intelligent and thorough in the interpretation of his parts. Buddy's Venus—and, believe me, Venus is a very important planet in the horoscope of a movie actor!—is in favorable aspect to Jupiter, which makes him lucky in his arts, and to Neptune, which gives him the power of visualization.

This relation of Venus to Neptune in Mr. Rogers' chart is similar to the one in Rudolph Valentino's. It gives him the power to play the lover on the screen in such a convincing way—although we all know that he doesn't feel it at the time—that we can't help falling in love with him, or rather with his

(*Continued on page* 113)

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY COMES IN AUGUST

IF you were born between July 24th and August 23rd, you belong to the noble sign Leo, symbolized by the Lion and ruled by the Sun.

If you are a typical son or daughter of Leo, you are the masterful, high-minded type, possessing great executive ability. You may exercise this ability in either business or social life. Leo is the royal sign. Leo people are kings of the circle to which they belong.

Leo people are generous, even to the point of extravagance. They have magnetic personalities. They should always see in person those whom they wish to influence. They also have a natural dislike for anything petty or underhanded. They are ambitious, industrious, untiring, but they dislike menial tasks. They should not let their ambition make them unhappy.

One trouble with Leo people is that they want to rule in *everything*. They should not try to be the dominating force all the time. Their magnetic personalities and inherent abilities will attract the big things to them, anyway. They should let other people have their way in the non-essentials. Their energies are too valuable to dissipate.

Another danger which Leo people face is the temptation to "show off." Leo people are good, and they know it. So does everybody else. They don't need to impress others with their ability. It sticks out all over them. And they should be sparing also with their authority. He who has the greatest authority seldom shows it.

Leo rules the heart. All people born strongly under its influence should look out for all kinds of heart trouble; also for strains and other accidents to the back.

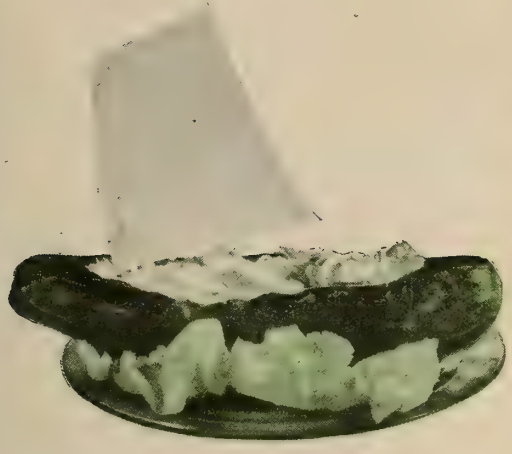
The natives of this sign are natural executives. If they can't be at the head of the business in which they are engaged—and not everybody can—they should be connected if possible with the executive branch.

Leo people are apt to find their most congenial life partners among those who are born strongly under the influence of Sagittarius or Aries.

The Perfect Summer Party

by

Rita Calhoun



A tempting appetizer is served in a cucumber boat with lettuce waves.



Let us show you how to make these original table decorations.



The circular gives recipes for new and toothsome sandwiches.

Wouldn't you like to give a party that would be a real success from start to finish?

Wouldn't you like to offer unusual refreshments that everyone would enjoy to the utmost, served from a table perfectly set and decorated? Wouldn't you like to know of games that would make your guests say that this party of yours was the best they had ever attended?

Because we know that you and thousands of other women will say "Yes" to these questions, we have worked out a plan that will make it possible for you to give this perfect summer party at small expense of time or labor.

To begin with, we have chosen a menu consisting of new dishes that everyone likes, and we have prepared recipes for these dishes that you will have no difficulty in following. We have chosen a charming Jack Horner pie and place cards that you can make at home, and we can tell you of new games that will make your party the hit of the season.

All this information we have arranged in an illustrated circular which we would be glad to send you. The circular contains:

Perfect party menu with recipes for original dishes.

Directions and patterns for making Jack Horner pie and place cards.

Directions for setting the table and serving refreshments.

Suggestions for choosing original favors and prizes.

Plans for new and amusing games and party stunts.



Directions for making home-made potato chips. They're delicious!



A dessert quickly made, with a garnish of whipped cream and green maraschino.



Jellied cream cheese salad is original and easy to make with the aid of our Perfect Party circular.

Just write to Miss Calhoun, care of this magazine, enclosing ten cents and a copy of the circular will be sent to you.

First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 78)

Magnesia and powdered milk mixed to a paste makes another excellent bleach. This mixture should be allowed to dry on your skin.

Hands and arms that are excessively dry should have a special treatment each week. Wash your hands, arms and elbows with a special emollient soap or soluble cream. Then apply heated oil and rub in thoroughly, following the methods described above. Next, massage a rich nutrient cream into your skin. Lastly, pull on a pair of old cotton gloves, wrap pieces of gauze loosely around your elbows, and go to bed. This treatment will really accomplish wonders.

When pruning in your garden, remember that there are big cotton mits to wear expressly for this purpose. For dirty work inside the house, rubber gloves are ideal.

Every woman should know how to give herself a good manicure. Hands should be carefully manicured once a week. Select a file that is thin and flexible and with an edge that is not too sharp. The best taste today is in favor of nails of medium length rounded to follow the shape of the finger. Do not file your nails deep down at the sides, nor dig at the cuticle and at hangnails. Nature has put protective tissue there for a purpose. In order to soften the cuticle, soak your fingers several minutes in warm suds. Then with an orange stick tipped with cotton and dipped in liquid cuticle remover, or with the new cream remover, gently work around the cuticle. Never use a metal instrument, for at this point the nail which is growing in is very thin, and if injured, a disfiguring white spot will develop. Run the orangewood stick, tipped with cuticle remover, under each nail to clean and bleach it. Rinse the hands once more and remove the old polish. Paste and powder polish gives a more delicate finish, but liquid polish is becoming increasingly popular because of its lasting quality. If you use the latter, apply in three quick, even strokes, on each nail.

Let's not let beauty slip through our hands!

How do we know we are fat and how can we ascertain what the normal weight of our bodies should be? We can judge partially by what the standard tables of weights and measurements tell us, but people vary in bone structure, and this makes a difference, does it not?—Mrs. J. D. D., Bloomington, Illinois.

You are quite right; bone structure does make a great difference in weight. When a normal person has reached his maximum growth, his weight should remain at a point of constancy, varying only from about five to seven pounds. If the normal weight increases one-tenth, a condition of obesity is reached.

I am twenty-nine years old and have no wrinkles in my face but have two deep wrinkles in my neck. I would like to know how I could get rid of them.—Mrs. C. W. C., South Boston, Mass.

Always remember to give your neck the same treatment that you give your face. Then there are special exercises and treatments which are particularly helpful in getting rid of circles around the neck. Such a simple exercise as rolling the head in a circle from front to side, to back and round to front again, is a splendid exercise for improving the contour of your neck. I shall be glad to send you more exercises upon request.

How many times a day should I wash my face? If more than once, should I use soap?—A. F. M., Concord, New Hampshire.

Yes, indeed, you should cleanse your face more than once a day, especially during the summer months. I would advise one thorough washing a day with warm water and a mild soap. It is usually more convenient to wash your face with soap and water at night, or in the morning, and to cleanse your face during the day with a thin, liquefying cleansing cream which will melt instantly on your face and release powder, dust and impurities from the surface. Always rinse your face with cold water whether you have cleansed it with warm water and soap or with cream. Cold water is a marvelous stimulant and it helps to close the pores.

Flesh seems to accumulate on my upper arms, although the rest of my body remains thin. What would you advise me to do?—F. P., Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is not at all difficult to get rid of flesh on the arms. Most women, unless they go in for active sports, use the muscles of their arms so little that fat accumulates easily. If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope I shall be very happy to send you instructions for some splendid exercises especially prepared for reducing flabby upper-arms.

Holding Up the Family Tradition

(*Continued from page* 81)

"Do you intend to return to England eventually?" I asked.

"Frankly, I don't know what I want to do with my life," was the response. "Right now, I want to make enough money to be entirely independent and to make a permanent provision for those who are dependent upon me.

"It so happens that none of my relatives need anything from me. But I have a companion who has been with me for five years—a maid who has been with me for eight. After they have given me so many years of their lives, they are certainly entitled to some sense of security for the future.

"For myself, complete independence means the right to live my own life without obligation to anyone else, so long as I do nothing to hurt those who love me."

Aside from this code about the big things in life, Miss Bankhead has her preference about the smaller ones.

She likes plain food such as hamburger, corn bread and hot dogs. She loves to ride the roller-coaster and chute-the-chutes. Adores the present-day off-the-forehead hats. Wears vivid red nail-polish. Prefers warm milk in her tea. And most important of all, must have her three baths a day.



Mae Marsh, idol of the old silent films, is back in pictures, playing the mother rôle in "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," once so successful. Above, Janet Gaynor drops around to welcome Miss Marsh back.

MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
12 Regular in each

1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR 79¢



OUR Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—$1.15 worth for 79c.

And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

The travel package of Modess Compact is a very useful thing. The amount of room it takes in a traveling bag is hardly noticeable. It comes in very handy when you need a few extra Modess to see you through. You can tuck it away in a bureau drawer and save it for a guest accommodation.

Why worry about summertime protection? You can wear Modess under your sheerest dresses with an easy feeling of perfect safety—perfect comfort. The softly fluffed filler is cool and evenly absorbent. Modess will never be conspicuous, because the edges and corners are carefully rounded and it smoothly fits to the figure. It is deodorant—easily disposable.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



modess

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How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 53)

head of the department, would no doubt have a novel costume in stock that they could borrow. For a while Joe obligingly did this service, until the studio stock was almost depleted and the workrooms were knee deep in work. He was instructed by the front office to call a halt or there would be nothing left for the executives.

Eventually the night arrived, as most nights do. Not wanting to miss anything, I was first to arrive, but before I could shed my plush wrap, six others in complete mask joined me, whereupon yours truly made herself most unpopular by calling each by name. This started something and from then on the party congregated in the entrance hall to guess who each new arrival was. This afforded many a laugh and some argument for, even though we guessed right, the victims would shake their heads in denial.

Of course, Marie Dressler was a cinch, for she was in her famous Marthy costume of "Anna Christie." Ramon Novarro in sheik costume was also easy. Ina Claire as a Spanish senorita stumped us for a time, due to the black wig. Charlie McArthur and Ben Hecht came as two famous recently departed criminals. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery as a charming eighteenth century couple. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard were very original in backgammon costume. Lew Ayres was a trapper, Herman Mankiewiez was a combination of all four Marx Brothers, wearing the most characteristic accessory of each. Gary Cooper a ranch hand. Lupe Velez in native dance costume. Charlie and Virginia Farrell in Colonial array. Last but not least the charming hostess herself in a beautiful satin pierrette costume, with a pointed hat topped by a huge green malines pompom. By the time the last guest arrived, all but three had been identified —so all unmasked with the exception of the mystifying three. We finally, through the elimination process, accounted for two, Joan Crawford and Harpo Marx, whose costumes I will describe later. This left one—and a difficult one, for the lady's face was completely covered with a beautiful Benda mask. Had it not been for the announcement of dinner and the lady's desire to satisfy her appetite we never would have known it was Hedda Hopper.

DINNER was served buffet fashion at individual tables set for six to twelve. Here is a partial list of the menu: roast turkey, roast beef, baked ham, fried chicken, assorted green vegetables, baked sweet and Irish potatoes, baked beans, spaghetti, fruit salad, avacado salad, toasted English crumpets, celery, olives, an assortment of cheeses and relishes, ice cream in varied individual molds, cake and coffee. Makes my mouth water to think of it. A large orchestra furnished music during and after dinner. Harpo Marx contributed an hour's entertainment by leading the orchestra and playing practically every instrument in it, but unfortunately there was no harp.

Sid Grauman was then introduced as the judge for the costume awards. He had no difficulty in deciding on the most original woman's costume. The mysterious Hedda as a regal queen of the 14th century was awarded that unanimously—a green leather fitted overnight bag. Joan Crawford as a Grand Dame from Merrie Englande, in a trailing black velvet decollete gown, white wig, small black hat with ostrich plume and long white gloves was adjudged the most beautiful and received a gold sport wrist watch. Harpo Marx, who completely baffled us for so long by his remarkable make-up as the Kaiser, received the gentlemen's first prize, a pair of binoculars. William Haines as "Old Man Gloom" carried off the second prizze—a leather gladstone bag.

Then there was more dancing, during which many decided that it was such a perfect California night that a swim in the outdoor pool would be just the thing. Billie Dove, Ruth Selwyn, Joan Crawford, Kent Douglas, Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and yours truly were a few who enjoyed swimming and diving. All were expert at both, especially Ruth Selwyn, who made some thrilling dives from the marble bridge that spans this beautiful one hundred-and-twenty-foot pool.

This over with, we returned indoors to find Buster Keaton entertaining with sleight-of-hand tricks.

The list of guests: Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hyland, Mr. and Mrs. Towsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers), Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons (Dolores del Rio), Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Conway, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Santley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbetts, Misses Sally O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Sally Blane, Lola Lane, Ethel and Renee Davies, Marie Dressler, Hedda Hopper, Anita Page, Billie Dove, Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Dorothy Jordan, Virginia Cherrill, Carmelita Geraghty, Lily Damita, Mary Duncan, Lupe Velez, Ina Claire, Jobyna Howland, Carmen Pantages, Lenore Bushman, Mona Maris, Peggy Drum, Constance Bennett, Messrs. William Haines, Lloyd Pantages, James Shields, Harry Crocker, Matt Moore, Larry Grey, Kent Douglass, Lew Ayres, Count de Leche, Joseph Willicombe, William S. Hart, Howard Hughes, John Roche, Gene Markey, Joel McCrea, Harpo Marx, Gary Cooper, Danny Danker, John Considine, Jr., Sid Grauman.

Casts of Pictures Reviewed in this Issue

(*Continued from page* 84)

ard Tucker; *Dicky Carter*, Jack Willis; *Danny Carter*, Bill Willis; *Johnny Carter*, Dick Winslow.

DUDE RANCH—*Paramount.* Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Jenifer*, Jack Oakie; *Chester Carr*, Stuart Erwin; *Judd*, Eugene Pallette; *Alice*, Mitzi Green; *Susan Meadows*, June Collyer; *Spruce Meadows*, Charles Sellon; *Mrs. Merridew*, Cecil Weston; *Burson*, George Webb; *Simonson*, Guy Oliver; *Blaze Denton*, James Crane.

DOCTORS' WIVES—*Fox.* Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dr. Judson Penning*, Warner Baxter; *Nina Wyndram*, Joan Bennett; *Dr. Kane, Ruyter*, Victor Varconi; *Vivian Crosby*, Helene Millard; *Dr. Calucci*, Paul Porcasi; *Julia Wyndram*, Nancy Gardner; *Dr. Mark Wyndram*, John St. Polis; *Aunt Amelia*, Cecilia Loftus; *Dr. Roberts*, George Chandler; *Lou Roberts*, Violet Dunn; *Mrs. Kent*, Louise Mackintosh; *Charlotte*, Ruth Warren; *Rudie*, William Maddox.

KICK IN—*Paramount.* Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Molly Hewes*, Clara Bow; *Chick Hewes*, Regis Toomey; *Myrtle Sylvester*, Wynne Gibson; *Piccadilly Bessie*, Juliette Compton; *Charlie*, Leslie Fenton; *Benny LaMarr*, James Murray; *Garvey*, Donald Crisp; *Whip Fogarty*, Paul Hurst; *Dias*, Wade Beteler.

THREE GIRLS LOST—*Fox.* Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Noreen McMann*, Loretta Young; *Gordon Wales*, John Wayne; *William Marriott*, Lew Cody; *Edna Best*, Joyce Compton; *Marcia Tallant*, Joan Marsh; *Mrs. McGee*, Katherine Clare Ward; *Tony*, Paul Fix.

TARNISHED LADY — *Paramount.* Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Nancy Courtney*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Norman Cravath*, Clive Brook; *Germaine Prentiss*, Phoebe Foster; *De Witt Taylor*, Alexander Kirkland; *Ben Sterner*, Osgood Perkins; *Mrs. Courtney*, Elizabeth Patterson.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP — *Talking Picture.* Produced and directed by Harold Austin.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY—*Warner.* Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Elaine*, Loretta Young; *Bill*, Grant Withers; *Cyrus Bumpstead*, O. P. Heggie; *Mrs. Bumpstead*, Emma Dunne; *Chester Armstrong*, Richard Tucker; *Justice*, J. Farrell MacDonald.



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He Knew the Gas House Boys

(*Continued from page* 51)

another an architect. Jimmy was the eldest and so she was strictest with him. The boys didn't dare wander from the straight and narrow for fear of having their heads knocked off.

Jimmy's father was one of those charming and erratic Irishmen who would disappear for months at a time, leaving to his wife the burden of bringing up the family. He would return as suddenly as he left, usually bringing with him what was euphemistically known as a fortune. The Cagneys would have a time of comfort and comparative peace. Then Cagney père would disappear again and Mrs. Cagney would grit her teeth and go on, keeping an eagle eye on her brood.

Jimmy's mother believed in a profession—and until then, a job. Work was the antidote for the corner gang. Jimmy had been made errand boy at the Settlement House when he was fourteen. When he was sixteen, he decided he'd be a prize-fighter. In fact a friend had already arranged for his initial bout. He came home in high spirits to tell his mother. She fixed him with a stern eye and said: "So you want to be a boxer, do you? Well, you'll have to have your first bout with me!"

Jimmy gave up the idea then and there. He went into an architect's office instead. He learned to print beautifully, but most of his time he spent drawing cartoons, instead of plans. He still is a fine cartoonist.

ABOUT this time, the family had a stroke of fortune again and Jimmy was sent to Columbia. He hated being cooped up in school and his gift of mimicry got him into a lot of trouble. He knew he was going to flunk and he thought it wiser to find a job before he did than to face his mother's wrath.

One day he told a friend of his plight. "Why don't you join our vaudeville act?" he was asked.

Jimmy did. His mother accepted the situation with misgivings. Acting would take him out of the "gas house" atmosphere, but still it wasn't quite decent. Mrs. Cagney continued to worry about her eldest. But she told him that if he went out into the world he'd have to stand on his own feet. Jimmy was well able to do this. He lost track of the neighborhood gang. He toured the country in vaudeville and one day he went with a friend to a chorus call.

He had never had a dancing lesson in his life, but he watched the other boys and decided to have a try at it himself. When it was his turn, he mimicked every step with such perfect precision that he got the job. He kept learning new steps from other boys and practicing continually. He is a natural-born dancer. He can do everything from aesthetic to eccentric and he is entirely self-taught.

HE went from one musical comedy to another and because he was such a good dancer, he was given the job of directing the dances of the Grand Street Follies for two seasons. In one of the musical shows he met a little girl from Iowa whom he used to take great pleasure in making fun of behind her back. His Irish wit never left him and his quips kept the company continually laughing. But one fine day, he married the girl. Their romance was as unexpected and exciting as a short story—in fact it recently appeared as a short story in one of the largest magazines.

For a while Jimmy and Billie trouped in separate companies and then, deciding they wanted to settle down, they went to Jersey and opened a dancing school under the name Cagne. How anyone ever mistook Jimmy's Irish face for French is a mystery. Evidently the school wasn't what they expected it to be for soon they decided to abandon it and try their fortunes in Hollywood. They arrived unknown and without jobs and, after a futile search for work, came East again, broke but undaunted.

At this time Jimmy got his first role of a tough on the legitimate stage—that of Little Red in "Outside Looking In," in which Charles Bickford had the leading role. Jimmy attracted attention immediately and for the first time he realized that he could cash in on his knowledge of tough talk. He thought he was made and that his worries were over, but there followed many bleak days before he got his second role in "Women Go On Forever." George Kelly's "Maggie the Magnificent" followed. When "Penny Arcade" was cast, he was given the role that eventually sent him to Hollywood.

WITH a five-year contract in his pocket, his second arrival there was much different than his first. In the few short months he has been at the Coast, he has become one of the most promising players on the Warner lot. But he remains still the same keen, quick, irresponsible, hard - working Jimmy with a marvelous sense of humor and a gift of mimicry that is most disconcerting. He'll meet some one in passing. You imagine that he is thinking of something else and that the person hasn't come under his notice, yet five minutes later he can imitate that person's every gesture and inflection—he can give you a living cartoon of him as well as he can draw it.

He has inherited the Irish temperament and his personality is a mass of contradictions. He looks facts in the face and is the most matter-of-fact person living. He analyzes, probes, gets to the bottom of everything immediately; fools no one, least of all himself, yet his sense of humor saves him from cynicism. You'll say his mind rules him until you remember the wild, erratic things that he does.

He'll leave you holding the wire while he goes to look something up; then he'll forget you're on the 'phone and go out. He'll go off for a day or a night to argue his head off with a crony—which is one of his favorite sports—and forget to telephone his distracted wife, but he'll walk in at five A. M. and tell her all about what Whoosiz thinks. He has a complex about women's hats. Once when he and Billie were touring in separate companies she had a lay-off of four days and traveled several dozen miles to surprise him. She stood in the wings as he finished his number. When he came off stage his greeting was, "My God! Where did you ever get such a hat!" Billie, who didn't know him so well as she does now, was completely crushed.

HE is hopeless about appointments—even those he makes with his best friends and wants very much to keep. If he gets interested in a book or in a discussion with some one, the appointment is absolutely forgotten unless recalled to him. Recently he was supposed to see "Up Pops the Devil," with a group of friends. Knowing his failing, one of them kept reminding him "Don't forget Tuesday night and 'Up Pops the Devil'." Suddenly Jimmy said:

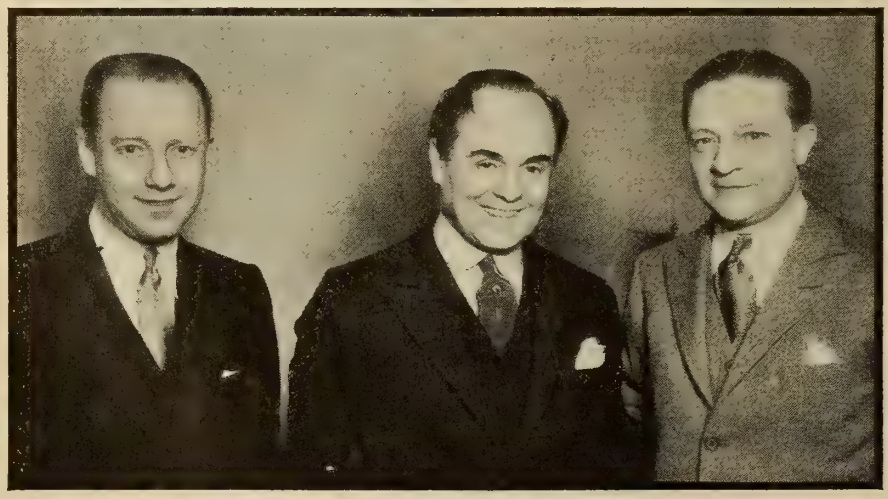
"Why, I can't go Tuesday—I've got an engagement."

"But you said it was all right, Jimmy," the friend remonstrated.

"Did I? Well I know I've got an engagement for something."

Billie was consulted. "Haven't I an engagement for Tuesday night?" he asked.

"Sure!" said Billie. "We're going to see 'Up Pops the Devil'."



Here is the newest picture of Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Andy (Charles Correll), those idols of radioland. They attended a luncheon given in honor of Leo Carrillo in New York and, after the spread, they posed with Mr. Carrillo. Andy is at the left and Amos at the right.

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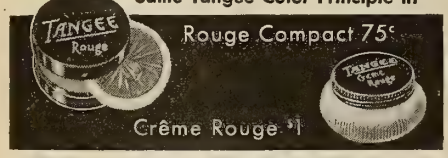
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Reminiscences of Henry Walthall

(*Continued from page 77*)

some time. Finally, though, they went down to Cuba or somewhere in the South on location, and then the truth came out. A while afterward Mary and Owen left Biograph together and went to an independent company, I believe."

"BOBBY HARRON was there as property boy when I arrived. He used to act small parts, too—sometimes two or three in a picture. When Griffith wanted somebody to run across the stage, he would call out, 'Here Bobby!' And Bobby would drop his props to come and do the bit.

"It wasn't until long afterward that Bobby and Dorothy Gish became engaged.

"Mr. Griffith was a gay, happy man in those days—and very democratic. He joined in all our pleasures when we went on location, such as sports, playing cards and dancing.

"He was always singing on the sets. And how he did work! We ourselves never knew when we'd be going to bed. We'd be called for nine in the morning and might meet ourselves coming to work next morning. We would rehearse, then Griffith would run up to see the rushes and cut, and then we would rehearse some more. We made all our scenes at night by lights, and better lights, I think sometimes, than we have nowadays. Griffith always took and asked for suggestions, and he always made us see the rushes.

"We shot all pictures at the studio, which was an old abandoned mansion, a brown-stone front about five stories high and far from convenient.

"There were two dressing rooms, one for men and the other for the women. All of the same sex dressed together, stars and extras alike. Anyhow a star might be a star one day and an extra tomorrow, so it really didn't matter.

"I HAD never thought of entering pictures when I met Griffith. I was working for Henry Miller in the New York theater, and I wanted to get James Kirkwood for Mr. Miller, to play in a drama by Paul Armstrong which was to be given a summer tryout. I was told that Kirkwood was working in pictures, when I called at his house, and so I went over to the Biograph. There he introduced me to Griffith, and Griffith asked me to watch him take a scene, and then said: 'Would you like to do this work?' I answered, 'I don't think I could.' He said he wanted to get some pictures of me, and he made a test. The upshot was that I went down and tried out and did well. My first Griffith picture was a one-reeler—they were all one-reelers then—called 'The Convict's Sacrifice.'

"We had just one room to photograph in, and we had to tear down one set to build another. No, I don't mean we actors had to actually build sets, as we heard they did at Vitagraph. Griffith had a good corps of workmen. We were pretty short on scenery, but what we had was good. It was made of compo board.

"For the first two years I had no other director but Griffith. He made two pictures a week, one-reelers, of course, and sometimes started a third.

"After a while they put on some di-



While there seems to be some basis for the rumors that upon the completion of his Metro - Goldwyn contract, Ramon Novarro may become an independent movie star, he still is working at the M.-G.-M. Culver City studios. Here Ramon has donned a bathrobe between scenes of "Son of India."

rectors to make short comedies. Frank Powell was one, I remember. He was afterward with Triangle, and made some successes.

"BLANCHE SWEET came to us very young. My first recollection of her was when she came down in a scene representing the New Year chasing Father Time, represented by Christie Miller in flowing white crepe whiskers, out of the room. She looked like a dainty little fairy, I remember.

"It was all fun when we worked on location, those days. We would dance and play cards at night. We never went very far on location, usually just to New Jersey or to some place in New England.

"But we worked a lot harder in those days than we do now. For instance, when we went out to location, there was no time in the day to play. For we always had three or four stories for which to make the exteriors. We always waited to get on location to finish these stories, since location trips were expensive, the company figured.

"This made it especially difficult because there were no helpful second-assistant directors to remember things for us. We had to remember all about our costumes in such and such scenes, and even the action sometimes, so as to match things up. Woe to the helpless wight who forgot anything. For instance, I remember one actress who forgot a shawl when she went on location. She had, at the studio, appeared in a scene in which she was seen entering a room wearing a shawl. When the rushes were shown, a funny thing happened, and we all laughed, much to her chagrin. She went into the house without a shawl, but when she entered the room she was wearing one!

"The packing and carrying of wardrobes to location was therefore no small matter, and yet sometimes we had only an hour or two to pack!

"There were no doubles in those days. The women in Griffith's stories were seldom asked to do stunts, but there was a whole lot of action for the men, especially in the Indian pictures. I remember one picture in which a number of us actors were turned loose in a canoe and had to shoot the rapids while somebody on shore fired a gunshot at us!

"All this time Griffith was evolving new ideas for the screen. He and Billie Bitzer, his cameraman, used to go away on trips together. They would always come back with some new idea to be tried out on the screen.

"WE had in those days, I believe, but one scenario writer. He had to hustle. Lee Dougherty was his name. He and Griffith had a play reading night each week. Writers would send in stories, and the two would confer over them. Griffith had visions and ambitions of multiple-reel pictures even then, I'm sure. He would never use a story for a two-reeler that he thought should be made as a feature picture. He turned down some of the best stories in this way—sometimes bought them and kept them. He would say, 'No, that's too good for a short picture.'

"But at that some of our stories were exceedingly good. And we even made the classics sometimes, but we didn't always call them by their names, and wished box-office titles on them. We did 'Pippa Passes,' 'Francesca di Rimini' and others. Marion Leonard

(*Continued on page* 102)

"On $30 a week you learn to look for value"

I AM a stenographer, and a good one. I earn $30 a week.

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IVORY SNOW

Reminiscences of Henry Walthall

(*Continued from page* 101)

played Francesca. She afterward married S. E. V. Taylor, who used to write all the Griffith stories."

Several romances started at the old Biograph studio, it seems. There were Mary and Owen, Gertrude Robinson who married James Kirkwood, and Dorothy and Bobby Harron.

"And there were many players with us then who afterward became famous," Walthall said. "William Russell was with us. He passed away, you remember, about a year ago, after a most successful career. George Siegman, also now dead, started his picture career with Griffith. George Nichols, who made such a hit with Mabel Normand in 'Micky,' was one of us. He also is no more. And there were Arthur Johnson, J. Francis Grandon and Wilfred Lucas, all of whom became very popular.

"WE left Christmas week, in 1910, for California. When I say we, I mean Biograph, Mr. Griffith, his staff and players, including Blanche Sweet, the Gishes and myself.

"We had no studio when we arrived—just a loft on Spring Street in Los Angeles. We would shoot the interiors in the loft, and for exteriors we went to an old lumber yard.

"The first multiple-reel picture which Griffith made was 'Judith of Bethulia.' I played Holofernes in it and Blanche Sweet was Judith. Griffith made it in six reels and then cut it to four. That was an unheard of length for a picture. Afterward somebody got hold of the picture, collected the cut-outs, and assembled the film in its original six reels.

"I hadn't expected to play Holofernes because I wasn't the type physically. I stayed away from the studio, but Griffith sent for me. I said, 'I can't play the part; I'm too much of a shrimp.' But he had tried out a lot of other actors, and finally decided that I could do the part to suit him better than anybody else could. So he found a way, just as he always did. He put me on a pedestal and put brass armor on me. I looked like a giant. I stayed up there either on my throne or on a couch all the time. I had two broadswords, and I threw those broadswords around like a giant. The only other time you saw me I was riding in a chariot across the battlefield and, of course, that made me look tall. No, Griffith never said to me, 'You are too small!'

"I was surprised to be chosen for 'The Birth of a Nation.' I wanted to play the part of Governor Stoneman when I found I was to be in it. Holbrook Blinn had played the part on the stage, and it was the whole thing. But Griffith said to me, 'I am going to make Ben Cameron the outstanding part in the picture.' I said, 'Oh, all right. It's up to you.'

"WE used the Lasky ranch at Burbank as background for some of the battle scenes, and I remember one incident in particular. Griffith had invited a lot of old soldiers from Sawtelle to come over and pass judgment on some of the battles. Some of the soldiers had actually been present at

one of the battles. Griffith asked the soldiers how authentic the scene was, and they said it was all right except that the general's conning tower was a little higher. The conning tower was the camera tower!

"Finally the old boys got to arguing so hard over different points, when asked about certain other battles in which they had participated and which were to be photographed, that they had to be sent home!

"Of those who played in 'The Birth of a Nation,' Robert Harron, Jennie Lee, George Siegman and Wallace Reid are all dead.

"We were making some scenes at Chatsworth and I remember a funny thing that happened. A special train had been chartered, and we all went out on that every day. But one morning I missed the train. The regular train went a little later, and I hopped that. But in my excitement I forgot to buy a ticket! The conductor threatened to put me off. Finally I offered him my watch and chain as hostage, and he let me ride. I arrived on the scene only a few moments late.

"Several months before this," Walthall explained, "we had all won screen credit.

"Curiously enough it was through a foreign agency that our public recognition was won. Some European found out who we all were and, from Paris, issued post-cards, giving our names, and our numbers or our screen names that had been given us by the public. Thus were we identified. The producers were simply shamed into giving us recognition.

"No, we didn't talk much in our pictures," said Walthall. "Griffith used to have us put everything in our face and action. Once he got fooled by some good lines an actor spoke, but when he saw it on the screen, he exclaimed, 'Never again!'

"That is why the old 'Birth of a Nation' simply couldn't be synchronized with dialogue—the actors couldn't be heard speaking when their lips didn't move.

"I THINK that silent acting is much more difficult than the talking screen acting. You must put so much into your face and gestures in the silent pictures. In speaking lines, too, you drop all expression. Talking pictures lack effectiveness for that reason. On the stage, the actor hasn't to put so much into his face—he puts it into his voice, his gestures.

"I believe that it is going to be very necessary to rehearse more carefully so as to get more expression into the faces on the screen. The faces are enlarged on the film, and if there is no expression a lot is lost to the audience.

"Speaking lines seems to make actors forget to put expression into their faces.

"Then, too, the actor speaks his lines and quits acting! On the talking screen you have got to quit acting in order to speak! The actor can't speak until he has moved over to the mike.

"I think it will be a long time before talking pictures will be done so as not to slow up the action. The players speak too much—say unnecessary things. I believe there must be a simplification of dialogue in order to get in as much action and facial expression as possible. Wherever you have to slow up action for speech, you drop something essential to effectiveness. You can't pick up the tensity of a situation again."



People pitied my boy he was so thin....

but now he is the huskiest youngster in the neighborhood

"ONLY a mother will understand how I felt when I overheard two women pitying my little boy. '*How thin he is*' I heard them say. '*Why, that child looks half-starved!*'

"I was mortified . . . but what they said was true. Arthur was so thin, his legs were like broomsticks.

"Yet no matter how I stuffed him with food, he couldn't gain an ounce. It was not until I began mixing Cocomalt with his milk that Arthur began to put on weight. He liked it so much better than plain milk that he drank almost twice as much . . . and the extra nourishment began to fill him out at once.

"He's a real little man now—12 pounds heavier—and getting to be the huskiest youngster in the neighborhood. I'm so proud of him!"

Why doctors recommend Cocomalt

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The urgent need for Vitamin D

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ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK



Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 16)

times. However, there are some genuinely humorous situations and some excellent views of Paris. Entire picture in Technicolor. *Warners.* Class C.

Bad Sister. True to the feeling of small-town life as depicted by Booth Tarkington. Not unusual but an acceptable presentation of the viewpoint of a girl who wants to know life. *Universal.* Class B.

In Conference. Burlesques the weighty conferences of motion picture executives striving to give the public what it wants. More amusing than many longer films of a pretentious nature. *Educational.* Class B.

Other Men's Women. Another setting for the old, old story of a man's best friend who falls in love with his wife. By way of spectacular diversion there is a well contrived flood scene which washes away a railroad bridge. *Warners.* Class C.

God's Gift to Women. Frank Fay, no less, is the gift referred to. His latent sex charm draws a bevy of beauties who fight it out in a hospital, at home, or wherever else they chance to meet. At times the spectator may wonder what the rumpus is all about. *Warners.* Class C.

The Front Page. Lively entertainment in a newspaper office with Adolphe Menjou as the managing editor. A well balanced picture in construction and presentation. *United Artists.* Class AA.

Strangers May Kiss. Once more Paris is the setting for the emotional love life of a young woman who is determined to get what she is after. This time her paramount desire is Neil Hamilton. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Unfaithful. Interesting, as usual, Ruth Chatterton lends distinction to this glimpse of English aristocracy during its more intimate moments. The playing is better than the play. *Paramount.* Class B.

Dishonored. Should be seen because of the presence of Marlene Dietrich whose progress is one of the most interesting events on the current screen. *Paramount.* Class A.

Ten Cents a Dance. More or less of the truth about cheap dance halls and their habitués. Barbara Stanwyck wins sympathy for a sorely tried hostess. *Columbia.* Class B.

City Lights. One of the assured successes in any theater at any time, because of Charlie Chaplin, the irresistible. *United Artists.* Class AA.

Trader Horn. Running along smoothly on its well established career, this picture of African life belongs on the list of worth while entertainment. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

The Hot Heiress. Ben Lyon reveals himself to be something of a singer in this frothy bit of romance between a riveter and a beautiful heiress. *First National.* Class C.

River's End. The windswept Northwest with snow and sleet, the Mounted Police and Charles Bickford. *Warners.* Class C.

Hell Bound. A gangster as played by Leo Carrillo makes a sympathetic appeal in this drama of the underworld. *Tiffany.* Class B.

Father's Son. Booth Tarkington revealing the soul of a small-town gangster hurt by the lack of sympathy from an austere father. Well acted with Leon Janney as the boy. *First National.* Class C.

Ingagi. All about a gorilla as seen through a Hollywood periscope. If you don't believe it never mind. *Congo Pictures.* Class D.

The Gorilla. The latest and probably the final version of a once popular stage play supposed to combine laughs and thrills. *Warners.* Class D.

Tabu. If you are interested in colorful shots of gorgeous scenes in the Society Islands you will apppreciate this production. *Paramount.* Class B.

Body and Soul. Of importance chiefly because it introduces Elissa Landi in a stellar role. *Fox.* Class C.

Kiki. An unfortunate choice of character for Mary Pickford who is by no means a French gamin. *United Artists.* Class D.

Men Call it Love. Adolphe Menjou shows that with or without dialogue he still qualifies as an expert lover. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

Honor Among Lovers. Just one round of cocktail parties after another in a well dressed and politely acted comedy of manners. *Paramount.* Class A.

Don't Bet on Women. Based on the alleged unreliability of a woman's emotions. A trifle too artificial. *Fox.* Class D.

Crashing Hollywood. An ambitious girl visits Hollywood and attends a party where screen celebrities are impersonated. *Educational.* Class B.

The Great Meadow. Shows the valor of Kentucky pioneers. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

June Moon. Jack Oakie appears in an acceptable treatment of a popular stage comedy. *Paramount.* Class B.

My Past. Lewis Stone and Ben Lyon are rivals for the favor of a lady with a champagne past. It all happens on a Mediterranean cruise. *Warners.* Class C.

Dance, Fools, Dance! The dance steps in this instance are executed to the tune of spluttering machine guns in Chicago. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Man of the World. Not much of a story even with William Powell and Carole Lombard to add to its interest. *Paramount.* Class C.

(*Continued on page* 109)

Insure Your Evening's Entertainment

Read NEW MOVIE'S Reviews of the New Motion Pictures and Study Its Summary of the Best Films of the Last Six Months. Save Your Movie Time and Money!

He Wanted to Be Like Bill Hart

(*Continued from page* 88)

"Well, I am," Joel insisted. And he did.

For the first year it was tough. Joel went from casting office to casting office—as just another extra. He was trying to crash in and having very little success.

"Once in a while I'd get into a mob scene," he told me once, "but that wasn't any too often. I tried every way I could think of to break into a Western picture, even as an extra. I hung around the stables; I did everything. They didn't even want me as a plain cowboy. Westerns had sort of gone out, anyway, and not many of them were being made. Casting directors took a look at me and stuck me into ballroom scenes with a monkey suit on. I don't think any of them believed me when I told them I could ride. They'd say, 'You're a college boy, not a cowboy.' And for that picture I would be."

Finally Joel McCrea met Sam Woods. Sam is famous in Hollywood for picking up young fellows from the streets, from the extra ranks, from among the prop men, from the football field, from everywhere—and giving them a break. And Sam Woods is a director who can pull out whatever ability a young fellow may have in him. Sam gave Joel a part in one of his pictures and then recommended him to Bill LeBaron for a part with young Doug Fairbanks in "The Jazz Age." Sam, still keeping his eye on Joel, pulled him back to M.-G.-M. for the second lead with Marion Davies in "The Five O'Clock Girl." He did so well in that he was asked to play a supporting part with Greta Garbo in Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel, "The Single Standard." Then C. B. DeMille gave him the juvenile lead in "Dynamite." At the end of that picture he was signed to a long-term contract by RKO.

But—

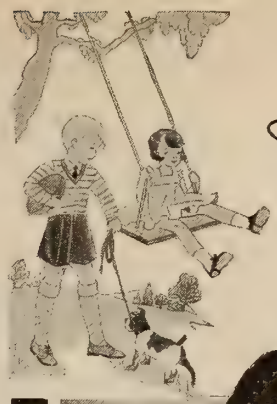
JOEL McCREA, while in the movies, is still far from his heart's ambition. The only time he has ever been near a horse since he graduated—for a picture, that is—was when he doubled for Hugh Trevor in a picture Trevor made which necessitated some hard and difficult riding. Trevor can ride, is a good rider, but the scenario called for some riding such as only one raised on a horse could do. Joel McCrea did it.

In the meantime he is cast in ballroom parts, "dress-up" parts, drawing-room parts, sophisticated parts, all kinds of parts except his loved outdoor parts. But I'm sure they will come.

Joel McCrea, I think, is destined to become a big star in pictures. He and Lew Ayres will be the biggest of the younger actors in the years to come. But I do not think that it is written for Joel McCrea to become another Bill Hart. He, with all justice to that idol of our youth, has a greater scope than Bill Hart ever had.

He is what we term "athletic." You can find him, almost every morning that he is not on horseback or working, down on the beach at Santa Monica.

(*Continued on page* 107)



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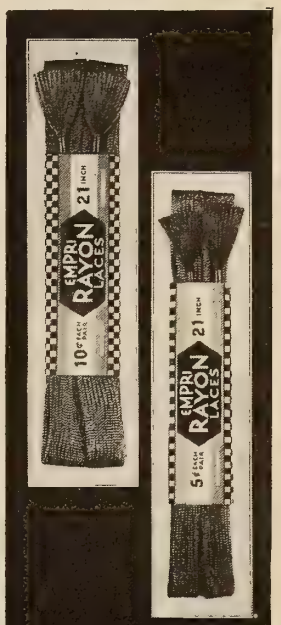


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The "wake-up bath" is particularly refreshing after sultry summer nights. Similar to the after-work bath above, *see page 6 of booklet below.*



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Depend on this one throughout the year! For, as our free booklet explains, hot water relaxes muscles, relieves fatigue, prevents soreness.



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The Inside Story of Will Hays' Ten Years in Movieland

(*Continued from page* 42)

who reach the first page in thick scandal headlines. But they are no greater comparatively than may be found in the banking industry or other pursuits where honor is looked upon as a commercial asset.

Do not believe that this is mere accident. It is the definite program of a man who struggled in the wilderness to bring it about.

Hays has never stormed things. He has gone about his task with suggestion, conciliation and polite argument. I know of no one in such a trying situation who has been so meek and humble.

I often find the impression that Hays is a psalm-singing, soft-soaping figure, blind to the vices of the industry over which he rules. Nothing could be farther from the facts.

Arouse him and he has a tigrine ferocity that sweeps the bravest off their feet. He swings from the ankle instead of turning the other cheek. Yet these revolutionary outbursts are rare. They come only when he believes that the movies are not progressing.

He does not want them to move with a bound. He wants instead a peaceful and orderly march toward the goal. Anyone who thinks Hays does not know what is going on in Hollywood is, in the patois of the day, "kidding himself."

WILL HAYS is a strict Presbyterian and a churchgoer, but he is not running around pulling a long face. He knows there is a lot of fun to be had in this world and he wants to have a lot of it himself—but he wants it clean. And if this constitutes a religious crank he deserves that appellation.

He has definite ideas about these principles which he is trying to enforce. Roughly I should say they are about like this:

No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it.

The sympathy of the audience is never to be thrown to the side of evil.

The sanctity of marriage shall be upheld.

Obscenity is forbidden.

No film may throw ridicule on any religious faith and ceremonies of any religion must be respectfully handled.

The history, institutions and citizenry of other nations shall be represented fairly.

Loose habits tending to lower the morals of youth are never to be glorified.

There is nothing of religious frenzy about such a code. They are simple rules of good taste, good sense and fairness.

That these ideas have borne fruit is patent to any person who knew the movies before Hays came into the picture.

It is not difficult for any of us in middle years to remember where the nickelodeon type of cheap movie prevailed.

Go to any first class movie today and you find a representative audience. Decent family people, scholars, aristocrats who come in limousines and the

(*Continued on page* 111)



Lil Dagover, the beautiful German actress, has been signed to appear in Warner Brothers' productions. She is shown here signing her first American contract with Gus Schlesinger, the Warner general European manager. Miss Dagover is one of the most popular of the Continental film stars.

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● **Tintex Gives Faded Fabrics Fresh Colors Almost Instantly**

Let the sun do its worst! Just so fast as your clothes fade you can restore all their original color-brightness with Tintex!

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Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box — For lace-trimmed silks — tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover — Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

He Wanted to Be Like Bill Hart

(*Continued from page* 105)

Swimming, playing volley ball, passing a football, running up the beach in a heavy woolen sweater, boxing a few rounds with professional boxers who train on the beach.

Joel McCrea is not a finished actor yet. But the late Louis Wolheim, who went to Alaska with him to make "The Silver Horde"—Joel's first full lead—said, "Smart kid—learns fast—not afraid to ask when he doesn't know something. Asked me plenty on that picture. And picked up the tricks of the trade faster than I thought any one could. He's a comer."

Business! I'm not so sure that Joel McCrea looks upon acting and motion pictures as a business. I think rather that what he is doing now is just a stepping stone, a detour along the way until that time comes when he can pull himself up to the top deck of a horse, his own horse, and say, "All right, Mr. Director, I'm ready."

The Men Who Make the Movies

(*Continued from page* 79)

Benjamin Schulberg concentrating on West Coast activities, he was made associate producer at the Eastern plant. Herbert Brenon, the director, and stars such as Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan and Richard Dix made some of their finest pictures during the Le Baron regime, which continued up to 1927, the year of Bill's move to the production chair of Radio Pictures.

THE coming of Le Baron, just when the screen was learning to talk and sing, was a fortunate break for Radio. No man in the field, by reason of his natural talents and stage experience, was better qualified to handle musical spectacles of the type of "Rio Rita" and "Hit the Deck."

Throughout his career, Le Baron has avoided personal publicity, save where it would be of direct commercial benefit. In keeping with a personality that shrinks from personal display of any sort, he dresses conservatively. He avoids the gossipy chit-chat of Hollywood and Broadway and is not in the habit of discussing personalities; no doubt one of the reasons for his popularity in the film colony. If he has any criticism to make he offers it first hand. Although his crowded twenty-four-hours a day schedule does not permit of much time for social diversions, Le Baron retains his membership in The Players, Dutch Treat, Lotus, Hollywood Athletic and Coffee House clubs, also in the Authors' League of America and the American Society of Dramatists and Composers. Some day when he can find the time, he is going to write another play.



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GIRLS—this new kind of Face Powder restores youthful beauty to sun-parched skins!



Made with a soothing OLIVE OIL base to soften the skin and keep it supple!

YOUR MIRROR is quick to tell you when the sun and wind have made your skin too dry . . . How coarse and "leathery" your face looks, with tiny lines showing themselves around your mouth, under your eyes . . . How taut and drawn it appears—like a mask of brown parchment!

There's a simple way to prevent all this! . . . Today—and *every day* before you go out in the open—use OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder. Notice how this luxurious powder helps your skin retain its clear, youthful freshness . . . its delicacy of coloring . . . its softness and elasticity. OUTDOOR GIRL gives your face a clean, comfortable feeling that lasts all day. Yet in spite of its unusual olive oil base, the powder is as fluffy-dry as any you have known.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades, including Lido, Boulevard and Everglades—the lustrous new tone that goes so well with this year's complexions.

Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and $1.00, *together with other* OUTDOOR GIRL *Beauty Products,* are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful makeup. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

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OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box . . .



With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

Little Rollo Learns About Sound Movies

(*Continued from page* 35)

Daddy. Let's get back to the subject. Tell me how they put the sound on the films.

Daddy: All right! I'll begin by asking you a few questions. Do you know how they put the picture on the film?

Rollo: Certainly, Daddy.

Daddy: Well—how?

Rollo: Why, just the same way my little camera works. You point it at the picture and press a button and you got it—if it didn't move. But if it's a moving picture, the more it moves, the better the picture is. That's all.

Daddy: That's right, Rollo. And the sound is exactly the same way. Only they use a different kind of a—of a—well—they have cameras that photograph sound. They point the camera at the sound and photograph it. That's all.

Rollo: Can they see the sound, Daddy?

Daddy: Certainly not.

Rollo: How do they know where to point the camera if they can't see it?

DADDY: Look here, Rollo. Suppose I was going to photograph you talking. Where do you suppose I'd point the camera? Where is the sound going to come from?

Rollo: Oh, I see. Is that how it's done?

Daddy: That's the whole thing in a nutshell.

Rollo: What does the picture of a sound look like, Daddy?

Daddy: Look like? Does it have to look like something?

Rollo: Well, if it doesn't look like something, how can you see it?

Daddy: You don't have to see it, Rollo. You hear it.

Rollo: So you can't see it at all, huh?

Daddy: No. No chance, Rollo. And that only goes to prove there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

Rollo: What does that mean?

Daddy: It means that there are more things in heaven and earth than—than—My God, isn't that plain enough for you?

Rollo: We'll pass it, Daddy. Have it your way. There's only one thing puzzles me, Daddy. You say you can't see a sound on the film?

Daddy: No.

ROLLO: Then what's a sound track, Daddy?

Daddy: A what?

Rollo: A sound track? The synchronized accompaniment which goes along with the picture.

Daddy: Oh—that. That's just another name for the sound.

Rollo: But you say you can't see it, and yet I saw two full pages of reproductions in the *Scientific American.*

Daddy: Oh, you did?

Rollo: I sure did.

Daddy: Oh yeah?

Rollo: Yeah, two whole pages. And it showed just how the sound is photographed and appears as a series of wavy lines along the side of the film on a narrow strip by itself.

Daddy: Hmm. That sounds logical.

Rollo: Logical, my eye, Daddy. It's as scientific as Hell.

Daddy: Humm. Yes—it could be. Well, I hope you're satisfied, Rollo.

Rollo: Not quite, Daddy. You see, I know how sound tracks look, and I read all about how they make 'em, but I don't quite understand one or two things.

Daddy: Well, maybe I can explain them to you, Rollo. What is puzzling you most?

Rollo: Just this, Daddy. How do they take something like sound, which you can't see, and photograph it so it is a lot of little lines going up and down? Daddy!—Daddy. . . . You're frothing at the mouth . . . Daddy. . . . Mother . . . come here . . . COME HERE QUICK!

Daddy: ARF . . . ARF . . . ARF . . .



A happy reunion in the Farrell family. Charles Farrell's father, David Farrell, was the first to greet the newly-weds upon their return from Europe. Charlie resumes his starring contract at the Fox Studios and the former Virginia Valli may or may not decide to return to pictures.

Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 104)

Charlie Chan Carries On. Warner Oland supplies another episode in the interesting experience of the Chinese detective. *Fox.* Class B.

The Bachelor Father. When the story fails to click there is the vivacious personality of Marion Davies by way of compensation. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Finn and Hattie. A Middle West American family making whoopee in Paris. Mitzi Green, that precocious child, gets most of the laughs. *Paramount.* Class C.

The Single Sin. A woman caught in the bootlegging racket reforms under difficulties. *Tiffany.* Class D.

Seas Beneath. Shows what a modern submarine looks like from the inside and offers a conventional bit of drama. *Fox.* Class B.

The Southerner. Lawrence Tibbett smiles and sings his way through a romantic yarn. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Royal Bed. Lowell Sherman in a suave presentation of a king with a sense of humor, rather than a sense of dignity. *Radio.* Class C.

Reducing. Marie Dressler creates a number of mirth-provoking episodes in this burlesque of a feminine fad. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Gang Buster. Jack Oakie has fun with a gang of racketeers. *Paramount.* Class B.

Resurrection. Russian atmosphere is successfully suggested in an intelligent picture of Tolstoy's famous play. *Universal.* Class B.

The Blue Angel. Still stands as Marlene Dietrich's best picture to date. *Paramount.* Class AA.

Tom Sawyer. Good for all time as a reincarnation of Mark Twain's famous boy. *Paramount.* Class A.

The Man Who Came Back. Its main bid for attention is due to the presence of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. *Fox.* Class B.

Reaching for the Moon. The sprightly Douglas Fairbanks proves that he has lost none of his animation. *United Artists.* Class B.

Inspiration. Will appeal to the host of Greta Garbo fans even if the story lacks distinguishing marks. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class AA.

Holiday. A sophisticated comedy well suited to the delightful Ann Harding. *Pathé.* Class AA.

Journey's End. Worth seeing for a second or even a third time if you are interested in the manifestation of character under the stress of war. *Tiffany.* Class AA.

All Quiet on the Western Front. If every resident of every country could see this film it would be difficult to stir up another war. *Universal.* Class AA.

Romance. Greta Garbo goes back to the formal seventies for a setting in this picture. She is interesting as well as beautiful in the gowns of our grandmothers. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class AA.

Cimarron. Taken from an Edna Ferber story this is an interesting depiction of the land rush in Oklahoma some forty years ago. *Radio.* Class A.

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood are the cut-ups in this fast-moving comedy. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.



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Begin this saline method with Sal Hepatica today. In a month you'll feel better, look younger, regain your natural charm.



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. M-81, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

SAL HEPATICA

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 73)

ating with has-beens. They fear the contagion. When a man flops in Hollywood he walks as lonely as a leper. Nor need he cry "Unclean," or rather "Cleaned," for the taint of failure reaches further than a garlic breath.

"When I go to a studio to see about a part, I wear all my jewels," laughs Kathlyn Williams. "Any suspicion that you need money is fatal."

So I hope it's true that Queen Victoria really did make off with the crown jewels. She will stand a lot better chance when Sam Goldwyn sends for her.

Banners for O'Brien: After perusing "Front Page," I put up money that Pat O'Brien will be next banner line in Hollywood. Don't forget I picked Kid Ayres for champion. Look at him now—the big Iron Man.

This O'Brien is a new type. Praise be to talkies we're getting them different. Patrick has alchemy in the old personality that makes the screen melt . . . he's there in person, not a picture. He loves and cusses with equal conviction, thus pleasing both the fair and their ticket-payers. In fact, Patrick looks like a good-will ambassador between the sexes: they may decide on attending the same picture without quarreling.

Cows Moo "Internationale": Can it be the Ohio censors didn't hear what that typewriter said in the last line of "Front Page" when Menjou shoved it with his elbow? They barred a cartoon cow for reading "Three Weeks" and yet have done nothing about this godless machine. Why? I'll tell you, comrade cows! The typewriter is backed by big corporations while the cow is only the farmers' friend. It's enough to make you cows turn Red and give vodka. (Go on, I dare you to do it.)

Financial Tip to Mr. Morgan: Howard Hughes, with a conscience and money, made "Wings" and "Front Page." He's the best constructive criticism of pictures I know. All the screen needs is more young independents like him. Of course all young men with sound ideas haven't the ducats, so they are compelled to enter the film foundries where the only word that can be heard above the din is "yes."

The trouble with pictures is simply this: for years they have been controlled by a ring of merchants who believe they can standardize products as Ford does cars. Mass production doesn't pay, in the long run, as they were finding with the old silents. The greatest successes have emanated from free individuals.

My thought in saying all this is to give a little financial guidance to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Vanderbilt, who are entering our great industry. A newcomer can't be too careful with his wallet in Hollywood, as Conrad Nagel and I can tell you. (How much money was it we dropped, Conrad? . . . Oh, Lord, and it was an independent production, too, wasn't it?)

Upsy-down Bessie: Bessie Love is staging another of her comebacks. How that girl loves to appear and disappear like a kid in a revolving door. This time she is bernhardting on the stage with Tom Moore in "Whispering Friends." Her art is aging nicely as well as her beauty. By the time she looks twenty she ought to be another Lil Russell.

Bessie's roller-coaster career — now she's up and now she's down—has worried her old admirers, of whom I'm one. But Bess has the giggly heart of a child; she loves it.

That Hawaiian Moon: The heart certainly goes jungly in Hawaii.

Dorothy Mackaill engaged to one man, gets marriage-licensed to another, engaged next day to a third . . .

John McCormick, ex-mate of Colleen Moore, quits Hollywood to live as hermit on a South Sea isle. Arrives in Honolulu, gets engaged to Dorothy (her second that day) and cables a beautiful Beverly widow to come marry him immediately.

Warner Oland, back from Hawaii (fortunately his wife accompanied him), tells me that the Hawaiian drink, *oke,* is marvelous. In other words, there's romance under the Hawaiian "moon."

Dempsey-Taylor Split Gate: Hollywood proved too much for the old world champ. Jack Dempsey admitted defeat and went to Reno to ask for freedom. Too bad. Jack's a likable fellow, so is the wife, Estelle Taylor. I met them once when I got off the train at Salt Lake on my way to Hollywood. They were getting on and we talked at the news stand. Estelle kept thumbing the movie magazines. "Looking for a picture of myself," she said with likable frankness.

It's Hollywood ambition that blasts most marriages. The god who makes you see yourself is too much for him we romantics call Cupid.

A mealy bug couldn't exist under the rock of Hollywood ego, much less a world champ.

Arise, My Beauty! Miss X of Boston —who asks me to withhold her name— writes:

" 'Would you be so low and bending, so *kind* and condescending—' as to grant my request? . . . I want the true life story of Ramon Novarro. . . . Give us fans a break, Herb. . . . *You* know him personally. We have to be satisfied with what we read in magazines about him—when there is anything to read. . . . I would go down on my knees to you if I thought it would bring results. . . ."

Mia cara: Your name looks Italian, and for an Italian I would do anything. (If Mussolini forced the old castor cocktail on me I'd drink it and like it.) I wrote the true life story of the Señor some years ago. . . . Well, anyhow, it was a life story. But just to please you, *bella bambina,* I am writing about him this very month. Why do I write so much about Valentino? He was an Italiano, signorina.

HERB HOWE WRITES ONLY FOR NEW MOVIE

The Inside Story of Will Hays' 10 Years in Movieland

(*Continued from page* 106)

like. The first night of a modern movie takes on the pretenses of a Ziegfeld Follies opening with a crowd just as representative. The newspapers treat it with the same consideration they would a new play with Ethel Barrymore.

HAYS has always been keen for the educational side of the movie entertainment—something that will instruct as well as amuse. He was for years ding-donging this idea into the producers. Eventually he won them over and there is scarcely a program that does not have one or more of these features.

In the same way he has encouraged the travel film. And you find them, too, giving intellectual relish to the evening's entertainment. He has insisted upon these diversions and they are presented with no suggestion of being pedantic.

Primarily, Hays believes that the big mission of the movie is healthy entertainment, but if he can savour this fare with something instructive and make the patron like it he is pleased. And so, incidentally, is the patron.

The movies are far from perfect. Will Hays knows that and that is why he is at his office 10 hours a day. He is doing a big job and he is doing it well.

In fact if the next ten years show as much progress as the last ten I am inclined to believe they will be as nearly perfect as anything material can be.

And when the final record of the progress of the movies is written it is my guess that the name of Will Hays will loom large. And deservedly so.

Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

(*Continued from page* 12)

1 banana
1 apple, cut into thin slices
½ cup white grapes
½ cup cherry juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Skin the orange and grapefruit sections and break into small pieces, split and seed the grapes and cover with fruit juice and chill. The banana and apple should be sliced and added just before serving.

Did you ever serve a rose-colored or violet grapefruit cocktail? Miss Rich sometimes arranges this for a luncheon when she wants to carry out the color scheme of the floral decorations.

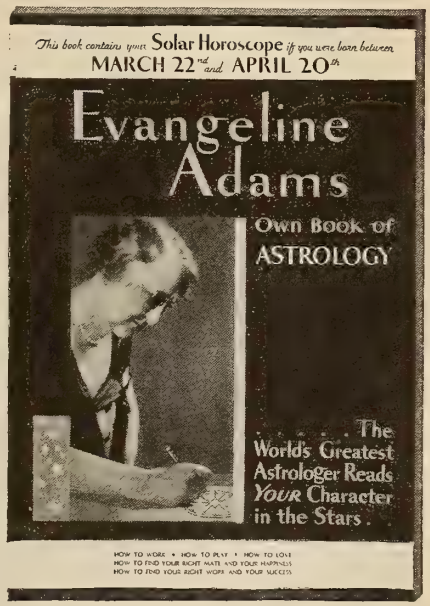
The grapefruit sections are skinned in the usual way and are then put into a bowl and covered with undiluted grape juice and allowed to stand in the refrigerator for several hours. That gives them a lovely violet tone. To give them a rose tint, they are covered with slightly sweetened strawberry or raspberry juice, or cranberry juice if you have it at hand and like a rather tartly flavored cocktail.

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May 22 and June 21—Gemini ☐	Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra ☐	Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—Aquarius ☐
June 22 and July 23—Cancer ☐	Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio ☐	Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces ☐

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

Lukewarm Lulu

(*Continued from page* 40)

said Montague bitterly, "but it isn't furnished by the studio. She rolls her own, that sixty inches of blond dynamite, and now she's headlined herself out of the business. Her contract has only six months to run. She's off on a bender in Europe, and when she comes back her option will be treated like Hardy treats Laurel. Why? Because I'm going to develop you to take her place."

"But she's so sophisticated, and I'm——"

"And you're going to play the same parts in a hoydenish manner. I'm telling you, Solova's washed up, and every studio is wise to the reason. Her old man's name was McIntosh, but it should have been waterproof, and she's kind of thirsty, too. The blow-off came when she ran away to Vancouver and then had the gall to ring me up long-distance collect to ask after my arteries. 'Get back here for production,' I told her, 'or strap on your roller skates.' 'I can't,' she says, 'there's two men holding me down.' And when I asked her who they were she says their names are Haig and Haig, and then she starts whooping. Well, nobody can do that to me, so maybe you'll take the moral to heart and not snap your fingers at the red-head tradition. Come on, sweetheart, be an abandoned woman until the last reel."

"You win," pouted Lulu, "but it will be a terrible strain. And remember, away from the studio I insist on doing what I like in my own quiet way."

"Fair enough," agreed Mr. Twitt. "Dear old Hollywood's only the parking place for illusions, after all, for they tell me that even the English actors get common when nobody is looking."

A FEW months later Miss Fontenelle, now firmly established as a provocative pest, arched her elbows in the Santa Monica sand and smiled wearily at the frazzled Mr. Twitt. Six microscopic roles and a couple of interviews had made her known to the fans as a tomboyish charmer who stalked her man with shameless efficiency, and now, as the first step toward leading womanhood, she was the storm center in one of those door-slamming absurdities where a two-inch mask prevents a man from recognizing the wife of his bosom.

"I can't understand it," moaned Montague the mighty. "Here you are, with all the qualifications for a siren *de luxe*, yet every day I've got to argue you into a frame of mind where you'll look on a man as something more than a biped without feathers. The result is sexceptional, I'll admit, but the strain is exhausting me."

"I give you all the help I can," frowned Lulu in the throaty voice she had been forced to use as her natural one. "Oh, why won't you let me be elfin or pathetic like I've begged?"

"You'll never be a Gish-gusher with my consent, so quit looking at me like a hungry Pekinese. *You* help *me*, do you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, spending the evenings with Dickens and the nights with Morpheus? You simply must give me a break, baby, and the way to do it has just come to me. You've got to have an affair!"

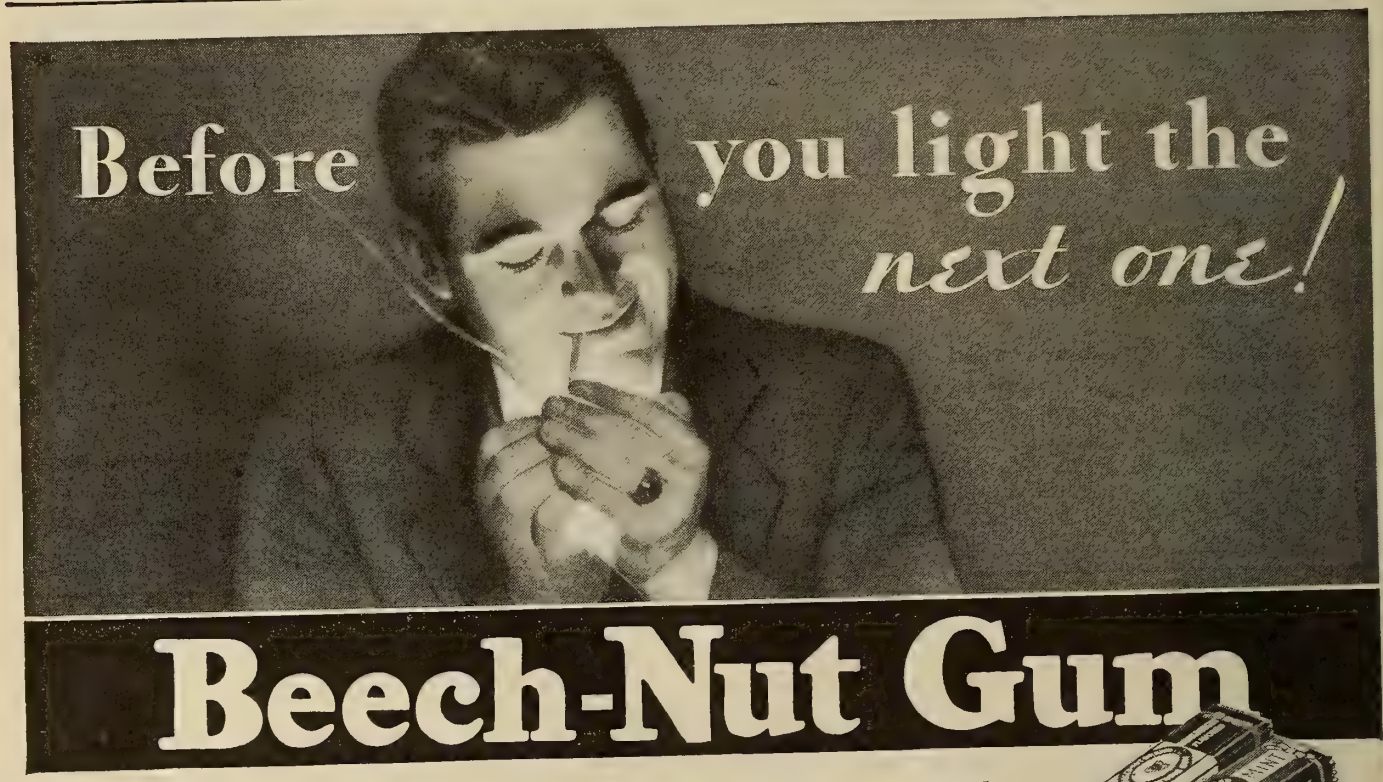
"You'd better stop reading those French novels."

"Listen," said Mr. Twitt fervently, "only the other day I read where some opera singer claims no one can be a real artist unless they've had their heart wrung, and it sounds plausible. Why, for all you know you may be capable of a great love! Do me a favor and look around for some guy who'll make you feel plastic."

"I really wouldn't mind a bit," blushed Miss Fontenelle, "but suppose the judgment of opera singers isn't any better than their figures? I'd welcome a little attention now that my career is under way, but Hollywood men are such sticks. Can you think of some nice youth suitable for a quiet girl who isn't a dumbbell?"

"It's like ordering turtle soup in a

(*Continued on page* 114)



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When Leo Rules the Heavens

(*Continued from page* 92)

shadow. His Moon, which governs his relations with older women, is in aspect to Uranus, which gives him unusual powers over older and married women. That is great for his screen career, but it may cause him some trouble in real life!

His Sun is also friendly to Uranus, which usually indicates a fine background—and I understand the position of Mr. Rogers' family in the community and his own education are somewhat more advanced than is often the case with our popular favorites. This fact has been a great asset to him in the type of parts he depicts as has his voice. The position of both Venus and Neptune in his horoscope indicates that he could have developed a very fine singing voice. In fact, his voice may yet be his fortune.

But enough of Mr. Rogers, and Miss Shearer, and Miss Bow and all the rest!

We mustn't let these shining personalities obscure the fact that *everybody* born between July 24th and August 23rd belongs to this royal sign Leo and that *every* Leo person in greater or lesser degree is coming under most auspicious conditions beginning with the Fall of 1931 and extending through 1932.

This applies to these lions and lionesses we have been discussing this month. It applies also, if you are a true son or daughter of Leo, to *you!*

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 14)

painted on like exclamation points of sophistication, eyebrows blocked out and superseded by pencil lines. But try to get those pictures! I recall just one —of Ann Harding. The appealing sweetness of her face—as is—made one feel at once closer to this woman.

D. B.,
221 Warren Street.

Maurice as Beaucaire

Toledo, Ohio

What I would like to know is why Paramount doesn't remake "Monsieur Beaucaire" with Maurice Chevalier. I remember with pleasure the silent version, starring Rudy Valentino and Bebe Daniels, and I feel sure the talking version would be doubly charming with Maurice playing the gallant, dashing prince mistaken for a barber. His accent would be perfect for the part—and think of the handsome uniforms he would have a chance to wear. Here's wishing Paramount remakes the picture and gives us fans a break.

John Malkin,
2235 Jerome Street.

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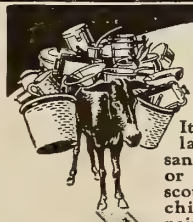
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Lukewarm Lulu

(*Continued from page* 112)

hash house, baby, but I'll try. Let's see —romantic types are apt to go sullen, comics are poison when there's nobody around to feed them a line, the virile boys cause too much friction on your nerves and your carpets, and—psst, look what's giving the sun a treat! What ho, Pinky!"

A TALL, blond, rosy cheeked young man, smiling shyly, was edging across the beach to an unoccupied umbrella, but to judge by the melting glances cast in his direction, a stronger barricade would be necessary to keep the admirers away. This was Mr. Ormonde (Pinky) Poole, who looked, to any susceptible female, like the boy who used to carry her books home from school, and as a result a reward had been offered for his curly scalp by disgruntled swains from coast to coast. Mr. Poole could be unassuming with more ostentation than any living mortal, and he stretched himself lazily, bearing down heavily on the manner which had been described as "delightfully unaware."

"Fascination's prize petunia," whispered Mr. Twitt. "I've been trying to borrow him for over a year, but he says our dames fail to intrigue him. Throw him that languorous lure I was teaching you this morning. Ah, he got you on the first bounce! He's the answer to your prayer, but if he carries that boyish hesitation on into his thirties somebody will slough him."

"He's even handsomer than his pictures," murmured Lulu, as her eyes glimmered like harvest moons, "and somehow, he doesn't behave like an actor, Monty. He seems really to be thinking about something besides himself, judging by the way his lips are moving and that far away gaze."

"That's because he's intellectual," confided Montague. "It must get the women, too, because they're shedding powder on his lapels after the first five minutes. He seems just another well housebroken son of dear old Orange Pekoe to me, but they do say that he writes poetry. Maybe that's the answer to how he does it."

Where dwells the woman who fails to thrill at the thought of meeting a poet? Lulu immediately went into a ravishing imitation of The Thinker and remained in that uncomfortable posture until one of her legs went to sleep. Here, at last, was a kindred soul who would know something more than the baseball scores or which button on his vest the Prince of Wales was leaving undone. She smiled once more at the profile that would have adorned a Greek medallion.

"Bring him over—," she began, but Mr. Poole, accustomed to signs of surrender, came strolling toward them, demanding an introduction which Mr. Twitt performed with gusto.

"This should have happened long ago," breathed the hero, trotting out his best brand of bashfulness. "I've noticed you in a few pictures, and I must say that when a man looks at you he's liable to forget all he knows. Such lure!"

Miss Fontenelle blinked happily and produced a blush.

"Why not come over to work for me?" suggested the director. "I can use you next month, and I understand Fascination will be loaning you about then."

"That's a grand idea, Mr. Twitt, so why don't you run over and see my boss about it? You'll find him where the bottles are thickest." A furtive kick started the only too eager director toward the clubhouse, and Mr. Poole turned pinkly to the girl. "Shall we be utterly different," he queried, "and actually go in the water?"

THEY oozed across the beach, dived through a few breakers and then the diffident Pinky steered his partner to a deserted raft.

"From what I've seen of your pictures I'd have thought you'd be writing your telephone number on my back with your lipstick about now. You're so unusual!"

"And so are you," said Lulu, and meant it. "Monty was telling me you're a poet, and I think that's simply wonderful."



Katherine De Mille, daughter of Cecil De Mille, the director, is now a film actress. You will see her in "Son of India," in which Ramon Novarro is starred. At the right Miss De Mille is talking over her scenes with the star.

For a triumphant second Mr. Poole swelled as though only a panorama camera could do him justice, then he collapsed into the hesitant youth attitude.

"In a very small way, of course, but —gosh, do you know that you really inspire me? A poem about you would come so easily."

The inspiration began cooing like a pigeon. "I do? Oh, please tell me what you feel."

The poet's eyes became cowlike as he goggled into space, mumbling frenziedly, "Te-tum, te-tum . . . yes, that's good . . . well, here you are:

"Oh, would I were a necklace,
And all day long to rise
Upon your balmy bosom
With laughter or your sighs."

The luster of appreciation slowly faded from the Fontenelle orbs and they became as hard as agate.

"Tennyson wrote that," she said icily. "I remember that rubbish from the eighth grade. What are you trying to get away with?"

Mr. Poole looked hurt. "It just bubbled up from my heart," he protested. "Tennyson, you say? Well, there may be a slight resemblance—feelings are feelings, you know—and you are one of those rare persons who incite the creative quality. For instance:

"Your eyes are like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song;
Oh, give—"

"YOU faker," said Lulu bitterly. "Haven't you got more pride than to steal Coleridge's stuff like that? Why, you wouldn't know a seraph if it crept up and bit you! So the great Pinky Poole's a masquerader, like the rest of the gang around the enchanted colony, and here I was just about ready to like you a lot. Ugh—stop being embarrassed, and take me back to Monty."

"Wait," pleaded the versifier. "The words may sound a bit familiar, but I tell you they come into my mind, and I just have to say them. It proves I've got the soul of a poet, at least, for all the others—uh, well, you needn't get sore about it."

"All the other conquests who thought you were original, eh? That's part of your line, I suppose, and I guess it was a success with the drooping damsels who think the Muses are the cat's whiskers, but I happened to go to school."

"You're a counterfeit yourself!" raged Mr. Poole. "You, the sweet girl graduate! Putting on the dog when you're really an uninhibited passion flower, when you're really smoldering around the edges!"

Miss Fontenelle made a secret note to the effect that Pinky was even more devastating when angry. "I'm being myself," she told him primly. "It's you idiotic men and your redhaired complex that causes all the trouble, for if I were an anemic blonde you'd be perfectly willing to have me gentle. Like me this way, or not at all."

"Then why don't you like me for being poetical? Spring and sunsets and baby shoes, they all get me, and I feel as lyrical as a bursting bud. Those eyes of yours—ahhhhhh!"

"If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather."

"I suppose the girl Swinburne wrote that for she got a kick out of it, but

(*Continued on page* 116)

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Lukewarm Lulu

(*Continued from page* 115)

my blood pressure is still the same. If you're so stuffed with sentiment why not compose something of your own? You couldn't, that's why!"

For a fleeting moment it seemed as though the silver screen would lose one of its shining lights through combustion, but Mr. Poole rallied bravely and seized his companion by the shoulders.

"Suppose I try?" he queried huskily. "You like me a little, don't you? Well, wait and see what I bring forth."

"I'd rather have decent support from you in that picture Monty wants you for. Here he comes now, with a grin a yard wide."

"Then you'll have to take me seriously."

"You bet she will," burbled Mr. Twitt, arriving via a splashing dogpaddle. "Solova's back, and she'll want the part, but it's all fixed. We'll take you over the hurdles in 'Watch and Prey'—you, the country gawk, and Lulu her old self as a volup vamp. It's a natural, children, and I'll invite you down to my ranch over the week-end so that we can go over the script."

"Has your ranch got cows on it?" asked Lulu blandly.

"Sure it has, heaps of 'em."

"I thought so. And judging from the line you shoot, Monty, it's ten to one they're all widows."

THE initial stages of "Watch and Prey" were acted with that delicious smoothness possible only when the two leading players refuse to allow one another an inch of leeway. Never had Miss Fontenelle ogled herself closer to a case of strabismus, never had Mr. Poole been so near to the last word in viceless vigor, and over it all hovered Mr. Twitt, ghoulishly converting love's young dream to his own credit.

"Whew!" gasped Pinky, staggering out of a steamheated sequence just before lunch. "Why couldn't you have kissed me like that last night, I wonder. Steal all the scenes you want, honey, if only you'll keep this up."

"I'd be worn to a frazzle," said Lulu calmly, "and so would you. And don't keep pestering me to marry you unless you can appreciate quiet affection. I shouldn't have kissed you at all, really, seeing that you haven't made good on your poetry promise."

Mr. Poole looked furtively around. "I—it's finished now," he whispered. "Almost two weeks labor on it, and the last line came to me this morning before the valet got me loose from the curling irons. Listen:

"Day by day, in every way,
Darling, you grow more dearer,
With a wealth of charm and a tennis arm,
No wonder my heart beats queerer—
Not even Irene could seem as rich,
Or Norma sheerer."

"I think it's rather arty, the way I shortened the last line, don't you?" hinted the perpetrator.

"Oh, certainly, Kid Shakespeare, but you took too long to get to it. The idea of reading such tripe as that to the girl you claim to be in love with!"

"You scorn it!" yelled the crimsoning Mr. Poole. "My gosh, woman, that's part of my very being. Not so hot, perhaps, but I'll do better later, as the hand kissers say."

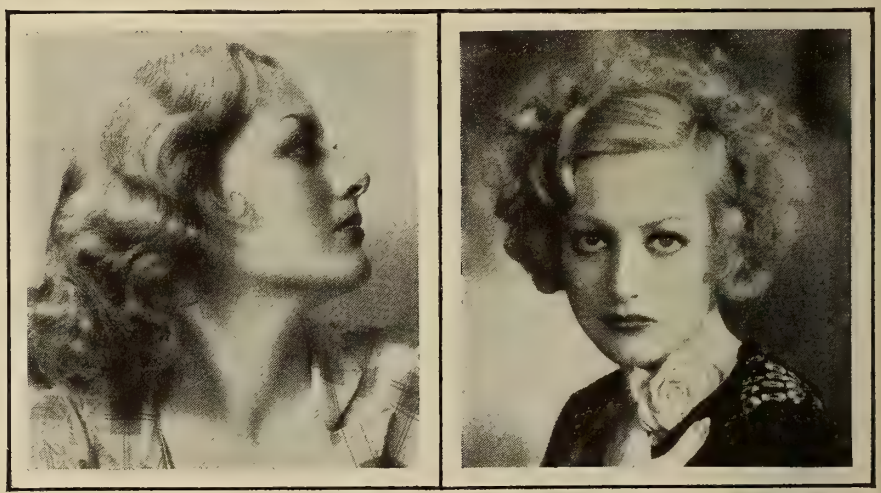
"Certainly I scorn it. For heaven's sake forget this poetry angle or never propose to me again."

"Very well," said Mr. Poole sternly, and immediately Lulu was sorry she had spoken. "Then I'll go back to courting Wanda Solova. She was visiting the set this morning, looking wonderful, and at least she's sympathetic."

"You wouldn't dare," faltered Miss Fontenelle, but after lunch it developed that Pinky did dare, not only to toss off a couple of Edna St. Vincent Millay's torsodes as his own, but to sit exasperatingly close to the flamboyant Solova when he was not required for duty.

THE alcoholic star, who dwelt in perpetual confusion as to the correct use of "lie" and "lay," but who indulged in plenty of practice, leered coyly as she slathered praise on Mr. Poole's plagiarisms.

"You're so invigorating," she trilled at five o'clock, "that I simply insist you come home with me and recite some more."



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"Perhaps I will," said the hero, looking furtively at Lulu, who was engaged in the destructive pastime of chewing her lips.

"No perhaps about it," crooned Wanda, snuggling against him and bestowing several loud and liquid kisses upon the famous pink cheeks, "because I'll give—."

"Three cheers for peroxide and ammonia," cut in Miss Fontenelle with an insulting gaze at the sleek Solova head. She tried to speak calmly, but a fury she had never known was mounting rapidly. "Get off my set, you second-hand sorceress, or you'll be sorry!"

"Go braid yourself a pretzel, dearie," advised Wanda. "Sure I'll get off, but I'll take your boy friend with me, so you'll be the one that's sorry. Toodle-oo."

"Don't stand for that," whispered Mr. Twitt at Lulu's elbow. "Let yourself go for once, baby, and—that's right!"

His support was not needed, for Miss Fontenelle went into action with a rush. There was considerable aimless slapping. Then the astonished Wanda went down under a barrage of scratching and remained in an inelegant position, looking ruefully at Mr. Poole.

"I didn't bargain for this," she told him, beginning to repair her countenance. "You said she'd only get mad and—."

Pinky commenced to mumble and she switched her attention to the rejuvenated Lulu. "Why are you staring in my face?" she demanded.

"Just reading between the lines," said the girl softly. "So you were trying to make me jealous, just to help him out, and I fell for it. What an idiot I am!"

"Take your tame rabbit, dearie," begged Miss Solova, rubbing a well sculptured hip. "I hope you don't think I'd clutter up my life with an amateur like him—me, that's going to have a duel fought over her by a couple of barons. Huh!"

"He may have delusions, but he isn't a rabbit. He's won——"

"Ye-e-es, darling?" fluted Mr. Poole, deciding to become conspicuous once more. "You see, at heart you're a cave-woman—that old primal urge to battle for the one you care for—if I'm not too forward. I knew I'd make you show it at last."

Lulu, still aglow with temper, felt the cold hand of dread clutching her heart. Only too well she knew that her anger would pass, yet here was Pinky, whom she wanted, gazing at her in admiration. But she would not take him under false pretenses, and she pounced on him fiercely, furious with both herself and him.

"Take Miss Solova home," she blazed. "Apologize to her and consider yourself lucky that you haven't lost me altogether. Never mind trying to look as though you were home for the holidays—beat it!"

Mr. Poole edged meekly into the sunshine, and he was still docile when he stood beside her the next morning, listening to the pronouncements of Montague Twitt.

"Get it straight now," squeaked that individual from his nest on the crane. "There's supposed to be an earthquake. Out you rush from the Monte Carlo casino with the crowd behind you, halt on the steps to register terror, then you head across the gardens to be swallowed up in another screaming mob of debauchees. And when I say rush, I

(*Continued on page* 118)

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Lukewarm Lulu

(*Continued from page* 117)

mean it, because the extras have instructions to leg it as hard as they can."

The two principals looked at him unhappily and nodded without enthusiasm.

"Snap out of that trance!" bawled Mr. Twitt. "Give me panic, and remember, Pinky, you're on the offside of the camera and must keep a little behind Lulu. She's the gambling vamp who's got you into this jam, and she's showing bravery and brains enough to bring you through to happiness ever after, and all that boloney. Get that awed look on your pan now, and Lulu, I want self-sacrifice from you in gobs. Don't anticipate—let's go!"

The pair of lonely lovers walked mechanically into the shelter of the Casino doorway and waited for the signal as though it were the summons to a literary tea. Down swept the flag, out streamed the extras, trailing the principals by a few feet as Lulu, her eyes misted with tears, ran stumblingly through the imitation flower beds. How tired she was! But there was the second crowd coming toward them—but wait, wait! They surged about her, someone bumped her shoulder, increasing the strain on her fast weakening knees, and she plunged forward, breaking the fall with her hands. Before she had fully risen a flying foot sent her crashing down, and then the proletariat surged across the form of a lovelorn young lady who had lost all interest in the proceedings.

A SHRIEK from Montague Twitt ended the recording, but before he could descend to the ground the waxen Miss Fontenelle lay cradled in the arms of Mr. Poole. For five minutes endearing phrases poured from the hero's lips as he gazed on his unconscious heart's desire, then he turned angrily on the director.

"You and your realism!" he shouted. "Look at Lulu—look at that bruise on her forehead—all on account of your passion for panics. And—well, just look at her!"

"It's the second time she's given her all for me," commiserated Montague, "but it'll be the last if—ah, she's coming to!"

A million lights seemed to be flashing, a million waves breaking as Lulu struggled back from oblivion, then suddenly from what seemed a long distance an anguished voice came to her ears.

"Lie still, honey," it said caressingly. "You look like a crumpled rose, but you're safe, and I adore you more than ever."

Miss Fontenelle's head spun dizzily. "Oh, Pinky," she quavered, "you're just being sorry for me, aren't you? I must be a sight."

"You are," said the ardent Mr. Poole. "I never really saw you before until you were knocked out, and then you looked so peaceful and angelic and blossomlike that I knew that must be the way you really are. I was all wrong about that baby vamp angle, and I want you now, if you'll have me."

"You're saying that before witnesses," smiled Lulu, her heart rejoicing, "and I guess I was wrong about you not being a poet. You must be, to liken me to a rose."

"He's correct," said Montague, patting her hand. "One that has been stepped on, and there's always pathos in that. It's funny I ever noticed that resemblance in your first accident, but I always thought there was something phoney about it. Even so, we're both winners, baby, and perhaps I'll give you a chance to die at the window before we're through."

Pinky had grown suddenly bashful without forethought. "I was up most of the night working on a poem," he blurted, "but all I could do was the first line. It goes like this: *I love you, I love you, I love you.* It's all I could think of."

"That's wonderful," said Lulu gently, though her head was splitting. "So wonderful that I think I'd like every line to be the same. Let's hurry and get married, honey, and buy that cute little house we saw up on Olympian Heights. There'll be a relaxing room for me and a poetical library for you—and that sunny western corner would be perfect for a nursery and—"

"And I'll give you my blessing," piped Mr. Twitt gaily, "but do me a favor, sweetheart, and don't tell the world I must be cracking up. Because now, for the first time in my career, I haven't got the heart to say, *'Don't anticipate!'* "



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Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 69)

word for some of his buddies to tell him about the baby being sick. When Steve failed to show up then, I knew they were telling me the truth—they really didn't know where to reach him.

I WORKED at the book shop, smiling at the customers, suggesting books they might like, when all the time my mind was on the baby. I dashed over to the hospital every evening when the shop closed and saw that he was as comfortable as he could be made in a public ward. I learned also that nurses do extra little things for tips and I went without lunch for one whole week so that Stevie might have all the extra care my meagre tips would afford.

It was going without lunch that started everything anew for me, I sometimes think. One day when I'd been working there only a short while, a very good looking chap came in and began browsing around the book shelves. He picked up several of our best sellers and asked me what I thought of them. I used to memorize the publisher's notes on the inside covers of the books and reel off a few high-sounding phrases for opinion. That's how I learned to talk intelligently to the customers.

He laughed a little when I told him what I thought of it, in words I had carefully memorized.

"Then you agree quite unanimously with the publisher," he said, as he came over to the desk where I was seated.

A terrible dread of my ignorance being detected suffused me as I got up, helplessly fumbling with a sheaf of booklets on the desk.

Suddenly, he leaned over and almost whispered: "It's quite all right, little lady. I'm just trying to be funny and flopping at it miserably."

We got to chatting about books then, and at the end of an hour I learned who he was—one of the most popular authors of the day. He had written a number of sexy novels which had been made into movies and which I, like thousands of other girls, rushed to the theater to see the minute they were billed.

What a thrill then to meet this man in the flesh. I looked at him so hard when he revealed his identity that he slowly pirouetted, like a clothes model, so that I could get an eyeful of every side of him. He was a delightful kidder, full of wit and sly jokes. It was that day he invited me to lunch. And because I was terribly hungry—hungry for food and hungry for company—I accepted.

He told me of his work a little, of his penthouse studio atop one of the tallest apartments in Greenwich Village. I'd seen these penthouses often, from our shabby street, and wondered how it must feel to live way up there in the clouds.

A FEW evenings later I threw away my reserve and accepted his invitation to dine at his penthouse apartment. And what a place! Soft lights and carpets; a nimble-footed Jap servant who brought in delectable viands as gracefully as a panther. A modernistic private bar, in green and

(*Continued on page* 120)

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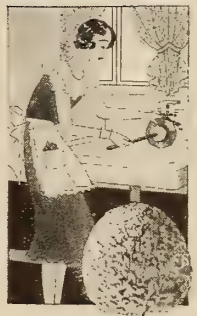
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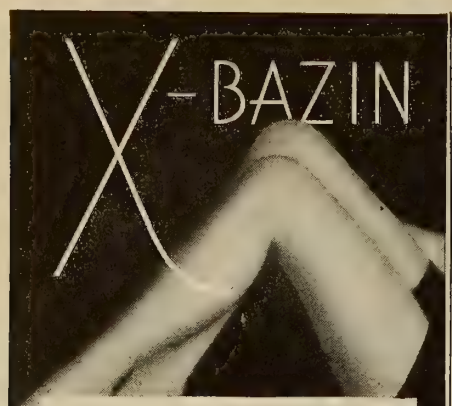
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Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 119)

silver, which gave of its contents at the press of a button. I loved the luxury of it, the feeling of serene security which a home like this must afford.

Of course, Henry made love to me. I expected it—men are like that. I always had firm ideas about drawing the line—a girl raised with wild hoodlums of boys like I was learned that young.

"Then you don't care for me," he said, petulant as a child, when I turned down his offer to stay over night.

"That's just it. I do like you. And I hope to know you better.

"This has been the thrill of a lifetime for me—coming to a place like this —the intimate spot of so famous a man as you. I love it all so much that I don't want to forfeit it for the sake of a few tawdry hours—hours that you perhaps would regret even more than I, tomorrow."

That sobered him a little. He fell into a thinking mood while I perused the lovely appointments of his home. It satisfied my beauty-starved soul for a few hours.

He was leaving for Hollywood within the week, he suddenly told me that night. The picture producers wanted him to look in on the filming of his latest novel. He seemed bored with Hollywood as a capital of earthly pleasures. But he painted it to me as a garden spot of sunshine and flowers. Little bungalows where one could have one's own garden; children, healthy and chubby from the fresh air, fresh food and outdoor life, playing gayly in front of their homes on the little side streets off the main stem of Hollywood Boulevard. It sounded just about as close to heaven as I'd ever visualized. What a place for Stevie; a place where he could grow up to be somebody away from the half-starved urchins who would be his playmates in the slums where we would have to live.

I don't know what came over me but I suddenly found myself crying like a kid. I think I was crying for just a taste of the good things other folks seemed always to take for granted—the beauty and sweetness of life where it could be lived simply.

Henry was all sympathy. He wanted to know what was the matter. I didn't want to drag my sick baby into the story; it sounded like a thread-worn alibi for borrowing money. So I told him it was nothing; I'd had too much to drink, perhaps. He let it go at that.

Though I'll always believe he felt the starved desire that was wringing my heart when he suddenly made me a proposition to accompany him to Hollywood—as his secretary.

I knew what that would mean, perhaps not immediately, but eventually. No, I couldn't do it. Stevie meant everything in the world to me. I'd never give anyone cause to point a finger at me and hurt the baby when he was grown to manhood. The Sunday supplements were too full of that sort of tragedy for me not to have learned what happens to girls like Evelyn Nesbit when the baby has grown up and people begin telling him things they've read in the newspapers instead of the real inside facts of the story from the beginning.

THE day Henry was leaving town, he came into the book shop and held out his hand. He looked so attractive in his tweeds, his dark, handsome features very sober as he said goodby. At the door he turned and told me if ever I changed my mind I could reach him at the Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood.

Only a few weeks of his charming friendship and I missed him terribly. He had filled an aching void in my life, a void which Steve had left hollow with grief when he walked out on me so suddenly.

When I opened the book Henry had returned, I found an envelope addressed to me. I tore it open and out fell a crisp, new, one hundred dollar bill. "Buy yourself a piece of cake," the simple note read. I didn't quite know what to do. Why was he giving me this money? Then I thought of the baby and I questioned myself no further. This was money and I needed it terribly just now. Maybe Henry had understood that, maybe not.

When I closed the little shop that evening, I dashed over to the hospital and up to the ward. The nurse on duty met me before I went in and asked me to go to the office downstairs.

I had the money to pay now. Proudly I stepped back on the elevator and descended. As I walked in, I drew out the crisp new bill and smiled. The nurse asked me to sit down. Then she said coldly: "You received our telegram?"

A sudden sickening feeling swept through me for a moment.

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34x4½	3.95	1.00	28x5.25	3.95	1.00
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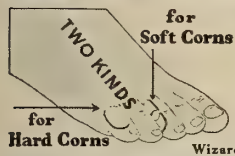
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"No. I came directly here from work. What is it—has anything happened?"

"Your child passed away at noon today. Further arrangements may be made at the cashier's desk."

I sat there dazed, numb with despair! How could this thing happen to me? Why? Hadn't I been straight and decent and clean-living like God's children were supposed to be. And Stevie gone—snapped away when I needed him more than ever before.

I don't know how long I sat there. My thoughts were racing through my brain like a tornado. Suddenly I got up, walked over to the desk and automatically signed some paper a frigid nurse shoved beneath my trembling fingers.

I WAS in a daze for the next few days. All I can recall now is the little white silk crepe on my tenement door, a few lilies of the valley on it, soiled and wilted by the city's soot. Mom and the family getting me into a car, a crowd around the door. It all seemed so unreal.

Days wore on. More days. More sleepless nights. I couldn't think clearly for a while. Life seemed to have jolted me so badly that I couldn't assemble the pieces into any orderly fashion. Gradually the routine of life began to grind me into its mould again. Breakfast, work, dinner, a walk, home, a not-so-sleepless night. Week after week until I saw that life around me was still going on just the same, impervious to my personal suffering.

I gave up my three rooms and went back to Mom's hot, smelly flat to live. Henry never wrote me. I guess I was just a passing fancy. Then one day, when I was feeling very low, Henry walked into the bookshop and set his grips down, his cane across my desk and stood there grinning. He had come back on quick business and was aeroplaning back next morning.

Would I go? I broke down and told him the whole miserable story of my life. And it was then I fell in love with him for his tender sympathy and marvelous understanding. No wonder he could write novels; he seemed to know just what happens deep down in a person's heart.

Of course, I went. Why not? Nothing could hurt me now. I'd lost everything that meant anything to me. We got aboard the aeroplane next morning and within forty-eight hours were in Hollywood.

IT was everything that Henry had pictured. Though I couldn't bear, for a long while, to see the other little children playing so merrily. Henry had a wonderfully soothing way of looking at trouble. He used to tell me that suffering mellowed souls, that's why actresses who had really lived and suffered were equipped to give the emotional performances which made them stars.

And that's how it was with me. I didn't have any particular talent for dramatics, though I am fairly pretty. And having suffered through what I did, Henry saw that I got that sort of part in the novel which he claimed I had inspired. You've seen me suffer in close-ups often—it's my specialty. I have only to think back on some things and I can cry without much encouragement.

I am a star now—and earning a star's salary on my own ability. I

(*Continued on page* 122)



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Remember that Yosemite camp scene in "A Free Soul," Jan Ashe having taken her drunken father out into the wilds in an attempt to put him on his feet? This is how the scene was made, with Norma Shearer as Jan and Lionel Barrymore as her father. Clarence Brown is directing. Note the microphone hanging on the crane and the screen in the background, designed to filter the reflected light from the water.

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 121)

wouldn't be a star long, perhaps, if the story of my early life were distorted by the newspapers. They could make me appear pretty rotten in a few paragraphs if they knew. And that is why I am writing this story now. For some day, the real story of that jewel robbery may be disclosed and smeared all over the front pages of newspapers.

The night I gave my big Beverly Hills house party was the night my pearls were stolen. I had no idea who took them or why—then. Until a straggly creature appeared at my studio dressing room one day bearing a scribbled note. It was an urgent request to come at once to an address on Main Street, Los Angeles. Steve was calling for me—he was desperately ill.

I didn't wait a moment when I recognized his handwriting. I got into my car, make-up and all, for I was dressed in the costume of a Princess for my new picture. We sped downtown and stopped at a horribly evil-smelling place where a blood red sign announced beds to be had at "15 cents a flop."

FEARFULLY, I went upstairs, behind the creature who claimed to be Steve's buddy. And then I saw my husband, thin and wan and with the unmistakable mask of death on his gaunt, unshaven face.

Instinctively, I fell on my knees and held him close to me, for a strange bond was still there—a bond which lived, I believe, from bearing this man's child. He opened his eyes and looked at me, searching my face for a long moment.

"I know it'll be over soon," he said weakly. "And I wanted to give you this before I go." He fumbled in the pocket of his shabby trousers and drew out a big roll of bills.

"It's the balance of the money we got on those pearls. Nobody gets this but you, understand? I needed the dough, Cookie, and I didn't dare come near you while you're famous."

He stopped for a moment, searching my face with his hollow eyes again.

"A woman ruined me, Cookie, a bad girl rated as good because she lived on Park Avenue. And my kid—I deserted him even for her. The boy, how is he, Cookie?"

Tears tricked down my cheeks. "He's dead," I told him. "I lost you both about the same time."

He turned his head away from me then and began to sob as I held him close in my arms like a small boy who'd got confused and lost his way. And as I tried to comfort him with words, in the twilight of that last afternoon, a hurdy-gurdy began strumming our memorable waltz of long ago, when Steve and I dreamily crooned, "Will you Love Me in December as You Do in May?"

And that was how Steve passed away that quiet afternoon, with the noises of Main Street's hell beating an ugly tattoo against the old Spanish blinds of that gloomy hotel. The story of the stolen pearls died with him. I turned the money over to his buddy for having permitted me this one last precious hour with the man I once had loved so faithfully.

Yes, I'm a movie star—up in the big money now. And added to that joy I'm now the wife of the famous novelist. We married soon after I became a legitimate widow. But I still repeat, as I did at the beginning of my story, that there's a heartbreak behind every success in Hollywood.

Remember— that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month

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From the Stars
How to Work
Play
Find Success
Make Friends
Hold Love



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Have You an Aries Lover?

Read the book that explains the character of Aries people, and you will know how to adapt your life to his, how to find the greatest mutual happiness in your love.

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The book that explains the influences of your ruling planet will tell you what kind of person you instinctively are. It will help you master the job you are doing now. It will help you find the work that holds for you the greatest promise of success.

Have You a Taurus Child?

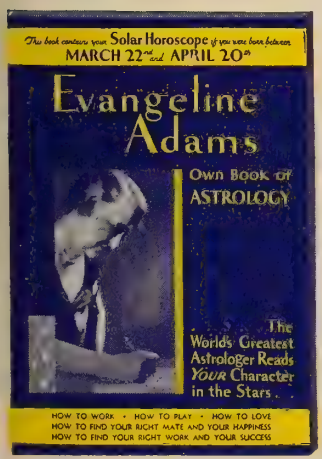
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Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio ☐
Nov. 23 and Dec. 22—Sagittarius ☐
Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn ☐
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On page 36 Evangeline Adams, celebrated astrologer, tells you the real secret of Greta Garbo.



What is Lily Damita's suppressed desire? Turn to page 32 and learn the amazing facts.



What is the real home-town story of Carole Lombard? Fort Wayne tells you the facts on page 70.

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

One of the Tower Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director
Verne Porter—Executive Editor

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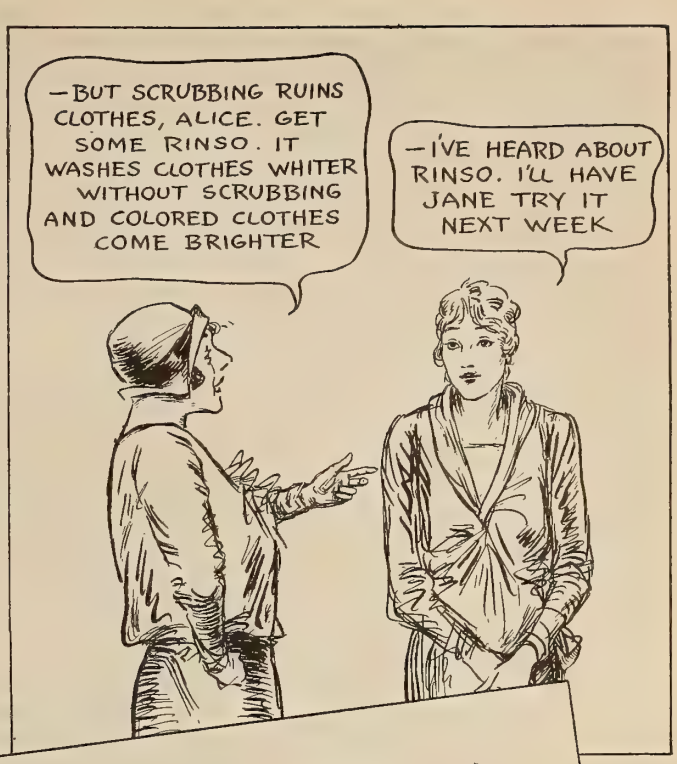
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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MAURICE CHEVALIER, the inimitable Frenchman, is winning new laurels and invading a fresh field. The fans who have heard him sing in his recent successes don't have to be told that he has one of those rare gifts, a personality voice. And if you haven't heard him, by any chance, I recommend that you lose no time in getting his latest film recording. It is nothing less than "Moonlight Saving Time," which we predicted would be one of the outstanding hits of the year. Chevalier brings to his rendition a quality peculiarly his own, and succeeds in breathing into it a sentimental quality which puts his performance in a class by itself. If he can do half as well with other numbers, he will have a future and a following quite apart from the movies. The other side, "Right Now," is also by Chevalier. This is a Victor record.

One of the novelty hits of the month, which I think will go over big as a hot number, is "Moan, You Moaners." Although it is reminiscent of "Sing, You Sinners," it has enough originality of its own to carry it safely. The recording is listed by Connie's Inn Orchestra, and when you hear it you will have no difficulty in placing Connie as none other than our old friend, Fletcher Henderson and his famous outfit of Sepia Syncopaters. And they certainly perform with vim and vigor. The other side, "Roll On, Mississippi, Roll On," is also by Connie's Inn Orchestra, a somewhat faster tune and offering a nice contrast. (This is a Victor record.)

NEXT on the list we come to "Never," a tune which seems to be catching on fast. It is played by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra, and Mr. Lown and his musical gentlemen give it all of their characteristic style. An excellent vocal refrain is furnished by the trio. The other side, "I'm Painting Pictures," is also by Bert and his band, with a vocal chorus by Elmer Feldkamp. (This is a Victor record.)

"Maybe It's the Moon," comes next, played by Johnny Hamp and his orchestra. After a short European tour, these boys are back and seem to be getting more popular every day. They do a very good job and I know that you'll enjoy the vocal chorus by Carl Graub.

The other side, "I Was Only Teasing You," is also by Johnny Hamp. This is a good lively number and makes up a record with two good tunes. This side also has a vocal refrain by Carl Graub. (This is a Victor record.)

FROM the new musical comedy, "The Band Wagon," we have the hit, "Dancing in the Dark." You're sure to like this one, and as Waring's Pennsylvanians record it, you know you won't be disappointed. This tune has one of those excellent vocal choruses by the Three Waring Girls, which in itself is enough to justify buying it. The other side is also from "The Band Wagon," "High and Low," and is another good tune, with another good vocal refrain by the Three Waring Girls. (Victor record.)

It is rumored that "Peg o' My Heart," one of the greatest stage musical successes of years, is to be done again in pictures as a talkie, and that Colleen Moore may use it for a come-back. You will remember that it was one of Laurette Taylor's leading triumphs, and she did the silent version in pictures. The play was written by her husband, Hartley Manners, especially for her.

Arthur Lange, Broadway arranger, is now in charge of music at RKO-Pathé.

"The Music Shop" has been purchased for Joseph Cawthorne as another musical feature.

"Girl Crazy," one of the season's hits of the Broadway musical shows, has been bought for picturizing by RKO.

"Gente Alegre," the first all-Spanish musical talkie to be produced in sound, was recently shown in Hollywood, featuring Roberto Rey, known as the Spanish Chevalier.

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"Moan, You Moaners," fox trot—played by
Connie's Inn Orchestra (Victor)
"Trees," waltz arrangement—played by
Victor Young's Salon Orchestra (Brunswick)
"Moonlight Saving Time," vocal—by
Maurice Chevalier (Victor)
"Never," fox trot—played by
Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra (Victor)
"Creole Rhapsody," played by
Duke Ellington and his Jungle Band (Brunswick)

The Readers' Verdict

THE response from the readers of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE for their favorite numbers and orchestra leaders has been most gratifying. Below we print two characteristic letters. Next month there will be more!

"My favorite song of the movies is 'Sing, You Sinners.' It's really 'hot,' and has the pep in it that is wanted by this modern generation.

"My favorite orchestra leader is Guy Lombardo because he has the rhythm which is wanted by the public nowadays. He has a wonderful personality and a nice voice.

Robert L. Brunswick,
47 Hamilton Street,
Everett, Mass."

"As I am a constant reader of your NEW MOVIE, I come across 'Music of the Sound Screen,' which is one of my favorite columns.

"My favorite theme song is 'One Heavenly Night,' from the production of the same name. Leo Reisman and his orchestra make me feel as sentimental when I hear them play that song as though they were right near me.

"As I write this I am listening to my favorite leader and his orchestra play their realistic tunes and melodies which thrill me.

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OCTOBER
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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months



Clark Gable, filmdom's newest meteor, plays the gangster who almost ruins the heroine's life in "A Free Soul," Norma Shearer's newest screen success. This is based on Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel.

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You can't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S *AA or A award of merit.*

The Smiling Lieutenant. Sprightly entertainment for hot weather or any other kind of weather with Chevalier exerting his charm under the direction of the adroit Ernst Lubitsch. Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins provide excellent support. *Paramount.* Class AA.

Always Goodbye. The second production starring Elissa Landi in a diverting story. Miss Landi again indicates that she has the temperamental qualifications of a popular player. *Fox.* Class A.

Women of All Nations. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are once more an amusing team in a good follow-up for "The Cock-Eyed World" and "What Price Glory." Greta Nissen is the girl they both want. *Fox.* Class A.

A Free Soul. Although Norma Shearer is by no means a new actress she continues on the up-grade. Adela Rogers St. Johns supplies a suitable story. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Seed. A writer feeling that he cannot do himself justice when subject to family annoyances tries his luck in Paris and gets all messed up with other annoyances. An intelligent treatment of a novel by Charles Norris. *Universal.* Class A.

Up Pops the Devil. Another version of the problems confronting an ambitious writer. It contains some interesting pointers on domestic adjustments. *Paramount.* Class B.

Tarnished Lady. Tallulah Bankhead does her best, and it is a very good best, to give life and feeling to an artificial story. If it does not click it is not the fault of the star. *Paramount.* Class D.

The Lawyer's Secret. The problem confronting a lawyer who must violate legal ethics in order to save an innocent man, it is a slow moving picture in which Buddy Rogers appears. *Paramount.* Class C.

Subway Express. It all happens in the subway just as it did in the stage play. The murder is kept a mystery until near the close of the picture. *Columbia.* Class B.

Indiscreet. The question of a woman's past is introduced, if not entirely solved, by Gloria Swanson who presents an alluring but troubled young woman. Ben Lyon is pleasing in her support. *United Artists.* Class A.

Kick In. Clara Bow appearing in the somewhat depressing melodrama modeled along criminal lines. *Paramount.* Class B.

It's a Wise Child. Marion Davies in an adequately fashioned version of a Belasco comedy. James Gleason introduces a new style of comedy character. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Donovan's Kid. Guaranteed to give you a good cry over the separation of an appealing youngster and his gangster guardian. Jackie Cooper and Richard Dix score. *Radio.* Class A.

Three Girls Lost. Three pretty girls alone and friendless in Chicago. As may be imagined they have to fight off wolves in men's clothing. Passable entertainment. *Fox.* Class C.

Too Young to Marry. Loretta Young and Grant Withers present a sympathetic pair in a fairly realistic depiction of small-town family life. *Warners.* Class B.

Dude Ranch. A broad satire on the civilized ranchers being exploited as a part of the wild and woolly West. Jack Oakie as a debonair cowboy gets a lot of laughs. *Paramount.* Class B.

Don't Divorce Him. Clyde Cook as a kind-hearted law

(*Continued on page* 10)



TAKE A LION WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION!

WANT to make sure of a roaring good time this summer? Looking for thrills, adventure, romance, fun? Remember Leo, the M-G-M lion! Look him up wherever you may be—at seashore or camp, at home or abroad—you're seldom more than a few miles away from a theatre where the world's greatest motion pictures are being shown! Drop in to see Leo. He'll be delighted to introduce you to the greatest stars on the screen today—acting for you in pictures that represent the world's best entertainment.

More stars than there are in heaven

A Few M-G-M Hits Coming Soon!

Joan CRAWFORD
in "This Modern Age"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

John GILBERT
in "Cheri Bibi"

Buster KEATON
in "The Sidewalks of New York"

Marie DRESSLER
and **Polly MORAN** *in "Politics"*
the funniest picture you ever saw
and many, many others!

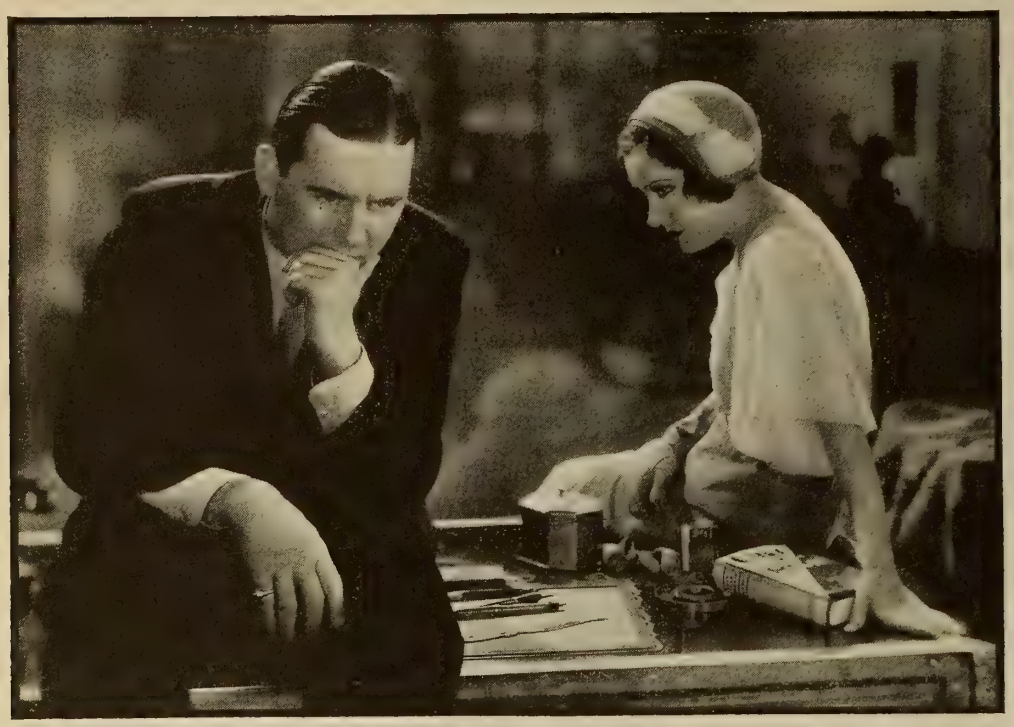
THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(*Continued from page* 8)



Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon have many delightful comedy moments in the early part of Miss Swanson's newest starring vehicle, "Indiscreet." The star is excellent and she wears some stunning new frocks.

clerk persuades prospective clients to patch up their differences. *Educational.* Class B.

Daybreak. Austrian army life in the merry days before the War. Ramon Novarro is a gay young blade more concerned with love than with war. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Doctors' Wives. The life of a popular physician as seen from the viewpoint of a neglected wife. But Joan Bennett is too attractive to be neglected for long. *Fox.* Class B.

The Good Bad Girl. An addition to the ever increasing family of gangster films. Not out of the ordinary but passable. *Columbia.* Class C.

Six Cylinder Love. More dialogue than action. The first-rate cast, including William Collier, Sr., works valiantly to hold the attention. *Fox.* Class B.

Virtuous Husband. A priggish youth becomes an all too reticent bridegroom, thereby distressing the quite normal young woman he marries. It takes him some time to realize that a kiss on the forehead is not the acme of marital bliss. *Warners.* Class B.

Young Sinners. Youth kicking up its heels and upsetting trays full of cocktails in an animated version of a successful stage play. Thomas Meighan is in the cast. *Fox.* Class B.

Party Husband. Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie give their version of what is the matter with marriage. The question is still unanswered. *First National.* Class B.

Bachelor Apartment. Lowell Sherman, plus a gardenia, illustrates the art of seduction. As in the past, he proves a good instructor. *Radio.* Class B.

Monsters of the Deep. Deep sea fishing realistically pictured by Jack Draper off the coasts of California and Mexico. *Talking Pictures.* Class B.

The Public Enemy. Vivid and convincing in its presentation of gangster characters. *Warners.* Class A.

The Finger Points. Barthelmess as a newspaper reporter shows up a bunch of gangsters. *First National.* Class A.

City Streets. From a western ranch to the frothy trail of beer racketeers is the (*Continued on page* 80)



Elissa Landi, Hollywood's newest invador, comes into her own in "Always Goodbye," in which she receives admirable support from Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh. You'll like Miss Landi.

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Mary Doran
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Ralph Graves
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Leslie Howard
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Gwen Lee
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail
Roland Young

Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Carmen Barnes
Eleanor Boardman
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Gary Cooper
Jackie Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Leslie Fenton
Norman Foster
Four Marx Brothers
Skeets Gallagher
Mitzi Green
Sessue Hayakawa
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Charles Rogers
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey
Anna May Wong

Paramount Publix Studios, Astoria, L. I.

Tallulah Bankhead
Nancy Carroll
Claudette Colbert
Fredric March
Georges Metaxa
Charles Ruggles

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
John Mack Brown
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart
Barbara Kent
Jeanette Loff
Bela Lugosi
Tom Mix
Charlie Murray
Genevieve Tobin
Glenn Tryon

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
John Garrick
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy
Eddie Quillan
Ginger Rogers
Marion Shilling
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Dixie Lee
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkle
Lois Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Warner Oland
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Spencer Tracy
Marjorie White

Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Dolores Costello
Bebe Daniels
Frank Fay
Louise Fazenda
Kay Francis
Evelyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder
Ben Lyon
Marian Marsh
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
William Collier, Jr.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Walter Huston
Doris Kenyon
Lila Lee
Dorothy Mackaill
David Manners
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Vivienne Segal
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Chester Morris
Pat O'Brien
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Estelle Taylor

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
Richard Cromwell
James Hall
Jack Holt
Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

RKO Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Sharon Lynne
Joel McCrea
Mae Murray
Pola Negri
Lowell Sherman
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

A Plea for Better Roles

Minneapolis, Minn.

Can you tell me why they are trying to cheapen William Powell with all these gangster pictures and crook parts? He is so perfect as the sophisticated man of the world. I remember the first time I ever noticed him in some picture about the French Legion in Algiers, and at that time he was capable of great drama. The part he played in "Interference" was made for him. But melodramatic atrocities like "Man of the World" will spoil Powell's screen personality in no time. I have a dreadful grudge against whoever is responsible for the major miscasts in Hollywood. Since her one good picture, "It," Clara Bow has made a number of amazingly punk pictures, just because she has had to play a tough personality, instead of the sweet devilish character she was cut out for. Joan Crawford is on the decline because all her scenarios are so identical that you know just when she is going to frown or laugh hysterically. They are forgetting to give Ruth Chatterton fine drama to work on and I miss it. Actors, not titles, draw the gate receipts, but if these bad plays continue it will be a case of "What's In a Name?"



M. T. Smith,
5116 Harriet Avenue, South.

You're Right, Joe

Chicago, Ill.

Things I'd Like to See in the Movies:

Good comedies like Mack Sennett used to produce with Ben Turpin and Mack Swain. More actresses who could act as natural as Barbara Stanwyck. George O'Brien getting a break by having a story worthy of his dramatic ability. More films like "The Front Page" and "The Millionaire." The return of Pearl White, Mary Miles Minter, Charles Ray, Robert Warwick and Ivor Novello. More films with that excellent actress, Mae Clarke. Colleen Moore in a new talking version of her greatest success, "So Big." Constance Bennett being a good girl. More action to the Marlene Dietrich films—and less of her seemingly mysterious air.

Joseph Atli Smith,
2524 Mont Clare Avenue.

Welcome, Miss Negri!

Houston, Texas

Hollywood's Hall of Fame, by Herb Howe, in the May number of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, is the grandest thing ever written of the dashing, fascinating Pola Negri and the never-to-be-forgotten Rudolph Valentino. Just because Pola Negri was different and her complete self at all times, quite a few people in the United States disliked her. How true are her words when she says: "They do not understand me. I am a child of my race, a Slav. I have not the restraint of the Anglo-Saxon." Pola is a wonderful actress and a devastating charmer. If they gave her pictures worthy of her talents she would be today at the top of the world with Marlene and Garbo. These three are the most magnificent, glamorous creatures in the history of the cinema—and each unique. Welcome Pola, fiery gypsy-artist, and may you earthquake Hollywood like it has never been earthquaked before! Show to the world what Pola Negri can do when Pola Negri does. For heaven's sake don't let them tame you into a peaceful uninteresting female. We want the Pola of "Carmen," "Passion" and "Forbidden Paradise" days!

Tanya D. Schroeder,
4114 Lunar Avenue.

Be Sincere, Joan

New York City, N. Y.

Joan Crawford has always been my favorite screen star, but lately, in her pictures, her usual individuality and spontaneous happy characterizations of the young modern have been marred by an overdose of affectation totally unbecoming to her. Any amount of polish and technique cannot make up for a natural sincerity. Remember her pictures a year or so back? Unaffected youth—natural sincerity.

Rita Hillson,
62 Hamilton Terrace.

John and Greta

Concord, N. C.

I am sending in a plea for two of my favorites, namely John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. Why, oh why, can't they be together again? And I am sure there are plenty more fans who feel the same way I do about it. I think that is the one and only thing that will bring Mr. Gilbert to the front again and they in my opinion are the screen's perfect lovers. Won't their producers do something about it?



Mrs. Edrie T. Moose,
169 West Corbin Street.

Cheers for Lois Wilson

Portland, Maine

Lois Wilson is a perfect mother. Her part in "Seed" showed her real talent as an actress. She made me feel, more than anyone I know, the beauty, joy, sorrow, sanctity and sacrifice of motherhood.

Marie Champlain,
59 State Street.

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

A Hand for Gilbert

Lakewood, Ohio

I'm mad! I feel like renting a broadcasting station and telling the world about it. With many good and many more not-so-good

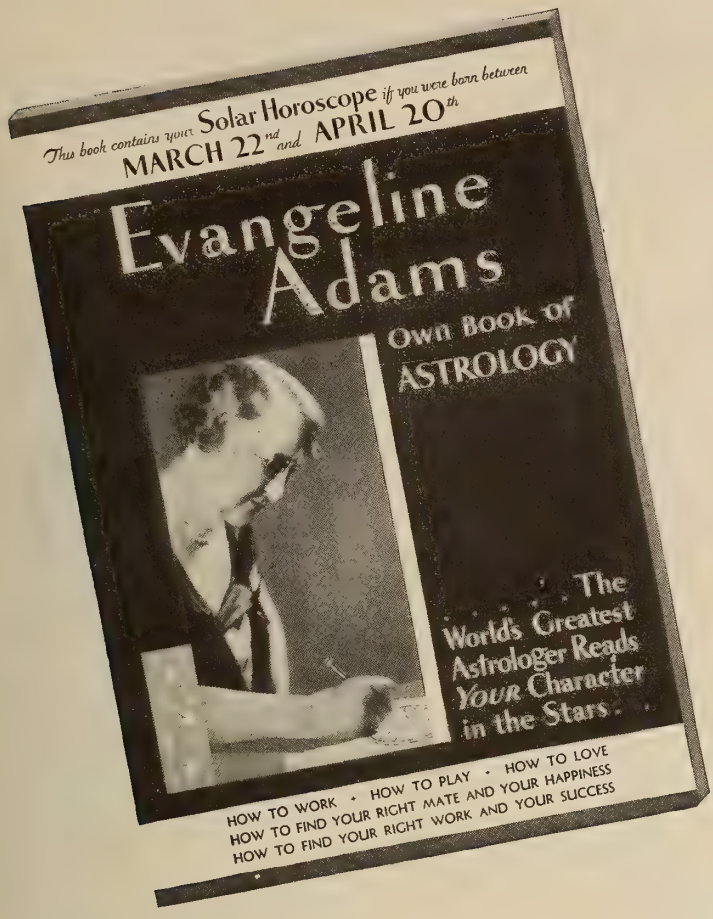
(*Continued on page* 14)

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April 21 and May 21—Taurus ☐ Aug. 24 and Sept. 23—Virgo ☐
May 22 and June 21—Gemini ☐ Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra ☐ Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn ☐ Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces ☐
June 22 and July 23—Cancer ☐ Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio ☐

Name.....

Address..... City..... State.....

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 12)

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

actors getting their share of breaks and fat contracts and compliments by way of fan letters, why not give the deserving John Gilbert a big hand? Where are all you ardent fans who used to rave and rant about the screen's "greatest lover"?

Betty Platzer,
2026 Atkins Avenue.

New York, N. Y.

Why don't we hear more of John Gilbert? The pictures he's given are terrible. Do you mean to say that the hero of "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" is going to be let down?

Carol Goldston.

About Clark Gable

Arapahoe, Nebraska

Richard Dix is plenty good, but give Clark Gable a real chance. He's simply wonderful and no going out of the way to say it either. He has the looks that could steal any poor girl's heart.

DeWuse John.

The Why of Chevalier

New York, N. Y.

RIGHT NOW! Speaking of such phrases, what's so great about Maurice Chevalier? Any Frenchman who was brought over from Europe, with a French accent, could speak just as fascinatingly as Maurice, and what's more, might have a voice that didn't sound as if he were calling chickens from the back yard.

Shirley C. Presser,
587 E. 140th Street.

Words from an Old Film Fan

Indianapolis, Indiana

I wonder if you get many letters from the older picture fans. I am a man in the afternoon of life, and am used to seeing about one picture a day of the latest ones, first hand. I am strong for the talkies and think we have as fine performers today as ever, but I am just as strong for the fine older ones, some of whom we have with us yet, who are still going great. Among all the pleasing actors of the present, I pick two as the most charming. They are Lewis Stone, the splendid actor, and Jeanette MacDonald, the queen of actresses.



Harry G. Burns,
406½ East Washington Street.

Why She Liked "Cimarron"

Wyandotte, Michigan

So many times we hear that some book we have read and loved is about to be filmed. We wait expectantly and when we finally view the finished product the original story has been hacked and battered beyond recognition. The scenario writer has changed it a bit to suit a certain star's needs and the director has taken bits out and added something of his own concoction—until finally the only resemblance that remains are the names of the characters. I would like to congratulate the producers of that great American epic, "Cimarron." They followed the original Edna Ferber book more closely than any other filmed book that I can remember for the past three years.

Jean Elwell,
1043 Vinewood Avenue.

Too Many Gangsters

San Francisco, Calif.

Why spoil a nice kid like Lew Ayres, by making a gangster out of him? Aren't there enough gangsters in real life, without exploiting them on the screen? Instead of being a deterrent to crime, youngsters try to emulate the nattily dressed, handsome, polite gangster, whose horrible end gains for him only sympathy, because of his "big-hearted" portrayal. The moral such pictures *attempt* to teach is absolutely lost!



Bernice C. Bowne,
890 Geary St., Apt. 31.

Come Back, Miss Griffith

Philadelphia, Pa.

I wonder whether Corinne Griffith realizes how many people miss her appearance on the screen? It's a pity that her fans are deprived of opportunities to again view her ethereal beauty, charming personality and histrionic abilities. I'll never forget her in one of her best pictures—"Classification." Is there nothing that can induce Corinne to come back?

Rose Dene Frank,
1305 North Seventh Street.

Against Old Stories

Baltimore, Md.

Can't something be done about these talkie versions of old silent pictures, released often under new titles? From personal experience I know these pictures are driving patrons away from the theaters. For instance, take "Up for Murder," with Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin. From the beginning my suspicions were aroused. I felt that I had seen this picture, but I couldn't place it. Then suddenly I remembered! It was "Man, Woman and Sin," done with John Gilbert and Jeanne Eagels. Needless to say, I was steaming. I got up and went to the box-office, asking for my money back. (The money didn't mean so much, but it seemed to me there must be some way to make the theater owners understand that the fans were tired of being imposed upon.) The girl, with an odd little smile, rang for the manager, to whom I stated my case. The poor man looked more than annoyed, he looked worried and was perspiring. He told me, "You are the tenth person this afternoon who has come to me, saying he had seen this picture before under a different title. I signed for the picture innocently; I knew nothing about the old version. Of the ten who came out, five, including yourself, demanded their money back. One woman abused me roundly, saying I was no better than a thief. It's got me up a tree. If everybody who has seen these two versions, tells their friends, I won't have a corporal's guard in the house tomorrow."

Margaret E. Wonderly.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Buck Jones	Borderland	Louis King	Western	Lupita Tovar
Evelyn Brent	The Pagan Lady	John F. Dillon	Drama	Charles Bickford Conrad Nagel
Richard Cromwell	Fifty Fathoms Deep	R. Wm. Neil	Drama	Jack Holt Loretta Sayers
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Walter Huston	The Star Witness	Wm. A. Wellman	Drama	Chic Sale Frances Starr
Joe E. Brown	Local Boy Makes Good	Mervyn LeRoy	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Bebe Daniels	Honor of the Family	Lloyd Bacon	Drama	Warren Williams
FOX STUDIO				
Joan Bennett	She Wanted a Millionaire	John Blythstone	Drama	Spencer Tracy
Sally Eilers	Sob Sister	Alfred Santell	Newspaper story	James Dunn
Sally O'Neil	The Brat	John Ford	Drama	Frank Albertson
George O'Brien	Riders of the Purple Sage	Hamilton Macfadden	Western	Marguerite Churchill
Thomas Meighan	Skyline	Sam Taylor	Drama	Maureen O'Sullivan
Will Rogers	The Plutocrat	David Butler	Comedy drama	Joel McCrea Dorothy Peterson
Elissa Landi	Wicked	Allan Dwan	Drama	Victor MacLaglen
Janet Gaynor	Merely Mary Ann	Henry King	Drama	Charles Farrell
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Greta Garbo	Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise	Robert Z. Leonard	Drama	Clark Gable
Helen Hayes	Lullaby	Edgar Selwyn	Drama	Neil Hamilton Lewis Stone Marie Prevost
All Star	Horseflesh	Charles Brabin	Racing story	Clark Gable Madge Evans Lew Cody
Lionel Barrymore	Guilty Hands	W. S. Van Dyke	Mystery drama	Kay Francis Madge Evans
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Four Marx Brothers	Monkey Business	Norman McLeod	Comedy	
Ruth Chatterton	The Magnificent Lie	Berthold Viertel	Drama	Ralph Bellamy
Clive Brook	Silence	Marcin-Gasnier	Melodrama	Peggy Shannon
Jackie Coogan	Huckleberry Finn	Norman Taurog	Comedy drama	Mitzi Green
Sessue Hayakawa	Daughter of the Dragon	Lloyd Corrigan	Mystery melodrama	Anna May Wong Warner Oland
Charles Rogers	The Road to Reno	Richard Wallace	Comedy drama	Peggy Shannon
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Tallulah Bankhead	My Sin	George Abbott	Drama	Fredric March
PATHE STUDIO				
Ann Harding	Devotion	Robert Milton	Drama	Leslie Howard Robert Williams
Eddie Quillan	Eddie Cuts In	Albert Rogell	Comedy drama	Ginger Rogers
R K O STUDIO				
Lily Damita	The Sphinx Has Spoken	Victor Schertzinger	Drama	Eric von Stroheim Adolphe Menjou
Irene Dunne	Consolation Marriage	Paul Sloane	Comedy drama	Pat O'Brien
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Mae Clark	Waterloo Bridge	James Whale	Drama	Kent Douglass Enid Bennett
Paul Lukas	Strictly Dishonorable	John M. Stahl	Drama	Sidney Fox Lewis Stone
Leo Carrillo	Homicide Squad	George Melford	Drama	Mary Brian
Lew Ayres	Spirit of Notre Dame	Not chosen	Drama	Not chosen
WARNER BROTHERS				
Constance Bennett	Bought!	Archie Mayo	Drama	Ben Lyon
James Cagney	Larceny Lane	Roy del Ruth	Gangster drama	Joan Blondell
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Eddie Cantor	Palmy Days	Eddie Sutherland	Comedy	Barbara Weeks
Chester Morris	Corsair	Roland West	Drama	Thelma Todd
Ronald Colman	The Unholy Garden	George Fitzmaurice	Drama	Estelle Taylor Fay Wray

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



When Edwina Booth was in Africa making "Trader Horn" she collected a number of lovely Oriental perfumes. Some of the jars from her collection are shown above.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Advice on the Use of Perfumes—Scents for the Various Hours of the Day—Answers to Reader Inquiries on Beauty and Attractiveness

BY ANN BOYD

THE French say charmingly: "A lovely woman, being the most exquisite of all the blooms of nature, should above all exhale a perfume."

Furbelows and frills being the fashion in feminine costumes, simple floral odors and light bouquet essences have become increasingly popular. Gardenia, sweet-pea, rose, lily-of-the-valley and mimosa are appealing fragrances in vogue at the moment. Among the straight floral odors, jasmine is a perennial favorite. Then there is an infinite number of sparkling bouquet odors, light and refreshing as an old-fashioned garden, from which to choose. Blends of this kind, with entrancing but not too insistent sweetness, are suitable for practically all occasions.

Modern life has become so complicated that you may want several perfumes. You will want something young and fresh for out-of-doors; something new and smart for tea; and something beguiling for a dance. And alas, a woman is such a moody creature! There are times when she may want piquancy and spice, but again there are times when she must have sophistication. The dress, the weather, the season, and the person you meet, all influence your choice of perfume.

TRADITION says that blondes should use only the floral odors and that the musky and amber odors are the special privilege of brunettes. That is "the bunk." You know, as well as I do, that blondes can be just as intense in temperament—just as vivid in coloring as brunettes.

The proper use of perfume is an art, and it is an art in which the French excel. The French woman is a devotee of the atomizer because she has discovered that only when a scent is vaporized upon the flesh can the true odor be brought out. This distributes the scent evenly and without waste. Or you may dab a little of the preferred essence behind your ears, brush a little in the palms of your hands, and as a final touch smooth your eyebrows with a drop or two. A trick some ingenious women have resort to is to cut flannel into small strips, saturate them with their favorite essence and sew them to padded clothes (*Continued on page* 76)

Things You Can Make for School Children

The little garments and accessories shown on this page are easy to make at small cost with the aid of our New Method Circulars.



SE49—You can make three smart and practical school hats, including the one shown above, with the aid of this circular.

SE50—Every school girl wants a crocheted beret. This circular shows how to make the one shown above and two others.



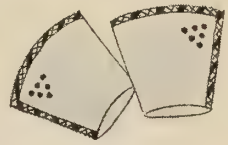
SE54—Learn how to make practical scarfs for children with the aid of this circular.



SE51—This play apron is smart enough to wear to school. The circular gives full directions for cutting it out and finishing.

SE52—The pleated skirt with suspender top and the sleeveless blouse, shown below, are easily made with the help of this circular.

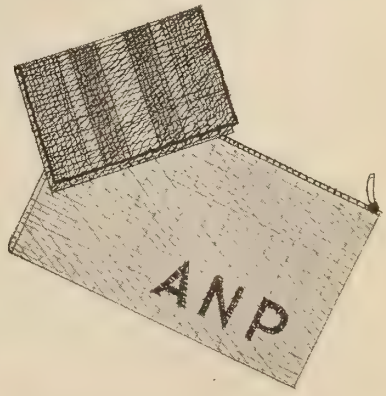
SE53—For the young man of the family you can make the serge shorts and knitted sweater shown below. The circular gives directions.



SE55—This circular shows how to make three clever collar and cuff sets for the school girl.



SE56—You can make the large monogram school-bag with the aid of this circular, which also gives directions for the smaller handbag of crocheted bouclé.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight circulars. Be sure to give circular number.

Hollywood Cooks



Bessie Love sings for her supper . . . and cooks it, too!

HOLLYWOOD'S famous stars give you their favorite recipes in this unusual new cook book. Constance Bennett tells you how to make "Spanish Chicken" . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., votes in favor of "Boston Brown Bread." You will enjoy giving your friends a movie dinner, a movie lunch or a movie tea. Forty-seven pages of new photographs taken in the stars' own homes! You won't want to miss this new kind of cook book. It is on sale in many Woolworth stores.



TOWER BOOKS

INCORPORATED

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Photograph by William Fraker

MAE CLARKE

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

ROSE HOBART



Photograph by Otto Dyar

FRANCES DEE



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

HELEN TWELVETREES



Photograph by Hurrell

LILLIAN BOND

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL



Photograph by Hurrel

WILLIAM HAINES



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DITA PARLO

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. IV SEPTEMBER, 1931 No. 3

Gossip of the Studios

CLARA BOW, who has been dubbed with many nicknames, has thrown them all aside with her Paramount contract.

Among the names that newspaper writers loved to call her were the Brooklyn Bonfire, Titian-haired "IT" girl; the Flaming Clara, the Rhapsody in Red, and others.



George Arliss: Rushed to the defense of Hollywood, saying movie folk were "most misunderstood of people."

But no longer. Clara has gone blonde in a big way. It's straw colored and it's for the purpose of disguise, she says, now that she has forsworn the screen for some time and wants to live like a normal person. She's resting up on Rex Bell's ranch in Nevada and has announced they will be married next year.

* * *

ROD LA ROCQUE and his charming blond wife, Vilma Banky, have returned to Hollywood after a year's absence during which time they played Broadway and one-night stands throughout the country in a play called "Cherries Are Ripe." Both are highly elated over the financial returns of this engagement and are in a position to resume their respective picture careers better prepared, because of the stage experience, than ever before.

* * *

Eleanor Boardman, who is gifted with a fast tongue that lays 'em in the aisles, pulled a nifty this week.

Paul Lukas asked her if her baby had learned to talk.

"Heavens, no!" cried Eleanor. "Why she's just learning to drive the car."

* * *

GRETA GARBO'S determined refusal to become interviewed by newspaper correspondents and magazine writers is on the verge of bringing about international legal complications between the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company and a German writer, who took it upon himself to write a life story of the actress under her by-line. The book was published without any knowledge of the actress and American newspaper serialization rights were purchased only to be suppressed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer until a complete investigation could be made of its origin.



* * *

WITH more than 15,000 extras registered at the Central Casting Bureau, and only work for 400, many of the out-of-works and lay-offs are migrating into the canyon regions of the High Sierras where they find, by a little hard work, gold from the dry beds of a once overflowing stream. They can pan as high as eight to ten dollars' worth of gold dust each day. This averages far more than they would receive by staying in Hollywood depending upon a day's work now and then.



Vilma Banky: Returns to Hollywood after a season's tour in stage play with Husband Rod La Rocque.

* * *

Lew Cody was seen the other afternoon slowly walking along Maple Drive in Beverly Hills, with his dog trotting alongside.

"Whatchu doing, airing the dog?" a passing friend asked.

"No," replied Cody seriously, "I'm directing 'Traffic.'"

(Note: Cody's little cur dog is called "Traffic").

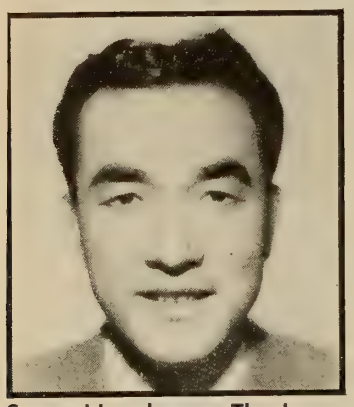
* * *

NOW that all the movie stars, directors and writers who can afford it are migrating to the exclusive movie section at Malibu Beach, there is sufficient gossip created at this resort over the weekends for Hollywood to be supplied with enough scandal to last them for the following week. Malibu is becoming so prominent for its escapades that a majority of the local newspapers and out-of-town correspondents are stationing representatives there to record and report anything that might happen in the way of off-color incidents or amusing situations that would prove interesting copy for the outside reader.

Thus Malibu grows famous.

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Sessue Hayakawa: The Japanese actor returns to the screen after twelve years in Europe and the Orient.

POLA NEGRI is now hibernating at Malibu waiting for the studio executives to decide on a story that will bring her back into favor with the motion picture public. The studio has solicited every known writer in Hollywood for a solution to this problem, but as yet has not found the right vehicle.

* * *

Jack Oakie, touring through the traffic of Hollywood Boulevard, stalled his car at the intersection of Cahuenga.

A traffic cop came rushing out.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" he cried.

"Oh, I'm fine, thank you," replied Oakie. "But my engine's dead."

* * *

BEFORE John Boles could take up his position as the leading man in "Strictly Dishonorable" at Universal, it became necessary for him to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Italian language and accent to portray the role of an Italian opera singer. All in vain, however. For illness steps in and Universal borrowed Paul Lukas for the role.

* * *

IN this time of depression the jewelry salesmen are working nights mingling with the big moguls of Hollywood's upper social circle. In addition to being invited to the very best homes, they attend the fashionable night clubs where they make it a point to find out who is with who. If it is discovered that a well-known actor is rushing a new lady friend, that actor is generally called upon sooner or later with an array of suggestions in the jewelry line for the new friend, for what can be more effective in expressing adulation than a square-cut diamond, pearl necklace or diamond-studded wrist watch?

* * *

William Beaudine carries his business vernacular into his play hours. Recently he played golf with Hal Wallis, Graham Baker and William Koenig, all Warner Brothers officials. A small boy approached with four golf balls that he had found and tried to sell them to the players. Beaudine bought one and said:

"Now I'll take an option on the other three."

* * *

JEAN HERSHOLT'S ability to represent the Danish Government in any important event arising in this country has prompted the King of Denmark to call upon him again. This time he will have the honor of heading a general committee in charge of the Danish events at the 1932 Olympic Games to be held in Los Angeles. It was while handling the Danish exhibit at the World's Fair in San Francisco that he became attracted to Hollywood and later turned his efforts to screen acting. What has followed since then is well-known history.

* * *

NILS ASTHER is planning to open his home in North Hollywood with a family reunion. His mother has just arrived from Sweden and will be followed shortly with the arrival of Vivian Duncan, now Mrs. Nils Asther, and their daughter, who have been sojourning in Europe for the past two months.

* * *

A NATIONWIDE poll is now being made to obtain the public's reaction toward the return of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle to the screen. In the event that it is favorable and sufficient to convince Will H. Hays, the actor will be reinstated and will produce his own features under the United Artists banner.

* * *

If you would like to know how your voice would sound over the microphone go down into an empty swimming pool and talk to yourself. The result will be the exact reproduction.

* * *

IN an effort to distinguish the two Bill Boyds now working in pictures under the same name, William Boyd, recently of the stage, is identified as Bill (Stage) Boyd, while William Boyd, the first to attain fame on the screen under this name, is now identified as Bill (Movies) Boyd. Both the William Boyds inherited their names by birthright and are standing pat on this heritage.

* * *

HAL WALLIS, who is married to Louise Fazenda, made known that he was scouting for a name to drape around the coat of arms for his new Malibu Beach house. Al Boasberg heard about this and sent in his suggestion, which read "The Prison of Fazenda."

* * *

REALIZING the present unsettled condition of the motion picture business in so far as the security of permanence of screen stars, William Haines has sufficient foresight to look ahead and prepare himself for anything that might happen. Pursuant to this belief, he is dividing his time between acting and creating new effects for interior decorating. These creations are not all recorded on paper and then put aside for future reference, but most of them are executed under his personal supervision. He recently completed the decorating of Leila Hyams' new house at the beach as well as decorating a suite of dressing rooms for Joan Crawford at the M-G-M studios.



* * *

Constance Bennett spends fifteen minutes each night before going to sleep doing a cross-word puzzle.

* * *

THINKING of going to Hollywood to break into pictures?

Won't do you any good if you go, according to Stuart Walker, stage director. His opinion is that no one can score a worthwhile success that will last on personality alone. You need a lot of training to make good and he suggested that you get that in local stock companies or Little Theatres.

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

And Little Theatres aren't so hot any more, either, with the debbies subsidizing them so they can play leads, without a serious thought toward a lifelong stage career. Vanity, all is Vanity.

* * *

THE ancient and honorable sport of "ribbing," extremely popular in Hollywood during the golden age of silence, has sprung into renewed popularity, chiefly, experts say, because it is an inexpensive pastime.

Those old timers who remember the days when Lew Cody, by means of a derrick, lifted a gray horse three stories and shunted it into Raymond Griffith's apartment window, leaving it tethered to the piano with a wreath around its neck, declare the new age of ribbing is destined to surpass all others.

Grooms appear at picture people's houses at five o'clock in the morning; they ring the bell, and when the sleepy picture person answers the door, report that the horses the S.P.P. ordered are there. The S.P.P., knowing nothing of the order, can either snort with rage or like it. Many an S.P.P. has been forced into early morning riding this way.

Fleets of taxicabs arrive at parties. Dozens of tennis balls are delivered to apartments. A hundred men with beards appear at midnight in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel, waiting for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in response to a newspaper advertisement.

It's a great life, but you must always weaken.

* * *

Not only the stars live in the heavens, some of the directors do, too: Hobart Henley has the distinction of having the only penthouse in the movie capital.

* * *

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, who was a leading matinee idol in America when he left pictures twelve years ago, is back.

He reports that during his stay in Japan he had only three days that he did not work on the stage. He looks just the same, but his wife, once extremely slender, has a more matronly appearance.

* * *

ROLAND YOUNG'S press-agent wanted him to have his picture taken in old clothes for a magazine layout. Young was doubtful about such a wardrobe.

"Haven't you any old corduroys?"

"No, never went to Stanford," was Young's reply.

"No old suits that might do?"

"No."

"Well, what do you do with your old clothes anyway?"

"Have 'em pressed and wear 'em," replied Young.

* * *

Ramon Novarro's symbol of good luck is a bathrobe ten years old.

* * *

LORETTA YOUNG'S reported plans for securing a Reno divorce from Grant Withers have been upset by First National's decision to defer production on "Merry Wives of Reno" until later in the fall. It was Loretta's intention, according to Hollywood gossip, to accept this assignment because it would give her six weeks at least in Reno while the company completed its work. This would give her ample time to establish herself under the present law as a citizen, but since plans have changed, it is expected she will file papers in Los Angeles and be contented to wait a year for the final decree. This offsets any rumors of any serious intention of Loretta going in for the regulation nuptial ties in the immediate future.



John Boles: He studied Italian for the lead in "Strictly Dishonorable" and then lost it to Paul Lukas.

* * *

ARTHUR CAESAR, Hollywood wit, employed by the Warner Brothers as scenario writer and court jester, now finds his laugh echoing back from an empty stage, for the Brothers Warner have closed the Burbank studio for twelve weeks. Rumor has it that Caesar is now attempting to make a more profitable connection as the fifth Marx brother.

* * *

Jean Hersholt is an ardent stamp collector and has authored several volumes on the subject.

* * *

GENEVIEVE TOBIN is establishing a precedent for beginners in film circles by cold-shouldering the solicitations of local trade papers for advertising. Her only comment to these solicitations is: "When I have to start paying for my own advertising, it is time for me to quit the show business." Little Jenny can feel that way because she had two wealthy suitors come all the way from New York to attend the opening of her latest picture, "Seed," at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood.

* * *

HOOT GIBSON and Sally Eilers are getting away from the silk and tinsel of Hollywood by domiciling at their ranch near Saugus. The ranch is some forty miles from Hollywood and in the event that the alarm clock fails to ring, both hop into Hoot's private plane to avoid being late for work.

* * *



SOME things that are hard to understand in Hollywood: How ex-New York chorus girls can sell themselves to producers as great dramatic actresses . . . why one producer cabled frantically to London for the services of a writer only to be informed that the writer had been working in his studio for the past three weeks. . . . How some five-dollar-a-day extras can dress better than $5,000-a-week stars. . . . Why fabulous prices are paid for screen rights to novels and plays and a writer is paid to write a new story, which is released under a title which has no bearing on the original works. . . . Why actors get a nine o'clock call and don't start to work before seven that night. . . . Why bank clearings

The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Robert Montgomery: Received 1,500 telegrams from fans congratulating him on his promotion to stardom.

on rubber checks exceed those of legal tender. . . . How 12,000 extras are making a living when there is only work for 400.

* * *

An actor's horror of Hollywood is "his face on the cutting-room floor."

* * *

MARY DUNCAN had just settled herself in Paris, France, for a holiday, when she received a cable from Howard Hughes to return at once for a role in a new picture. So home she came.

* * *

TOM MIX'S ten-gallon white sombrero and leather-trimmed Rolls-Royce are once again to be a familiar sight along the boulevard. Tom is returning to Hollywood to make a series of Westerns for Universal.

* * *

HOWARD HUGHES, Hollywood's youngest and richest producer, gave the residents of Malibu the thrill of their lives recently when he flew over the palatial beach homes of the film colony and at a low altitude went into a series of double loops and wing overs, eventually making a beautiful three-point landing in a nearby field, where he was met by a number of indignant dwellers and the Malibu police force who made him promise he would never again repeat the performance. But it was a great show.

* * *

Very few people know or have ever heard the real first names of the four Marx Brothers. Here they are starting with the oldest. Chico—Leo, Harpo—Arthur, Groucho—Julius, Zeppo—Herbert.

* * *

CAROLE LOMBARD and William Powell are married. They are honeymooning in Honolulu as this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press. Their friends weren't entirely surprised, although the wedding had been scheduled for the fall. They both finished pictures at the same moment—and had a few weeks between films. So they seized the opportunity.

* * *

AT Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks' recent anniversary party, Billy Haines was asked by Leila Hyams if he had had a hand in any of Joan's furnishings. Bill owns an antique and decorating studio you know. Quite proudly he pointed out numerous objects and decorations furnished by him. On stopping in front of an old grandfather clock Bill explained what a rare piece it was, being over 200 years old; it contained its original mechanism and ran perfectly. Imagine Bill's embarrassment when the clock struck nineteen.



MARLENE DIETRICH can cook. If you doubt it, read Herb Howe in this issue.

Greta Garbo, too, surprised her fellow studio workers with her culinary talents, when she was required to cook a batch of "ham and" in a scene for "Susan Lennox." Clark Gable, her leading man who had to eat them, claims they were the best ever.

* * *

A well-known writer received the following wire from a New York producer, "Send me some new stage material, if material is OK, will send check." This was the answer he received. "Send check, if check is OK, will send material."

* * *

THE thatch roofed five-room bungalow which was built at the Fox Studio for John McCormack, when Erin's famous tenor made his first and last picture, is now being occupied by his good friend, Thomas Meighan.

* * *

AT last one Englishman comes to the defense of Hollywood. Said defender is none other than George Arliss, who has made a record of his impressions of the film colony in which he says that "picture people are the hardest working, best behaved and most misunderstood of people." The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce should erect a statue of George in the heart of the city, to show their appreciation. For the old settlement was getting a pretty black eye from the many actors, song writers and authors who didn't make good and had to return home.

* * *

Do you know that Leila Hyams is filmdom's finest female swimmer, and holds the distinction of being the only movie actress to have passed all government life-saving tests?

* * *

THE very distinctive home of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons (Dolores del Rio) in Santa Monica, the construction and furnishings of which are of the new ultra modernistic design, has been rented by Billie Burke and her daughter Patricia Ziegfeld. It also boasts a swimming pool and the finest tennis court in town.

* * *

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN hit upon the idea of the long distance telephone to introduce her new husband Bill Boyd to her best friend Alice Terry, who lives in Nice, France, with hubby Rex Ingram.

* * *

Billie Dove is making use of her wings these days—she has bought a plane, and applied for a pilot's license.

* * *

WHEN Marion Davies and her party, which included Lenore Bushman and Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), pulled out of Los Angeles for their European vacation, this gay but slightly envious group of friends was there to bid them farewell: Eleanore Boardman, King Vidor, Aileen Pringle, Mat Moore, Gene Markey, Constance Bennett, Clarence Brown, Norma Talmadge, Ethel and Renee Davies.

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

ROBERT MONTGOMERY received over fifteen hundred telegrams from fans congratulating him on his first starring picture "Shipmates." All carried such sincere and friendly thoughts that Bob has had a special scrap book made in which to keep them.

* * *

The very tailored attire of Greta Garbo has an added accessory, a cane.

* * *

MR. and MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS have returned from New York where they went to get Dick's little daughter, Mary Hay, who will spend the summer with her daddy.

* * *

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., was without doubt the "Man in Possession" when the film of that title, and in which he starred, opened recently at a local theater. Mrs. Fairbanks, (Joan Crawford, still very blonde) entertained with a theater party and later with a midnight supper at the popular Cocoanut Grove. Her guests included Ann Harding and her husband Harry Bannister, Marlene Dietrich, and Joseph von Sternberg, the Robert Montgomerys, the Neil Hamiltons, Mrs. Jack Whiting (Doug's mother), Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe, Carole Lombard and William Powell, and William Haines. As you can readily imagine their table was quite the center of attraction.

* * *

Changing names seems to be a new Hollywood pastime. Helen Johnson will be known in future productions as Judith Wood, and George Duryea's new moniker is Tom Keene.

* * *

BILLIE DOVE is about the only picture star in Hollywood who, during these hard times, is patronizing the jewelry shops in a big way. Her collection of "African Brilliants" is said to be most costly of any in Hollywood diamonds. It even surpasses those possessed by Norma Talmadge and Marion Davies, who can boast a book valuation of $1,000,000 cash.

* * *

MITZI GREEN is now head of the Green family and if you don't believe it, just stick around when she is working at the Paramount studios. Here one can find her telling Dad when to get the car, where to go and just what to order for dinner.

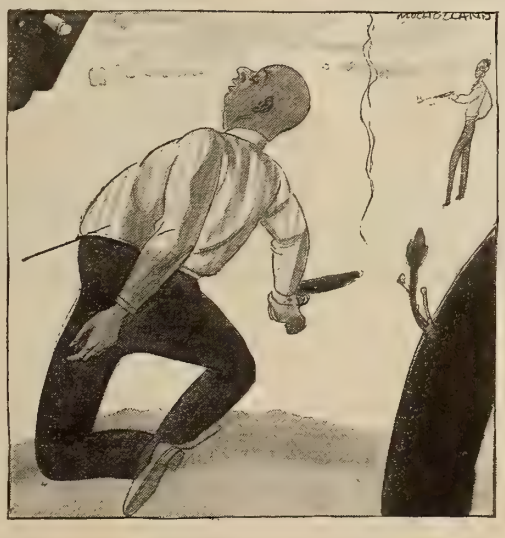
* * *

While away on a fishing trip, Wallace Beery sent the following telegram to a friend, "Caught a fish today so big that it would cost ten dollars to wire you the truth about it."

* * *

THOUGH their romance failed to reach the marriage point, Charlie Farrell still retains the friendliest regards for Janet Gaynor. This was indicated recently when Farrell and his bride, Virginia Valli, spent the week-end at the Hearst ranch. Farrell offered Janet and her husband, Lydell Peck, the use of his yacht, "Flying Cloud." They accepted and made a cruise to the old haunts that Gaynor and Farrell frequented when they were pals.

Meanwhile, Miss Gaynor has scored a big hit in "Daddy Long Legs." It will do a lot for its star.



HONOLULU is becoming the most popular spot for screen players to rest in "between pictures," and its popularity in so far as Fox studio players are concerned, is attributed to the enthusiasm of Janet Gaynor, who owns a cottage on the beach at Waikiki. Each time Janet returns from the Islands, she goes into a rave over the place and insists upon all her friends making the trip and stopping at her cottage.



Tom Mix: Bringing his white sombrero and his ornate Rolls-Royce back to Hollywood on his return to films.

* * *

On receiving a broken bone in his foot when thrown from his polo pony, Will Rogers' only comment was, "Must be losing my technique, or I would have landed on my head and everything would have been jake."

* * *

MORE than 50 extras were given the treat of their lives at the RKO-Pathe Studios when each was engaged to appear as atmosphere in the summer resort sequence of "The Mad Marriage." In addition to furnishing each player with a complete wardrobe, they were escorted from their homes in private cars to the San Pedro harbor where the entire party was divided to board three yachts engaged for the parties from millionaire owners. The three boats, manned by their respective crews, set out for a cruise of the Pacific slope that lasted for ten days. After obtaining the necessary film of atmospheric scenes that will portray the life of the idle rich cruising along, they concluded the trip at Catalina, where each and every player was required to go through the aquatic sports that the playboy or debutante would be expected to do in real life. All expenses, naturally, were paid, and when the actors returned home they found themselves much richer than if they had remained at home spending their spare change on telephone calls for work.

* * *

NENA QUARTERO'S recent acquisition of a twenty-six room shack in the picturesque hills of Beverly, is setting a target for her many fellow workers to shoot at in the competitive game of acquiring the most elaborate and pretentious homes. Nena's recent disposal of a 100-foot piece of property facing on Broadway, New York, made the acquisition of this beautiful Beverly Hills estate possible.

* * *

Never has the entire picture colony been so shocked and saddened as it was when it learned of the death of Michal, the sixteen-day-old son of Director and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice.

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON will be back in Hollywood by the time you read this. She wrote NEW MOVIE from abroad, as follows:

(*Continued on page* 79)

OCTOBER
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DECEMBER



Do you know what is Pola Negri's suppressed desire? "One outstanding triumph—an artistic achievement so great it will send my name ringing down the ages—that is my great desire," says Miss Negri. "When I have accomplished this, my great happiness would be to revert to a normal life—a life in which the right kind of marriage could have its place—one which could give the most understanding companionship. To gain real love I may have to find a man older than I on whom to lean, to soothe me from the experiences with which ambition has strewn my path."

The SUPPRESSED Desires of the STARS

Even as You and I, the Hollywood Favorites Long to do Something Else

BY HARRY D. WILSON



Dolores Del Rio would like to be a great actress, capable of swaying vast audiences. Most of all she would like to possess Bernhardt's golden voice or Duse's eloquent hands.

SUPPRESSED desires! What lure—what thrills; flights in imagery; what heights and depths these words convey. A king wishes he were a plow boy. A plow boy dreams of ruling a kingdom. And so it goes.

In Hollywood, where a twist of fate turns a struggling extra overnight to the dazzling honors of stardom—where stars of the moment suddenly find themselves pushed into the realms of the forgotten, desires that are thought, not even breathed, possess the bosoms of the great, near-great and the lowliest.

Pola Negri, glowing with anticipation of the future, sat and talked of suppressed desires that brought her triumphantly through years of torture to the threshold of a new career.

"One outstanding triumph—an artistic achievement so great it will send my name ringing down the ages—that is my great desire," said Pola. "To give richly of the talent God gave me, as Rockefeller might give his millions. When I have accomplished this, my great happiness would be to revert to a normal life—a life in which the right kind of marriage could have its place—one which would give the most understanding companionship. You know, most marriages are founded on sex attraction. How wrong that is. What a mistake. Sex has nothing to do with love. That I have learned. Nothing! Love is a thing apart—a lasting, sharing, understanding quality that can be defined a thousand ways, but remains the same. Sex is merely incidental—a lure of nature for the unsuspecting. Sometimes it proves love's greatest enemy.

"To gain real love I may have to find a man older than I on whom to lean—to soothe me from the experiences with which ambition has strewn my troubled path. It's ambition that drives me to the realization of these desires. Men have almost ruined my career but the urge for fame saved me. To regain strength from my marital misfortune, I sought simplicity of living on my farm in France. There I dwelt close to the earth. From it came renewed desires."



Joan Crawford would like to give up acting to be a sculptress. To produce great things in clay, that, at present, is her hidden ambition.

These words flowed in an intense stream from the lips of a woman who can truly be termed "of the universe." Born in Poland, her struggles to fulfill her chosen career forced her to become immersed in the rhythm of the world. A woman of strange contradictions — one moment exotic—another simple—but always generous.

"TO give is to live," says Negri. "Perhaps painfully, but nevertheless with great personal satisfac- (*Continued on page* 96)

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



Photograph by Hurrell

Marie Dressler has the unusual distinction of winning three great successes during her life. First, she won remarkable success on the stage in the days of the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. Then she captured a big film hit, in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," when motion pictures were young. Now, success has come again—and Miss Dressler is one of the idols of American screen audiences. Miss Dressler has just completed a comedy with Polly Moran.



Do you know where the Antarctic scenes of "Dirigible" were made? Near Arcadia, Calif., and it required 2,500,000 pounds of gypsum to simulate the snow and ice.

How the Films Fool You

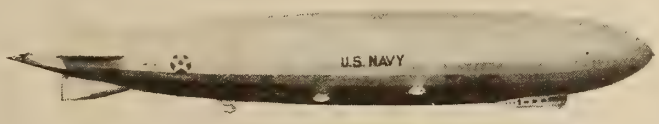
Facts About the Making of "Dirigible" and Other Features That Will Surprise Movie Fans

By A. L. WOOLDRIDGE

WE halted suddenly in our tracks and I rubbed my eyes.

Before us was a man leisurely *swimming in the air.*

Long, graceful strokes carried him easily about, just above what appeared to be waving fronds of coral. Short, dexterous movements sent his body into little circle-like dives like those made by seals. His tawny hair, closely cropped, matched in color his bronzed, athletic figure. The spectacle was beautiful, but unbelievable.



"A man can't swim in the air!" I protested. "It just isn't being done."

"You're not supposed to see this," my companion, a publicity agent replied. "Best forget that you watched it at all. Promise this and I'll introduce you. Really, it's a rather unusual feat."

We moved to a spot where a small group of men had gathered. There I got the explanation: the man was "swimming among the coral beds of the ocean." On the Fox lot in Hollywood!

In all my six or seven years in and about the motion picture studios, this, I believe, was my most amazing experience. The swimmer, I learned, was Ray Thompson, athlete and stunt man who later was drawn under the ice and drowned in the Yukon River during the filming of "The Trail of '98."

For this "underseas" picture, however, Ray was suspended in the air by piano wire attached to a pulley which ran along an overhead cable. Piano wire is invisible to the camera eye. The "swimming scenes" were being photographed through a narrow glass tank of water in which the surface waves (constantly agitated) were recorded in the film. As Ray took his strokes, the pulley was drawn ahead and his body raised and lowered from a control outside the camera lines until he seemed actually to be moving about underseas when viewed through the water tank, and swimming in air when viewed from outside—unless you got close enough to see those sustaining piano wires. A leather harness beneath his bathing suit was used on which to anchor his support.

Was the scene a success? Certainly! When the film was run, you could see the young man swimming about before your very eyes. You could see he was under water because there were waves over his head. You could see him moving up and down with all the skillfulness of a pearl diver. What more was needed to make it optically underseas?

AFTER one has watched the ingeniousness of motion picture directors and studied the methods of trick cameramen, nothing seems impossible in Hollywood films. Given a few skilled workmen and two days' time, a director can take a quarter-mile of the dry Los Angeles river bed and reconstruct it into the River Nile, or San Francisco Bay with steamers crawling about. He can—and has—transported Chilcoot Pass and the Yukon to a point just south of Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard; moved the Sahara desert into Arizona, rebulit African jungles in the San Fernando valley, brought the South Pole and the Antarctic Circle to a point twelve miles from Los Angeles, moved the World War trenches from France to Culver City and planted Hawaii up and down the Pacific coast all the way from San Diego to the Tehachepi Pass. Some of these days some ambitious producer will conceive the idea of filming "Dante's Inferno" and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will sue. They'll never produce that story with a "Made-in-California" line going out to the world.

(*Continued on page* 90)

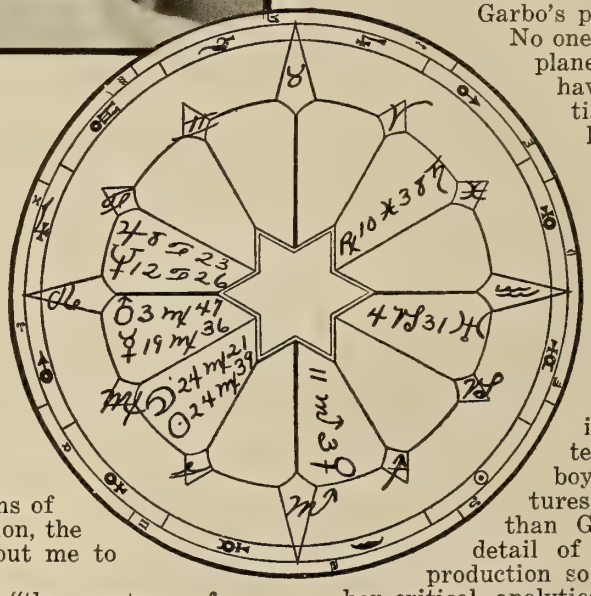
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

Solving the Mystery



The Stars Tell the Secret, for the Famous Actress Was Born with Venus in Scorpio. The Celebrated Astrologer Tells What the Planets Hold in Store for Those Born in September

Greta Garbo, born in Sweden on September 18, 1906, has a remarkable horoscope. Venus was in Scorpio, sex sign of the heavens, and was friendly to Jupiter, ruling success; to Uranus, bringing that success by unusual means; to Saturn, endowing her with application and industry; and to Neptune, ruler of the films. With such an array of planetary influences, her success was assured.



WELL, after eleven months of most agreeable association, the editor has decided to put me to the test.

"Solve for me," he writes, "the mystery of Garbo."

Now I am not what you would call a movie fan. I do not pretend to know the idiosyncrasies of every pretty little thing whose likeness flashes across the screen, but I do know Greta. Not personally—for she is one of the few outstanding theatrical personages who have never entered my studio in Carnegie Hall—but as we all know her: the most engaging, the most intriguing, the most baffling personality in the world of make-believe.

If, therefore, I succeed with the help of the stars in solving "The Mystery of Greta Garbo," I must prove myself the Sherlock Holmes, or perhaps I should say the Edgar Wallace of astrological detectives.

And yet to the stars all things are starlight clear. For Greta Garbo was born, as any competent scientific astrologer, knowing her career, could have guessed, with Venus in Scorpio—the most devious and most mysterious of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. And such a Venus! It is not only in Scorpio, most powerful and most highly sexed of the signs, but it is friendly to Jupiter, ruling success in any line; friendly to Uranus, indicating that that success would be won by unusual means; friendly to Saturn, endowing her with the application and industry essential to that success; and lastly, friendly to Neptune, the Shadow Planet and ruler of the shadow stage, indicating that the success would be achieved on the silver screen.

ASTROLOGICALLY speaking, therefore, there is no mystery so far as Greta Garbo's professional career is concerned. No one with such an array of favoring planetary influences could fail to have achieved success in substantially the manner and substantially the field in which she has achieved it.

I could go much further into detail in backing up what I have just said. Miss Garbo has four planets in the mental, systematic, detail-loving sign Virgo—and as everybody knows, her life in Hollywood is one long succession of business days followed by quiet, secluded, energy-conserving nights. Her directors will tell you that there is no extra boy or girl engaged for her pictures more punctiliously prompt than Greta Garbo; that there is no detail of scenario construction or film production so small that it does not receive her critical, analytical, interested study.

As to the mystery surrounding Miss Garbo's personal life, over which commentators on Hollywood affairs have spilled countless bottlesful of ink, you may have noticed that I suggested, in the very beginning of this brief analysis of Miss Garbo's chart, that Scorpio, the sign which plays such a major role in her picture of the heavens, is itself a sign of mystery. You will recall, too, that Neptune and Uranus, the two mystery planets, were in that sign when Greta Garbo was born. I do not know the exact moment of her birth. In her case, as in the case of all the other stars whose charts I am analyzing, I must depend on the information given me, which, so far as Miss Garbo is concerned, relates only to the day and year of her birth; but if, as I suspect, the planet Venus in this same sign Scorpio was rising over the Stockholm horizon when she entered this life, we should have as complete an explanation as any astrologer could wish—or any movie fan, either!—

of GRETA GARBO

BY EVANGELINE ADAMS

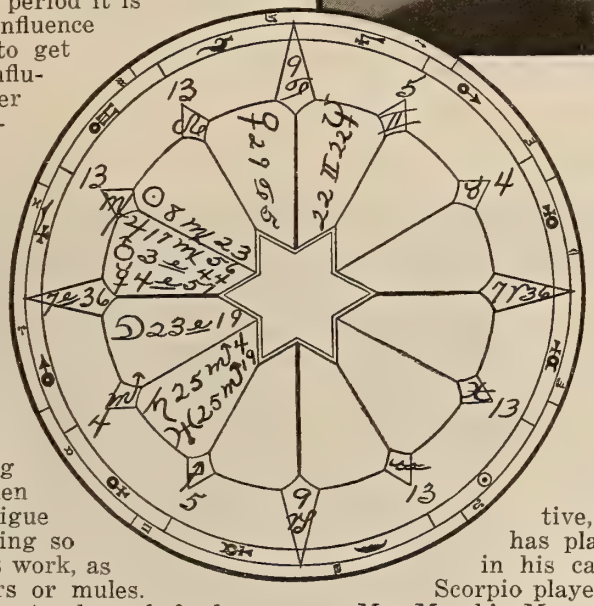
of the well nigh impenetrable haze of mystery with which this Swedish Duse has chosen to surround her life.

So much for the mystery which, astrologically speaking, is no mystery at all!

NOW for more mundane things. Venus is the Goddess of Love. Scorpio is the Sign of Sex. Venus in Scorpio invariably gives its possessor tremendous magnetism, which is usually reserved, in the secretive Scorpio manner, for one individual. Miss Garbo is capable of the highest expression of romance and of the deepest loyalty to the person who causes it. We will not go into the question as to whether she has yet given her heart to any one man—although there are stories of a loyalty to her discoverer quite unusual among the all-too-forgetful Hollywood beauties—but there is unmistakable evidence in her horoscope that she has, or at some time will "love one man 'til she dies."

That Miss Garbo is able to translate this Venus-in-Scorpio emotion so that her magnetism is felt by thousands of people is due, of course, to the influence of Neptune in her horoscope, which, as we have seen in the case of Rudolph Valentino and many other successful screen lovers, enables them to create the image of love when love itself does not exist.

Miss Garbo has not been under very favorable conditions financially these last two years, so if she has succeeded, as we are told she has, in amassing a considerable fortune during this period it is doubtless due to the favoring influence of Jupiter, which enables her to get the money and to the favoring influence of Saturn which enables her to keep it. In fact, the most interesting feature of Miss Garbo's chart, to an astrologer, is the position of Jupiter, the God of Wealth and Success, which is in strong aspect to Mercury, a combination so frequently found in the horoscopes of multi-millionaires.



I wish I had space to tell more about Miss Garbo's chart. Little things are so interesting. For example: I would be willing to wager, in spite of her passion for hiking over the countryside, that when she is tired, she feels the fatigue first in her feet, and that nothing so refreshes her, after a hard day's work, as a change from shoes to slippers or mules. I would like to warn her also to eat only such food as she enjoys, and not to be led astray by over-enthusiastic dieticians. She should be on her guard, also, for any symptoms of appendicitis.

Beginning with the last half of 1932 and extending into 1933 the all-powerful Jupiter will be friendly to all four of the planets which were in the sign Virgo at the time of Miss Garbo's birth; so, regardless of what her success may have been in the past, she can look forward to extraordinary conditions during that period.

FREDRIC MARCH is another celebrity born strongly under the influence of Virgo, who is coming under wonderful conditions for success beginning with the last half of 1932. But, as it happens, he is not a typical Virgo person any more than Miss Garbo is. If the information furnished me is correct, the sign Libra was rising when Mr. March was born; and that sensitive, artistic beauty-loving sign has played quite as important a part in his career as the deeply mysterious Scorpio played in Greta Garbo's.



Fredric March, born in Racine, Wis., on August 31, 1897, is a child of Virgo. The sign Libra was rising when Mr. March was born and that sensitive sign has played an important part in his career. Venus, ruler of the world of entertainment as well as the world of love, was in midheavens. Mr. March's unusual horoscope gives him the intuition of a woman with the logic of a man.

Mr. March's Moon, ruling his relations with the public, is in Libra. So is his Mercury, the ruler of the mind; and so is his Mars, the planet from which he derives many of his most forceful qualities. This combination should give him the intuition of a woman and the logic of a man. It should make him understanding of human nature and capable of portraying it in many different guises.

Neptune, the planet which plays so large a part in the lives of nearly every outstanding performer on the stage or screen, is in that part of the heavens in Mr. March's chart which gives him a subjective turn of mind and causes him to have dreams that come true. This planet is in a most favorable aspect to his Moon, ruling the public, so that it was inevitable that he should follow with success a public career. The fact that the Sun and Jupiter are very nearly in conjunction in Mr. March's horoscope further indicates that his profession will bring him financial success. (*Continued on page* 83)

HOLLYWOOD'S

The Boulevardier Writes About Alla Nazimova, the Exotic Sensation of 1919, and of Wallie Reid, the Most Gifted of All Hollywood's Children

BY HERBERT HOWE

WHERE GARBO blares today the same billboards twelve years ago spelled the name NAZIMOVA with the same height-limit letters and the same adjectival accompaniment . . . Incomparable! . . . Supreme! . . . Greatest Living Actress!

Nazimova was the awe of Hollywood. She received ten thousand a week, and the Metro company supplied her with house, car and servants. They overlooked a gardener but, quickly reminded, they apologized.

Aloof, foreign, enigmatic, Alla was the 1919 Mystery. She refused all interviewers and led a cloistered life.

Then I came to Hollywood. Well, now let me tell it. I don't want to boast but Alla received me and gave her first interview. Maybe it was her first mistake.

She first read some stories I had written, then agreed to see me. I remember saying in the interview that Alla had taste in literature.

MYTHS had grown up around her as they have around Garbo. She was difficult, temperamental, imperious, and she stuck out her tongue at publicity men. When they came around with copy for her to O. K., she would throw up her hands and cry, "Go away . . . you spoil my dinner!" I was received after dinner.

It was at the studio. She was doing night scenes for a picture called "Billions." The setting was exotic—a black pool with gigantic silver flowers and nymphs with gleaming bodies under gauze.

I felt pretty awed until I happened to note the star's official chair. Across the back was chalked JAZZIMOVA and on the seat ITSKY.

Suddenly things began to stir. The majestic Alla was about to enter. I straightened up, stuck one hand in my breast and the other behind me like Grant at Richmond—or maybe Washington crossing the Delaware.

A CHILDISH figure came racing on. She wore flat-heeled shoes, a funny mandarin hat and a white sport suit bordered with poppies. Her eyes danced over everything and finally alighted on me.

"Ah!" she said.

"Ah!" I replied.

She rushed forward and grabbed my hand. "Come to my dressing room where we can have a *good* talk."

Alla Nazimova, below in film version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," was the awe of Hollywood twelve years ago. Aloof, foreign, enigmatic, Alla was the 1919 mystery. Out of a small Russian touring company, playing on the New York East Side, she had climbed to stage and movie stardom—and Hollywood was paying her $10,000 a week.



HALL of FAME

It was not only a good talk, it was a dance. Alla bounded all over the place expressing this and that—mostly her reason for disliking interviewers, myself not included.

It seems that, two years before, a woman interviewed her for a New York paper. Alla was between scenes and had to change her clothes in the interviewer's presence. (We often get a break like that.) The woman wrote the interview, told about Alla's disrobing and signed the story with a man's name. Alla was furious. In those days, it seems, a nice lady didn't disrobe in front of a gentleman.

"Besides, I was misquoted," said Alla.

After I had written my story about her, the publicity man said she wanted to see it before it went to press. I bridled indignantly but submitted a copy. The only change that Alla insisted upon was in respect to the Yiddish East Side theater, in which I said she had appeared on coming to America. "Be sure to say," scrawled Alla, "that I had to enter it through a saloon."



Wallie Reid was charming, nonchalant, handsome and friendly. He was not the person you would cast for tragedy. Yet his story is the saddest of Hollywood.

NAZIMOVA, a Russian, came to this country twenty-five years ago with Paul Orlenev. She appeared in this Yiddish theater at Third Street and the Bowery in New York. People percolating down from the upper stratas of the city became enthusiastic and wrote letters to the papers about her. She was introduced to Lee Shubert. He recognized her talent and engaged Caroline Harris Barthelmess—mother of Richard Barthelmess—to teach her English preparatory to a Broadway debut.

"I was living in a little room down in Washington Square," Nazimova said. "Mrs. Barthelmess had a little room uptown. She had no place to leave Dickie, so I asked her to bring him along. He was nine years old then, and he used to bring a cage of white rats with him. They would scamper around the room while I was studying my English.

"I have Dick's first love letter. He and his mother went to Atlantic City for recreation. He wrote me a postcard from there. He said: *'Dear Madame: The white rats are fine. I hope you are, too. Love—Dickey'.*" Nazimova's first picture was "War Brides." It was also the first picture for Richard Barthelmess. Alla insisted he be given the part of the youngest brother.

"Revelation" was the picture that revealed Nazimova. She instantly became a movie sensation. Before that, she had established herself among the foremost actresses of the New York stage, in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" and "The Doll's House" especially.

She came triumphantly to Hollywood at the highest salary ever paid an actress at that time. Even the 1931 mystery, Miss Greta Garbo, does not receive half as much. Nazimova was a pioneer in other ways. She was the first to wear pajamas. People snickered when she sped about in Japanese silk trousers and jacket, her bobbed hair in a flurry.

Rudie Valentino's romance with Natacha Rambova commenced when he played Armand to Nazimova's "Camille." Natacha was the set designer for Nazimova's pictures.

Rudie and Natacha always called her "Naz." They were among the few invited to her home. When Natacha and Rudie married, Naz said to me, "I give them just a year. . . Their marriage cannot last."

Nazimova spiraled upward, the exotic wonder of the hour. With her growth as a star she became more and more the mistress of her own productions. Her director was a mere figurehead; Alla was the dictator. She designed her own clothes. She passed on the script, the cast and the sets. Even supervised the printing of the films. Studio officials were obsequious. Madame was putting the Metro program into theaters everywhere. The crown long worn by Mary Pickford was threatened as it never was before. Perhaps the consciousness of this had something to do with Nazimova's change of type. Her pictures became more and more Pickfordian. "The Brat," "Heart of a Child" and other hoydenish morsels did not exactly suit the sinuous Russian who had thrilled New York as an Ibsenic tragedienne. Nazimova herself became less picturesque, more caperish.

"Naz is getting younger and younger every day," mused Natacha after a rift in their friendship, following Rambova's marriage. "She really got too young for me to play with any more."

When I lunched with Nazimova a few days after the interview she burlesqued her own seductive methods, perceiving, no doubt, that I would be a ready victim. "Look," she laughed, shaking her thick mane of hair, a lock of which always obscured the right eye. "Look at my gray hairs . . . I'm old enough to be your grandmother."

A couple of years later when I visited her in her New York apartment her hair was entirely black and sleeked to her head in the new flapper style.

Herbert Howe knows Hollywood as no one else. He has been the personal confidant of all the movie great and his first hand comments upon them are those of an understanding and sympathetic friend

Vanity weakened the Nazimova edifice which had soared so quickly to the skies. And the intellectual Alla began to see things from a Hollywood viewpoint. I recall her saying to me before the decline: "One has to be careful. Hollywood absorbs people. Individuality and fresh ideas go down as in quicksand."

Everyone blamed Nazimova's collapse to her assumption as producer. She left Metro and financed her own productions. It was folly in a business way, but I think Nazimova preferred to check out if she could not be the sole creator. "Salome" was not a box office success. "The Doll's House," one (*Continued on page* 118)

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Stewart Robertson's Newest Yarn of the Movies



Illustration by Ray Van Buren

SILLY AWSS

SO many peculiar specimens creep along Hollywood Boulevard in the course of an August evening that just another dashing figure will draw no more than a languid leer from the hardy perennials that bloom on the corners; therefore, it was most surprising when they revived sufficiently to stand at attention during the passing of Mr. Barrington Harrow. It was not that gentleman's modest maroon serge and beige flannels which caught their eye, but rather his manner, which, in contrast to the reverent interest of the average stranger, was one of insulting boredom.

For Mr. Harrow, who on occasion could be as keen and dynamic as a confidence man should, was now putting on an artistic conception of one of those things usually seen tottering down the gangplank of a liner and requesting to be shown the Indians. He bent in the middle like a winded commuter, relying for support on a malacca cane, his mouth sagged open, and a mild hazel eye stared vapidly through a gleaming monocle. The Boulevard viewed this latter feat with admiring curiosity, knowing that no mere actor could possess such dexterity, and speculation ran riot until the next organdie-clad damsel appeared walking away from the setting sun.

"Soft as a bag of marshmallows!" muttered Mr. Harrow to himself in wonder, his opaque gaze somehow absorbing every detail. "Why, this is nothing but an overgrown village! Look at them gape, listen to them



Barrington Harrow and Jonquil strolled over to Stage G, where the obese comedian, Otto Pratt, was making a gangster comedy called "Cut Yourself a Piece of Jake." Kyra Villeneuve the sultry vamp of the company, stared at the young woman venomously. Otto blundered into the breach. "We'll all have dinner at my place," he said. "Do you think I'm going to pass up the chance to entertain a blueblood like Barry? I may be a shark at bridge, but I wasn't born with simple honors, so quit your meowing, Kyra. You're here to work, but I order Miss Perth to take him for a sightseeing tour in my car."

He Looked As If He Had Just Tottered Down the Gangplank From Jolly Old England But He Was the Smoothest Confidence Man in Three Continents. Read What Hollywood Did to Him

burble. 'There goes Percy,' I'll wager they're saying. 'There goes a gilt-edged sap!' And what *I* say is keep on thinking so, my deluded public, and I'll be denting the cushions of a Rolls Royce when I bid you adieu. Right ho!"

HE lurched on as far as Highland Avenue, carefully giving the glad eye only to females who would not be likely to return it, and then, figuring he had dispensed enough sunshine into darkened lives, he swerved into a gaudy confectionery and haughtily demanded a malted milk. One gusty inhalation accounted for half the glass, and then, as he peered over its rim, a pair of misted sea-blue eyes met his. The eyes belonged to the occupant of the nearest uncomfortable stool, and while Mr. Harrow kept thinking how well they matched an oval face and a swirl of honey-colored hair, they crinkled into a friendly smile.

"Tell me something?" inquired their owner in the rich, warm accents of the South.

"Absolutely," beamed the appreciative Barrington.

"Who are you working for?"

Mr. Harrow's eyebrows sprang upward with annoyance. "Do I understand that you're taking me for an actor?" he hightoned. "A fellow of grease paint and vanity? My word! If there's anything I detest it's—did you say work? I work, young lady, for myself alone, and the performance is (*Continued on page* 108)

SEPTEMBER



WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Tues.	1899: Richard Arlen born at St. Paul, Minn. 1900: Marilyn Miller born at Evansville, Ind. 1901: Renée Adorée born at Lille, France.
2	Wed.	1666: Great London fire burns 13,200 houses and 89 churches. 1925: Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman married.
3	Thurs.	1893: Pat O'Malley born at Dublin, Ireland. 1907: Mary Doran born at New York.
4	Fri.	1609: Henry Hudson discovers Manhattan Island. 1904: John Mack Brown born at Dothan, Ala.
5	Sat.	1774: First Continental Congress meets at Philadelphia. 1897: Doris Kenyon born. Moon in last quarter.
6	Sun.	1901: President William McKinley shot at Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo. 1920: Robert Harron dies in New York.
7	Mon.	Labor Day. 1893: Roscoe Karns born at San Francisco, Calif.
8	Tues.	School Days!
9	Wed.	1899: Neil Hamilton born at Lynn, Mass.
10	Thurs.	1813: Perry's victory on Lake Erie. 1898: Bessie Love born at Midland, Texas.
11	Fri.	1919: Olive Thomas dies in Paris. 1929: Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck married. New moon tonight.
12	Sat.	1601: Hudson cruises up the Hudson River in the *New Moon*.
13	Sun.	1702: First Yale College commencement. 1759: Wolfe captures Quebec. 1907: Claudette Colbert born at Paris.
14	Mon.	1899: Glenn Tryon born at Butte, Mont. 1901: President McKinley dies at Buffalo.
15	Tues.	1930: Milton Sills dies.
16	Wed.	1812: Moscow burned by the Russians to combat Napoleon.
17	Thurs.	1862: Battle of Antietam. Birthdays of Dolores Costello (1907), Winnie Lightner (1901), and Esther Ralston (1902).
18	Fri.	1905: Greta Garbo (then Greta Gustafsson) born at Stockholm. Moon in first quarter tonight.
19	Sat.	1803: Robert Emmet executed at Dublin. 1874: Ben Turpin born at New Orleans. 1899: Ricardo Cortez born.
20	Sun.	Birthdays of Marian Nixon, Elliott Nugent and Victor Seastrom.
21	Mon.	1896: Edna Purviance born. 1897: Paul Muni (Muni Wisenfreud) born.
22	Tues.	1776: Nathan Hale executed.
23	Wed.	1779: Paul Jones captured the Serapis. 1912: Mack Sennett released first comedy, "Cohen at Coney Island."
24	Thurs.	1895: Julia Faye born at Richmond, Va.
25	Fri.	1513: Balboa discovers the Pacific. 1907: Fay Wray born.
26	Sat.	1888: Antonio Moreno born in Spain. Full moon tonight.
27	Sun.	1921: Hollywood in throes of worry about the menace of the radio.
28	Mon.	1931: Hollywood in throes of worry about the menace of television.
29	Tues.	1925: Barbers' protest about Rudy Valentino's new beard shakes tonsorial world.
30	Wed.	1882: George Bancroft born at Philadelphia. 1898: Ralph Forbes born in England.

Watch for This Feature Every Month

Birthstones for the Month of September: Ancient, Chrysolite; Modern, Beryl.



SYLVIA SIDNEY

Next to be seen as the tragic heroine of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy."

Photograph by Bredell



Photograph by Hurrell

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO



Photograph by Hurrell

ERIN O'BRIEN MOORE



Now that he is a big hit in "The Smiling Lieutenant," Maurice Chevalier is going back to France for a brief vacation. You will like Monsieur Chevalier as the dashing officer of Emperor Franz Joseph's palace guards in that charming and romantic musical comedy of old Vienna. Be sure to see it. Above, the popular Frenchman is considering a mammoth caricature of himself.

The COLLEGES Select Their FAVORITE STARS

Greta Garbo, Winning All the Polls, Turns Out to Be the Collegiate Idol

BY ANTHONY JAMESON



GRETA GARBO has been unanimously elected queen of the collegiates of this country.

Every year most of the graduating classes of the big colleges take a vote upon a number of important questions. Two of the questions asked each year are "Name your favorite screen actor" and "Name your favorite film actress."

NEW MOVIE made a complete poll of the nation's universities and finds Greta Garbo to be the one unanimous selection of the college boys and girls.

Yale voted for Miss Garbo. Columbia voted for her. Princeton named the favorite Scandinavian as its selection. So, too, did Brown, Amherst, Lehigh and a dozen or so other colleges.

Ronald Colman ran a strong race for male popularity among the collegiates. So, too, did Clive Brook, George Arliss, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, John Barrymore, William Powell.

Ruth Chatterton and Marlene Dietrich ran a neck-and-neck race for second choice among the screen actresses. Claudette Colbert, Lois Moran and Joan Crawford had their collegiate partisans, too.

LET'S consider the 1931 vote at Yale University first. Miss Garbo ran first, Miss Chatterton second, Miss Dietrich third and Lois Moran fourth. With the actors Ronald Colman received the big vote. George Arliss was second and Doug Fairbanks, Senior, was third.

Yale also voted upon its favorite stage actor. Mr. Arliss won this poll. John Barrymore made a good showing here, running third, next to Walter Hampden.

Jane Cowl was Yale's favorite stage actress, according to the vote.

Still, maybe Yale wasn't so serious about its vote. The college boys selected Will Rogers as their favorite world figure while Al Capone and Mussolini were tied for second place.

Columbia University, in the heart of New York City, voted for Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman.

Princeton University also selected Mr. Colman, in

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



MARLENE DIETRICH
Yale and Amherst Like Her Next to Garbo—and Can you Blame Them?



GEORGE ARLISS
He's Yale's Favorite Stage Actor and Their Second Screen Choice



FREDRIC MARCH
Ran a Strong Race for Favor Among the College Boys and Girls



RONALD COLMAN
Captured First Place at Yale, Columbia, Princeton and Lehigh

second place. William Powell ran an easy third.

Princeton voted for Miss Garbo, of course. Miss Chatterton was its selection for second spot and Miss Colbert was Princeton's third choice.

At Lehigh University, which is located at Bethlehem, Pa., Miss Garbo was first choice again. Miss Chatterton ran second and Joan Crawford was third. Lehigh picked Mr. Colman as its favorite film actor. Clive Brook was second and William Powell third.

OUT at Stanford University, on the West Coast, the vote was a lot different. The frat men selected Charles Farrell as their favorite actor. He received 1782 votes. Robert Montgomery ran a close second, just one vote behind. Fredric March was third.

John Barrymore, Ben Turpin, Maurice Chevalier each polled one vote. McLaglen was named "cutest" and Buddy "most virile."

The non-orgs or "barbs" selected Doug Fairbanks, Junior, as their favorite. Ben Lyon was their second selection, with Slim Summerville third. Antonio Moreno fourth, and Mickey McGuire fifth.

The Stanford sorority belles selected Victor McLaglen as their favorite. Stan Laurel was second and Buddy Rogers third. The vote of both boys and girls gave Polly Moran first place with 3654 votes. Mitzi Green was second, with 1001 votes. Miss Garbo didn't get a single vote.

Marion Davies, however, polled 345 votes for third place, while Ruth Chatterton, Mae Murray, Billie Dove, Miss Dietrich, Winnie Lightner, Jean Harlow and Beryl Mercer ran in the order named.



Amherst named Miss Garbo as its favorite. Miss Dietrich was second. Fredric March was Amherst's choice as favorite actor, with Robert Montgomery in second place.

Brown University's year book vote resulted in the selection of Miss Garbo as Brown's favorite motion picture actress. Miss Chatterton was second choice. John Barrymore was Brown's first choice among the screen actors. Clive Brook ran an easy second.

At Brown, too, the faculty went on record unanimously for Miss Garbo.

YOU can draw your own conclusions from the collegiate votes.

It seems to me that the boys and girls made singularly sane and well-balanced decisions.

When you stop to think about it, their decisions really represent the opinions of all movie audiences. Miss Garbo would run first in any national voting contest, without a doubt. Miss Dietrich and Miss Chatterton would be strong contenders. And national audiences certainly would select their favorite from a list numbering Messrs. Colman, Montgomery, Brook, Arliss, March, Powell and Barrymore.

IF Miss Garbo will step up on the platform she will be awarded the Collegiate Loving Cup for the year 1931.

Right this way, Miss Garbo!

Ruth Chatterton turned out to be a favorite among the college boys and girls. She ran right behind Miss Garbo in collegiate favor.



THE FORGOTTEN FAVORITE

An original drawing by Everett Shinn

Once the idol of millions, the old star watches the new film idols from behind the police lines.

Gen
of Ci
to Ra



Photograph by Freulich

Two years ago Sidney Fox was a stenographer in the office of the Associated Newspapers at thirty-five dollars a week. Her steps to screen stardom, told across the page, make interesting reading.

Up From Second Avenue

How Sidney Fox Made an Analysis of Herself and Decided to become an Actress

BY HERBERT COREY

THIS true story about Sidney Fox is really true. Not all of the true stories are, you know. It is different from a lot of other true stories in another way, too.

She may not care about it when she sees it in print.

I think she will like it, though. Not right at first, perhaps, but after she thinks it over. There are at least three reasons why she will like it. The first is that, after it gets in type, there is nothing she can do about it and she never was a girl who wasted emotion on dead issues. The second is that it is good publicity. If you think the young woman has not a competent idea of the value of publicity to a person rising in the movies you do not do her justice. Here is the third reason.

She got as far along as she is now by her own efforts. When she was just a kid she examined her small, raw, pretty self and said:

"You've got something. You're going to get somewhere."

SHE is proud of what she has done. I know that, because I know Sidney. She is not satisfied. She proposes to go farther. Likewise, she knows in just what (*Continued on page* 94)



When Sidney Fox was twelve years old she worked in the silk mills at Paterson, N. J. Before that she had been errand girl and sales girl. Her family needed the money she brought in. She learned stenography in a night school and, after that, borrowed enough money to finance a dramatic training for herself.



Miriam Hopkins scored a big personal hit as the gaucne princess of "The Smiling Lieutenant," Maurice Chevalier's newest film. Now she has gone to Hollywood to try her luck. Miss Hopkins was born near Savannah, Georgia, and first came to New York to be a dancer. In fact, it was not until she fractured her ankle that she thought of acting behind the footlights. Last season she made a hit in the revival of the Greek drama, "Lysistrata." Miss Hopkins' appearance in "The Smiling Lieutenant" is her second movie chance. The first didn't take.

She Broke Her ANKLE

Up to That Time Miriam Hopkins Had Intended To Be a Dancer

By LAURA BENHAM

"THINGS just happen to me—they always have," says Miriam Hopkins. "Nearly every important decision in my life has been forced on me—the result of circumstances."

Miss Hopkins was born near Savannah, Georgia, and after a preparatory education there came to New York to study dancing. And *not* a long-cherished theatrical ambition, but the fact that her family wanted her to come home, was responsible for Miriam's initial bow before the footlights.

In order to evade parental discipline and remain in New York, she got a job in the ballet of some since-forgotten show. Work in other musical shows followed and finally Miriam signed with a company that was going to South America.

And again chance played its part in her career.

Just prior to the date for sailing, she stumbled during a rehearsal and broke her ankle. Naturally that precluded the possibility of the trip and she decided to give up dancing.

"By that time I really loved the theater," she explained. "I loved the smell of the paint, the hurry and bustle of getting ready to 'go on.' I knew I (*Continued on page* 100)



Miss Hopkins is married to William Austin Parker, playwright and scenarist. "Similar, but not identical, interests count for a lot in marriage," says Miss Hopkins. "Billy and I are interested in the theater, but from different angles. If we were both writers or both actors, we would be unable to find in each other relaxation from our work."

The OIL Princess

The Star Strikes Oil in Her Own Backyard—and Becomes One of Hollywood's Wealthiest Players

By Mignon Rittenhouse



Only a year ago Mae Murray's seashore property at Venice, California, was a secluded spot. Now her house is surrounded by giant derricks and wells. Black gold is spouting from four wells.

THE most recent turn of fortune's wheel in the amazing career of Mae Murray has made her a million-dollar oil princess almost overnight.

And she found this newest plum right in her own backyard, or very near it—on her seashore property at Venice, California, where five years ago she bought a home with the sole idea of making it a quiet retreat.

Imagine! One day last year her place was a rural secluded nook with only the noise of lapping ocean waves to disturb its solitude. Now her house is surrounded by giant derricks. Machinery chatters madly. "Black gold" spouts from one—two—three—four—perhaps by this time five—wells. Every day brings an increase in the oil wealth which pours into her bank. Surprise and thrill enough for any one lifetime, don't you think?

But taken in connection with the whole of Mae's life story, this is merely another of a series of surprising and thrilling events. From being a poor child on New York's East Side, she rose rapidly because of her beauty, natural dancing talent and daring, to featuring in Ziegfeld revues. She impersonated the fantastic Nell Brinkley girl so perfectly that she found herself famous. Then came her meteoric rise as a dancer. Next, fame in the movies portraying the unreal glamorous sort of personality she had exploited on the stage—a personality, by the way, which grew out of odd yearnings to be a girl out of a fairy tale, dating back to her drab poverty-stricken days. Then came marriage to a prince. Now wealth in oil.

I wondered how Mae would feel about this latest find—if she would consider herself lucky to have recouped her dwindling fortune in pictures in this spectacular manner. She came to New York recently to appear for the opening of one of the few movies she has made in the past few years, "Bachelor Apartment." It was the third talking picture she had made; the first being the ill-fated talkie revival of "Peacock Alley," redone from one of her early silent picture triumphs.

One Summer twilight in the quiet of the Hotel Algonquin, she told me how she felt about discovering oil; how she felt about her life in general. She told me her simple philosophy—and even those who will pooh-pooh it as no longer a fashionable one cannot help, I think, but find it an interesting one, as I did. Certainly, in the light of the incredulous things which have happened to Mae Murray, she seems to have traveled a long way on it.

If Mae set the stage for my arrival as carefully as she has set about preserving her beauty and appeal, then more power to her for having succeeded so well. She answered the telephone herself when I called to make an appointment — puncturing tradition number one about her airiness. She opened the door of her suite on the minute for which our interview was scheduled —6 P. M., explaining that she had let the maid go out for the day—puncturing traditions two, three and four. She was gracious and only slightly affected in her manner. Affectation wore off completely as we talked and sipped Pekoe tea with cloves. Rather, as I drank a strong cupful of tea, and Mae barely touched a weak half cupful.

Mae sat in a high-backed chair and pulled on a pair of bright orange gloves. Inside her neatly waved blond head I tried to conjure up memories of the thousand stories I had heard and read about her. Lawsuits against movie companies, against a masseur, against pretty nearly every- (*Continued on page* 103)



Leo Carrillo's Mexican barbecue at his Santa Monica canyon rancho was the big movie party of the month. Standing, left to right: Derek Fairman, Jose Crespo, Leo Carrillo, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Sam Behrendt, Tom Patricola, Henri Lesett, Dr. Kahn, E. M. Asher. Kneeling: Ivan Kahn, Leo Morrison, Sheriff Biscailluz and Sam Garvon.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

"EL RANCHITO DE LOS ALLISOS"—cuddling a tiny mountain stream hidden beneath the shadows of huge sycamores of Santa Monica Canyon—was the scene of Hollywood's gayest and most colorful party for late May and early June.

In case your Spanish has been neglected, "El Ranchito de Los Allisos" means in English, "The Little Ranch of the Sycamores," and is the artistic retreat of Leo Carrillo, stage and screen star, one of California's oldest settlers and host in the most graceful sense of the word.

Hollywood's cinema elite found relaxation and a great deal of pleasure in freedom from the starched shirt fronts and formality of the customary ballroom "dates" or the languorous beach gatherings which make the Malibu and Santa Monica summer season a continuous round of swimming parties, grunion hunts and beach picnics.

Carrillo's party was as distinctive as it was colorful and for the day many cinemalities who had never tasted Mexican food or paid particular attention to the customs and costumes of our sister republic, enthusiastically entered into the spirit of the occasion. Sombreros in all shapes, colors and sizes, vivid serapes, sashes and spangled costumes of red, white and green were everywhere in evidence.

Hollywood stars long ago began to send their regrets to parties which boasted no more than mere food and dancing, but more than 300 of the most representative members of the film colony paid their respect to Carrillo in accepting his novel invitation.

MEXICAN fiestas and barbecues start at noon and continue the balance of the day and most of the night. Carrillo's party was certainly no exception, and most of the crowd was on hand at noon when the first of the hot tamales, enchiladas and frijoles, together with piping hot coffee and huge juicy barbecued lamb chops, were served.

The host deviated from the usual custom at the barbecue pits, for instead of roasting an entire oxen, he converted the fiery pit into a stove to grill the lamb steaks.

Before the guests could return to the pits for their second (or third) helpings, guitars and violinists announced the introduction of the dancing on a specially built dance floor of glassy-smooth hard wood. The musicians wore native Mexican costumes of black velvet with bright sashes and gold (*Continued on page* 88)



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH

The Girl on the Cover—Marian Marsh. Miss Marsh is looked upon as a highly promising youngster at the Warner Brothers studios. You will next see her opposite the tough-appearing James Cagney in "Larceny Lane." Before that she played opposite the debonaire William Powell in his first starring vehicle for the Warners, "The Other Man." Above, Miss Marsh is demonstrating the sort of golfing costume we hope will become popular. What do you say?

Mae Marsh Comes BACK

The Idol of the Early Griffith Successes Has Devoted Six Years to Motherhood

BY
GRACE KINGSLEY



Mae Marsh is returning to the films, playing a mother and a grandmother in "Over the Hill," once done silently by Mary Carr. "'Over the Hill' was the first story offered me in six years that I liked," says Miss Marsh. "It's a wonderful story and I was eager to do it."

"MY daughter Mary wanted me to go back on the screen so she could tell all her school friends that her mother is an actress!"

Mae Marsh and I were hobnobbing in the sunshine on the porch of her big, homey Colonial house out at Flintridge, and Mae at the moment was looking as little as possible like the traditional idea of an actress. She wasn't smoking, and she wasn't wearing silken pajamas. Instead, she wore a gingham house dress and was keeping an alert eye on her small son, Brewster, who was taking his toy bank apart, and who, when we inquired why, replied that he was going to fix it so the burglars couldn't get into it.

But there was the suggestion of a script peeping from under the rubber cushion of Mary's porch chair. It had been put there to keep it out of the way of that fair-haired budding actress, Baby Marguerite, who is going to act or know the reason why, and who at once went into her dance for us.

"But Mary," said Mae, referring to her twelve-year-old daughter, who was away at school, "Mary read the script and passed on it! No, Mary doesn't want to act. She wants to write. Already she has had some verses printed in our little local paper."

"HOW did you happen to do it?" I asked Mae, referring to her return to the screen. (I suppose I should refer to Miss Marsh occasionally as Mrs. Louis Lee Arms.)

"I'm like everybody else—and everybody wants to act," Mrs. Arms replied. "Really, offstage, actors should be more natural than anybody else in the world, because they get the acting out of their systems. Everybody wants to be something different from what he or she is. Everybody needs an outlet. I have been at home six years without any outlet except being a mother—" Mae laughed. "That was grand. And sometimes I think a mother has to act more than anybody else!

" 'Over the Hill,' was the first story offered me in six years that I liked. When they called me from the studio, I said, 'Oh, I don't want to work.' And they said, 'It's a wonderful story.' When I heard what it was, I agreed that it was a wonderful story, and I was eager to do it at once.

"Besides, the role being a mother, the theme itself appealed to me. I've always played mothers, though, you know. Do you remember how I played the scene in 'Intolerance,' in which my baby was taken away from me? And when I was fifteen, I played a young mother in 'The Escape,' and my husband killed the child. The mother in 'Over the Hill' starts much younger than in the old version, and plays until she is a grandmother."

Mae went inside then to give some instructions to the cook, and everything around me faded. I saw a thin, eager-faced little girl, with alert gray eyes, hair that wanted to be brown but was streaked with tow, restless arms and legs. She was acting under the funny old canvas diffusers which used to control the sun's rays on the ramshackle old outdoor stages at the Triangle studios. But a great picture was being born. D. W. Griffith was directing Mae in "Intolerance." Her baby was being taken away from her. He was rehearsing her until she looked as if she would drop. And she was doing that scene wonderfully.

SO Mae Marsh, my favorite actress, is back in pictures—playing a mother and a grandmother! And

MAE MARSH RETURNS IN "OVER THE HILL"



Mae Marsh as she will appear in the prologue of "Over the Hill," playing the young mother. Remember Mary Carr in this dramatic and compelling picture of the old silent days?

that without the slightest false vanity, regret or apology or taking any back water for anyone. She still looks so little-girlish, why should she explain or apologize?

"Oh, how glad I'll be when I really am a grandmother!" she declared. "It will be so nice having grandchildren—such a comfortable job, a grandmother's—all the joy of the children and none of the trouble!

"Yes, Mary is beginning already to have beaus. I found boys' names scribbled on her belt and even on her hands! I had to take her to the doctor the other day for her sprained ankle, and when the doctor took off the dressing, there on the dressing was inscribed the name of his own son! What a laugh we had! At the same time I guess we both felt a mid-Victorian shock. In our day that simply couldn't have happened!"

Then we went back to talking pictures—and Mae.

"Why, I never had even seen a talking picture taken when I went to Fox studio for 'Over the Hill,'" she said. "I hadn't been inside a studio for six years. Was I nervous when I first faced the microphone? No, I never even knew where the microphone was. I have to thank Henry King, the director, for my ease, though. When I was to do my first scene, he simply said, 'Now you're a trouper, and once a trouper, always a trouper. You just go in, speak your lines, and act as you think you should act under the circumstances, and I know it will be all right!'

"But talking pictures are another world. They are so different—much more complicated than silent pictures. But in a way they are easier. You use your own intelligence more than you can in the silent pictures, and you have the inestimable advantage of using your voice to express your feelings.

"Talking pictures are not like the stage or the silent screen. They are somehow in between.

"An advantage in this new element is that there is no director to bawl you out every moment and make you nervous.

"I NEVER had any trouble memorizing, from the time I was a child, so my lines didn't worry me. I think that lines come easily, anyway, if you get the underlying meaning of them firmly in your mind.

"As regards voice and diction, I don't think that matters so much as the quality of the voice. Who will ever forget the sweet huskiness of Maude Adams' voice?

"Lately I have been studying with Julia Dean. And I find that stage diction isn't screen diction. The talking screen requires an even clearer enunciation and more precise delivery than the stage. I think an awful lot of actresses are ruining themselves trying to speak stage English, and are merely acquiring an accent that has no home at all—speaking a language that ordinary people cannot understand."

Did Mae mind the hours, we asked her.

"Well, I minded them for one thing. I never saw my children except during week-ends. I arose at six every morning, and, of course, didn't get home until after they had gone to bed at night. Sometimes Mary would wait up for me, though, and I never had the heart to reproach her. She was always so eager to know what I had been doing that day.

"One thing I noted especially: the sound stages are all quiet. There is no laughing, as there used always to be around the silent picture stages. But I didn't mind that at all. You see, I got my training from Mr. Griffith, and he never allowed any noise.

"I think the talking pictures are even more natural than the silent pictures. And, of course, much more so than the stage.

"IT seems to me there is no end to the things that can be done with the talking pictures, not only as regards realism, but also in the field of fantasy, in which the stage is limited mechanically, while the screen is almost unlimited. I can see a whole new order of wonderful pictures of this kind. Wouldn't Barrie's 'Mary Rose,' or his 'Dear Brutus' be wonderful on the talking screen? That's (*Continued on page* 101)



Acme P. & A. Photo

CAME THE WEDDING BELLS! Carole Lombard is now Mrs. William Powell. Hollywood had been looking forward to an elaborate Autumn wedding, but Mr. Powell and Miss Lombard surprised folks with a sudden and quiet ceremony, only relatives being present. Then they slipped away to Hawaii, the honeymooners' delight. Miss Lombard is not only one of the prettiest girls in the movie colony but she has been advancing rapidly—and Hollywood holds high promise for her. Mr. Powell is an able actor and a great fellow.

The HOLLYWOOD

Gun Films—Western, War or Gangster—Always Are Successful—Jeanette MacDonald to Play the Merry Widow—The Mythical Greta Garbo



Clara Bow packs her lipsticks and leaves the old manse, otherwise the Paramount Studios. Clara says she is going to try her luck as an independent star.

Hollywood, Cal.:

THE boy back East who shouted "I'm little Caesar!" as he shot the old gentleman in the stomach should be sharply warned to be more careful of what he says hereafter. A thoughtless word can cause a great deal of damage. His shout rang across the continent and pierced the vitals of Hollywood which already are as perforated as Mr. Legs Diamonds'. State after state over which it zinged rose up against gangster pictures (though not against gangsters of course—and no offense intended).

Youth is doubtless open to pictorial suggestion. Myself, for instance; after seeing "Public Enemy," I grabbed the family musket and shot the neighbor boy's rocking horse, snarling as I did so, "You will throw my pal, Les Fenton, will you?" The community has taken no action, as yet, but is contemplating the closing of all the local theaters. Times are better for the little mischief-maker than of yore when Dad would have taken immediate action with the horsewhip in the barn. Luckily the Machine Age has wrested that weapon from him.

While organizations of whipless parents are always ready to blame pictures for suggesting pranks to their young, they never try to gag the sensational press. Maybe they think their young hoodlums can't read. Huh. . . . I spell out every word under the pictures in the tabloids.

Sure-Fire Successes: The sure-fire successes have always been the shootin' pictures: Westerns, war and now gangster. There was a movement once to bar Westerns because of their roughening effect on little Rollo. Oddly, no one has risen up against war pictures which make hoodlums of nations. Some Europeans did object to "All Quiet on the Western Front," not because it encouraged war, but because it might stimulate peace. (There's money in munitions.)

The Male More Deadly: My friend, Harry Carr, thinks we're heading for matriarchy (hen rule). Perhaps the screen is man's last stand. At any rate the outstanding successes have been masculine: "The Front Page," "Doorway to Hell," "Public Enemy". . . . The gangsters have given the Hollywood boys a break. Every cloud has its silver lining, as Al Capone says of prohibition. . . . .

Three Musketeers—1931: "Public Enemy" presents the 1931 version of The Three Musketeers: James Cagney, Edward Woods and Leslie Fenton shoot their names into the Hollywood canopy.

Cagney got the audible endorsement of men in audiences everywhere. His roosterish manner is a pleasant relief from the coyness of recent heroes who appear to be more pursued than pursuing. He's a thorough male champion. His answer to matriarchy is to shove a grapefruit in the face of his moll. For this he was applauded by males (obviously unaccompanied). And several women I know who are not addicted to grapefruit confess they adore him. It may be difficult to find parts for Cagney, but there's no shortage of grapefruit; the citrus association is right behind him . . . and the American Legion, too, I gather, since he made a radio address at the Legion fights recently.

Women are wearing the pajamas, but we may yet save our pants.

Government Aid: Edward Woods, as good a gangster as Cagney, has looks, intelligence and what my mademoiselle calls "zat." I predict he will help the administration to solve the problem of postal deficit within the next year. Mam'selle has already written for his photographs.

A Real Romantic: If I were a producer I'd invite Leslie Fenton around some night, open my best prewar stuff and along about midnight get him to sign a ten-year contract. Les is too gay a vagabond ever to sign in his right senses.

In the silent pictures Les was always killed or driven insane about the third reel. The talkies are putting him on the same spot. The reason is obvious. If he ever got through a picture alive he'd own it. His entrance in "Public Enemy" is dazzling, but you've forgotten it by the end of the picture, he's been dead so long. In appearance he resembles Jimmy Walker so much that you feel he

DRAWINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN

BOULEVARDIER

By HERB HOWE

could play the mayor of New York just as well as he could a racketeer. Is that versatility or isn't it?

Fenton is greater in talkies than dumbies, because he's a trained stage actor, though only twenty-five. Nationality, Irish; he has an emerald wit. I'd like to tell you Les' romantic record through Europe last year but I'm afraid it might inspire Richard Halliburton to take up Les' trail as he has Homer's. This much anyhow: he laughed off a million dollar contract, took an Italian freighter to Naples, lived luxuriously in Paris, dined with Shaw and Wells in London, swabbed decks for macaroni in Genoa, got in and out of several fast romances, wrote some stories for English magazines, wired a London publisher and Conrad Voight for money to get home on, has been playing in three pictures at the same time and hoarding money for a fling round the world.

Fenton is the only real romantic I know in Hollywood. The only one who would rather play himself than a made-up hero. Possibly he's the only one who has reason for such preference.

Merry Widow MacDonald: M-G-M scores again by choosing Jeanette MacDonald for "The Merry Widow." If Jeanette weren't so young I'd suspect her of being the original. You know she's the favorite of King Albert of Belgium—the favorite star, I mean. Me, I have royal taste, too.

Lubitsch introduced me to Jeanette when she was drinking champagne (100 per cent ginger ale) on the set with Chevalier in "The Love Parade." I visited the set nearly every day after that. I'm very fond of Lubitsch. But since Jeanette moved over to Fox I haven't been seeing Lubitsch so much.

Jeanette has a lovely MacDonald humor. She sparkles as much off screen as on. And she's appreciative. When I congratulated her upon her bath-tub appearance in "The Love Parade," she murmured, "I've gained ten pounds since then."



After work in the studio, Herb Howe says that Marlene Dietrich goes straight home where she cooks little sausages and other German delicacies for next day's lunch. These she shares with her director and her favored colleagues.

"We can't see too much of you," I said.

"Ah, you are kind," winked Jeanette. "You make me want to be a circus fat girl."

Oh, for a Voice! I can't think of any single actor who could play Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow" as well as John Gilbert did in the silent version. There are few actors with a voice worthy of embracing Merry Widow MacDonald. Indeed, there is such a dearth of leading men that producers have been engaging writers for romantic roles. I have faith that M-G-M will pick the right one for Danilo. (How are you, Thalberg? . . . My voice was never better.)

The Reno Racket: Driven from gangster pic-

(*Continued on page* 120)



Little Bobby Coogan alighted from his limousine at the Paramount Studios the other day, says Herb Howe. It was raining and there was a rainbow in the sky. "Oh, lookit!" he cried, "What's that advertising?"



Photograph by Irving Lippman

One of the hits of the screen year has been scored by Bobby Jones' series of golf shorts, released by the Warners. It is always interesting to watch an expert at work, and that explains some of the success of Bobby on the screen. Then, of course, the films have been of tremendous value to golf players who want to improve their game. And, third but not least, Ex-Champion Jones has a swell film personality.

Behind the Screen DRAMAS

THE SCHOOL TEACHER WHO LEARNED ABOUT ROMANCE IN HOLLYWOOD

AS TOLD TO VIRGINIA MAXWELL

AS NEW MOVIE'S investigator in Hollywood, Miss Maxwell sought out the dramatic and thrilling adventures of the young men and the young women who never attain fame. The dramas of the celebrated stars have been related time and again. But this absorbing series of real life stories presents for the first time the untold heart throbs of the most glamorous town in the world. Every one of Miss Maxwell's stories is based on actual facts, although, necessarily, the names and some of the locations are fictitious.

The illustrations are the work of Stagg, Hollywood's most celebrated photographer.



Walking that first evening through Pershing Square Park which fronts the Biltmore, I was impressed by two things—the beauty of the palm trees against the blue, starry sky, and the evident unhappiness of the stragglers who sat beneath those beautiful trees. It was depressing.

I WISH I could tell you in mere words what Hollywood has done to me! But perhaps I could best make you understand by asking if you have ever been in love—wildly, madly, crazily in love—in love with a man for whom you would do anything and who did not love you. If he barely realized you were alive, and, of course, never knew that your heart jumped right into your throat every time you heard his voice over the telephone, you too perhaps would be in despair.

Maybe I was more romantic than most girls because the first flush of my youth had gone. I was bordering on my twenty-eighth year and had been teaching school in our town for seven of those years.

That job had its compensations, though it had its drawbacks, too. Most of the young men of the town just took the school marm for granted. She was as much a town fixture as the pump or the post office. Especially did Dr. Crawford regard me in this light. He was about the only eligible bachelor left in the community, the other chaps having moved to the city for bigger jobs when they'd left school.

I HAD been in love with this handsome young doctor for six long years, ever since the first day he came to our house to attend mother. While mother was ill, the doctor would sometimes stay for supper at my urging and I would beat up the niftiest batch of biscuits anyone could turn out. He loved biscuits. But the person who said the way to a man's heart was through his stomach was all wrong—in this case. I fussed about the kitchen fixing dainty things for him to eat when he would call professionally and stay to supper or

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

"You've Got to Step Out of That School Teacher



We entered, and I shall always remember the shock I received when we first stepped into that room. A baby-face blond girl, barely out of her teens, was standing by a trunk, clad only in black step-ins. "The young lady will move today," the woman manager announced. "When tenants can't pay their rent we must ask them to go."

lunch. But he never fell in love with me for it. Always he told me how good everything was and how much he appreciated my culinary talents, but never did I see the light of love come into his eyes because of my strawberry shortcake.

One night when Dr. Crawford had gone, I ran up the stairs to my bedroom and threw myself across the bed in a fit of hysterical weeping. How did girls manage their love affairs, I wondered? Girls in our town were marrying. Girls everywhere were marrying, and usually getting the men they loved. I read many books, tried to keep up on current events and while I was very popular with the children at school, it seemed hopeless for me to even get to the point of letting Doctor Crawford know how I felt.

Once, before the mirror over my dressing table, I practiced trying to tell him directly how much I cared for him, watching my eyes as I did so. Just to think of him would bring a light into my eyes, which were really not unattractive, if I do say so myself. I was slender, medium brown hair and blue eyes. That was about all I could say for myself as I would gaze into the mirror, trying to make my lips form the words which might bring Tommy Crawford closer to me. Always I would feel ashamed of myself at the thought. I'd been trained to be very conventional about romantic things, in fact mother had always taught me to believe that sentimental nonsense was something to crush out of my life if I would be a sensible young girl.

And then one evening after I had inveigled an auto ride to the lake with the good looking Tommy, I came back pretty discouraged. Upstairs in my room, I drew back the curtains and gazed for a long while at the moon, beautiful and full and waxy, as if it meant to throw its mellow glow over all the lovers, everywhere. With bitter resentment I recalled how Tommy and I had sat listening to the throbbing water of the lake, under that beautiful moon, and not once did he even attempt to hold my hand or kiss me. I wanted to tell him how much I cared for him, to have him take me in his arms and whisper the sweet words every girl wants to hear from the man she loves.

TOMMY sat there silently gazing at the water. I leaned a little close to him and said: "Isn't that water gorgeous, Tommy? It makes one feel sort of inspired, doesn't it?"

"Certainly does," he replied, "just the kind of water to remind a fellow of fishing time. Guess I'll be looking up my reels and basket before long."

How romantic! I could have screamed out with pique. But my pride was strong. And then, after we'd had a soda at the lake ice cream parlor we drove back home and Tommy pecked lightly at my cheek as he bid me good night. It was the sort of kiss a college youth might tender his kid sister on returning from school.

In my room that night as I watched the same moon, the hopelessness of the affair came upon me with such poignant reality that I broke down and cried it out all by myself. I flung myself across the bed and tried to stifle the sound of my sobs in the pillow which I snatched from beneath its embroidered cover. As I was kicking my feet and wondering how other girls suffered out unrequited love, the door softly opened and mother stood in the room, a frightened expression on her wan face.

"Dear child, what is the matter?" she begged.

Character and Get Down to a Snappy Role"

"Nothing—nothing, I don't know. I—I guess I'm just overtired."

"Then, dearest, I shall see that you enjoy a nice vacation. No need to worry about money now with your vacation money coming due. You must plan a little trip somewhere, dear. Try now and get some sleep and we'll go over it all tomorrow."

Mother soothed me as she used to do when I was a little girl and gradually I fell off to sleep.

Next afternoon, when I got home from school, mother had a bunch of circulars describing all sorts of tours which she had picked up at the railway station during her morning's shopping.

It had occurred to her that a sea trip might be just the thing for my nerves—poor, dear, old-fashioned Mumsy never guessing that it was my love for Tommy Crawford which had wrecked my contentment. Summer vacation was at hand and I could spend two whole months away from the little home town. It would be a good way to forget Tommy, I hoped.



When Saturday night came, I was a transformed girl. Gloria had chosen for me an inexpensive but daring black evening gown. In place of my drab brown hair, there were new reddish glints throughout it. I felt like a new girl, a girl as charming and lacking in self-consciousness as Gloria really was. I was intoxicated by my reflection in the mirror.

Because my uncle was an army officer stationed in Honolulu, I decided to make a trip there to visit him. I couldn't work up much enthusiasm about going. Mother wanted to make me some new frocks, but I looked over my meager wardrobe and decided it would do. Nothing really mattered now. The trip was in the form of a prescription.

Cousin Nancy came to stay with Mother while I would be away and with that arrangement complete, I got aboard a train for Los Angeles with a free conscience.

It would be boring to relate all the details of that drab ride across the desert. Normally, I should have enjoyed it immensely, but feeling as I did the trip was just something to be got through with. So it was with a jaded spirit I followed my itinerary and put up at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles for the week previous to my sailing schedule for Honolulu.

Walking that first evening through Pershing Square Park which fronts the Biltmore, I was impressed by two things—the beauty of the (*Continued on page* 102)



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

Kay Francis moved over to the Warner Brothers studios on August 1st, after a long and eventful stay at Paramount. Miss Francis is starting work on an original story called "Hungry Wife," which you may see later under another title. Miss Francis is the bride of Kenneth MacKenna, the actor and director. Her marriage to Mr. MacKenna occurred just before she signed her Warner starring contract.

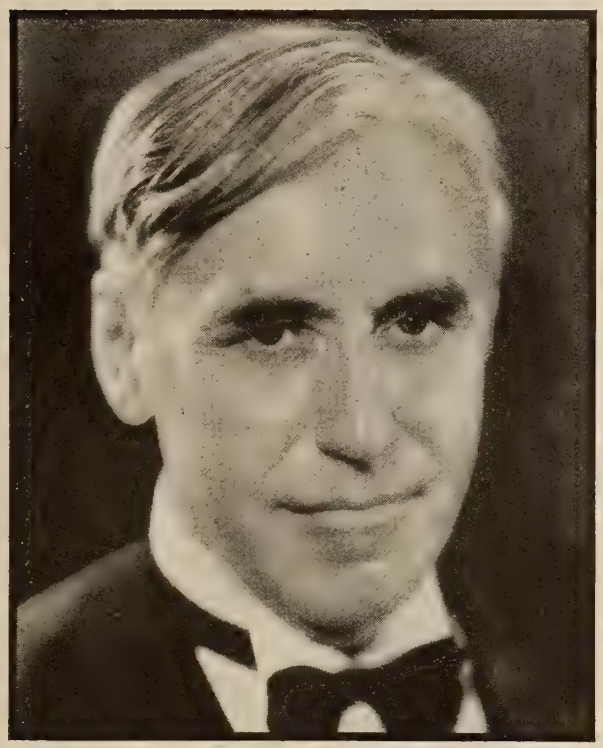
The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Mack Sennett

BY LYNDE DENIG

THE most surprising thing about Mack Sennett, Granddad of Motion Picture Comedy and Patron Saint of Bathing Beauties, is that he never married. During the past twenty years, he has been surfeited with feminine pulchritude: crop by crop, glorious girls have passed before him. He has watched them bud and ripen and decline into the fleshy ease of fair, fat and forty, and always he has been content to let them continue on their way, or so it seems.

Psychologists might assert that Mack is afflicted with a mother fixation; that his sentimental devotion to his mother has been an ever effective defense against the allurements of chic cuties. To this day, and without any thought of being trite, he calls his mother his best friend and treats her accordingly. The mother, in turn, considers it a bit of singular good fortune that she should have a son such as Mack. Thanks to him, she is queen of a 200-acre ranch in the Province of Quebec, and when she wearies of living there, she may abide with her son in a spacious beach bungalow at Santa Monica, California. No wonder the years pass lightly over her gray head and leave the tang of cheery humor in her quick Irish tongue.



Mack Sennett

In bygone years when Mrs. Sennett watched the muscles developing on the sturdy frame of her offspring, she concluded that he would be strong enough to handle a man-sized job. The iron works in East Berlin, Connecticut, looked like a good place to begin, so Mack, after a rudimentary education, became a boilermaker at $1.40 per day. To the rat-ta-ta-tat of riveting bolts, he sang the songs of the day: "In the Good Old Summer Time" and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." In order to hear his own voice above the roar of the factory, he was obliged to pull out all of the stops in his deep chest and give free outlet to vocal chords. Thus he developed the full power of his voice, a rich Irish tenor, and came to be called "The Singing Boilermaker."

HAVING experienced a lack of funds in the Sennett household, Mack wanted money. He would try selling his voice instead of his bulging muscles. New York offered the best market for stalwart tenors, so to New York he went and within a few weeks wrote home to his mother that he was a chorus boy in "The Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino, then the favorite home of musical comedy. On his way to and from the theater. Mack passed the Metropolitan Opera House, where he hoped to sing some day. Prancing about the stage with a bunch of chorus boys did well enough as a starter, but not as a career. He made inquiries as to the income a first-class tenor might expect, providing he was fortunate enough to land in grand opera. The figures were not alluring.

Presently, Mack turned to the new craze—motion pictures. Somebody told him that many of the jumpy little films on view in the nickelodeons were made in a studio at 12 East Fourteenth Street. Incidentally, the building which still stands at that address might well be preserved as the Shrine of the Cinema, with David Wark Griffith as High Priest. On the morning of Mack's visit, players were being assigned to parts in a Biograph melodrama. The director (his name is forgotten), looking at the bulky shoulders and rugged features of the chorus boy, cast him as a villain. Knowing nothing about acting, beyond what he had learned in the chorus, Mack strutted, twisted his face into an ugly snarl and otherwise behaved in a fashion designed to frighten the daylights out of the curly-haired heroine.

He had not been around the studio many days before he began to dig for ideas of his own. Most of the production efforts seemed to be expended on films calculated to make audiences shiver. Why not cause them to laugh? Indeed, why not?

Being a canny youth, under his boyish candor, he asked plenty of questions; but said nothing about the plans already shaping themselves in his mind. Mack had an Irish sense of humor, a bit rough, but effective. He thought he knew the sort of thing that would set the crowds to laughing, and if he could do that, why he would make a lot of money, probably much more than his voice could produce. An optimistic backer loaned him a few thousand dollars to go to California and give his ideas a chance to grow in the open spaces.

SENNETT had made one congenial friend in the chorus, Fred Mace, and another in the studio, Mabel Normand. They comprised an adventure-loving trio. They went West to produce funny pictures around a choice selection of gags originated by Sennett and his merry companions. The gags sounded funny when presented verbally, but they died on the screen. The first two pictures shot by Sennett flopped and so did the bankroll, but not the spirit of the determined Irishman.

Lacking the money to engage actors, Mack and Mabel and Fred crashed a free show at no expense other than the film in the camera. A Shriners' parade in Los Angeles came at this opportune time. The three comedians joined the ranks of the marching fezzes, dodging in and out of the Masonic lines, now burlesquing a pompous drum major, now falling (*Continued on page* 76)

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS



Carole Lombard as she is today, a popular Hollywood favorite. Miss Lombard selected her name with the aid of numerology, and all her activities are guided by this science.

By ROBERT BARAL

of The Journal-Gazette, of

Fort Wayne, Indiana

"I LIKED her best in 'Ladies' Man,'" one lady remarked at a Wednesday afternoon bridge at the Fort Wayne Country Club.

"Well, yes . . . but remember 'Safety in Numbers,'" another player joined in.

"Don't you think there is a strong resemblance between her and Phillips Holmes?"

"Oh, I don't know, sometimes I mistake Josephine Dunn or Leila Hyams for her."

And so, far into the night!

CAROLE LOMBARD is always a popular topic for discussion at the country club, Little Theatre Guild and other groups in this second of Indiana cities. Her youth and beauty together with her bright future generally come in for a share of the evening's conversation.

The Paramount actress returned to Fort Wayne, Ind., her home town, last Summer for the first time in fifteen years.

She visited her birthplace at 704 Rockhill Street, an attractive residence situated along the St. Mary's River, proceeded to pause on the top step of the entrance and survey the scene, just as she did years ago when bidding her neighborhood friends goodby.

At that time all her juvenile interests were confined to games on the river banks, weekly excursions to Robinson Park, an amusement center of no mean attraction for that day, and Summers at Leland, Mich., or Sylvan Lake, at Rome City, Ind.

Looking out over the street which is now shaded by taller trees, the blond actress could certainly feel as if she had accomplished something.

What has happened during the space of time since she was a wide-eyed youngster softly cooing her name, Jane Ahlice—for her middle name was always spoken broadly—to the noon-day pedestrians past her house, up till today when she is thinking of departing for Europe?

What has gone on in Fort Wayne since she played "Cop and Robber" with her two brothers, Fritz and Tootie, up to her calm résumé of the current Indiana scene?

Much has been penned of the numerous Ziegfeld graduates and daughters of the true South who leave the white pillars of the plantation for the crystal light of Hollywood.

And within the past two years, much has been written of Carole Lombard . . . some saying she was a San Francisco debutante out on a lark, and others claiming she crashed through a window-pane to attract the studio moguls.

CAROLE LOMBARD was born October 6, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peters, the third of a family of three children, and duly christened Jane Alice Peters. Her family and relatives were and still are socially prominent in the city and state, and



Carole Lombard's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, was an active figure in Fort Wayne theatricals. At the left is an early picture of Mrs. Peters, then Elizabeth Knight, in one of the home talent stage productions.

Fort Wayne Knew Carole Lombard as Little Jane Alice Peters, School Girl



Carole Lombard, then Jane Alice Peters, in her early 'teens. Note her dark blond hair, now transformed to a lighter and more photographic shade.

with the additional career of the budding actress, she has gone a notch higher on the family tree.

Her great-grandfather, Judge James Cheney, was a financier of wide contact, being an associate of the late Jay Gould, with Eastern banking interests. Her Grandmother Knight's estate on Spy Run Avenue still stands within a grove of tall elms with a back garden sloping down to the river, this time the St. Joseph.

Here the family often gathered and visits always meant cookies from the food boxes of Rheba, the cook. The family electric car, which was among the first in the town then, carried the little ones back and forth from Sweeney Park to the countryside, for the children's activities were generally foremost in the house.

A large playroom in the Peters' home always attracted the boys and girls. Each holiday was a time for some sort of unusual celebration and, with Christmas, the entire house was given over to Frederic, Stuart and Jane Alice.

Then George Winburn, the colored footman who was with the Knight family for over thirty years, would drive up in a regal vehicle and deposit large bags of molasses pop-corn or an extra doll for the little blond lady. George is now nearing eighty years and is living on a pension graciously presented by his former mistress.

The movies were few and far between then, with attractions playing along the main stem at the Colonial, Gayety, Star and Lyric. And of all the first films to stimulate the imagination was "The Adventures of Kathlyn," starring Kathlyn Williams, of course.

Every two weeks on Friday night this Selig picture would flicker two reels of love in the jungle under the sinister eye of King Umballa.

Back on Rockhill Street on Saturday mornings would see the entire action re-enacted with exaggerated treks through the desert country and braver heroism on the part of the juvenile Santschi hero.

AS for Carole or Jane Alice, she was always slated for the animal roles or some insignificant obstacle in which she would be pushed over by her brothers or other players. This was always a favorite game and, two Summers ago when I saw the Peters family for the first time since their move west, it proved a lot of fun talking this over while Robert Armstrong and Bill Boyd waited outside on the Pathe lot for Carole.

"Jane was always sticking up for her brothers," one of her former nurse-maids said.

"Remember, especially when some youngsters would kid her by calling for 'Fried Peas' and 'Stewed Peas,' meaning Fritz and Stuart, and then the racket would start.



At the right is one of the first photographs ever made of Carole Lombard. She was then Jane Alice Peters and she was exactly three years old. This picture is the pride of a veteran Fort Wayne photographer.

"She had a little temper and this was developed by her continual contact with the neighborhood boys, who were more numerous than girls then.

"Football, baseball and racing were generally watched by Jane and before the games were over she always figured in the sports some way or other."

SCHOOL days were just beginning for Carole at the time she left here. She was enrolled in kindergarten at Washington school and was about ready for the first grade when the family left for California.

This trip was arranged first as a pleasure event, but after three months on the West Coast, Mrs. Peters decided to transfer the household West. And, by the way, some of the fine old pieces of early American furniture which were in the Rockhill Street house can now be found in the residence on Rexford Drive in Beverly Hills.

Carole has many relatives here. Her father is retired and remains in the city most of the time. He generally attends the private previews of his daughter's pictures when they come to the Paramount Theatre. And then her numerous aunts and uncles on both sides of the family keep in touch with the actress by following the chatter columns.

First inkling of a career was heard in Fort Wayne when a youthful picture appeared in the rotogravure section of a newspaper announcing Carole Lombard, the former Jane Peters, in "Marriage in (*Continued on page* 121)





OLD HOLLYWOOD

Top, a glimpse of the Hollywood Cahuenga Valley trolley line, a sensation in the '80s. Left, the old Hackett House, which stood at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga in the '90s. This was Hollywood's first hotel and store. Below, Hollywood thirty-five years ago, as viewed from Whitley Heights. The pictures shown are from the historical collection of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.



He Shook Hands with HUNGER

Walter Huston had a Tough and Exciting Time Climbing to Stardom

BY JIM TULLY



Walter Huston is a Canadian. His parents were Scotch Irish. Huston's father was a contractor and he himself studied to be an engineer. But at twenty he was acting in small stock companies. He fought his way to Broadway by way of vaudeville.

HE is the most versatile among cinema players, and, in the opinion of George Jean Nathan, the finest actor on the American stage. As Abraham Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's film of that name, as the warden in "The Criminal Code," and the lead in "The Bad Man," his work has been of equal merit. His characterizations are vivid and realistic, his technique as bountiful and unobtrusive as nature.

Walter Huston is a Canadian who first attracted attention on the screen in "Gentlemen of the Press."

Of Scotch Irish parents, Huston's father was a contractor. At eighteen the actor studied to become an engineer. Before he was twenty he decided to become an actor and joined a Toronto stock company.

It seems that all stock companies go broke and disband soon after future prominent actors join them. This company was no exception. Young Huston hoboed to New York, where, after considerable hardship, he succeeded in getting a three-line part with Richard Mansfield's company. On the first night he bungled all three of his lines and was promptly fired. After many such failures he returned to Toronto with the hope of becoming an engineer.

FOUR years later he returned to the stage, this time, one of the vaudeville team of Whipple and Huston. He remained in vaudeville for twelve years, eating his heart out in tank towns, putting it back, and eating it out again. A shrewd fellow with a steel eye on the main chance, he plugged along during those years, living in trunks, imploring, quarreling, and expostulating with managers for the right spot on the bill, while trying to keep his weekly wage at a certain figure so the manager in the next town would not try to engage him for less.

Thirteen years ago he decided to take a chance. He broke the routine by devising an elaborate act and investing $5,000 in stage equipment.

He needed $1,500 a week to pay expenses on the act. The Keith company would only allow him $1,250. The Shuberts were at that time engaging Keith in a vaudeville battle. They offered Huston $1,750 a week for twenty weeks. He accepted the offer and went on tour. When he returned to New York, the war was over, the Keith people victorious.

He was blacklisted.

SOON in need of work he made the usual heartbreaking rounds of theatrical offices looking for work.

At this time a friend gave him a letter of introduction to John Golden.

With the eloquence of necessity, Huston explained to Golden that he could really act if given the chance.

An actor was ill. Huston was to play his role on Sunday night. Golden was to witness the performance.

Huston, highly elated, and feeling his chance had arrived at last, gave the part everything he had. The next morning he waited in the outer office of Golden to learn his opinion. In two hours he was received and told that Golden had forgotten to go to the theater.

Months of uncertainty followed. When at the edge of despair he read a play which was soon to be produced. He felt he could play the title role. Given a chance to play the part of "Mr. Pitt," he became a star overnight. He appeared in "The Fountain" and "Congo," and really attracted his first national attention in "The Barker" and "Elmer the Great."

During rehearsals of the latter play he was given encouragement and instruction by the one prince among Irishmen, George M. Cohan.

(*Continued on page* 84)



Interesting moments in "Smart Money," "Laughing Sinners" and "Big Business Girl."

REVIEWS

Cecil De Mille Remakes "The Squaw Man" and Edward Robinson Scores Again in "Smart Money"—Other New Films of the Month

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

MORE sentimental interest attaches to Cecil De Mille's production of "The Squaw Man" than to any film of the month.

This is Mr. De Mille's third production of "The Squaw Man." It was the first film he ever made, back in 1912. Dustin Farnum played the title rôle then. In 1919 he made it again, with Elliott Dexter as the Englishman who married an Indian girl. Both these versions of the old Edwin Milton Royle melodrama were silent films, of course.

Now, in 1931, comes "The Squaw Man" as a talkie. It isn't a great picture, but the old drama still has some potency. No doubt you will like Warner Baxter as the Englishman who goes to the West to forget his futile love for his cousin's wife. Lupe Velez, too, will hold your interest as the Indian girl who helps him forget. And Eleanor Boardman is the girl back home who is never quite forgotten.

An excellent cast, this. And a revival well worth seeing.

Little Caesar Becomes a Gambler

TO me the best picture of the month easily is "Smart Money" (Warners), written by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright, the boys who wrote "The Public Enemy." And it features Edward Robinson, who was such a swell Little Caesar, and James Cagney, the corking gangster of "The Public Enemy." This is not a gangster film, however. It traces the adventures of a small-town gambler who tries to break into the big city racket. He's a crafty gent with cards—but he has a weakness for blondes and that failing gets him, finally. Mr. Robinson gives another splendid performance as Nick the Greek, Mr. Cagney does very well with the rather subordinate rôle of his pal, Jack, while Noel Francis does another neat bit, of the first big-town blonde to trip Nick.

This is hard, wise, tough, brittle. A finely atmospheric and carefully detailed view of the gambling world. You'll like it.

Janet Gaynor Scores

THE sentimental hit of the month is "Daddy Long Legs," starring little Janet Gaynor. Maybe you saw Ruth Chatterton play this rôle of the orphan asylum slavey behind the footlights. Probably you saw Mary Pickford in her silent film version of the story.

In either case—or if you missed both—you'll love Miss Gaynor as little Judy Abbott, who is adopted by a handsome bachelor who never lets his protégée see him. He sends her to college and, without her knowing it, falls in love.

You will like Warner Baxter as the wealthy guardian. But "Daddy Long Legs" is all Miss Gaynor. Her scenes will touch you deeply, or I miss my guess.

The biggest flop of the



Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez play the leading rôles in Cecil De Mille's newest version of "The Squaw Man."



Dramatic scenes from "Daddy Long Legs" (left) and "Annabelle's Affairs" (right). Center, Annabella in "Le Million."

month was "Night Angel," which Edmund Goulding wrote and directed for Paramount. Unfortunately, it brought a failure to the door of its popular star, Nancy Carroll, who was not fitted for the rôle of the Viennese wine-garden proprietress' daughter. In brief, Mr. Goulding tried to have Miss Carroll do a Marlene Dietrich—and the attempt failed. Fredric March, too, is lost in the rôle of the district attorney who tries to save little Yula Martini from herself and her wicked mother.

"Night Angel" certainly is not the story for Nancy Carroll. Stay away. It will bore you terribly.

Marion Davies' Best Work

MARION DAVIES does the best work of her career as the socially ambitious daughter of the chain store magnate in "Five and Ten" (Metro-Goldwyn), based on Fannie Hurst's novel. Jennifer Rarick tries to buy the man she loves, just as she has bought her way into everything else. But she comes to realize that happiness can't be purchased. Miss Davies is excellent and there are admirable performances by Kent Douglas as her kid brother, Richard Bennett as her father, and Irene Rich as her mother. This is an absorbing drama, well done.

Watch young Mr. Douglas. He gives rare promise here.

Like my confrère, Herb Howe, I admire Jeanette MacDonald. Personally, I found her newest film, "Annabelle's Affairs" (Fox), based on Clare Kummer's "The Affairs of Annabelle," to be both pleasant and sprightly. It is a mad, fantastic comedy—and Miss MacDonald is delightful. Best of the cast is Roland Young as a young millionaire who likes his liquor.

Paramount's "The Vice Squad" started out with a good idea. The authors took the recent exposure of the New York police department and built their yarn around a handsome stool pigeon who is forced into the racket and only rebels when he is called upon to frame the girl who has befriended him. There was an opportunity here for a hard, searching exposure of the cruelties of our judicial system as it becomes distorted in the shadows of a great city. Unfortunately, the authors chose to sugar-coat the whole proceedings and to sentimentalize their stool pigeon.

Even with the personable Paul Lukas playing the part, however, the unsavory tale becomes hard to swallow.

Although Kay Francis is present, it is a blonde unknown, Judith Wood, who gives the outstanding supporting performance.

That Gilbert Voice

EVERY new picture starring Jack Gilbert is awaited with keen interest by his admirers. Will his voice record better? Will he do a come-back?

That gives a real interest to his new Metro-Goldwyn film, "Cheri-Bibi," which is directed by the able John Robertson. Cheri-Bibi is a handsome escape artist in the music halls, a kind of French Houdini. There's the murder of his sweetheart's father, the unjust conviction of Cheri-Bibi for the crime—and, of course, his ultimate vindication. The (*Continued on page* 77)

Tender moments of "Chances" (left) and "Five and Ten" (right). Center, John Gilbert in "Cheri-Bibi."



The Men Who Make the Movies

(*Continued from page* 69)

in step behind a row of Exalted Nobles, now cutting capers with the crowd on the sidewalk, and all the while acting out a simple story, for the most part devised as they went along. This comedy was rated a success.

Following the same general plan, another even more successful picture was made with the Memorial Day G. A. R. parade as the background. Turning to the spectacle of sport, Sennett used a baseball game and an automobile race with equally satisfactory results and the green light was set on the road to fortune with the Keystone Kops to guide the traffic.

THEN as now, essentially a simple, direct man with a youthful love of laughter, Mack carried a playboy vivacity into his methods of production. He figured that if an incident was not amusing to his associates and himself, it probably would fail to click with the public. Also, he acted on the theory that up to a certain point, fun might be increased numerically. If, for example, one ludicrous cop drew one laugh, two cops would be good for two laughs and so on up the scale. His world-famous company of Keystone Kops seemed to justify this belief. Some one should write a history of the after life of the Keystone Kops. Two of them, believe it or not, were Ramon Novarro and Harold Lloyd.

And while on the subject of momentous names it may be interesting to consider Sennett's claim to being the original Hollywood Columbus. His list of discoveries reads in part: Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Mae Busch, Polly Moran, Louise Fazenda, Ramon Novarro, Betty Compson, Harold Lloyd, Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon, Marie Prevost, Wallace Beery, Chester Conklin, Roscoe Arbuckle, Phyllis Haver. And Mack is still discovering.

Having plenty of temperament himself, Sennett generally understood and even welcomed temperament in others. Usually, he found that people lacking in temperament were equally short on ideas, and ideas, comedy ideas, were what he must have above all else. To an advocate of system, his method of work was slipshod. He would start out with a half-hatched idea and develop it as he went along, making notes on stray slips of paper, or on his shirt-cuffs if paper was not at hand. His genius for utilizing material immediately available turned many a mishap into a laugh.

AS the fame of Sennett comedies spread, the producer had reason to believe that some of his best gags were being stolen by extras and sold to rival picture-makers, whereupon he closed the studio gates to extras and engaged a stock company on whose loyalty he could rely. When a new comedy was brewing, Mack would call a conference of his entire studio family—writers, gag men, actors, cameramen. All were invited to retire into the silences of their interior minds and to return with a flock of ideas. The plan worked well.

And then came the talkies. In common with most other picture men, Sennett was unprepared. He soon realized that the introduction of dialogue meant a radical revision of the technique of screen comedy. Slapstick was one thing and conversational slapstick yet another. "The Lion's Roar," his first talking comedy for Educational Pictures and one of the first to be made by any producer, showed the adaptability of the quick-witted Irishman. Now he is quite at home in the new medium, directing some twenty-seven two-reelers a year for release by Educational, also a number of single reels.

Mack has been in the picture business for a long time and there is no danger of his being talked out of it.

First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 16)

hangers. Remember, the lavish use of perfume is never in good taste. Strive for an effect that is delicate and elusive.

The new perfumes are put up in such exciting bottles, I know you won't be able to resist them. And some perfumes come in colors.

Sachet is now considered by most people to be old-fashioned. A deplorable fact, in my estimation! It is not necessary for us to waste our precious time sewing odd little pieces of silk into bags to hold sachet, which continually have to be refilled with fresh sachet. Sachet may be purchased today in compressed cake form in all of the blossom odors. There is nothing that gives a more subtle and haunting perfume than clothes which have been imprisoned with sachet tablets of lavender, crushed roses, April violets, or any of the other numerous odors. The habit of keeping sachet in your chests and drawers is one that is well worth cultivating.

I have heard that when you chew gum you get a double chin. It seems ridiculous to me, but I just wanted to know your opinion in regard to this matter.—G. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

Chewing gum will not cause a double chin. In fact, it is excellent exercise for the jaws. If you would like some exercises for correcting a double chin, send me a stamped addressed envelope and I shall be very glad to send you a set.

I have a serious beauty problem—moles! I've got three on my neck and lots of little ones on my face and arms. Please tell me what to do for them.—Alice, Walla Walla, Washington.

Moles may be removed without danger by the electric needle treatment. But do not let anyone without scientific study and experience tamper with them. Your regular physician should be able to recommend a specialist who would help you.



Associated Press Photo

After a screen absence of twelve years, Sessue Hayakawa, once one of the most popular of film stars, is back in Hollywood to try his luck again. Mr. Hayakawa returned to California from Japan early in June with his wife, once a screen favorite, too.

Reviews

(*Continued from page 75*)

method by which he obtains this vindication is ingenious and melodramatically effective. The film should hold your interest.

I liked "Chances" (First National) which stars Doug Fairbanks, Jr. This is another story of the World War—but do not let that keep you away. It is human, compelling and absorbing all the way. Twin brothers love the same girl. Young Doug plays one of the boys and Anthony Bushell is the other. And Rose Hobart is completely effective as the girl.

Unless you just can't stand another trench drama I recommend "Chances" heartily.

Maybe you will never have the opportunity of seeing Rene Clair's new picture, "Le Million," made by its able director in France. Clair is the man, you know, who made the delightful "Rooftops of Paris." This is the humorously romantic yarn of a lost lottery ticket and it is beautifully played. Yes, it is entirely in French—but, even if you do not understand French, the action will be clear to you.

If "Le Million" plays one of the little film theaters of your city, I suggest that you visit it.

"JUST A GIGOLO" (Metro-Goldwyn) stars William Haines as a young British nobleman who masquerades as a hired entertainer in order to test the fidelity of the young woman he is scheduled to marry. He isn't really a gigolo, of course. The resulting comedy is just fair.

"Hush Money" (Fox) is another version of the young woman who marries without telling her past. Since Joan Bennett is the heroine, the film has appeal and interest. Douglas Cosgrove, too, is excellent as a kindly detective sergeant.

"Confessions of a Co-Ed" (Paramount) is supposed to be the diary of a young student who loved not wisely but too well—and then married the other fellow without telling. This is collegiate life as Hollywood thinks it is.

"The Girl Habit" (Paramount) presents the usually amusing Charles Ruggles as a gay bachelor who just can't stop flirting, even though he is about to marry. The usual farce complications. Unfortunately, Mr. Ruggles gets wretched support. Merely passable.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Lady Who Dared—*First National:*—Theft, love, diplomacy, we find all three presented with gracious politeness in this South American romance. Conway Tearle, playing a big time smuggler, never forgets that he is a perfect gentleman with a fine regard for a lady's honor. Jail is preferable to permitting the lady to be caught in his rooms by her diplomatic husband, smoothly portrayed by Sidney Blackmer. The beauty and grace of Billie Dove find a congenial setting in the glittering halls of South America's most affluent social set. She is quite at her best in low cut evening gowns and glittering jewels.

Lover Come Back—*Columbia:*—Just another instance of poor judgment in picking a girl. The mistake is made by an up-and-coming young business man who gives his boss's secretary the run-around and goes the limit for a silly little frill. The second choice plays around with the boss; a cocktail glass in one hand and a kiss on her lips. When last seen the foolish youth is bound for Reno preliminary to a comeback with his first sweetheart. Jack Mulhall, Constance Cummings and Betty Bronson do very well in a picture that is easy to follow; likewise easy to forget.

Laughing Sinners—*Metro-Goldwyn:*—Whether or not this piece of sentimentalized emotion proves to be a boost for Joan Crawford, there is no question at all about its being a swell bit of publicity for the Salvation Army. Joan becomes a beautiful and true Salvation Army lassie after she has been jilted by her lover. She is about to end it all, via a bridge jump, when a Salvation Army captain persuades her to wait a while. Joan becomes an extremely good and kind girl, with only one slip to her discredit. The picture is well acted and holds the attention.

Everything's Rosie—*Radio:*—Robert Woolsey, with his familiar prop, a cigar, works so hard to get laughs that it is no more than polite to chuckle once in a while. He is a comedian for those who prefer their humor in large and heavily labeled doses, like the fake tonics he hawks at a medicine show. His very name in this picture, Dr. J. Dockweller Droop, is indication enough of the character of the pun-laden production. To give the story a semblance of backbone, the eminent Dr. Droop is suspected of a robbery and his pretty ward almost loses her sweetheart.

Gold Dust Gertie—*Warners:*—If they have Silly Weeks in the theaters, and sometimes it seems that they do, this knockabout farce will be right at home. From beginning to end, it is just one long hysterical scream with the robust Winnie Lightner in the lead. The director stops at nothing, from a kick in the pants to the hurling of a birthday cake, if there is a remote possibility of drawing a laugh. During the last ten minutes of the film, most of the characters are dumped into motorboats for a wild chase that looks dangerous. Even the venerable and dignified Claude Gillingwater is turned into a cut-up, which is a bit too bad.

Three Lovers—*Terra Films:*—Your interest in this silent film, made in Germany, will vary in proportion to your interest in Marlene Dietrich. If you are a Dietrich fan, and there are many of them, you will want to see it, despite a triangular love story that, in both substance and treatment, harks back to an earlier day.

Up for Murder—*Universal:*—The opening and middle sequences of this bit of criminal action are more engaging than the somewhat too obviously contrived ending, which may be classified as "happy". It is another tale of newspaper life in evening dress, so to speak. A nice looking cub (Lew Ayres) presumes to fall in love with the platinum bedecked society editor, who happens to be the mistress of the managing editor as everyone in the office, save the cub, appears to know. As the result of a scuffle, the managing editor falls against a piece of furniture and is killed. It takes a lot of maneuvering to get the boy out of the death house.

Nomadie—*Marius Anderson:*—An extensive journey through the countries of Germany, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, with Dr. Alexander Singelow as the guide, is offered in this instructive subject. Sound judgment has been shown in the selection of scenes calculated to present the more significant expressions of life in the countries visited, including rural as well as city sections. Some of the clearly photographed scenes are of arresting beauty, notably the fjords of Norway.

I Take This Woman—*Paramount:*—In its best moments this is a thoroughly good picture, touched with the thrill of genuine human emotions. It is a relief to meet an outspoken cowboy that is not burlesqued beyond belief and a pampered society girl whose emotions are not distorted. All praise to Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. The most impressive sequences are those on a ranch where the girl, honestly in love, tries to adjust herself to a life of monotony and hardship. Of course, the story is sentimental, but it is wholesome sentiment. Throughout the picture there is a welcome note of sincerity.

Big Business Girl—*First National:*—By all odds the most unusual and amusing sequences in this extravagant comedy are those concerned with the procuring of evidence for a divorce. Joan Blondell, as the hard-boiled young woman employed as the "evidence," is genuinely funny in a smartly contrived situation. The story has to do with a pretty girl, fresh from college, who goes to New York for a business career, and her sophomoric young husband who becomes a popular band leader. An aggressive advertising man takes a fancy to the girl and almost puts over a selling campaign of his own. As usual, Loretta Young is pretty.

The Viking—*Varick Frissell Expedition:*—A highly interesting and naturally dramatic film developed out of the photographic record of the Varick Frissell Arctic Expedition. The young explorer and his companions were killed on a subsequent trip to Labrador to retake a few of the scenes. There is a slight, inconsequential story running through the picture.

Transgression—*Radio:*—Paris is no place for an attractive young wife to locate while her husband is serving the British Empire in India. If you don't believe it, see what happens, or almost happens, to the always alluring Kay Francis when she falls for Paris and its wicked ways. The story runs along well enough up to a somewhat too convenient conclusion, showing the threatened wife returned to the arms of her noble and extremely tolerant husband. The dialogue is better than average and the acting of the leading trio, Miss Francis, Paul Kavanagh and Ricardo Cortez is first rate.

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Casts of Pictures Reviewed in this Issue

(*Reviews appear on page* 74)

LE MILLION — *Tobis Production.* Directed by Rene Clair. The cast: *Beatrice,* Annabella; *Michael,* Rene Lefebvre; *Prosper,* Louis Allibert; *Crochard,* Paul Ollivier; *Vanda,* Vanda Greville; *Sopranelli,* Constantin Stroesco; *The Singer,* Odette Talazac.

JUST A GIGOLO—*M.-G.-M.* Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lord Robert Brummell,* William Haines; *Roxana Hartley,* Irene Purcell; *Lord George Hampton,* C. Aubrey Smith; *Lady Jane Hartley,* Charlotte Granville; *Lady Agatha Carrol,* Lillian Bond; *A French Husband,* Albert Conti; *A French Wife,* Maria Alba; *Freddie,* Ray Milland; *Gwenny,* Lenore Bushman, *Pauline,* Yola D'Avril.

CHANCES — *First National.* Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Jack Ingleside,* Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Tom Ingleside,* Anthony Bushell; *Molly Prescott,* Rose Hobart; *Mrs. Ingleside,* Mary Forbes; *Major Bradford,* Holmes Herbert; *Archie,* William Austin; *The General,* Edmund Breon; *Private Jones,* Harry Allen; *Lieut. Wickham,* Edward Morgan; *Ruth,* Mae Madison.

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—*Paramount.* Directed by David Burton and Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Dan,* Phillips Holmes; *Patricia,* Sylvia Sidney; *Hal,* Norman Foster; *Peggy,* Claudia Dell; *Adelaide,* Florence Britton; *Lucille,* Martha Sleeper; *Mildred,* Dorothy Libaire; *Sally,* Marguerite Warner; *President,* George Irving; *Dean Winslow,* Winter Hall.

CHERI-BIBI—*M.-G.-M.* Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Cheri-Bibi,* John Gilbert; *Cecile,* Leila Hyams; *Costaud,* Lewis Stone; *Herman,* Jean Hersholt; *Bourrelier,* C. Aubrey Smith; *Vera,* Natalie Moorhead; *Marquis Du Touchais,* Ian Keith; *Dr. Gorin,* Alfred Hickman.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN — *Paramount.* Directed by Slavko Vorkapich and Marion Gering. The cast: *Tom McNair,* Gary Cooper; *Kay Dowling,* Carole Lombard; *Aunt Bessie,* Helen Ware; *Herbert Forrest,* Lester Vail; *Mr. Dowling,* Charles Trowbridge; *Sue Barnes,* Clara Mlandick; *Clare Hammell,* Mildred Van Dorn.

HUSH MONEY—*Fox.* Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Janet,* Joan Bennett; *Stuart Elliott,* Hardie Albright; *Steve,* Owen Moore; *Flo Curtis,* Myrna Loy; *Curtis,* C. Henry Gordon; *Dan Emmett,* Douglas Cosgrove; *Maxie,* George Raft; *Puggie,* Hugh White; *Flannigan,* George Byron; *Silvio,* Andre Cheron; *Bootlegger,* Henry Armetta; *Mr. Stockton,* George Irving; *Mrs. Stockton,* Nella Walker; *Miss Stockton,* Joan Castle.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS — *Fox.* Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *John Rawson,* Victor McLaglen; *Annabelle Leigh,* Jeanette MacDonald; *Roland Wimbleton,* Roland Young; *James,* Sam Hardy; *Wickham,* William Collier, Sr.; *Lottie,* Ruth Warren; *Mabel,* Joyce Compton; *Dora,* Sally Blane; *Archie,* George Andre Beranger; *Gosling,* Walter Walker; *Summers,* Hank Mann; *Bolson,* Jed Prouty; *Ruby,* Louise Beavers.

THE VICE SQUAD—*Paramount.* Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Major Stephen Lucarno,* Paul Lukas; *Alice Morrison,* Kay Francis; *Magistrate Morrison,* William Davidson; *Madeline Hunt,* Judith Wood; *Detective-Sergeant Mather,* Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Josie,* Esther Howard.

FIVE AND TEN—*M.-G.-M.* Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Jennifer Rarick,* Marion Davies; *Berry Rhodes,* Leslie Howard; *John Rarick,* Richard Bennett; *Jenny Rarick,* Irene Rich; *Avery Rarick,* Kent Douglass; *Muriel Preston,* Mary Duncan.

NIGHT ANGEL—*Paramount.* Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Yula Martini,* Nancy Carroll; *Rudek Berkem,* Fredric March; *Theresa Masar,* Phoebe Foster; *Countess von Martini,* Allison Skipworth; *Biezel,* Alan Hale.

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—*First National.* Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Claire McIntyre,* Loretta Young; *John Saunders,* Frank Albertson; *Ralph Clayton,* Ricardo Cortez; *Pearl,* Joan Blondell; *Luke Winters,* Frank Darion; *Mrs. Emery,* Dorothy Christy; *Joe,* Mickey Bennett; *Messenger Boy,* Bobby Gordon; *Sarah Ellen,* Nancy Dover; *Sally Curtis,* Virginia Sale; *Walter Morley,* Oscar Apfel.

DADDY LONG LEGS—*Fox.* Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Judy Abbott,* Janet Gaynor; *Jervis Pendleton,* Warner Baxter; *Sally McBride,* Una Merkel; *Jimmy McBride,* John Arledge; *Mrs. Lippett,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Mrs. Pendleton,* Kathlyn Williams; *Gloria Pendleton,* Sheila Mannors; *Riggs,* Claude Gillingwater; *Miss Pritchard,* Louise Closser Hale; *Mrs. Semple,* Effie Ellsler; *Wykoff,* Edwin Maxwell; *Freddie Perkins,* Kendall McComas; *Billy,* Billy Barty.

UBANGI—A silent animal feature with synchronized voice, billed as Davenport-Quigley Adventure and distributed by Imperial Distributing Co.

LOVER COME BACK—*Columbia.* Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Connie Lee,* Constance Cummings; *Tom Evans,* Jack Mulhall; *Vivian March,* Betty Bronson; *Yates,* Jameson Thomas; *Shultzy,* Frederick Stanley; *Henry,* Jack Mack; *Mrs. March,* Katherine Givney; *Loretta,* Loretta Sayers; *Susan,* Susan Fleming.

SMART MONEY—*Warner.* Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Nick,* Edward G. Robinson; *Irene,* Evalyn Knapp; *Jack,* James Cagney; *Sleepy Sam,* Ralf Harolde; *Sport Williams,* Boris Karloff; *District Attorney,* Morgan Wallace; *Dist. Attorney's Girl,* Margaret Livingston; *Marie,* Noel Francis; *Greek Barber,* Maurice Black.

THE GIRL HABIT—*Paramount.* Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Charles Cadwallader Floyd,* Charles Ruggles; *Jonesy,* Donald Meek; *Lucy Ledyard,* Sue Conroy; *Mrs. Ledyard,* Margaret Dumont; *Tony Maloney,* Allen Jenkins; *Sonya, his wife,* Tamara Geva; *Huntley Palmer,* Douglas Gilmore; *Warden,* Jerome Daley; *Warden's Wife,* Betty Garde.

THE SQUAW MAN—*M.-G.-M.* Directed by Cecil DeMille. The cast: *Jim Carson,* Warner Baxter; *Naturich,* Lupe Velez; *Diana,* Eleanor Boardman; *Cash Hawkins,* Charles Bickford; *Sir John,* Roland Young; *Henry,* Paul Cavanagh; *Taby Wanna,* Mitchell Lewis; *Little Hal,* Dickie Moore.

THE LADY WHO DARED—*First National.* Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Margaret Townsend,* Billie Dove; *Charles Townsend,* Sidney Blackmer; *Jack Norton,* Conway Tearle; *Julianne Boone-Fleming,* Judith Vosselli; *Seton Boone-Fleming,* Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *Farrell,* Lloyd Ingraham; *Butler,* Ivan Simpson.

THE VIKING—*J. D. Williams.* Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Luke Oarum,* Charles Starrett; *Mary Joe,* Louise Huntington; *Jed Nelson,* Arthur Vinton; *Capt. Barker,* Captain Bob Bartlett.

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—*Radio.* Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Dr. J. Dockweiler Droop,* Robert Woolsey; *Rosie,* Anita Louise; *Billy Lowe,* John Darrow; *Mrs. Lowe,* Florence Roberts; *Mr. Lowe,* Frank Beal; *Oberdoff,* Alfred P. James; *Miss Van Dorn,* Lita Chevret.

GOLD DUST GERTIE—*Warners.* Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Nita,* Winnie Lightner; *Harlan,* Chic Johnson; *Guthrie,* Ole Olsen; *Arnold,* Claude Gillingwater; *Dr. Tate,* Arthur Hoyt; *Capt. Osgood,* George Byron; *Lucille,* Vivienne Oakland; *Mabel,* Dorothy Christy; *Office Secretary,* Virginia Sale; *Pestolozzi,* Charles Judels.

TRANSGRESSION — *Radio.* Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Elsie Maury,* Kay Francis; *Robert Maury,* Paul Cavanagh; *Don Arturo,* Ricardo Cortez; *Honora Maury,* Nance O'Neil; *Serafin,* John St. Polis; *Julia,* Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Countess Longueval,* Cissy Fitzgerald; *Paula Vrain,* Doris Lloyd.

LAUGHING SINNERS — *M.-G.-M.* Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: *Valentine,* Joan Crawford; *Diana,* Marjorie Rambeau; *Tony,* Monroe Owsley; *Bob,* Charles Robinson; *Mr. Blake,* Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Blake,* Emma Dunn; *Michael,* Armand Kaliz; *Louise,* Mona Goya; *Berthe,* Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Madelon,* Mlle. Corday.

UP FOR MURDER—*Universal.* Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Robert Marshall,* Lew Ayres; *Myra Deane,* Genevieve Tobin; *William Winter,* Purnell B. Pratt; *Herk,* Kenneth Thomson; *Collins,* Frank McHugh; *Mrs. Marshall,* Dorothy Peterson; *Robert Marshall as a boy,* Freddie Burke Frederick; *Annabelle,* Betty Jane Graham; *Annabelle's mother,* Aileen Manning; *City Editor,* Frederic Burt; *Colored Woman,* Louise Beavers; *Mrs. Winter,* Julia Swayne Gordon; *Miss Winter,* Polly Ann Young.

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new issue at the
same place on the
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Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 31)

"I am one of those people that carry a camera, a good one, too, along wherever they go and never take a picture. You have known such fools before, else I should send the magazine a snapshot of myself. Can't do that but I do ask you to put a line in to stop the rumors popping up again about my having a relapse. Don't know how such rumors get about. Perhaps because I've stayed over here so long. At any rate they are not true. I am feeling grand—having a peach of a time enjoying myself. Between visits home here with Mother and Father I've managed to get about a bit. Made two visits to Stockholm, been to Berlin, two weeks in Vienna, four weeks in Nice, Cannes and Antibes, back to Sweden again where I will spend the rest of the time with the folks and paying visits to relatives before sailing in July. Going the long way round, through Panama Canal. I won't be back in California till August—back and ready to try my luck in the talkies if the Powers That Be give me a look-in. Hope you can read this very bad scribble. The pen is worn out and so is my hand. Have had one of them there letter-writing spells today."

JACKIE COOPER is proud of the watch he received as a gift from Percy Crosby, creator of "Skippy," but wishes it were a nickel-plated affair instead of the solid gold kind. "It's so good I have to keep it in a vault," wailed Jackie.

Madge Evans, erstwhile child star, now a grown-up leading lady for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, admitted she one time posed for a brewery advertisement.

"But it was good beer!" she exclaimed.

THE secret of Bayard Veiller's preference for writing for the talking screen over the theater at last is out.

The master of mystery thrillers was discussing "Guilty Hands," his new murder story in which Lionel Barrymore is featured.

"A talkie only requires one-fourth of the dialogue needed for a stage play," he said. "On the stage the plot is unfolded three-quarters by words. On the screen it is three-quarters visual and one-quarter words, thank goodness!"

EDNA MARION, Wampus baby Star of a few years ago, is now in the costume jewelry business, with a shop on Hollywood Boulevard.

NO rocking chair old-age is going to have a chance to catch up with Marie Dressler.

Just last year Marie dashed to Europe for what she called a rest. Then she traipsed over to Hawaii for another "rest", but found the social whirl too taxing. Now, on completing "Emma," she is off again for Europe to visit friends in England and Germany.

"And I'm not going to Bad-Norheim!" she announces.

LOOKS like Joan Crawford will just have to have a baby to satisfy Hollywood rumors.

Ever since she married Doug Jr., Joan has been reported "expecting". But it isn't true. At least Joan says so, and she ought to know!

CHARLES STARRETT, Billie Dove's new leading man, is the chap who escaped death by a contract.

He was scheduled to go to Labrador with Varick Frissell who made "The Viking," for retakes. He had the leading rôle in the picture but couldn't return because he'd signed a contract with Paramount.

The ship was blown up on the return trip and Frissell and many others perished.

JOHN WRAY, whose biggest claim to screen fame was as "Himmelstoss" in "All Quiet," admits to learning his rôle in "Silence" by sleeping on the script for several nights.

It's an old stage superstition that must make for uncomfortable sleeping. You wake up with lines on your back and in your head.

Dorothy Burgess, who makes her living playing señoritas with trick accents, (witness "In Old Arizona" and "Lasca of the Rio Grande"), cannot speak Spanish.

TRAGEDY stalked in Hollywood when Evalyn Knapp fell down a 30-foot embankment and fractured her spine.

Miss Knapp was just getting ahead at First National—had a big rôle in "Smart Money" and "The Millionaire."

She will be laid up for six months before she faces a camera again.



International Newsreel Photo

Clara Bow is spending two months resting at a ranch in Nevada. During that time she will consider just what next to do. She has a release from her Paramount contract and she may sign with another producing concern. Or she may try vaudeville. Anyway, she is going to spend her spare time writing the real story of her life. Miss Bow, who is shown above with her father, is no longer a red head. She is a blonde, as you can see.

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 10)

path followed by Gary Cooper. *Paramount.* Class B.

Gun Smoke. Cowboys and city bred racketeers shoot it out in the streets of a western town. *Paramount.* Class C.

Born to Love. Constance Bennett looks altogether alluring to the wounded soldiers in a British hospital. A familiar love story against a war background. *R.K.O.-Pathe.* Class B.

Dirigible. Thrilling during the sequences showing the destruction of a giant air craft. *Columbia.* Class A.

Shipmates. The tale of an humble sailor and an admiral's daughter. Robert Montgomery gets his girl despite caste distinctions. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

Iron Man. Lew Ayres figures acceptably in this story of the prize ring. *Universal.* Class A.

The Connecticut Yankee. Harry Myers carries the leading role in this talking version of the Mark Twain classic. *Fox.* Class A.

Svengali. Taken from a play popular a quarter of a century ago, this drama is well handled with John Barrymore as the star. *Warners.* Class A.

The Millionaire. In this picture George Arliss adapts his comedy gift to a clever impersonation of an American millionaire. *Warners.* Class A.

The Secret Six. Until you have seen Wallace Beery's idea of a blood-and-thunder gangster you still have something to live for. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Three Rogues. While this bit of fiction is not altogether convincing it has its moments of comedy and excitement. *Fox.* Class C.

Cracked Nuts. Hokum, slapstick and what-have-you. May amuse those who laugh readily at puns almost as good as new. *Radio.* Class C.

Laugh and Get Rich. The monotony and drudgery in a boarding house in a New England factory town are truthfully revealed. *Radio.* Class B.

The Conquering Horde. Land grafters after the Civil War taking the last pennies from defenseless widows. *Paramount.* Class B.

Bad Sister. A small-town girl as seen through the romantic eyes of Booth Tarkington. *Universal.* Class B.

In Conference. Pokes fun at the exclusive offices of motion picture magnates. *Educational.* Class B.

God's Gift to Women. The irresistible Frank Fay is kept dodging a shower of kisses from amorous females. *Warners.* Class C.

The Front Page. In this particular newspaper office there is time for love as well as murder and baseball scores. Adolphe Menjou is a managing editor. *United Artists.* Class AA.

Strangers May Kiss. Most of the kisses are delivered and received in Paris to the tune of gay nights and languorous days. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Unfaithful. Ruth Chatterton is the most interesting figure in a story of highly polished English aristocracy. *Paramount.* Class B.

Dishonored. Marlene Dietrich gives a fine performance in a picture of mediocre calibre. *Paramount.* Class A.

Ten-Cents-a-Dance. Barbara Stanwyck earns her money as a hostess in a cheap dance hall. Her honest personality wins attention. *Columbia.* Class B.

City Lights. Will continue to stand in a class by itself until Chaplin finds time to turn out another picture. *United Artists.* Class AA.

Trader Horn. Glimpses of African life as visioned by an interesting personality. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Hell Bound. Underworld hijackers under the leadership of the suave Leo Carrillo. *Tiffany.* Class B.

Tabu. The Society Islands in luminously beautiful film. *Fox.* Class A.

Body and Soul. Introduces Elissa Landi as a contender for stellar eminence. She qualifies. *Fox.* Class B.

Men Call It Love. Once again we find Adolphe Menjou as a persuasive lover who is in the habit of getting what he goes after. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

Honor Among Lovers. When emotions are petering out there is always another round of drinks to pep up the merry lads and lassies. *Paramount.* Class A.

Dance, Fools, Dance! Chicago's most select gangster set supplies the hectic movement in this film. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Charlie Chan Carries On. A continuation of the Charlie Chan series in which Warner Oland appears as an urbane detective. *Fox.* Class B.

The Bachelor Father. Not much of a plot but a pleasing performance by Marion Davies. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Single Sin. This time we have a woman bootlegger, but she reforms despite the annoyance of blackmailers. *Tiffany.* Class D.

Seas Beneath. Obviously contrived to make use of a modern submarine. The picture interest is mechanical rather than human. *Fox.* Class B.

The Southerner. Romantic songs finely sung by Lawrence Tibbett are the most memorable part of this production. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Reducing. Pokes fun at plump women who crave a slender silhouette. Marie Dressler gets a lot of laughs. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Gang Buster. More racketeers and Jack Oakie becoming all confused by their nefarious schemes. *Paramount.* Class B.

Resurrection. Tolstoi's play brought to the talking screen. Ably performed by Lupe Velez. *Universal.* Class B.

Tom Sawyer. Belongs on the list of pictures that should not be missed. *Paramount.* Class A.

Inspiration. Greta Garbo again reveals her versatility and a personality which defies imitation. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class AA.

Holiday. Designed for discriminating audiences that will appreciate the engaging Ann Harding. *Pathe.* Class AA.

Cimarron. Oklahoma as it used to be in the days of the land rush. Taken from Edna Ferber's novel. *Radio.* Class A.



International Newsreel Photo

NEW MOVIE always dislikes to record the break-up of romance. So it is with considerable sadness that it offers this last picture of Nancy Carroll and her husband, Jack Kirkland, together. Miss Carroll secured a divorce decree and immediately married Bolton Mallory, editor of "Life," in Newtown, Conn., on July 3. The Kirklands have a six-year-old daughter. Kirkland was a press agent when Nancy Carroll, then a chorus girl, married him, and the young husband helped his pretty and talented wife as she fought her way to film stardom.

Feed Your CHILDREN the New Way

By Rita Calhoun



THIRTY years ago children were allowed to eat pretty nearly everything they liked that did not obviously disagree with them. Sometimes this diet was adequate, but more often it lacked the precious ingredients needed to make them strong and normally developed.

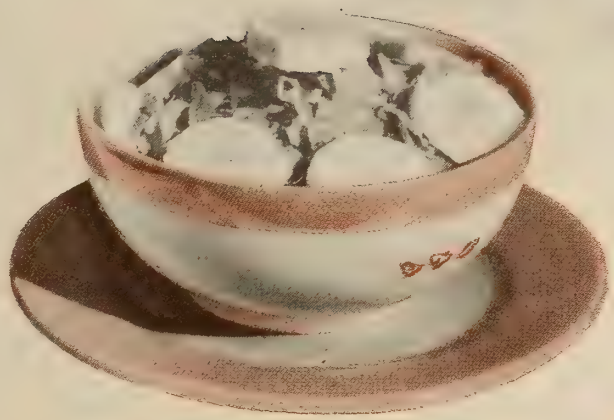
If children were cross and fretful, people said it was because they were not properly disciplined at home. If they had poor appetites they were given a tonic.

If they were scrawny and undersized they were simply urged to eat more of what was set before them. If their teeth were defective they were sent to the dentist. It was just one of those things that couldn't be helped.

Then the doctors intervened, realizing that proper diet was of prime importance in raising normal children. Having discovered that certain foods were really good for children and that others were not, they prescribed a rigid monotonous diet even for healthy children. That was better than the old way, but not quite good enough.

Now scientists and doctors have studied the subject much more thoroughly and they have worked out a new and sounder diet.

With the help of experts we have prepared for you a circular explaining this new way of feeding children.



Whole-grain cereal with sliced bananas and whole milk is one of the delicious and well-balanced breakfast dishes suggested in this circular.



The humdrum baked potato may be transformed into an ocean liner with the aid of paper straws, giving a tempting aspect to an every-day dish.



Pudding made from quick-cooking tapioca is one of the most wholesome and popular desserts for growing boys and girls.



Fruit sandwiches cut in fancy shapes are included in the list of approved refreshments for children's parties.

The circular includes:

Height and weight charts for babies and children of various ages.

Two weeks' menus for breakfast, luncheon and supper, containing properly balanced foods for children of all ages.

List of foods that are especially recommended for growing children —and foods that should be withheld until they have reached maturity.

Menus for school box lunches.

Recipes for children's breakfast dishes, soups, vegetables, desserts and party refreshments.

Suggestions for serving children's meals correctly and temptingly.

In order to get this Children's New Diet circular, just write to Rita Calhoun, in care of this magazine, enclosing ten cents, and a copy will be sent to you.



Joseph Cawthorne, the comedian who used to be a Broadway musical comedy star, loves soup—and oyster soup in particular. His favorite recipe is given in detail on this page.

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE

JOSEPH CAWTHORNE has all the native Easterner's love for oysters. He likes Blue Points and Cotuits and the succulent Sea Tag brought up from submarine depths, and from September to April he likes nothing better for luncheon than some well prepared dish of his favorite shellfish. He likes raw oysters—on the shell and in cocktails—he likes oysters broiled, baked and fried, scalloped, creamed and panned, but he realizes that the cooking of an oyster is a difficult business, not to be trusted lightly to the average cook.

The distinctive flavor of an oyster is so delicate that a little too much seasoning, a little too much cooking—a wrong turn here or there—will destroy it. And so when Mr. Cawthorne wants oysters at their best he cooks them himself. To make his own favorite dish of oyster soup he likes to go into the busy kitchen at the Radio Pictures commissary and see to it himself. Usually he asks a few others—including Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne—to share the treat with him.

Here is the recipe for this special dish, known as Oyster Soup à la Joseph Cawthorne.

1 quart oysters
1 tablespoon butter
1 quart milk
1 pint cream
Cayenne pepper, black pepper, salt and mace to taste
2 egg yolks

Scald the oysters in their juice in a pan in which one tablespoon of butter has been melted. When the oysters begin to plump out, skim them, scald the milk and cream in the top of a double boiler and add the oysters with the juice and butter. Lastly add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Season to taste with cayenne pepper, black pepper, salt and mace. Put the soup over a slow fire and when it has come to a boil serve at once.

MR. CAWTHORNE insists that one must have the best quality of oysters to start with. If they are bought out of the shell they must have been freshly opened. Then, before using, they must be drained so as to separate the oysters from the juice. The oysters must then be looked over carefully to remove any bits of shell, and the juice must be strained through a fine sieve or, better still, through two thicknesses of cheesecloth, to remove any particles of shell or sand.

Whenever possible the oysters should be bought in the shell. To start with they (*Continued on page* 109)

Movieland's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Solving the Mystery of Garbo

(*Continued from page 37*)

The most powerful planet in the heavens when Mr. March was born, however, was not Neptune or Mercury or Mars, but Venus. I am sure that this statement will not come as a surprise to thousands of his admirers in the feminine portion of his audiences! Venus rules the world of entertainment as well as the world of love, and since it is in the midheaven of Mr. March's chart, there is no question but that he is in the profession for which he was destined. Moreover, this very favoring planet is in such relationship to the inspirational Uranus and the practical Saturn as to increase still further his remarkable versatility, and to enable him to play successfully either serious roles or those which are conceived solely in the spirit of masquerade.

Mr. March should keep away from his birthplace in order to fulfill his highest destiny. And he should look out for the machinations of Mrs. Grundy, especially when her evil tongue is trained on the subject of married women or widows!



Evangeline Adams, the famous astrologer, analyzes the interesting horoscope of Doris Kenyon this month. Miss Kenyon has just returned to pictures following the death of her husband, Milton Sills.

A VERY high type of Virgo person is Doris Kenyon, beautiful young widow of the much-loved and much-mourned Milton Sills. It is interesting to note that she also has the Sun and Jupiter in conjunction, not only indicating that she will be successful financially, but indicating that she will benefit through marriage and through fortunate managerial connections.

Miss Kenyon's horoscope indicates that she has three talents: acting, writing and singing—which is especially interesting in view of the fact that she has tried her hand with considerable success in all three of these arts. Virgo very often gives a voice of wide range, which is a favoring circumstance in view of the concert career which I understand she is about to undertake. That this career will be quite as successful as her acting career has been, is indicated by the fact that Jupiter, the God of Success, will be friendly beginning with this Summer to both Saturn and Uranus, a combination which is bound to bring her good fortune in some new and different endeavor.

And, as is the case with most of these early September people, she is coming under the best conditions in late 1932 and 1933 that she has been under for a long time.

Miss Kenyon's Venus is in the noble sign Leo, which is a wonderful place for a woman's Venus to be, in as much as it means that she will never look her age!

If you have been following these astrological articles from month to month, you must realize from the brief descriptions which I have just given of Miss Kenyon's, Mr. March's and Miss Garbo's horoscopes that they are not typical Virgo people, but owe their success in large measure to planetary influences which happened to be active at the time they were born. Miss Garbo, for example, in spite of her systematic devotion to her work, is much more of a Scorpio type than she is a Virgo type. The inference to be drawn from this fact is that Virgo, the sign which rules over the period beginning August 24th and ending September 23rd, is not essentially a sign of the theater.

As a matter of fact, Virgo is ruled by the planet Mercury; and Virgo people as a general thing, seek success—and find it—in mental rather than emotional activities.

In short, Virgo the Virgin has small place in the annals of Hollywood!

WHAT THE PLANETS HAVE IN STORE FOR PEOPLE BORN UNDER VIRGO

VIRGO the Virgin, the sixth sign of the Zodiac, is ruled by Mercury, the God of the Mind.

The typical Virgo person is, therefore, above all a mental person—a person blessed with an intellectual vision of virginal clarity and purity. He has an inventive, systematizing brain. He is logical in all his mental processes. He has keen observation, and notices details that would escape the ordinary person.

If you are a Virgo person, this last trait is sometimes a very uncomfortable one for your friends!

Your justifiable pride in your own abilities makes you critical of others. You must watch this tendency, as it may be construed as conceit; it may even turn into that undesirable quality. You should cultivate the sympathetic, tolerant side of your nature, and speak more freely in praise of others. Don't be afraid to show your appreciation.

You are just as apt to turn your excellent critical faculties on yourself as on others. This is a good trait, if not carried too far. Keep the results of your self-analysis to yourself. Don't bore others with it!

You are commendably slow to anger. This is a contributing factor to your mental efficiency. You are also slow to forgive. Be careful of the latter trait. You have a great flair for system. This also is an aid to you in whatever work you undertake. Be careful, though, not to go too far in imposing your systems on others.

You are not exactly a "good mixer," but your mental equipment is so fine and your command of it so complete that you can force yourself intellectually to a social attitude that will increase your popularity threefold.

Many excellent teachers, accountants and private secretaries are found under this sign. Virgo men usually succeed in manufacturing, and as builders, miners, farmers and real estate dealers. It is also a favorable sign for many kinds of literary endeavor. Zona Gale, Rex Beach, Theodore Dreiser and H. L. Mencken are all Virgo people.

The sons and daughters of Virgo—that is, those who are born between August 24th and September 23rd—do well to seek their life mates among the natives of Taurus or Capricorn, but much depends, of course, on the position of the planets in the individual chart.

Their tendencies, if ill at all, are toward disorders of the liver, spleen and pancreas. They should not ignore symptoms of gall stones, peritonitis or typhoid fever. They should choose simple diets and avoid excessive use of alcohol.

The final injunction is very important for you Virgo people. You have fine minds. You should keep them clear!

He Shook Hands With Hunger

(*Continued from page* 73)



Walter Huston as Abraham Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's famous film. When Griffith asked George M. Cohan if Huston could play Lincoln the Broadway actor-producer exclaimed, "Sure, that guy could play the part of Carrie Nation and Grover Cleveland together."

AFTER years in vaudeville, where an act must finish in a stipulated time, Huston worked too speedily for the legitimate stage. His timing was bad.

Cohan broke him of the habit of too much speed by insisting that he count twenty before he spoke a line. The master actor still gives the Irishman full credit for teaching him much about the art of acting.

When George M. Cohan was asked if he thought Huston could play the part of Abraham Lincoln he replied—"Sure—that guy could play the part of Carrie Nation and Grover Cleveland together."

His last important engagement before pictures claimed him was "Desire Under the Elms." This brought him the friendship of Eugene O'Neill, whom he recently visited in France.

In this play the walls are removed on one side of the room so that the audience can see what is going on inside. In one room a baby is done away with. A heavy woman in the audience regretted its death. Her husband consoled her: "If it hadn't died that way, it would have fallen out of the room."

Now that Huston is a world figure in films there are many who claim to have discovered him. So far as impartial investigation can be accurate, the ex-newspaper reporter and director, Monta Bell, deserves the credit.

He picked Huston for a film after seeing him in "Elmer the Great."

THOUGH a good conversationalist, Huston might be termed a taciturn man. I asked him to describe Hollywood for me in a sentence.

"I will in a word," he said.

"What?" I asked.

The reply was, "Fear."

Now earning a Congressman's yearly salary in less than two weeks, Huston has often shaken hands with hunger in dimly lit hall bed-rooms. At one period he lived in a three-dollar-a-week room in New York. This, in itself, might not have been too unpleasant. Five other young actors shared the room with him. Each actor paid fifty cents weekly, and found it hard to raise that amount. A property man who worked at a nearby theater lived across the hall. In absolute splendor, he had a room all to himself. He actually had coffee and doughnuts every morning. Down the more than twenty turbulent years, Huston remembers the property man with kindness. They are friends to this day. He would make a large pot of coffee and order each morning a dozen extra doughnuts.

Knowing the pride of these young actors, he would hammer at their door each morning and say—"I got a lot of extra doughnuts and some coffee left—you fellows may as well have them." Of the six men whom the property man saw a reason for not letting starve, two became plumbers, one a stage carpenter, and two are scenario writers. The sixth is Our Hero.

Huston has imagination—and capacity for remembered sorrow.

The "I-knew-him-when" Club take great pride in him. If they did not remember him when, he would remember them.

In "Upper Underworld," in which Huston played the lead, an old trouper was cast for a small part.

Huston greeted him warmly, and remembered.

Thirty years before, the trouper, Harold Nelson, had coached Huston in the art of acting in Toronto.

The wheel had turned many times.

The number of the runaway boy had won.

For a long time they talked over old days.

HUSTON is one of the few men in films who transacts all his business with the producers.

The twelve ruthless years in vaudeville taught him many things, among them, how to manage his affairs. He says:

(*Continued on page* 107)



Acme P. & A. Photo

The first picture of Nancy Carroll and her husband, Bolton Mallory. Mr. Mallory and Miss Carroll were married on July 3 at Newtown, Conn. The motion picture star had just received a decree of divorce from her first husband, Jack Kirkland, the decree being awarded in Nogales, Mexico. The second marriage was in the nature of a surprise. The young couple motored to Connecticut and were married by the town clerk of Newtown. Mr. Mallory is editor of the humorous weekly, "Life." It is his third marriage.



Lovely Loretta Young will be seen opposite Doug Fairbanks, Junior, in "I Like Your Nerve," which was recently completed at the Warner First National Studios. Next she is scheduled to play opposite the popular Edward Robinson in "The World Changes."

DISCOVERED . . .

BY A DEBUTANTE

"pink tooth brush!"





"I AM rather alluring when I'm all dressed up! Even father opens his eyes a bit when his grown-up daughter comes into a room! And mother, of course, is proud of me, too, but she takes in the details that father never gets. Said this morning that my teeth were not as white as they used to be and that she'd better marry me off quick! Oh well. It's so darn discouraging. I give them splendid care, brush them regularly without fail. And now I'm headed to be a famous old wall-flower.

"Now, could that 'pink' upon my brush have anything to do with the dullness of my once-famous smile? Gums shouldn't bleed —they shouldn't be allowed to—I know that. I ought to do something about 'em—massage —stimulation—a little daily care. I had lessons on that back East in school. And I'm going to begin again with Ipana. I'm going to go in for gum massage—and we'll see then who'll knock the stag line dead!"



"Pink tooth brush" can happen to anybody—at any age. Its cause? The foods we nowadays prefer, foods so delectable and soft that they give the gums almost none of the exercise needed for healthy hardness. Lacking stimulation, gums become listless, lazy, touchy—until at length there's "pink" on your tooth brush, pretty regularly.

And "pink tooth brush" may prove rather serious if allowed to go on. It may not only spoil the polish of the teeth, but may lead to any one of a group of gum troubles—to gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or the less frequent but more serious pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may even threaten some of your otherwise sound teeth through infection at the roots!

And the best time to get after "pink tooth brush" is *today*. There is a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it.

Get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *gently, thoroughly massage it into your inactive gums.* The ziratol in Ipana, plus the twice-daily massage, stimulates the circulation and firms the gum walls. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!

* * *

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" · BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Tommy's Shoes *are always* Shined *Now*

NO rubbing needed! That's the big advantage of Chieftain Black French Dressing, and that's why Tommy keeps his shoes neatly polished since mother bought a bottle. With Chieftain, it's so easy that it's almost fun. Mother finds it easy, too, to keep the shoes of Tommy's little brother and sister, as well as her own, looking spic and span.

Chieftain not only makes black shoes look better, but actually last longer. And it's so easy to use. Just apply it with the handy dauber and in a few minutes the shoes shine with a rich, black gloss. Special ingredients polish without rubbing, and also soften, protect and preserve the leather.

Chieftain Black French Dressing is sold in 10-cent stores everywhere; (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store, get a supply. You'll find it on the hardware counter. The Chieftain Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Md.

CHIEFTAIN

Black French Dressing



Shines Shoes Without Rubbing

10¢

15c in Far West and Canada

How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 57)

and silver braid on each sleeve, on the breast and in the form of conventional designs on the back of the jackets.

Tom Patricola and Sue Carol, the charming señorita in her Mexican costume of bright red, green and cream silk, danced the tango and when they finished some twenty couples followed suit. On the dance floor was Dorothy Burgess dressed in the Spanish costume she wore in scenes with Carrillo in "Lasca of the Rio Grande" the day before. Her partner was John Mack Brown.

Weaving through the graceful dancers came another couple—Mae Clarke, who seemed to enjoy dancing with her escort, Henry Freulich, even though the latter found difficulty with the slow tempo.

The tango over for a moment, Carrillo arrived on the dance floor to introduce Tom Marcus, from whom he purchased the ranchito and who was acting chairman of the culinary crew—that is with the assistance of Ling, Carrillo's faithful aid.

Ling, once an actor in a magic act, reformed, and has been with "Mistah Gallillo" ever since and by necessity has developed into a Mexican chef extraordinary.

Then the dancing started again, swinging from tango to the fast staccato of Mexican dance, and then to the American fox trot with Mexican variations. When the dancers learned that the orchestra could play jazz as well as native numbers the party was a complete success.

SHORTLY after three o'clock a truck arrived with arc lights and strings of colored bulbs, a tiny piano and a small generator set—forerunners of the evening's entertainment. The little piano was immediately commandeered and Charlie Judels, Carrillo, Nick Stuart and Director Eddie Laemmle made up a quartette singing cowboy songs, and wound up with the inevitable "Peanut Vendor."

Later, Carrillo headed a party to the slope of the hill, where, hanging from the low limb of a giant sycamore, was suspended a five gallon earthen jar with a hundred silk ribbons blowing in the breeze from beneath it. "La Pineada!" cried the Mexican members of the crowd, and pointed to the jar, called an "olla" (pronounced "oya"). Carrillo bade his guests form a circle and watch. Then he selected Sidney Fox, the tiniest star present, for the task of breaking the jar with a six-foot stick, while blindfolded. Sidney was then told to "swat the olla." She couldn't even reach it and gave up in disgust. Then Dolores Del Rio tried. She, too, missed but nearly hit Ling, who was trying to help her. Christina Montt, Bette Davis, Lupita Tovar, Jose Crespo, Ramon Novarro, Jean Arthur, and Betty Compson all tried without success.

Then came Dorothy Burgess and she made good. Her first two strikes were wild but her third swing brought the olla crashing to the ground with its contents, sweetmeats, glazed fruits and raisins, showering Dorothy and causing a stampede for the dainties.

AT sunset the singing began—"Ceilito Lindo," "Estralita," "La Golondrino," and a score of old Mexican favorites were sung by a Spanish quartette and by most of the guests. Carrillo, Summerville, Frank Campeau, Lew Ayres, Charlie Murray, George Sidney, John Stahl, Lola Lane, Lois Wilson and others told stories of experiences on locations for Spanish pictures they had made.

When dusk and more food arrived, recipes for the barbecue became the chief topic of discussion. Carrillo proved himself an expert in cooking, as he illustrated the best way to barbecue lamb, placing lamb chops and kidneys alternately on a long skewer which he held over a smouldering fire. When the meat appeared cooked to a nicety, Carrillo prepared it for serving with a sauce made of parsley, garlic and olive oil.

"Just as chop suey is not Chinese, the present barbecue is not Mexican but American," Carrillo explained. "The Mexican word is 'barbacoa' and has been changed around for American commercial use. Likewise there are 50 kinds of barbecues I have attended, and not six of them have been real."

"The real 'barbacoa' requires a lot of preparation. A huge pit, large enough to hold an entire ox, is built of big stones. A fire is kept burning for twenty-four hours until the stones are thoroughly hot. Calves' heads are stuffed with mint, the ox is stripped

(*Continued on page* 97)

Jim Tully Has Written an Absorbing Story About

CLARK GABLE

for Next Month's

NEW MOVIE

This is a remarkable story yarn about Hollywood's newest meteor, written in the brilliant Mr. Tully's characteristic style. Watch for this feature!

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Color Magic for Your Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one . . . you Beauty of the Titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For *this* is the magic of Tangee . . . when applied to your lips it blends perfectly with your own *natural* coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, heals and protects!

NEW! *Tangee* THEATRICAL, *a special dark shade for professional and evening use.*

Tangee Lipstick, $1. The same *natural* color in *Rouge Compact*, 75c. *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "*Mascara*" will not smart, $1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-Up."

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417 Fifth Avenue New York

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How the Films Fool You

(*Continued from page* 35)

I saw (in Culver City), Ben-Hur win his chariot race in the stadium of Rome. I saw the great throng of gold seekers push its way into the Yukon—on Charlie Chaplin's lot where the snow for "The Gold Rush" was tons of salt and a breakfast food. I saw Noah's Ark made ready for the great deluge —saw it on the Warner Brothers' lot with one end missing. I saw the far-flung line of homeseekers sweep pell-mell into Oklahoma after free land—saw it just outside of Los Angeles in "Cimarron." I saw "Old Ironsides" write its name in history *on the Pacific Ocean* and I saw Jesse James shot in the back. It's no wonder most people in the film colony don't believe in Santa Claus and that they are children who have doubts about that tale they hear anent the stork.

UNQUESTIONABLY, it seems to me, the cleverest bit of engineering and trick camera work employed in any recent picture, was in "Dirigible," released by Columbia a few months ago. The story deals with the conquest of the South Pole and involves the use of dirigible balloons, airplanes, dog sledges, stinging blizzards, rain, hail, sleet, snow, areas of crackling ice, miles of trackless wastes, lost and freezing men away out in that bitter, cruel, pitiless zone on the underside of the world where warming rays of the sun seem unknown. The production is so terribly cold in aspect that theater audiences want to shiver in sympathy with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and a little handful of men as they face the rigors of the Antarctic.

What a he-man picture! Frank Capra directed it. He smiles pleasantly now as he reviews the results.

"Dirigible" was filmed with the co-operation of Uncle Sam's air service in which the great balloon "Los Angeles," approximately 750 feet long, was employed. The principal "shots," of the dirigible were made at the Lakehurst, N. J., airport, and the most skilled army aviators were designated to assist. Cameramen in airplanes took pictures of the "Los Angeles" as it flew over New York and headed supposedly for the Antarctic Circle. There ended the Government's work save that a government aviator flew an airplane beneath the giant dirigible and managed to fasten it onto the huge gas-bag with a hook. The feat was spectacular.

It was in Arcadia, Cal., however, that the spectacular scenes of this snow picture were filmed. Arcadia is a little town with a population of possibly 3,000 or more. It snuggles at the base of the Sierra Madre range of mountains, about twelve or thirteen miles northeast of Los Angeles. There old E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin built his racetrack many years ago and there he established Arcadia, meaning it to be just what the word implies. It was to be an Arcadia in the pleasure world. "Lucky" Baldwin wanted no church to invade its portals. He decreed that it should be a place for play. Its racetrack should always be open to the happy people of the world and everyone coming there should smile and laugh. He set out rows of eucalyptus trees along a double-drive and saw them rise to majestic heights. He died in 1909 and during the World War his daughter, Anita Baldwin, donated the racetrack land to the Government for a balloon school. Recently the school has been in disuse with the buildings going to rack.

HERE, in a valley abounding with orange groves and flowers, Director Capra built the South Pole and a section of the Antarctic Circle. Here, under a boiling sun, he reproduced a "raging blizzard" over a field of ice with snow "piled to the eaves."

Only, there was no ice and there was no snow and there never was a blizzard there in all the history of the valley.

Two million, five hundred thousand pounds of gypsum, a flaky white mineral mined in many parts of the West, was brought in by train and spread over three square acres of ground. It was banked against crude frame "prop" buildings until they were half buried. It was caked upon boulders of *papier-mache until they resembled icebergs.* It was piled in drifts over which it appeared nothing but a dog sledge team or a man on snow-shoes could pass. When the sun shone on it, the glare was almost blinding.

All this, mind you, on three square acres of ground which was as level as a table.

With this set all ready, Ralph Graves, Hobart Bosworth, Roscoe Karns, Harold Goodwin and Clarence Muse, muffled in clothing of the Esquimaux, went to work, ostensibly fighting the bitter cold but really bathed in perspiration. Back of the camera lines, Jack Holt, who played a leading role in other sequences of the picture, sat in white flannels while other members of the company went about in bathing suits. A few carried parasols.

"How do you like it, Buddy?" Jack called to Graves as he toiled in his heavy furs.

"Hound!" hissed Ralph in mock anger.

WIND machines were started, corn-flakes thrown before them and a "blizzard" was on. The blasts drove the make-believe snow in stinging swirls against the window-pane of a bunkhouse and piled it against the swaying tents.

"A little more of the corn!" called Capra.

A blast sent the flakes showering.

"Hey!" called Graves, wiping away beads of perspiration, "How long does this blizzard last. I'm about to melt."

A moment later he was off the set pinching a bit of something from a can and putting it in his mouth.

"Getting atmosphere for my breath," he explained, glaring at Holt.

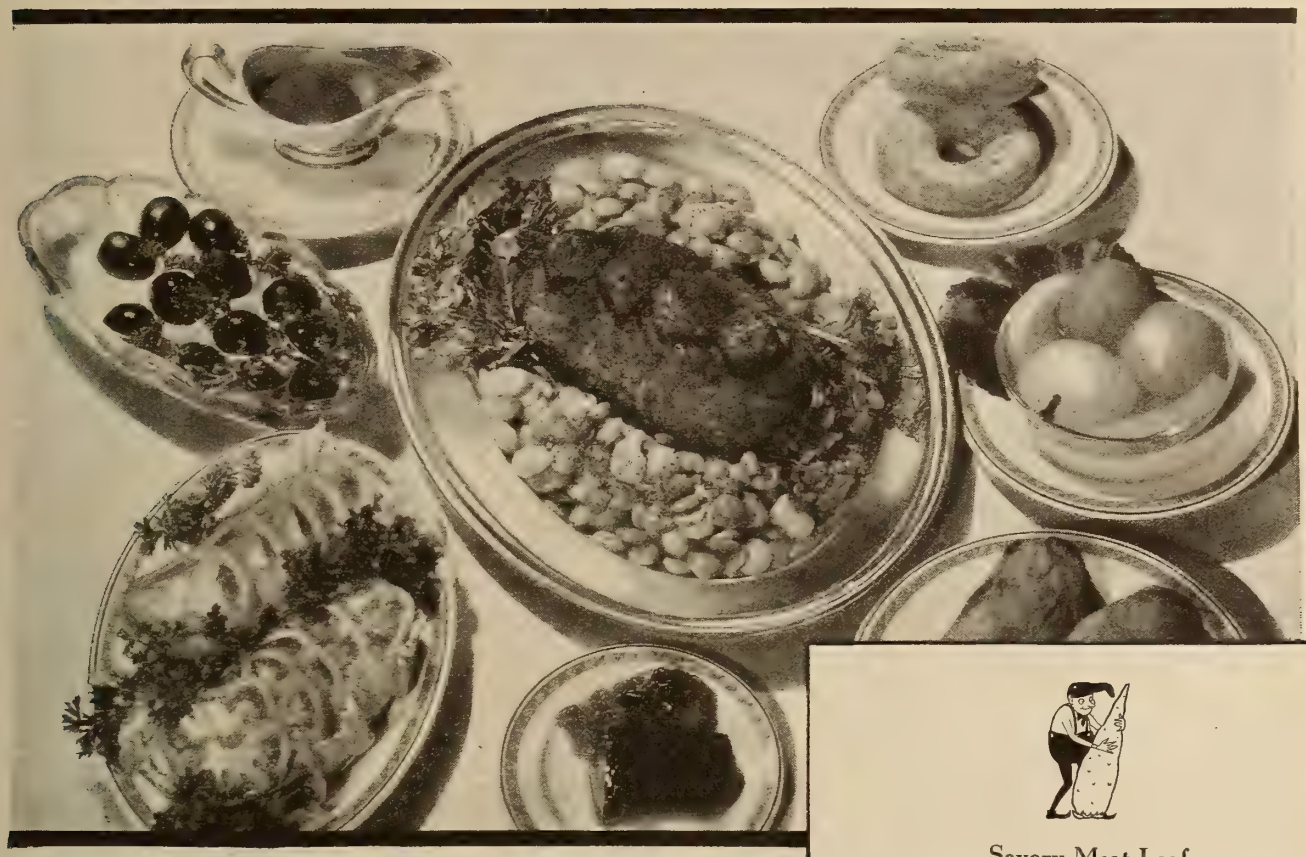
"O yeah?" replied the naive Jack (in his flannels).

Graves *was*, in reality, getting atmosphere for his breath. One of the problems Director Capra had faced was to find something which would serve as vapor to be photographed as the men exhaled. It would not do to have them moving about in the bitter cold without

(*Continued on page* 92)



New and Different Dinners



You Will Be Proud to Serve

IN this little book, "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" you will find the answer to that perplexing question—what in the world will I serve to-day?

Every menu is a complete and delightfully different dinner. The recipes are given for the main dishes. You will find them easy to follow with perfect success.

Easy to prepare, economical, healthful and tempting, you will want to serve every menu in the book—and then serve them all over again—with variations.

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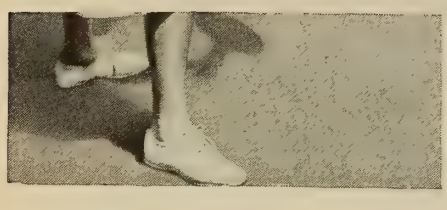
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Fruit Cup
Pot Roast of Beef
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NOW YOU CAN LAUGH AT THE "TERRORS" OF THE SUN



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ARE YOU one of those women who dread the sunshine because of its effect on sensitive skin? Are you afraid to expose your face to the healthful ultra-violet rays for fear of ruining your complexion? . . . Then hesitate no longer! For a marvelous new face powder has now been perfected to give your skin the very protection that it needs.

OUTDOOR GIRL is an utterly *different* face powder, due to its base of purest olive oil. This ingredient . . . found in no other face powder . . . is what gives OUTDOOR GIRL its unique power to protect your complexion from the ravages of sun and wind. The olive oil, too, acts as a "softener" of sun-dried skin —soothing it, restoring its normal suppleness, preserving and enhancing its natural color.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades, including Lido, Boulevard and Everglades—the lustrous new tone that goes so well with this year's complexions.

Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and $1.00, *together with other* OUTDOOR GIRL *Beauty Products,* are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful make-up. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

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OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box...



With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

How the Films Fool You

(*Continued from page* 90)

their breaths showing on the air. After trying numerous things he hit upon carbon dioxide in solid form—a frozen gas which is colder than ice. A little pinch of it in the mouth gave forth a vapor which the camera readily picked up.

It worked all right but, incidentally, Hobart Bosworth froze two teeth and was taken to a dentist while others, despite protecting rubber plates, came out with mighty sore mouths.

ANOTHER problem Director Capra faced, was finding a deep crevice in the ice-field into which a sledge drawn by "survivors of the ill-fated Polar dash" could slide, carrying in it the last of their food and provisions. Mr. Capra didn't have any crevice. There wasn't an unused crevice anywhere about Arcadia, lined with ice. But that scene had to be made showing Graves and Harold Goodwin almost pulled into that yawning fissure by the weight of the sledge and their subsequent struggle to cut themselves free from the harness.

"There's only one thing to do," remarked the director. "We'll have to build a crevice *up* instead of making one that goes *down.*"

Which is exactly what he did. With boards and canvas his men constructed a mountain of "ice," covered it with gypsum and near its base laid out a trail or route. The crevice was approximately 30 feet high. (A trick cameraman photographed it so that it looked to be almost a thousand.)

When all was ready, Graves and Goodwin came struggling along pulling their heavy load, apparently at the point of exhaustion. Their hours seemed numbered. In a little while the cold would get them. They were making their final stand.

At a certain point, a "break-away" had been constructed where, on the tripping of a trigger, a great mass of "snow" crumbled beneath the sledge and it swung off into space—down, down, down into that terrible yawning chasm of ice. That seemed to be the end of hope. After a momentous, thrilling struggle, Graves managed to reach his knife and cut the ropes, allowing the sledge to crash into oblivion.

This really was the high-light of the picture and yet the men were on a ledge scarcely more than six feet from the ground.

VYING with this, however, is the scene picturing the flight of an airplane over the frozen wastes, only to crack-up in an ice field during an attempted landing. The plane, apparently, flew over miles and miles of frozen No-man's-land, scaling mountain peaks by scarcely more than a foot, soaring dizzily over yawning gorges, traversing an un-peopled land at the bottom of the world. There were times, it seemed, when the sturdy craft would be unable to lift itself through some bleak, snow-clad pass which suddenly loomed in its path. The spectacle is bringing thrills to all audiences which now watch its efforts.

The truth of the matter is that this thrilling flight was filmed principally on an old studio lot on Romaine Street in Los Angeles from which the buildings had burned. There a miniature Antarctic region, scarcely more than 50 feet in length, was built. Over it was constructed a sliding boom that could be raised or lowered as it carried a motion picture camera. Slowly—very slowly, this "desolate" Antarctic region was photographed at close range—a few inches at a time, but never without cessation of motion. What appeared to be a distant mountain peak would come closer and closer and as it neared, the camera slowly was raised until it passed over the summit and gathered a vista of what was ahead.

What a view of the Antarctic! The filming, however, was done under what is known as the Dunning system involving composite photography. The moving pictures of the "Antarctic" were taken back to the studio where an ordinary motion picture camera *with two magazines* was set in motion. One magazine virtually re-photographed the frozen, changing background, as gathered from the miniature. The other recorded the movements of actors inside a 'plane so that both blended in a resultant film. In other words, the 'plane was standing still while the background moved. But the optical illusion made it seem that the 'plane was flying over silent, immovable Antarctic wastes.

The same frozen background was used in picturing the flight of the dirigible as it hastened to the rescue of the two doomed men. The dirigible stood still while the background moved.

FOR mechanical ingenuity, "Dirigible" is one of the masterpieces of the year. In its making, a dirigible balloon patterned along the same lines as the giant "Los Angeles" was split in two and wrecked, the major part of it anchored in a small lake near the First National studios at Burbank, Cal. The ship was scarcely more than 30 feet in length yet it served as a replica of the 750-foot "Los Angeles" which supposedly had been destroyed in a storm at the start of the expedition to the South Pole. Trick cameramen showed survivors climbing on top of the "monster" after it had gone down in the Caribbean Sea. Neither Capra nor Columbia asserts that the picture was filmed in the Antarctic wastes. They merely maintain that it is good entertainment. Box-office receipts tend to sustain them. It is making the cash registers sing.

Howard Hughes filmed "Hell's Angels" in and about Los Angeles at a reported cost of nearly $4,000,000. Like "Hell's Angels," "The Dawn Patrol," with Richard Barthelmess, took another death toll and there was that fearful crash off-coast from Redondo Beach last year in which Director Kenneth Hawks and nine men died when their 'planes met head-on then sank in the Pacific Ocean.

But Director Capra has never had

a casualty in any of his air films.

"I got scared out of my boots, however, when we were making 'Flight,'" he said the other day. "We had planted bombs or mines all over a field to be set off from an electric switchboard at one side. The places were clearly marked and everyone cautioned to stay clear of them during the action.

"Imagine my horror when I saw a Yaqui Indian in the mock battle fall immediately upon one of those spots, feigning that he had been killed by the fire of a machine gun. There he lay and I knew that in a few moments the thing would blow up.

"I started running toward him, waving my arms and yelling—'Get off there! Hey, man. Get out of that! Hurry! Fellow, listen! Get! Quick! Move!'

"But while I was racing to him, the man at the control board pushed the button and it seemed that a million tons of soft earth shot into the air. By the time I reached the spot, there was not a sign of the Indian left.

"'One poor devil cashed in!' I soliloquized, as I returned to my seat.

"After the 'battle' was over I went back again and saw a bit of dirt quiver. I scraped down and found the Yaqui bleeding at the nose and mouth and ears. An ambulance raced him to the hospital.

"An hour later he was back.

"'Lost my gun!' he grunted.

"Severely shocked but otherwise unhurt. I do not recall the fellow ever coming back for more picture work. He'd had enough."

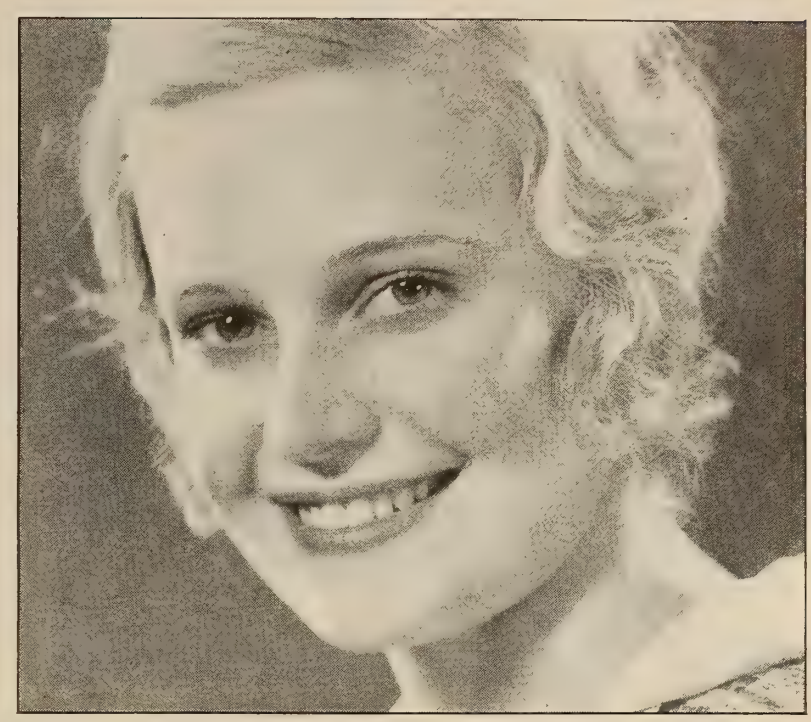
THE tricks done with explosives are adding many thrills to modern motion pictures. You see an airplane circle over a city or some particular object and the pilot drop a three-foot bomb as big around as a stove-pipe. When it strikes it blows everything in the vicinity into kingdom-come. The wreckage is terrible. But what the pilot really dropped was a stick of wood, as harmless from an explosive standpoint as the kitchen mop. The blow-up came from a planted sack of powder detonated from a safe distance by means of electric wires. This was the system used in "The Big Parade," "What Price Glory," "Hell's Angels" and other such films.

A shot is fired from a cannon and you see it rip a hole in the side of a building. But there was no projectile in the cannon and the hole was a "break-away" previously cut and jerked out with a rope or string at the sound of the shot.

The crashing of planes has become an art among stunt flyers and seldom is one hurt. One of the most noted of these on the West Coast tells me that it is merely a matter of making the ship strike the ground on one wing, turn a somersault onto the other, then flop over on its back, the three distinct jolts breaking the force of the fall.

"It isn't often, however," he added, "that a perfectly good plane worth $50,000 or more is sacrificed. Usually, the aviator brings the ship down in a spin until he gets within reasonably safe distance from the ground, then rights it and flies away. After which, some old wreck or a dummy is painted up to resemble the real ship and then dropped from a derrick or over a cliff. The picture of the crash then is spliced in. It cannot be detected and is thoroughly effective. Why crack up $50,000 in real money? It's entertainment you want, not possible tragedy."

Try One Tube..



then note the improvement in your teeth

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FIND out for yourself how much whiter, more beautiful, Listerine Tooth Paste can make your teeth. Unless they are exceptional, a trial of one month will convince you, just as it has convinced others, that this dentifrice is outstanding in merit.

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Probably you are familiar with the tingling sensation of health and fitness so characteristic of Listerine. The same fresh "Listerine" after-effect is present in the tooth paste, too.

As a postscript, we might point out that you save approximately one-half the ordinary cost by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Which, at the rate of one tube per month, figures out to $3 yearly for each person in the household. A saving that both the housewife and the salaried woman will appreciate. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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Up From Second Avenue

(*Continued from page* 53)

direction she can go and how she can get there. She is pretty as a kitten and cute and generous and she keeps her brain on ice. She might be fooled but she will not fool herself. I think so.

She began in the slums. The sure enough slums. New York's downtown streets smell of cabbage and garlic and dust in the Summer and are ironclad in the Winter. Grayish bedding hangs from the fire escapes. Slatternly women lean from the windows. Thousands of self respecting and admirable people live in the slums, of course. In the same streets are murderers and racketeers.

My part in the story is that of observer. Two years ago I walked into the stenographers' room at the office. I was then a correspondent for the Associated Newspapers, writing New York gossip, travel, politics, anything that came along. At the end of the room was a very pretty girl at a desk. Not that there were not other pretty girls there. The most rudimentary caution directs that statement. This very pretty girl introduced herself:

"I am Sidney Fox."

"My name is Corey."

SHE'S a flash, that girl. A natural vamp. If she were alone at 59th street she would try to make the statue of General Sherman climb down from that sorrel horse.

"Oooh! Her-r-bert Corey."

It doesn't sound so good now. In cold print that reads like a gasp and there are two sorts of gasps. Hot and cold. But at the moment it went big. The office was just the ordinary sort of syndicate office, given over to typewriting, telephones, torn paper and filing cases, but she introduced a new element. She kicked up her heels and chattered and told stories and between times did more typewriting than had ever been done there before for thirty-five dollars a week. That was two years ago and she is now twenty-three years old and her pay at a guess is one thousand dollars a week. Maybe more.

There is no sense in pretending that the educational and entertainment features she put on went good with the boss. They didn't. She was such a whiz with a typewriter that she had too much time for play. It was during these intervals that I learned she had given up a forty-five dollar a week job to take the one with the Associated Newspapers, because she intended to become a writer. She helped the woman's page editor ease American girls through their heart pangs and wrote fashion paragraphs. She also had a date every night. Likewise she smiled at the elevator men and porters. Any little friendship might be helpful:

"I am going to make something of myself," she said.

Maybe I did not take that too seriously. The world is well staffed with pretty girls who are going to make something of themselves. Little by little I learned her story.

"When I was twelve years old I worked in the silk mills at Paterson, New Jersey."

OTHER twelve-year-old girls have worked there, of course, but that had been a long step forward for her. She had been errand girl and sales girl. The Fox family needed the money she brought in. She had plenty of admirers, as any pretty girl must have, but she kept her head. She has that sort of a head. One of her admirers often called for her on Second Avenue in a Rolls-Royce. It must have been a



Many a director would like to take his star for a ride, but Alfred Santell actually got the opportunity the other day. He took pretty little Janet Gaynor for a ride around the Fox lot recently in his electric scooter. Miss Gaynor has just completed "Merely Mary Ann," in which she seems likely to duplicate her "Daddy Long Legs" hit.

purgatory for the owner of the Rolls-Royce. When Sidney tripped to the curb—she would be bound to make a little show of this; she couldn't help it—she would find him surrounded by violent little children. They two would depart in a halo of vegetables and morbid comment. It became necessary for her to make friends with the brats. She was too little to fight them and unless she had some protection they would ruin her pretty clothes.

She learned stenography in a night school. A succession of jobs followed. There is a special philosophy born in these children of the city. They know there are always other jobs. When her spelling was secure she became a lawyer's private secretary. His son became a part-time beau and his wife liked her. Presently it occurred to her that the easy way to fame and fortune is by writing pieces for the papers and she went to the Associated Newspapers. One day she said:

"I can never become a really successful writer and only very successful writers make a great deal of money and become famous."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to borrow money and take a course of training for the stage. I know I can make good."

She estimated her personal assets quite calmly. She knew that she was pretty, cute, had a good singing voice even if not very big, and that she could do little dramatic stunts very well. She was at that moment as busted as can be. She went to the lawyer for whom she had been private secretary:

"If you will loan me $2,000 I can get through school," she said. "Then I will get a job. I know I will."

"I know you'll pay me," said he, "even if you do not get on the stage."

I NEVER knew whether she launched this plan because she knew she was about to be fired at the Associated Newspapers. There were, as the engineers say, technical reasons for this approaching fact. Her work had never suffered but she was a little too pretty. The boss told her he was sorry to let her go but—well—there you are. She paid her tuition in advance, took a room at the Club Barbizon, and went into training. Her confidence in herself was justified, for when the training course was over she was offered the—I suppose it would be called the soubrette part, in a foolish little play of young love. A moonshine and roses affair.

The critics thought the play was mushy, but that Sidney Fox was good. Then she went to Hollywood, where she has been starred in two films that have had some success and is now at work upon a third. Some people say that she has made remarkable progress.

As a matter of fact her progress dates back fourteen years. She was nine years old when she first went to work as an errand girl. Then she carried hats in pasteboard boxes to women who could afford to pay seven and eight dollars for the latest Paris model via Forsythe Street. At the end of a week's work she rarely had fifty cents left for herself, but even then she knew an eight-dollar hat is cheap. She promised herself plenty of good hats when she grew up.

There is only one dark spot in the picture.

If she had not kicked up her heels she might still be a stenographer for the Associated Newspapers at thirty-five dollars a week.



Six weeks ago Joan was "skin and bones"

Now she is 7 lbs. heavier and strong as a little ox

"IT FAIRLY broke my heart to see how delicate Joan was. The child was just skin and bones; no matter how much she ate she couldn't gain an ounce.

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Underweight in children

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The Suppressed Desires of the Stars

(*Continued from page* 33)

tion." It is such declarations that give one a truer understanding of this glowing personality. I left her dreaming in her flower-bedecked bungalow, and I wondered if the click of the cameras and the ear of the mike would build up into reality these desires, no longer hidden, or cast Pola into the shadows of oblivion.

Interviewing Edward G. Robinson gave me a shock, especially when I had fallen so hard for "Little Caesar." So great was he in the gangster role, unconsciously it was the killer rather than the actor I sought. Instead I found a gentle soul whose suppressed desire was to turn back the clock of the centuries and become Beethoven.

"To compose music—music of masters—to sway the souls of listeners—that is one of my unattainable desires. Another, to lead the world's finest symphony orchestra baton in hand ready to summon a hundred artists to obey my will. That would be heaven."

Thus spake the man who lives in the minds of the multitude as the gangster of gangsters. Robinson has played, and will play, many roles far-removed from that of "Little Caesar." He has the gift of the gods in being versatile. So far, fate has not led him into the realms of his musical desires.

"I have to be satisfied with the gift of a great appreciation of music. At least that's something," he said. "I love to be with my friend Gershwin. He is composing another astounding symphony." Robinson talked of these dreams between scenes for his next picture. He forgot where he was and rumpled up his hair to show he really could look like Beethoven. He hopes someone will write a play so he can realize, at least, his desire in make-believe. As he walked back into the scene, his director, Mervyn Leroy, gave him a horrified look. "Your hair," exclaimed Mervyn—"what have you done?" There was a wild cry for the make-up man to put Beethoven back in his place.

LILY DAMITA, who speaks as she thinks—and thinks as she speaks—all with a charming French accent, told me of her burning hidden desire. "But it will never come true," she said with many negative nods of her fluffy blond head.

"I have great respect and admiration for Charlie." The expressive Damita hands gestured wildly. "What a genius! What soul! What physical appeal! What a gift for laughter and pathos, understanding too, that's Charlie." She paused for breath. "He told me he would give everything to be Napoleon—um'um, and what a glorious Napoleon he would make. Don't forget I'd like to be his devoted Josephine if such dreams could come true.

"Aren't we silly sitting here talking like this? It's all so far away like all the things we want most. If they were not impossible, I wouldn't have dared mention them."

Bela Lugosi, whose "Count Dracula" fascinated, while it repelled, countless women—whose fan mail shows letters of the most unusual kind, presents some enlightening ideas on desires.

This descendant of an aristocratic Hungarian family—a man who has enjoyed the utmost in an artistic sphere, and who has experienced success in his chosen field, would trade all this for the simplicity and mental greatness of a Gandhi.

"What a man, this Gandhi! He sits with the wordly great—with viceroys and diplomats bedecked in glittering uniforms. His raiment a cotton loincloth, but possessed of a mentality that sways millions. That's greatness," exclaimed Lugosi enthusiastically. "Gandhi wins his way by virtue of simplicity. He dares to be himself—to force recognition by his mental equipment, not an outward showing of power."

"You would like to be Gandhi?" I asked.

"No," with an expressive wave of the hands, "hardly that, but I would like to have the greatness—the freedom—the mentality that would permit me to discard the conventional enough to fit my actions to my mood. For instance, I would glory in being able to walk into the biggest movie executive's office clad in homespun, careless in attire, unshaven perhaps, knowing my talents, my mentality and accomplishments as an artist would command and receive attention, despite any outward appearance.

"Another desire is to turn my back on so-called civilization and seek quiet on a tropical island—Tahiti or Moorea or one of the many paradises that dot the South Seas. To spend hours with my breast to the earth—seeping into my very being its comfort. There is great joy in touching the infinite as it were—the pulse of growing things."

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Two Death Films of Hollywood

Next month NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will present the astonishing details of two famous films, celebrated the world over but bringing tragedy and bad luck to everyone concerned in their making. This is a feature of absorbing human interest. Watch for it next month.

How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 88)

and prepared and both are placed on the rocks, covered with sacks, then with earth, and roasted for several hours. The meat, when thoroughly cooked, is served with chili verde."

Here are some of the noted Barbecue Chef Marcus' pet recipes:

FRIJOLES

THESE are "sometimes insulted," according to Señor Marcus by people confusing them with kidney beans. Frijoles are little pink Mexican beans and they are prepared as follows:

Wash the beans well and put to soak in water with a little salt. Let stand for twenty-four hours and then *cook in the water in which they were soaked!*

When the beans are tender enough to break, remove from the fire and prepare as follows:

Have frying pan or skillet heated and into it put some lard or olive oil. Cook or fry some onions or garlic in the lard. Then pour beans into the skillet and cook them until they can be broken with the spoon. Add either grated cheese or cubes of cheese (American cheese is best) and fix it much as Welsh rarebit is prepared.

TAMALES

MAKE a thick corn meal mush of Mexican corn meal.

Take a good-sized chicken and cook it slightly. Beef may be substituted if chicken is not available or desired.

Spread cornmeal out and put small slices of chicken or beef (some prefer the meat chopped) into the cornmeal. Cover with chili sauce and roll into corn husks, tying the ends with strips of the husk. Place the individual tamales in pieces of linen and place in a colander or sieve over boiling water. Let steam until the meat is thoroughly cooked. Serve in the corn husks.

NOTE: The chili sauce used is the same as that used for enchiladas.

ENCHILADAS

THIS is the real Mexican Enchilada and is sometimes preferred to the California recipe.

9 red chili peppers (very hot Mexican variety).

1½ teaspoons salt.

Remove skins from chilis by blistering in hot oven or skillet. Put chilis through grinder, mix through a sieve until only the juice remains. Add salt and bring to a boil.

Take 24 tortillas (These may be bought at a Mexican store). Fry lightly on both sides.

Chop 12 large onions fine.

1 pound of grated Mexican cheese.

Chopped ripe olives may be used also, but these are not necessary.

Dip the tortillas into the boiling chili. Place on platter as follows:

Tortilla, chopped onions, cheese. Put a second tortilla on top of the first and spread with chopped onions and ground cheese. Place in oven and cook for several minutes or until the cheese has all melted. (Do not roll these up.)

Place fried egg (sunny-side up) on top.

Serve.



When and how to shampoo . . . *page* 15★

Once in two weeks is the average time . . . The ideal shampoo takes lots of water and soap . . . Rinse out and then go through the process again . . . removes the last traces of first wash . . . *Gives the hair its sheen and gloss* . . . The final rinse water should be . . .



for a clear, fresh skin . . . *page* 12★

The fundamental need of any face is cleanliness. Choose a pure soap. Nothing else will reach down into the pores and cleanse them properly. Go to bed with a face really cleansed and relaxed . . . Keeps your face *young and fresh.* Some skins are . . .



for attractive hands . . . *page* 9★

Both *how* and *how often* you wash your hands are important. Hands must be washed frequently . . . Dry them thoroughly . . . Finish with a quick runaround under the nails with an orange wood stick. If your hands chap easily use . . .

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Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. M-91, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

SAL HEPATICA

The Suppressed Desires of the Stars

(*Continued from page* 96)

Would a woman enter this picture?

"Positively—to fulfill the dream of completeness—to gratify this desire for the utmost in simple existence. Simplicity does not mean unfulfillment as so many think. However, I am not great enough to voluntarily burn my bridges behind me, but I pray to reach that state before I die."

IN her hilltop home, Ann Harding declared herself free at the moment from suppressed desires. "Unless," she said, "the desire to 'maintain my present state of happiness' would come under such classification.

"If you had asked me this question a few months ago—before we took possession of our Bellanca plane, I would have told you to fly my own ship was an unfulfilled desire. But in a few moments we will hear the engines roar." Just then there was a whirr overhead. Ann, jumping up exclaimed, "come on—I promised to wave from the lawn as he flew over." The "he" was her husband, Harry Bannister, who is spending his spare hours in the air.

"Isn't it a beauty? I'm learning to fly, too," she said as we both craned our necks until it was out of sight. "You know," said Ann, "my philosophy is this—'dreaming' will never bring about the fulfillment of a desire. 'Doing' will."

"Have you proved this?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "doing to the utmost the task at hand was responsible for whatever success I have had. My prayer is to protect this achievement. Please don't think I'm an egotist. I'm really not." Ann Harding is far from that. She has earned the right to express herself by sheer force of accomplishment.

JOAN Crawford is dynamic. "My fingers ache," she said, "to produce from clay, works of art that will proclaim me a great sculptress. Or music—if I could only play it would help so much. Music is a passion with me. When I was a little girl taking my first lesson, the teacher slapped my hand. I refused to study any more. Looking back I can see how it robbed me of an accomplishment I would give anything to possess today. What a dreadful thing sensitiveness is. Here I am grown up and still so sensitive I go through untold agonies."

Joan is under the whip—victim of an energy that is too great for its present outlet. She is in need right now of a picture in which she can use every ounce of her pent-up forces. She is capable of great things—far greater than those holding her artistic destiny in their hands realize. Here is a girl envied by many fellow-artists—happily married with the world at her feet—dashing herself against the cruel wall of tremendous ambition. She doesn't want money. She loves and is loved, but with it all she is the victim of creative forces surging within—suppressed desires!

IN her modernistic home in Santa Monica canyon, seated on a sea-green couch—a huge silver bowl of brilliant poppies behind her head—a foil for her dusky beauty, Dolores Del Rio expounded the whys and wherefores of her hidden dreams. To have been born a Bernhardt or a Duse. This is what she would have asked if she could have chosen her own destiny.

"To have been blessed with Bernhardt's golden voice or Duse's eloquent hands, how wonderful," exclaimed Dolores. "To sway men's passions—to drive audiences wild with the power of my acting—to receive the homage of kings—to be a queen in my own household. I can imagine no greater thrill." Dolores was like a child in painting a picture of what this would have meant to her.

Dolores has often expressed a desire to attend a wild Hollywood party—one of those you read about once in a while, but never see.

"I think they're myths," she laughed. "I've never been asked to one"



Baclanova is back on the screen again. You will see her in the rôle of an opera singer in "The Great Lover." In that part she wears this charming and sophisticated type of evening gown, fashioned of black velvet with jewelled ornamentation. A close fitting hat, with gold bandeau and black ostrich feather fringe, is worn with this costume.



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"My greatest desire, however, has been realized. I met and married my ideal," she said, looking at Cedric adoringly as he walked in the gardens.

DOROTHY LEE, petite team-mate of Wheeler and Woolsey, gay and flippant on the screen, is serious to an extreme in real life.

"Suppressed desires? I've plenty of them," she laughed. "Give me simple clothes and a round-the-world freighter with a typewriter aboard—that's all I ask. I want to write and this desire is going to come true within five years from now. If I'm successful during the next few years, I'll return to Broadway in a fine stage production—a tribute of thanks to those wonderful New Yorkers for giving me my start. This play will be my swan song as far as a career is concerned. Then it's travel for me.

"I am making one great desire come true right now—giving my little sister and brother opportunities I never had. I'm having them taught music and take time to see that they really practice. People think I'm dumb because I don't dress up and put on the Ritz. Ha, ha! I let them think that way. I should worry. I've learned the value of a dollar—have worked ever since I left grammar school. I'm glad of it, too. 'Earn and learn' always has been my motto."

FIFI DORSAY, vivacious French-Canadian comedienne, has many embryonic desires. When she was a little girl, Fifi wanted power. Student at a convent, she resented being under discipline. "So," said Fifi, "I began to dream of the day when I would become a 'Mother Superior' and rule the nuns and children. I used to rehearse how I would do all this. I fixed myself some robes out of my mother's clothes and starched pieces of linen to make the head bands—you know what I mean. Anyway fate was against me. Before I knew it, new desires took the place of those little-girl fancies. I wanted to be an actress and here I am 'oo-la-la-ing' all over the place. Won't I be glad when I'm given big dramatic parts! I'm tired of all this frou-frou. My suppressed desire now is for roles like Nazimova used to play." Fifi threw herself into a dramatic pose, half-closed her eyes.

"Then I have another big desire." Fifi's eyes opened wider than ever. "To be a gr-reat authoress. I never want to be—just nothing. Fifi, I say to myself—you must ne-vaire grow old—ne-vaire stop wanting to be famous. To retire—that would be death. On and on and on—that ees for Fifi."

THE screen's most studious star has suddenly become playwise. Ramon Novarro has worked ever since he can remember. Trips to Europe meant intensive study for him. Languages, music, fencing, dancing, singing, and painting occupied every spare moment. Now he's tired. He wants to play. Tennis, fishing, yachting, long lazy cruises—that's Ramon's suppressed desire. For a time it was thought he had inclinations for a priesthood. But, if such were the case, the dream has vanished, although he is still a devout religionist.

And so it goes. The tinker wants to be a tailor—the tailor poet—the poet king and the king a tramp by the wayside. Suppressed desires have raised the lowly to the highest in the merry-go-round of life.



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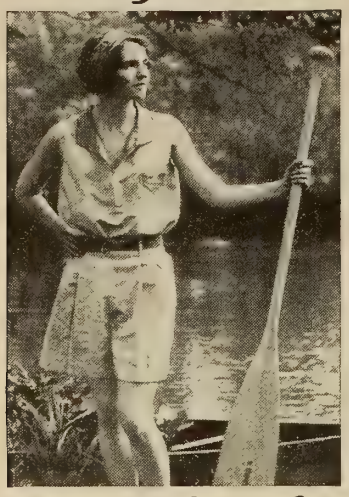
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She Broke Her Ankle

(*Continued from page* 55)

was really on the stage to stay." So, turning her attention to the drama, she obtained a small part in "Excess Baggage," after which she appeared in a number of New York productions, each year winning new laurels for herself.

During her appearance in "Lysistrata" last fall, Miss Hopkins was signed by Paramount for the leading feminine role in "Fast and Loose." There was nothing outstanding about either that picture or Miss Hopkins' part in it. But her second film venture brought different results.

As the slightly gauche young princess opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant," Miss Hopkins scored a great personal triumph. For which she gives full credit to Ernst Lubitsch, the director.

"I THINK that direction has more to do with the success of a play or picture than any other factor. Regardless of how well-trained the players, if the direction is not capable, the entire production will be inferior. While on the other hand, a good director can take even a trite story and mediocre talent and achieve an interesting result."

Her enthusiasm for Mr. Lubitsch is quite genuine.

She talks with an easy, unhurried volubility—it is an effort for her to be silent. During the production of "The Smiling Lieutenant," Lubitsch was heard often to exclaim, "Hopkins, be quiet!" But he admitted that on the days she didn't work, the set was strangely dull and lifeless.

This ready conversational ability she ascribes to her heritage.

"I think Southern girls are better-trained in small talk than are girls from other sections. They know how to chatter aimlessly, to keep a gathering amused.

"It all goes back to the 'old Southern custom' of striving for popularity with men. Years ago our grandmothers and great-grandmothers used to play the harp and paint water-colors and sew samplers. Then when their best young man came a-calling, they would show him their work and play and sing for him. In other words, they would 'put on their little act.'

"Nowadays, we live at such a hectic pace, even in the South, that girls don't have time to 'cultivate the graces.' And no one would be interested in them if they did. But we *have* kept up the art of conversation. And if you don't believe it's effective, just watch what happens at any party where a few Southern girls are mixed with a group of other girls. See who's surrounded by the most men!"

WILLIAM AUSTIN PARKER is Miss Hopkins' husband. He is a playwright, now in Hollywood, writing Constance Bennett's next picture. That is the principal reason for Miriam's enthusiasm over her departure for the West. Her hit in "The Smiling Lieutenant" may lead to big things.

"What do you consider the most important element in making a success of marriage?" I asked.

"I think that similar but not identical interests count for a great deal. Take Billy and myself, for instance. He is interested in the theater and so am I. But from different angles. If we were both writers or both actors, we would not be able to find in each other any relaxation from our work.

"Billy's first wife was Phyllis Duganne, the novelist. And Billy says that when he went out with her it was just like taking his typewriter with him!"

There is certainly nothing about Miss Hopkins suggestive of typewriters—or of anything else practical and business like. It's hard to reconcile her apparently fragile helplessness with the keen intelligence and dramatic talent evidenced by her work.

"Do you think that because of the glamour of the stage an actress has a better chance of getting the man she wants than do other women?" I asked curiously.

"THE glamour of the stage is an effective factor in helping a woman to get a man—but not in holding him!

"When a man first starts going with an actress, he is flattered at finding favor in her eyes. He looks at the people in the audience and tells himself, 'Isn't it wonderful that she should like me when so many people like her?'

"But after he has known her for a while and has perhaps married her, he



Miriam Hopkins was interviewed for NEW MOVIE just before she departed for California. This picture was made just as she arrived in Hollywood, all set for a movie career.

begins to nurse a sense of grievance. During the long evenings while he is waiting for her to finish work, he starts telling himself that he is getting cheated. That other husbands have their wives with them in the evening—that other homes center around the husband—the almighty male. While in his home, the stage—his wife's career—assumes paramount importance."

Regardless of its ultimate success or failure, Miss Hopkins considers marriage an eminently worthwhile experiment.

"Marriage, like any other emotional experience, gives one both mental and spiritual growth. And therefore is worth risking. Even if it ends disastrously, one can still gather up the threads of life and go on—for no one thing can mean life or death to a person—not even marriage.

"Honestly, though," she added, "I don't think that Hollywood will have any effect on either Billy or me—or on our marriage. I think we'll always be just the same persons that we are now."

Mae Marsh Comes Back

(*Continued from page* 60)

a world that's hardly touched as yet.

"Getting back to 'Over the Hill,' I think it will be one of the most natural stories ever put on the screen. The new version is different from the old version in many ways. It is less harrowing, more natural—the agony is not piled on Ma Shelby. It seems much more human and real."

We spoke of Mary Carr, and of the wonderful work she did in the original "Over the Hill," and of the curious parallel of her own experience to that of Ma Shelby, in some particulars. For while Mary Carr's children worship her, and are, I am sure, doing all they can for her—in contradistinction to Ma Shelby's troublesome brood—she is nevertheless going through some trying financial straits at present.

I REMEMBERED Mae's old dressing room when I first knew her at the Griffith studio—it was only a part of a dressing room at that—just a place at a long board on supports in a room where other stars dressed as well. She herself, I remember, bought a couch out of her own pocket—and she and the other stars used to rave at the janitor to keep the pitcher of the old-fashioned wash-bowl-and-pitcher combination filled! A kitchen chair was the only furniture.

"Oh, I felt like a queen!" Mae laughed "when I went into my dressing room at Fox Hills. It had long mirrors and a chaise longue and wonderful lights over a wonderful dressing table. And there was somebody to do everything for you—make you up, do your hair, attend to your clothes. I used to do all that myself in the old days.

"I remember when Blanche Sweet got a dressing room all to herself. And once when I came into Lillian Gish's dressing room she was painting it white herself! And Lillian was a star then, too!"

"Shall you go to the opening of 'Over the Hill'?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't go to the opening for anything!" Mae exclaimed. "I shall take Mary some afternoon, quietly!"



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Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 67)

palm trees against the blue, starry sky, and the evident unhappiness of the stragglers who sat along the stone seats beneath those beautiful trees. Sailors, lonely for a bit of femininity, watching every girl who passed, with covetous eyes; men down on their luck, old people from middle west farms who were somehow lost in the splendor of their retirement. It was depressing. Next morning I got into the first bus that stopped near this square and found myself being whisked to Hollywood.

Out there, which was only like the suburbs of a large city, the streets seemed brighter, more sunny. The air was a bit clearer, and then there was the delightful vista of mountains hemming in the little town on one side. I began to feel brighter in spirit and for that reason alone I decided to make Hollywood my headquarters for the week before my boat sailed.

I GOT off the bus and walked idly along Hollywood Boulevard, looking in the cake shops at the attractive displays of home-made goodies. Then, a little further on, I came to a large furniture store and noticed a card in the window stating that they offered free service in locating apartments or houses by the week or month.

I walked into the store and found it was really true. I don't know who paid them or why they did it, as most of the apartments in Hollywood are rented furnished. With the card of an address they gave me on La Brea Avenue, a block off Hollywood Boulevard, I singled out what at first appeared to be a private Colonial mansion. It was an apartment house with a woman manager at the desk in the lobby. She walked me upstairs and through a long hall to an apartment at the rear, an apartment she explained grimly which would be vacant surely the following day.

She knocked on the door, and a feminine voice called out for her to come in.

We entered and I shall always remember the shock I received when we first stepped into that room. A baby-face blond girl, barely out of her teens, was standing by a trunk, clad only in black step-ins. She did not reach for a kimono as we stood there, neither did she make the slightest apology for being so deshabille. In fact, she seemed so perfectly natural in this sort of thing that I forgot to be shocked very long, while we went through the little apartment which consisted of living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath.

"This young lady will move today," the manager announced tartly, "and we shall have the place cleaned this evening ready for you to move into tomorrow."

"Yeah, tough luck," said the blond baby. "I've been struggling against this break for a long time now because I kind of love the little place. Seems like home to me, somehow."

"But why are you moving out?" I asked, amazed at my own curiosity.

"Ask her," she jerked her curly head toward the manager.

"Business is business, you understand," said the woman, "and when tenants cannot pay their rent we must ask them to go."

I THOUGHT for a moment, remembering the lonely hours I had already spent in the hotel room, lonely hours walking through Los Angeles' streets alone. Suddenly, an idea came to me, a generous impulse which was partly selfish, I admit.

"Why don't you stay on here and let

(*Continued on page* 104)



Elissa Landi likes to ride through the Hollywood hills. Here is a picture of Miss Landi with her favorite riding horse, Darkey.

get the transformation these things brought about in my low spirits. Now I know why women buy a new hat on a blue Monday. I was exhilarated, intoxicated by the reflection of myself in the mirror.

Hollywood beauty parlors are the veritable fountains of youth. If there is anything in the world to make a woman more beautiful, they know it. The little eyelash curlers which folded my lashes into their tongs and curled them into a magic line was one thing to amaze me.

When Saturday night came, Gloria surveyed me appraisingly and said she was proud of her work. If she was proud, I was thrilled and delighted. I decided that afternoon that I would cancel my ticket to Honolulu and stay on for my entire vacation with Gloria.

Charlie proved to be a perfect partner as Gloria had described him. Here, among the Bohemian theatrical folks, I soon discovered that the girls were not at all self-conscious. Gloria stepped prettily up to a chap and fairly begged him to dance with her. I was a little shocked; in my home town a lady always waited to be asked.

BEFORE the evening was over I had learned two important rules in modern courtship; how to shake a "mean" cocktail and how to talk pretty nonsense to a man. No one wanted to be serious for a moment. No one expected anyone else to be serious.

Charlie and I got on like two long lost friends who'd just found each other. The intricate waltz steps I didn't know he obligingly showed me as we all sauntered about the room, gay as children and quite as unconcerned as to the correctness of our manners.

Gloria and a lovely slender brunette flopped onto cushions on the floor and sat gazing adoringly up at their boy friends. Then some one began to strum an Oriental tune on a ukulele and in a flash the spirit caught on and we were all doing the slow tempoed routine of the Far East dance. I don't know when I enjoyed an evening so well, unless it was the big evening, just six months ago, after I returned home.

Hollywood was awfully kind to me because it made me into a different girl. When my vacation was over and Gloria and the friends I had made saw me off on the train, I was a mixture of two emotions both struggling against each other. Dear, wonderful Hollywood, gay, carefree and pulsating with the beauty and abandon of gorgeous men and women from everywhere. How I hated to leave the glamour of this spot. And yet school would be opening soon and I had to return home.

The second evening I was home (I'd learned this technique also, never to be too anxious to see a man) I arranged with mother for her to have one of her headaches. Supposedly because of it, we sent for Dr. Crawford. I was not in the room when he arrived and only did I push open the door a little concernedly as he was about to leave. When he saw me, his eyes opened noticeably and he stepped back surprised.

"HELLO," I said gayly, "how is the big pill and plaster man tonight?"

"Why, Helen, you—you look wonderful. Your vacation certainly has

(*Continued on page* 106)

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Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 105)

agreed with you." He was regarding me with new eyes, the sort of expression I had wanted to see for a long, long while.

"Oh, yes," I countered, "I had such a rushing good time in Hollywood I couldn't help but feel all pepped up. And those handsome men, my dear. They'd slay you with their looks."

We walked out on the porch together and stood chatting a moment, my attitude as light as Gloria's brains. It was then Tommy asked me to go for a little ride with him in his car. I hesitated a moment (more Hollywood technique) then decided to go, just for a few moments, after I'd had the satisfaction of making Tommy beg.

The promised few moments, just as I expected, stretched into hours. Tommy drove me out again to the lake, this time to tell me how wonderful I was. Maybe he didn't really know it was my new make-up and personality, maybe he did think it was because he had missed me and had never quite seen me before as a sweetheart, as he told me that evening. Anyway, Tommy was the sort of Tommy I'd always wanted him to be. And I had never got over believing him to be the most adorable man in the whole world. The soft moonlight on the lake didn't inspire him to go fishing now, as he had once told me. Tommy was being inspired by my soft, lovely hair, my beautiful frock, my little hands (they were just as little but not so noticeably pretty before I went to Hollywood). Tommy did all the love-making that night; I sat back basking in the glory of love's conquest, the thrill of which only a girl who has loved and almost lost can understand.

Would I marry him and settle down in our home town, forgetting forever all about Hollywood? That was the way Tommy put it.

Would I? Would I? You couldn't see me for just the way we drove off in Tommy's car that night to the next county where we were married without delay. Tommy said he was afraid I might change my mind. But Tommy doesn't know about the tears and the terrible hours of despair I had before Hollywood taught me a few good rules in the fascinating game of love.



Then I realized how completely Hollywood had transformed me. To him I was a different person.

He Shook Hands with Hunger

(*Continued from page* 84)

"I think I've played every town in the United States of fifty thousand or more population. There is no training for acting in the world like vaudeville, because it is constantly a fight—a fight not alone to get more salary but to keep your salary where it is, to keep your act where it belongs in the show. You are not only in competition with other acts, but have a battle with the booking agents. And there are many tricks to that trade.

"They are always trying to cut the salary of your act. If you have three days at one theatre, the agent will wait until between shows Wednesday to call you up and offer you the rest of the week at another house—at a cut in salary. As a matter of fact, they have already booked you. They know you haven't anything lined up for the rest of the week and think you may take a cut. Once you do, they put you down at the lower figure. If you hold out, they generally call back after the show and meet your regular figure. Once in a while you don't and have to stay idle sometimes several weeks to stand pat.

"I act as my own manager in all my business affairs, both on the stage and in pictures. I learned to be my own manager in vaudeville. Vaudeville keeps you alert as a trouper, constantly thinking up new gags and bits of business, and it is this training which is an invaluable background for pictures, where you can develop the same thing on the set. A good trouper is always thinking, always building his part."

But of course Walter Huston is a trifle too generous to many other troupers here.

So-called "bits of business" and "gags" have turned many excellent stage actors into mechanical automatons on the screen. Huston is supreme in that somewhere along the theatrical road he was intelligent enough to acquire the fine art of acting naturally—of being himself.

HIS double rôle of the district attorney and later the warden in "The Criminal Code" was the finest bit of work to come out of the vast labyrinth of films dealing with the underworld. He gave to his performance a conviction that impressed the most hardened men who commit and deal with crime.

Following the highly exploited "Big House," Huston's performance and the direction and photography of "The Criminal Code" made it a much greater film and one worthy of honorable mention anywhere.

True, one must allow for coincidence and false plot here and there. But, as one is thankful for water in the desert, so one should not be too harsh with Cohn, the producer of "The Criminal Code." It was two-thirds honest and convincing.

While a greater master of things theatrical than most directors, Huston is agreeable to those who direct him.

He is particularly fond of D. W. Griffith, who directed him in the Lincoln film.

While in Paris recently Huston told

(*Continued on page* 109)



Oh! the *Catty* Things!

. . . *but* French Ecru RIT *saved the day!*

She'd heard them . . . talking about her when she left the room! Calling her a careless housekeeper. Of course, the curtains *were* drab and faded . . . looked simply awful. But *what* could she do? She couldn't afford new ones now! It was mean of the girls to be so catty!

And Then,
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Rescuing pride . . . as well as saving the situation! French Ecru Rit . . . in a bowl of water. Quick as a flash the bleached, streaked curtains were Rit-tinted a bright, glinting French Ecru. Just like new, so fresh and cheery.

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You may have used Rit time and time again . . . but this New Instant Rit is different. It requires no rubbing. Dissolves completely in 40 seconds. Therefore, no streaks, no spots. Rit has 33 very smart colors. Try Rit at our expense . . . let us send you FREE, a full-sized packet of French Ecru Rit. Just write to Miss Rit, 1401 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, and get a packet absolutely FREE. This free offer expires October 1st, 1931. Rit in all colors at your druggist or notion counter 15c.



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●*Billy John Walz, 545 Malta Street, Fort Worth, Texas, aged 5 months.*

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Please print name and address plainly.

Silly Awss

(*Continued from page* 41)

practically a continuous one for me."

"Excuse me," said the girl, flushing. "I've never spoken to a regular Englishman before, and at first I thought you couldn't be real."

"I assure you that I am," bowed Mr. Harrow, gulping his drink and inwardly cursing that he had chanced to stumble upon such a beauty while he was in character. "I say 'What ho!' and all that silly rot, you know. Do you come in here very often?" For a fleeting second his glance was distinctly not that of a nincompoop.

"Every eve—sometimes."

"So do I," lied the jaunty confidence man, dismounting from his stool. "There's a chance of seeing you tomorrow? Unless you're some famous movie star, of course. You see, I never go to the films, and know practically nothing about them."

"I can see that," said the girl mournfully.

"Can you really! Well, I must be shoving off now. Toodleoo."

"So long."

"It will be," Mr. Harrow assured her, as he once more skidded slightly out of focus, "until tomorrow evening."

ONCE on the sidewalk he lectured himself on his susceptibility. Several times in the past he had allowed a luscious blonde to divert him from the pathway of profit, but this time the admiration was all on one side. No girl in her right senses would care to be squired by what Piccadilly refers to as "a silly awss," so Mr. Harrow sighed a wistful sigh, hailed a taxi, and asked to be driven to the mansion of Mr. Otto Pratt in Beverly Hills.

In twenty minutes he was opposite something which resembled a cross between the Decorative Arts League gone berserk and a superior funeral home, and the con man grinned as he inspected the abode of Galaxy Pictures' most famous comedian. Here dwelt Opportunity disguised as an overpaid yokel whose fame depended upon a regiment of gag men and sufficient of nature's upholstery to take ludicrous falls, and even the monocle glinted with eagerness as Mr. Harrow advanced toward the door.

It was opened by a stagily wooden butler, but butlers were Barrington's meat. From past experience he knew that the servants of the rich are the greatest snobs in the world, so, refusing to be impressed, he swaggered uninvited into the vestibule and tossed his panama at the Pratt minion.

"Mr. Harrow, of London, calling," he said carelessly. "Tell your master to hurry along, my man, I've very little time to spare, as I explained to him over the telephone."

This astounding departure from the customary fawning entrance produced a respectful bow from the butler, and in a few moments the obese Mr. Pratt was descending the stairs. The comedian, much too mystified by his success to take himself seriously, nevertheless was aware of his dignity as the possessor of a foreign car that he could not drive and a wife who could attend a modern art exhibition without appearing ignorant. He opened his mouth to offer a welcome, then opened it wider still at a shout from his visitor.

"Cheerio, old bean!" cried Mr. Harrow, his face aglow.

MR. PRATT goggled at him in unfeigned delight. A real, live monocle wearer who said the things he had read in society novels, and who was treating him like an old acquaintance! Things must be picking up since the release of "Souse and Garden," for here was a Londoner apparently tickled to meet him. It was the open season on Englishmen, for Hollywood, after installing Russians, French, Germans and Scandinavians as temporary favorites, had now reverted to the gentlemen who wear their clothes with a keep-your-opinion-to-yourself-damn-you air. Was it possible that Otto would be able to brag of his elite friend?

"Cheerio," he responded lamely.

"How does it feel to be famous, old fluff?"

"Why, er—— I——"

"Your name," beamed Mr. Harrow, "was mentioned to me in Australyah last month; it slipped in amongst some other words we were using. 'See good old Pratt,' the Earl of Droopshire said to me. 'He's the chap for your scheme; got plenty of brains, is prominent and all that.' You remember old Droopy?"

"Uh—certainly," mumbled Otto, who had shaken hands with hundreds of studio-crazed personages and promptly forgotten them a moment later. "Sure—a great guy."

"Wonderful memory you've got," praised the con man at this recollection of his imaginary nobleman. He had chosen Mr. Pratt as his victim after a careful study of his photograph, and he had counted upon just such a display of snobbery.

Mr. Pratt chuckled his thanks. "But I hope your scheme isn't to have me make pictures abroad," he added, "because I haven't started to slip just yet."

(*Continued on page* 110)



Right! It is Clive Brook, his hair grayed for the rôle of the carnival racketeer in "Silence."

He Shook Hands With Hunger

(*Continued from page* 107)

a young French lady that one of his favorite rôles was that of Abraham Lincoln.

"And who was Abraham Lincoln?" she asked.

Huston told her.

She apologized with "I seldom read the newspapers."

Huston spent some time with Eugene O'Neill at his château in the south of France.

"I found him in splendid shape," Huston said, "busy writing plays, having in his possession a new one he had just completed. I was sworn to secrecy regarding this play, but since returning to America I find that news of it has preceded me.

"O'NEILL thinks well of the potentialities of the films. In fact, he told me that he had prepared film versions of his own plays, 'The Hairy Ape' and 'Desire Under the Elms,' and he was kind enough to say that he should like to see me play in them. Some day Eugene O'Neill may turn his fine talents to the sound screen, although I doubt if he will ever come to Hollywood."

Huston has no taste for the ostentation that cheapens so many people in Hollywood. He has attended but one film opening. That was "Strangers May Kiss," the story of which was by his close friend, John Meehan. This was his reason for attending.

He lives alone in a large apartment house overlooking Beverly Hills. He spends much of his time alone.

Tall, angular, slow moving, there is a strong resemblance between him and the Lincoln of the middle period. Each has the same sad expression. One spent his life among politicians. The other was twelve years in vaudeville.

Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

(*Continued from page* 82)

should be scrubbed very thoroughly. Then to open them lay them in a pan with each oyster placed so that the hinge is at the bottom of the pan. This will prevent the juice from escaping when the oysters start to open. Add enough water to cover the pan to a depth of half an inch, cover the pan, put over the fire and let steam five to ten minutes, or until the shells start to open. Then lift the oysters carefully from the pan. Loosen the shells with a kitchen fork, pour the liquor into one dish and put the oysters in another. Strain the liquor and look over the oysters carefully to remove bits of shell. On no account should the oysters be rinsed in water as this robs them of some of their delicate flavor.

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Silly Awss

(*Continued from page* 108)

"My business can be stated in one sentence," said Barrington, linking arms with him. "Man to man, now, I ask you—where are the stars of yesteryear?"

"Gosh, I—I don't believe I know."

"MOST of 'em are broke," answered Mr. Harrow who had lifted his material from a fan magazine. "Where is Myrtle Malarkey, the Brooklyn orchid; where's the genius who made 'Hips Ahoy'? I'd be ashamed to tell you."

"No wonder, the way everybody robs a star—stores, hotels and certain secretaries—they're all trying to throw the harpoon into us. A guy can't even have a day's sport without it costing enough to take the kick out of it."

"I was coming to that. Agua Caliente, for instance—ever buck the roulette wheels at the Casino?"

"I'll say."

"Ever win?"

"Not often, but then, the percentage is with the house."

"Exactly my point," whooped Mr. Harrow, delighted at the way his quarry was playing into his hands. "Of course the Casino makes the only profit, millions probably. So why shouldn't we get some of it?"

"We?"

"Certainly," said the blithesome Barrington, drawing the proceeds of his Australian escapades from his pocket. "There's twenty-five thousand dollars, old ash can, and it's going to be my contribution to a rival casino owned by important people in pictures. After all, why shouldn't movie stars make a little legitimate profit? As old Droopy said, you're the man to be president of the thing, because others will follow. We'll make it a bit exclusive, and before long we'll have the blasé crowd from Coronado and Santa Barbara; then we can let them do the playing and we'll sit back and play with adding machines You grasp me?"

"It's a swell idea," enthused the comedian. "Why, it'll give us an income for years after we bow out, and that's more than you can say for all the two-by-four business ventures the colony's so fond of. Er——, how much money will you need?"

A long and glassy stare through the monocle reduced the uncouth Otto to a state of bashfulness. "My good chap," reproved Mr. Harrow, who was quite willing to mark time for a month to allay suspicion, "kindly oblige me by saying nothing about money. Can't a couple of old beans be chummy without dragging in commerce? Let's talk about art for a change."

"Okay with me. Listen, Barry, do you think I'd draw if I made personal appearances in Australia? How did you like my latest picture? You must drop in at the studio tomorrow and . . ." A buzz of conversation, properly punctuated by drinkables, lasted long into the night, and as Mr. Harrow was wafted hotelward in a Pratt motor he wore the grin of a cat that has discovered the way into a bird cage.

NEXT morning, with breakfast over, he did a little posturing in the lobby, and then drove through Cahuenga Pass to the feverish settlement named Galaxy Gables in defiance of the fact that all the studio structures were flat roofed Spanish types. Barrington marched toward the Administration Building, which was broken out in a rash of green and purple awnings, fumbling in his pocket for the card of admittance given him by his friend, Otto, when suddenly there came a throaty hail.

"Wait, oh, pleeeese wait for me!"

It was the blonde of the sea-blue eyes, now flushed to rosy confusion and decidedly out of breath as she came running up.

"And you told me you weren't working," she panted reproachfully.

"Still holds good," said Barrington. "I'm simply going in to see that old barnacle Otto Pratt." With something of a shock he noticed that the girl was gazing at him with mute appeal, her



Helen Twelvetrees, snapped for NEW MOVIE at the entrance to her Brentwood home. Yes, the roses are real. Miss Twelvetrees raised them herself.

lips trembling with excitement. "Would you care to come along?" he invited.

"Would I? Why, I've been haunting all the studios, waiting for a break like the ones you read about, and—oh, thank you so!"

Five minutes later they were watching the great minds at work on Stage G. Mr. Pratt was on the verge of commencing a satire on gangsters entitled "Cut Yourself a Piece of Jake," and he was in a lather of artistic irritation, but after winning a salty argument, he ambled over to the pair.

"Cheerio!" he bawled, hoping that the assembled riffraff would take notice.

"Otto, old carthorse," said Mr. Harrow, who had made good use of the five minutes, "here's a friend of mine who is willing to devote a little time to your ridiculous profession, and as one old rumpot to another, you'll be doing me a favor if—well, anyhow, meet Miss Jonquil Perth."

"Sinhonor," mumbled the comedian, so indifferent to the damsel's charms that his brother bean could have kicked him. "Another blonde, huh? Ummm, not bad—yeah, I guess maybe I could give you a tiny bit if you pass a test. Hey, Schmaltz, take this lady over to the lethal chamber and ask them to put her over the jumps. Don't mention it, Miss Perth, any friend of Barry's—well, you know how it is."

"YOU didn't seem very much impressed with her," said the con man tartly, watching her hurry eagerly away. "Why, the girl's a beauty!"

"Say, I get so sick of looking at beauty that for two cents I'd choke ninety percent of it before anemia does the trick, and I'd begin with Kyra Villeneuve."

"Never heard of her."

"You sure are a cure for a superiority complex," chortled Mr. Pratt. "She's the vamp that generally plays in my pictures—black hair, grey eyes, looks like a wolf on the prowl to my mind, but she's there with the old lure. She—oh, Kyra, sweetheart, just a moment!"

A seductively curved brunette whose shadowy eyes made her look eminently capable of writing a sultry set of memoirs, came rustling across the stage, her subtly cruel lips framing a toothy smile. As she neared Mr. Harrow her huge pupils expanded with amazement, then once more they became twin pinpoints of light, and she gazed directly at the confidence man as she held out her hand.

"Not the Barrington Harrow, of London?" she fluted. "How too delicious!"

Mr. Harrow stared woodenly through his tiny disc of glass, though his heart was pounding. "Right ho," he mumbled. "My word, Otto, this is positively overpowering! What a career—to be deluged with loveliness!"

Miss Villeneuve simpered while the comedian beamed proudly at her. "That's how the aristocracy pays compliments," he told her. "Suppose you get better acquainted with Barry; I've got to go into another huddle with the director."

"I'd love it," gushed the siren, and Mr. Harrow, looking more dense than ever, carried a couple of chairs to a remote corner.

"Much more private," he observed, "particularly as I'd like to talk to you——," he looked swiftly around, and spoke from the corner of his mouth—"my crooked little Baltimore Sadie!"

(*Continued on page* 112)



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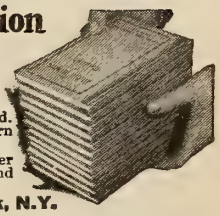


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UNITED HOTELS

Silly Awss

(*Continued from page* 111)

MISS VILLENEUVE regarded him quizzically. "You can't make me wince," she asserted. "Those days have been over for five years, and Hollywood doesn't care what you used to be, anyhow. But what are you, the smoothest con man in three continents, doing here? Who's your target—that Pratt monstrosity?"

"Now, Sadie," said Mr. Harrow placatingly, "don't go poking that adorable nose into things that might put it out of joint. I'm here for my health. Just left Australyah, you know."

"By request, I'll bet, if I know you. Come on, what's the gag this time?"

"My good woman——."

"In your hat! Do you want me to go to Otto and tell him about his aristocratic friend? Mind you, Barry, if you can take that moron for a few thousand, more power to you, but I've got a woman's curiosity."

Somewhat reassured, the uneasy Barrington outlined his plan. "It's just a stake for a trip to the Orient," he ended. "All I want is Otto's donation, and I'll blow. I wouldn't stay in California, anyhow, with all this silly rot about movies. Much too hysterical for me."

"Me, too," nodded Miss Villeneuve. "I often start yearning for one more high class badger game, but this racket's a lot safer." Her eyes suddenly glowed with as much warmth as she could muster. "Gee, Barry, under that front you're handsomer than ever!"

Mr. Harrow frowned suspiciously. "Don't begin that," he warned. "I've told you my plans, so promise me you'll keep mum."

"I certainly will," cooed Kyra, wriggling partly onto his knee, "but on one condition. As long as you're in Hollywood you'll make a fuss over me? You've got more gloss than any legitimate royal family, and I always was strong for you, Barry. I'll admit you never gave me a tumble, but now I'll satisfy my vanity. The answer is yes?"

Mr. Harrow groaned. "I thought you'd reformed, but I see that you can't resist a little fancy blackmail. Very well, Sa—Kyra, you crack the whip."

"CHARMED to number you among my public," mocked the siren. "You look silly enough to be somebody of importance, so being seen with you will get me plenty of publicity, but when we're alone—oh, here comes nature's error."

"Flap your wings, angel," ordered Mr. Pratt, bustling up. "There's a new gag they want us to work up. It seems a fellow ran down and killed a couple of other fellows while he was out sleighing, and when he went back and examined them he found out what they were. So he looked up the sheriff in the nearest town, and says, 'I just rubbed out a pair of peculiar looking birds,' he says, 'and judging from their papers, they were radio crooners.' 'Well,' says the sheriff, 'don't be standing there gaping at me, because I can't do anything about it. You'll have to go to the state capital if you want to collect the bounty.' Hahahahaha—say, why don't you laugh, old bean?"

"I might if you'd made it vampires," said Barrington dully, wandering into the open air as the others obeyed the director's summons. For the next hour a mind reader would have known that Mr. Harrow was putting the gypsy's curse on all women from Eve down. His monocle dropped unheeded, his jaw tightened into a firm chinline, and his eyes grew penetrating as he decided that the situation called for a speedy getaway. And then, with his guard thus down, a willowy presence came floating through the sunlight, and he immediately omitted a certain young lady from his list.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Perth. "I was pretty sure you'd be nice looking if you gave yourself the chance. Why, you seem like a different person? But before I do anything else I must thank you for giving me my break. My test isn't developed, of course, but everyone told me I was splendid, especially my voice. It means I'll really get a chance, and it's all due to you."

"Now it's my turn to say I thought so," said Mr. Harrow, wondering which part he should play. "Er—, perhaps I do overemphasize that I'm a Londoner, but then, people seem to expect it, you know. I—I'm actually more the way you see me now, but shall we keep that a secret?"

"If you like."

"And to seal it, what about dinner together tonight?"

"I hoped you'd say that," said Jonquil happily. "And now, we'd better go back and watch Mr. Pratt. I want to pick up all the hints I can."

THEY strolled over to Stage G, Mr. Harrow once more flirting with the monocle as though to indicate that the time wasted listening to the recording of a movie came under the head of mental slumming. The morning droned on, spiced by occasional flurries in which Miss Villeneuve demonstrated that she had not forgotten the art of tossing threats, but at lunch time she came oozing across the set with the fractious comedian in tow.

"I've just been telling Otto how much I admire you," she trilled to the con man. "Poor, dear Otto, he may look like seven miles of bad road, but he earns a bow on his choice of friends, and—who's this infant?"

"A protegee of dear old Barry's," grunted Mr. Pratt. "Miss Jonquil Perth, who's getting a trial in this picture."

The Villeneuve nose wrinkled upward as she barely acknowledged the introduction. "So he has companions already," she said scratchily, then her tone grew imperious. "Oh, Mr. Harrow, am I correct in thinking that you're dining me at the Mayfair tonight?"

Barrington gazed at her stupidly, though his mind was racing. "Sorry, dear lady, but I'm all booked up with Miss Perth. Some other ti——"

"Mercy, but you're forgetful," said the siren, softly venomous. "Don't you remember when you promised——"

"Please," murmured Jonquil nervously. "I—I wouldn't dream of holding you to our date, Mr. Harrow, if you really made another one."

"But——"

"But your Aunt Emma," sizzled

Kyra, throwing off all camouflage. "Are you trying to stand there and give me the run-around for a person who's never had a line of publicity, and a blonde in the bargain? I'm an important somebody Mr. Harrow just as well known in my business as you are in yours, if you know what I mean."

One look at the con man's unhappy visage assured the listeners that he did, but Otto saved a possible denouement by blundering into the breach.

"I'M the star around here," he announced pompously, "and the orders are that we'll all have dinner together at my place. Do you think I'm going to pass up the chance to entertain a blueblood like Barry? I may be a shark at bridge, but I wasn't born with simple honors, so quit your meowing, Kyra. You're here to work, but I order Miss Perth to take him for a sightseeing tour in my car. Be at the house by seven, both of you. Cheerio, and toodleoo besides."

Something in Miss Villeneuve's snaky gaze, far from making Jonquil falter, caused her to slip her arm through Mr. Harrow's as they paraded to lunch, and afterward, rolling up the northern coast, her capable little hand nestled comfortingly in his.

"That woman wants to hurt you, for some reason," she said seriously, "and I'm going to prevent her. I like you, Barry; you're the first man in Hollywood who looked at me as though I were a lady."

"Then you don't think I'm a silly awss?" asked Mr. Harrow surprised to find himself entertaining thoughts concerning the upkeep of a strawberry tinted bungalow.

"Not when you're natural, but I rather wish you weren't an Englishman, because they always seem so darned superior, whether they are or not."

"And I like you," said Barrington huskily. "They don't have voices like yours where I come from. Well, that makes it unanimous, so what do you say to a kiss?"

The forget-me-not eyes inspected him candidly. "No—o—o," said Miss Perth as though to herself, "I don't think so. A kiss is nothing unless you feel it in your toes, and if you couldn't—well, I don't know you very well, remember. Isn't that a beautiful view?"

THEY reached the Pratt mansion in time to find Mr. Pratt slightly liquored but gloriously rhetorical, while Kyra conversed with his spouse, a lady of such magnificent chins that she resembled a pelican packed for a weekend. Apparently the siren had decided to wear the cloak of enticement, for she smirked tolerantly at Jonquil.

"You must have found him a very interesting man," she tinkled. "Better be careful, child, he may have a past."

"I'm more interested in his future," responded Miss Perth, flashing her the hands - off - my - property signal that women know so well.

"And I'll take the present," piped Mr. Pratt, shooing them toward the dining room. "Say, what he's going to do for me socially as well as financially would knock the porcelain jackets off your teeth, and I mean you, Kyra. It's like this——" and he plunged into an account of the projected casino, for Otto was the style of person who no sooner outgrows Santa Claus than he commences to believe that perfect strangers are anxious to let him share

(*Continued on page* 114)



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Silly Awss

(*Continued from page* 113)

in any deal that's a sure thing.

The guests ate their way through seven savory courses as the comedian babbled on. Mrs. Pratt taking advantage of a wife's license dozed comfortably, while Miss Villeneuve winked roguishly at Barrington as though to intimate she suspected him of holding Jonquil's hand below the table, which was precisely what he was doing. Mr. Harrow viewed this overture with suspicion, which increased as Otto's reckless statements came to an end and the siren leaned forward.

"And how much is it going to cost you?" she inquired.

"My shopworn Venus," said Mr. Pratt with dignity, "can't I prattle about a little investment without getting sordid? I don't know how much. Barry won't even hear of money."

"That's a very nice build-up," admitted Kyra, turning a malicious, 50-watt smile upon the con man, who writhed more than if it had been a case of hysterics. Was Baltimore Sadie going to let jealousy override the fact that they had been co-workers in London and Paris? You never could tell about women, so reluctantly he let go of Jonquil's hand.

"BE delighted to take you to the Beverly-Wilshire tomorrow," he invited, "and perhaps you'd like to motor down to Palm Springs on Sunday."

"You darling creature," screeched Miss Villeneuve, while Jonquil watched him curiously. Certainly no symptoms of joy appeared upon the blank countenance, and the siren's rapture had been a shade too enthusiastic.

"You're a fast worker, old bean," grinned Mr. Pratt.

"Not fast enough, I'm afraid," said Barrington with bitterness, as he thought of his encounter with the graceless Kyra. "Life has a way of catching up with us that makes us wonder—"

"Don't heave an epigram or I'll weep," pleaded Mr. Pratt. "Speaking of life, how would you all like to hear about my rise to fame? That story about me carrying water for elephants is a dirty lie—it was the camels that were under my care. Believe me, I've taken my liberty with life, or I'm no judge. Want to hear about it?"

"I've heard what I came for," cooed Kyra, with her eyes on Mr. Harrow, "but go ahead, Otto. I'm sleepy enough for a bedtime story, so I'll be grateful for the bunk."

A MORNING stroll in the sunshine has been known to bring on the mild form of insanity of talking to one's self, and Mr. Harrow was indulging that vice as he ambled around the Galaxy grounds. Two feverish weeks had flown into the wastebasket of memory, and he felt that he, instead of the ebullient Otto, was being trimmed.

"Good heavens!" he moaned. "Am I losing my grip? Here I am, forced to dance attendance on Baltimore Sadie, and yet I could end it all by chiselling Otto and sailing to China. Why don't I do it? Because, Barry, my boy, you're in love with that adorable little rhapsody in blue and gold, and *she's* commencing to think that you're sweet on Kyra after all—oh, it was that malted milk that caused my downfall!"

He headed mechanically toward Stage G, and was about to enter when a guarded hiss caused him to wheel. Somebody in pale green chiffon was waving in the breeze like a slender tulip, and Barrington resumed the old elan as he realized that the vision was waving at him.

"Sh-h-h-h!" cautioned Miss Perth, beckoning him to the shelter of a small



Leila Hyams is building a new beach house at Malibu Beach and, as you can see, she is supervising the job herself. No wonder those carpenters hate to quit work even when five o'clock comes. Can you blame them?

pepper tree. "I just want to tell you something before Kyra gets her hooks into you again. I'll admit I'm sort of angry with you, but I've decided that you're doing it against your will. Does she know where the body is buried, or something?"

Before he knew it, Mr. Harrow had wagged his head.

"You're not married?"

"Not yet," said the con man hungrily, "but—"

"Then nothing else matters. Listen, I'm just starting on my third bit in another picture—I'm to say, 'They're off!' in a race track picture, and then drop an ice cream cone down a fat man's neck. That's the first piece of news, and the second is that when you go inside they're going to ask you a question, and please, Barry, I want you to say 'yes.'"

"B-b-b-b," stuttered Barrington, beginning to think he had actually gone squiffy.

"I must run now, but I'll take that mumbling to mean that you will," and the jubilant little figure shimmered across the lawn to another sound stage.

GLOWING happily, Mr. Harrow wasted no time in barging inside, where he discovered Otto and a saturnine stranger shaking fingers at each other.

"You can't ask him that, I tell you!" roared the comedian. "I won't permit it! He's my friend, with class blown right into him, so do your snooping elsewhere."

"But I tell you I've had my eye on him for some time."

Mr. Harrow began to feel squeamish. Was this a plainclothes man trying to queer his game? The saturnine gentleman's next words gave no further cause for worry.

"And I don't allow anyone to interfere with my creative urge," he snarled, "much less a second-hand blimp like you. I'm going to proposition this Hyde Park Horace and—ah, cheerio, Duke, how's it by you?"

"Ignore him, old bean," screeched Mr. Pratt.

"My dear old crumpet," said Barrington smoothly, "if this sullen person wishes to talk to me, let him do so. Now then, my good fellow?"

The sinister gentleman drew a deep breath. "Don't get sore, Duke, but how about a little favor? I'm directing a new picture across the lot, and I want to work in a fresh comedy type, and it seems to me that you'd be a wow as a sort of silly awss. Not that I think you *are*, Duke, get me right, but your face in general, with that fishy stare and the dinky little glass would be a relief after these birds who need to make up for an hour before they look funny. And your voice is a natural; lots of that wah-wah inflection which is always good for a laugh, or lawf, I should say."

"Don't choke yourself," said Mr. Harrow icily. "I'd rather have the pleasure."

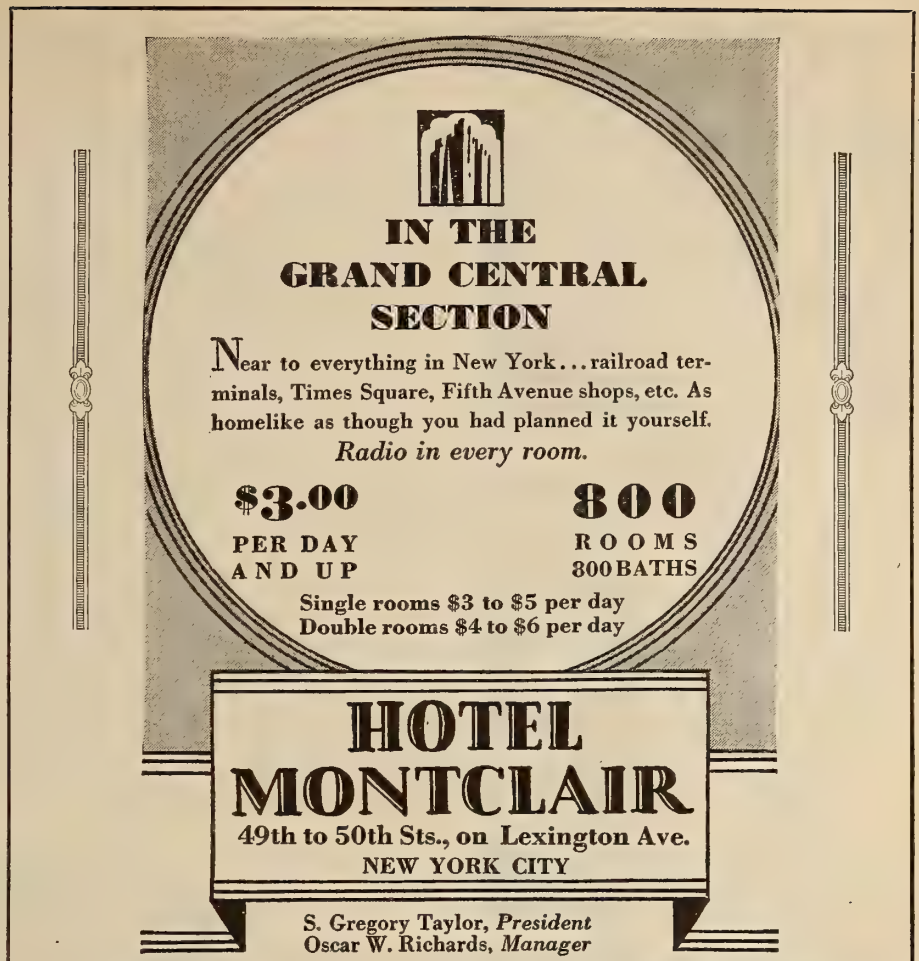
"You won't do it?"

"Decidedly not!"

"Not even when your lady friend is in the picture, too? That's why I got up nerve enough to ask you, Duke; I thought you wouldn't make any objection on her account."

Mr. Harrow wrinkled his brow. Here was a chance to escape the clammy clutch of La Villeneuve, at least during the day, not to mention the thrill of being near the radiant Jonquil.

(*Continued on page* 116)



Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

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Silly Awss

(*Continued from page* 115)

After all, it would be a lark to remember when he was far away in China. He relented with dignity.

"Something to talk about when I get back to London," he said grandly, and before the astounded Otto could get his mental cogs engaged, he had disappeared on the trail of Miss Perth.

"SAY that again," said Mr. Harrow dizzily, some ten days later, "and say it slowly." The vice-president's office suddenly seemed to be afloat.

"I said that the rushes show you dominated your scenes so thoroughly, small as they were, that we're going to enlarge your character into a real part," repeated a blue-jowled executive. "Four hundred smackers weekly for a year, and the contract's all ready. You seem to be a new type of humor, Mr. Harrow, and this gives Galaxy the honor of having the only silly awss in Hollywood, which we appreciate. Of course, we'll understand if you don't care to sign for a stated period; a man like you must have plenty on his mind."

"Not now," gasped Barrington, as the news registered, "which is why I insist on signing." He scribbled a hasty signature, shook hands, and carromed into the corridor, looking no sillier than the average lovesick young man. An honest racket at last! Gone was the necessity for trimming the trustful Mr. Pratt or kowtowing to La Villeneuve. Twenty thousand a year without having to look over his shoulder for a dick was worth five times that without Jonquil. He'd unburden himself about his past, and she—he returned to normalcy by colliding with the perfumed person of La Villeneuve.

"Looking for me, sweetheart?" fluted the siren.

"No! Wait a bit—yes!" And Mr. Harrow pungently described what had just occurred. "So it means lay off me, my adhesive Baltimore Sadie. I'll simply tell Otto I've lost interest in the casino project, and that ties your hands because I have your word for it that Hollywood doesn't care what you used to be. Gangway for a bridegroom!"

"With the blonde?"

"Right, most decidedly so!"



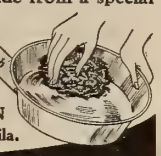
Gary Cooper sailed away from New York Harbor recently on the "S. S. Saturnia" for a long Mediterranean and Adriatic cruise. Rumor whispers that Gary is trying to forget the smash-up of his romance with Lupe Velez. Meanwhile, Lupe is playing in vaudeville.



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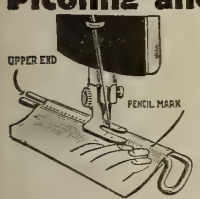
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BALTIMORE SADIE looked at him with a glint of wistfulness. "Better hurry," she advised, "I saw her heading for the gates a moment ago. She's a comer, Barry, so I'll wish you luck, as one ex-sharpshooter to another. I only wanted to tease you, anyhow."

Mr. Harrow dashed on, at peace with the world until he caught up with the suspiciously lagging Jonquil.

"Let's walk," he suggested, and ignoring the parked car, they sauntered out into the foothills, far from the fearsome architecture of Galaxy Gables. By the time the blurred horizon line of green had deepened into violet Miss Perth was in possession of the facts, and, theoretically, Mr. Harrow's throbbing heart.

"It's wonderful," she murmured, "us meeting the way we did. You know, honey, the first time I saw you I almost laughed right in your face. You looked as stupid as though you came from St. Paul."

The carefree Barrington leaped as though stung. "If that's your idea of humor," he said furiously, "let me assure you that I won't stand for it! Some exceptional people come from St. Paul, my dear girl, and you talk as ignorantly as though *you* came from Minneapolis."

"Well, I do, but you take that remark back!"

"Not unless you do the same, seeing," blurted Mr. Harrow, turning crimson, "that St. Paul is my home town. There, it's out at last, and I feel better, but you've got to apologize."

"I won't. You deceived me into thinking you were English."

"Half a sec," said Barrington curiously. "What about that delicious Tennessee drawl? If that's not deceit, what is?"

Miss Perth grew as pink as an anemone. "It suits my personality, and I won't apologize."

"Then neither will I. There are some things I might give in about, but not local pride. You've got to admit St. Paul is superior."

ANOTHER quarter mile, and Jonquil's fingers sought the support of her suitor's arm. "I—I think our towns are wiser than we are," she ventured. "Don't they live side by side without quarreling?"

"Right you are," agreed Barrington, grateful for the olive branch, "and they'd be still better off if they were made into one. Like this." And seizing the not quite startled Jonquil, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her unresisting mouth.

"Oooh!" shrilled Miss Perth when she was released. "My feeeet—they feel so funny!"

"Forgive me, darling," begged the contrite lover. "I'm so clumsy——"

"My toes! They're tingling, honey, just the way I wanted. Oh, I'll take it all back about St. Paul—you're marvelous!"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure."

"Are you sure you're sure you're—"

"Stop wasting time!" shrieked the triumphant Jonquil. "If you don't I'll begin to think I was right in the first place. So hurry, darling, and kiss me again!"

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Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page* 39)

of her greatest stage successes, was fairly good but it did not appeal. The Nazimova mystery had evaporated. She no longer excited the imagination of the public. Perhaps, if she had had fine production continuously, she might have gone on indefinitely. I doubt it. The public for the screen is devoted more to personality than to talent, and an exotic individual does not endure as long as a more conventional one.

TODAY Nazimova appears occasionally on the road or in Eva Le Gallienne's company down in Fourteenth Street in New York. Her salary is small. The fortune she accumulated when earning half a million a year went with her ill-fated productions. But money never counted with Nazimova. Whatever her shortcomings as an artist, she is an artist. In her is that feverish activity of the ego demanding outlet in creation. From time to time there are reports that she has been signed for pictures. With a suitable role I think she would score again, just as Marjorie Rambeau has. The talkies are more intelligent than the dumbies. Ability is winning over beauty and youth.

Alla Nazimova is unquestionably one of the greatest and most picturesque personalities ever to grace Hollywood. Her bad pictures have been forgotten; her best work is unforgettable. I think those who admired her before would rush to see her again, and younger fans might feel the fascination we did when Alla the Supreme, the Incomparable, was the 1919 mystery.

WALLACE REID was the most gifted fellow I've known in Hollywood. He had talent as a musician, a singer, a writer, a painter, and they made a matinee idol out of him. With all his greater gifts the gods ironically bestowed beauty. There's always a marked card in the world's game.

Wally was the handsomest fellow in a thoroughly masculine way of any I've seen. Regular features, broad shoulders, long legs, he was the athletic type that has become the American version of Apollo. If he'd only been spared intelligence he might have been content with himself in the manner of a matinee idol. But he was not a Narcissus. It drove him crazy to look in the pool.

"Herb, I'm in the same class with a Follies' girl," he said as we sat in his dressing room one day. "When I lose my face and figure I am gone."

Then he took another drink.

He was chagrined by the reception of a picture in which he had tried to char-



Gloria Swanson was so surprised at the hit of her film, "Indiscretion," that she sailed away to France for a vacation. She made the trip on the "Ile De France." Miss Swanson had placed no great reliance on "Indiscretion," it is said, and its unexpected hit delighted her.

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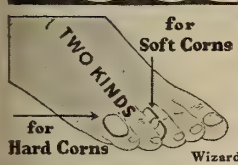
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acterize. His role was that of a timberjack. He wore a scrubble of beard and spat tobacco juice. His public was horrified. Exhibitors sobbed over diminished receipts and howled for Wallie to be himself. He was, but they didn't know it and wouldn't have cared.

Wallie was the ace of the Paramount program. There were times when Paramount might have passed quietly out of the picture business had it not been for Wallie. Exhibitors had to take the rest of the program in order to get him. His draw was so great they could afford to. They were assured of getting one of his pictures nearly every month. Wallie was literally worked to death. Yet his highest salary was only three thousand a week. At the same time, Nazimova, supporting the Metro program, was getting ten thousand. Wallie was a rotten business man. He trusted people. Anyone who was pleasant could become a friend. When he was sick, on the verge of dying, they dragged him to the studio and held him up before the camera.

WALLIE had worked as a reporter and a civil engineer before coming to Hollywood. His father, Hal Reid, was an actor and the writer of plays and sketches. With this talent in his blood, Wallie gravitated to Hollywood. It was a pioneer gypsy palace in 1912.

People were friendly and bohemian. It appealed to Wally. He cranked a camera and wrote scripts, sometimes played extra. In 1914 he married Dorothy Davenport, one of the first of the screen stars.

I talked with Dorothy the other day. When I used to attend parties at Wallie's home in the last days I thought her bitter. Even then I understood a little. But now there is only a brooding sorrow in her eyes.

After Wallie's death in the sanitarium, after his words, "Forgive me, mama," she went bitterly forth to wage a war on narcotics. But she realized it was a hopeless fight. . . . "As hopeless as fighting prohibition, that invites narcotics and lawlessness. That has caused my misery and the misery of many other women. . . . Before, we had wine in the home which Wallie drank temperately with friends for relaxation after strenuous hours in the studio; then it became a crime and the bootleggers came with their poisonous 'Scotch' and 'Bourbon' and their insinuating drugs. . . ."

I can vouch for what Dorothy says. After prohibition the parties at the Reid home became wilder. Wallie changed, while Dorothy sat grimly silent. You never could blame Wallie for anything he did, his intentions were always right.

He and Dorothy adopted Betty, a stray child who wandered into the alley of a theater where Dorothy was appearing in Long Beach. She has been reared as a sister to Billy, their own son.

"One of the sweetest testimonials for Wallie is the love he gave Betty," says Dorothy. "He couldn't do enough for her and Billy."

Charming, nonchalant, handsome and friendly, Wallie Reid was not the person you would cast for tragedy, yet his story is the saddest of Hollywood, with the exception of Mabel Normand's.

Prohibition, hypocrisy, Hollywood? There is something wrong with a scheme that can destroy such charming, great-hearted children. Perhaps that is why the loving gods took them out of the mess.

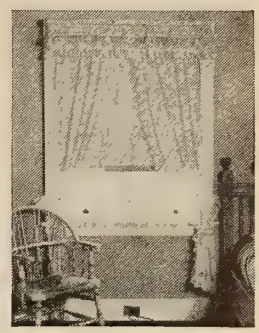
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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 63)

tures, the Hollywood studios are grinding off stories of the Reno racket. As though we weren't divorcing wives fast enough as it is. If these Reno films influence us as the gangster films did, it will be from the frying pan into the fire. We'll have to stick up people to pay our alimony.

Paramount or Pyorrhea? Little Bobbie Coogan alighted from his limousine at the Paramount gates one rainy day. Looking up, Bobbie saw a rainbow in the sky.

"Oh, lookit, papa!" he cried. "What's that advertising?"

France Also Bars "Gangs": When my old pal Tex Guinan, two-gun woman of pioneer Hollywood, read that France has the world's second largest gold supply she called her "gang" and caught the first boat. But the French have been reading up, too. They know all about our gangsters. They gave Tex a great big hand, but not in a nice way. I think what frightened them was Texas' declaration that she was on a "good will" tour. At that moment our mayors were "good-willing" around France and it was about all the country could stand. Mayor Porter, of Hollywood and Los Angeles, walked out on a Havre party because wine was served. In Hollywood they serve gin and nobody is able to walk out. Though Tex didn't get a crack at the champagne, she let it be known that she also was a dry, by shouting from the boat, "I never took a drink in my life and never sold one!"

I guess France feels pretty ashamed of herself. . . .

Marlene's Sausage: Marlene says she didn't copy Greta's dress. She says all smart European women go in for mannish clothes in the morning. We forgive you, Marlene, so long as you don't trouser your charms on the screen. Besides, I've just learned that Marlene goes straight home after work, and, though it be midnight, cooks little sausages and other German delectables for next day's lunch, which she usually shares with her director and favored colleagues. Anything I like it's a womanly woman. And I'm just old-fashioned enough to feel that woman's place is the stove.

Director Garbo: Inasmuch as Marlene has taken the trouble to answer her critics I will mannishly follow her lead. Some Garbo admirers look mad at me because I said Garbo would not be the great star she is without the direction of Clarence Brown, the wise supervision of Irving Thalberg. I was not inferring that Messrs. Brown and Thalberg are responsible for Miss Garbo's acting. I meant that they provided her with pretty good support in the way of production and cast. With all her talent Greta would not have been so luminous in sleazy stuff such as Clara Bow, for instance, has had to take.

As for acting, Garbo is her own director.



Jeanette MacDonald is to get the coveted title rôle in the new dialogue-and-music version of "The Merry Widow," says Herb Howe. Nobody has been selected for the glittering part of the prince as yet.

Hollywood Hard Times: Hollywood seems to be obeying Mr. Hoover. Salaries are being maintained. But where a thousand-a-week player formerly got three weeks work on a picture, he now gets three days. Talkies are quicker than dumbies. At that the player has to talk fast.

Several players who get their mail in care of a big Hollywood hotel are vacationing at the poor farm. On the other hand, a certain thousand-a-week star borrowed money to pay off the mortgage on her house and then took a trip East to buy an airplane.

No one can accuse Hollywood of abetting hard times by hoarding.

Mythical Garbo: In a college examination several students designated the divine Garbo as a "figure of Greek mythology." That should prove to our educators how badly NEW MOVIE is needed in the schools.

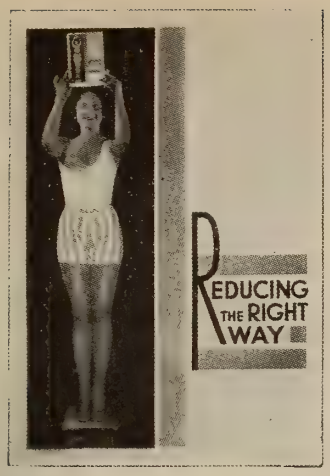
Even some of my own students seem to be a little confused about the reality of Garbo. They are always writing to ask if her aloofness is a publicity pose. Now we'll go over that just once more, and if any of you ask me again I shall have to make you memorize all the back lessons of the Boulevardier.

Miss Garbo went aloof on her own. At first the studio publicity department was upset. They thought she was making a mistake to refuse all interviews, but when I pointed out that the Sphinx—I mean the Egyptian one—was still getting by, they decided it might be a good stunt.

Theda Bara's "mysteriousness" was a publicity stunt. Garbo's is not. Garbo is shy, inarticulate, solitary—one of those individuals who walks as lonely as a cloud. Incomprehensible to Hollywood, where anyone who chooses

(*Continued on page* 122)

Herb Howe Writes Only for NEW MOVIE



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Home Town Stories of Stars

(*Continued from page* 71)

Transit" with Edmund Lowe. This showed at the Colonial Theater about six years ago, which at that time had gone into second-run pictures.

Little did the neighborhood crowd think, when watching Kathlyn Williams run from leopards and tigers, that little Jane Ahlice would actually appear on the same screen in the future.

No excitement following the first news. Then came some press stories about two years later from the Mack Sennett studio and soon comedy shorts with Carole in the cast were inserted in the regular programs at downtown houses. Chicago dailies were the first to use Carole's pictures.

And then came small parts in Pathe pictures which drew some of her old playmates to the theater. After graduating into the leading lady class opposite the Pathe huskies, her local following began to grow.

MRS. PETERS preceded her daughter East last Summer, the occasion being the settling of her mother's estate. Of course this threw a cloak over a gay round of parties which would have been given, but Carole's arrival called for just one brilliant tea and everyone was there to meet the actress.

Carole was only here three days, being en route East for a picture, so she motored through the city several times and saw all the new residential districts and buildings. With the closing of the Knight estate, Carole came into some money which made her independent. But the fun in Hollywood was just starting and since last Summer, when she signed with Paramount, she has made her greatest strides in the film world.

Her position in the movies, according to Fort Wayne, is practically attained . . . for managers place her name nonchalantly along with Kay Francis, Charles Rogers, Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and William Powell without the trite "Another home-town girl makes good."

The Little Theater Guild, which has taken a hold in the city, is also planning a production of "Up Pops the Devil," since Carole appears in the film version, and will present it at the same time when the picture runs downtown.

FRIENDS here say that Carole inherits her love for the theater from her mother who, while never a professional, was always active in local productions.

Since changing her name, Carole has always spelt her first name with that extra "e," which was chosen by a numerologist. Even her local visit was timed according to figures by her mother.

One wonders if any one has ever noticed that the names of Carole Lombard and William Powell have the same number of letters.

Anyway, Carole Lombard is now Mrs. William Powell—and, as this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press, the two are honeymooning at Hawaii.

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When a feller doesn't need a friend! How the pretty girls at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios crowded around when Robert Montgomery became a full-fledged star. The cheering section, left to right, numbers Janet Currie, Karen Morley, Joan Marsh, Edwina Booth and Lillian Bond. Mr. Montgomery looks mighty pleased, we'd say.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 120)

his own company in preference to the idiocies of a "salon" is considered a balmy misanthrope.

When you consider that there are one hundred and seventy-two "interviewers" in Hollywood and that every one of them would ask Greta the secrets of her love life if given the chance you can sympathize with the Swedish sphinx.

On the other hand, I have no sympathy for those stars who are trying to ape her "aloofness" without the instinct. Instead of trying to act like Greta off screen they'd better be studying to act as well as she does on.

The Next Big Picture: "The Road Back," by Erich Remarque, is to be produced by Universal with Lewis Milestone directing. I sat up all night reading that book — chewing over it. As an old soldier I feel it more than "All Quiet on the Western Front." Fortunately, Milestone is to direct. Recently I rated Lubitsch and Von Sternberg the most interesting directors. They're great innovators, but no more vigorous than Milestone, who did "All Quiet on the Western Front" and, more recently, "Front Page."

Lubitsch and Von Sternberg are Germans. So is Remarque. Milestone is Russian. I'm sorry; I'd like to be patriotic, but Evangeline Adams says I'm one of those whose head rules the heart.

Vive la Renee! As I am writing this hooey, the postman brings a letter from Renee Adoree. The gay little heroine of "The Big Parade" has been eight months in a sanitarium in Arizona and the battle is all but won. She's coming back. Her Gallic wit and fervor have not deserted her.

"I'm writing this half-sitting, half-lying," she says. "Anyone who says that position is everything in life should try this for seven months. I never felt better in my life."

The little French girl is one of the most colorful characters who ever came to Hollywood. A circus rider at an age when most of us found it difficult to manage scooters, she traipsed over Europe from Spain to Scandinavia, from Paris to Moscow. Once she confessed to me that she was happier in the old circus wagon than in Hollywood.

"Sure, it was hard—and they used to beat us, but there was camaraderie," she said.

In her sickness Renee found camaraderie in Hollywood. I read that Clara Bow's salary automatically stopped when she went to a sanitarium and that the company who made millions from her pictures is "releasing" her from her contract. Renee wasn't under contract, but she's pretty sure to find the M-G-M gates open to her when she returns. Marion Davies and Norma Shearer will see to that. Norma didn't forget to speak to Renee over the radio during the glittering premiere of "Strangers May Kiss." And Marion is seeing that Renee gets every attention. A few vive-la letters from the rest of us might not be amiss, care Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

Flowers for the Living: We are all too hesitant or too lazy about writing letters of appreciation. I wanted to write Scott Fitzgerald after reading "This Side of Paradise," but had that who-am-I feeling. In Rome, Italy, I was called to the telephone one day and a voice said. "This is Scott Fitzgerald."

"Who?" I goggled.

"Scott Fitzgerald—I'm an American writer."

"I know you well," I said.

"I know you too," he said. "Come over to the Excelsior and have a drink."

And today I received a note from Margery Wilson, who starred in Griffith and Ince pictures. I have never met Miss Wilson and she doesn't know that I wrote publicity about her in the Triangle film offices nearly ten years ago.

"'Why wait till people (meaning Herb Howe) are dead before you send a flower or two'" quotes Margery, smilingly.

Why, indeed! I've often had the same thought in viewing a gunman's funeral. What effect would those blankets of lilies and wreaths of violets have upon him if he'd received them while alive? I can only answer for myself. I'm going straight. That's the effect Margery's flowers have had upon one hardened heart. And now I'm going right in my garden and pick that big magnolia for Margery. . . .

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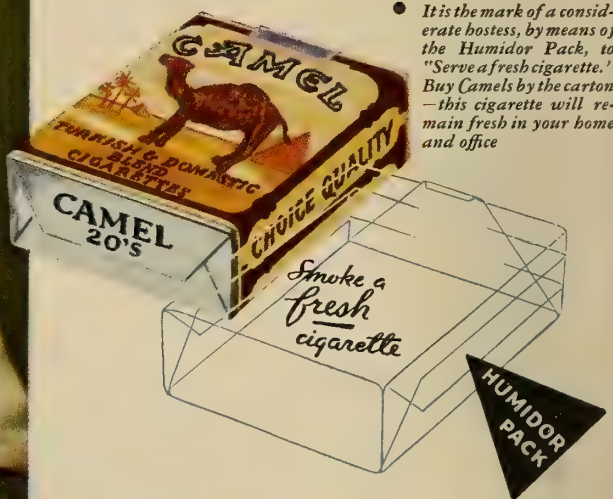
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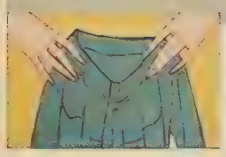


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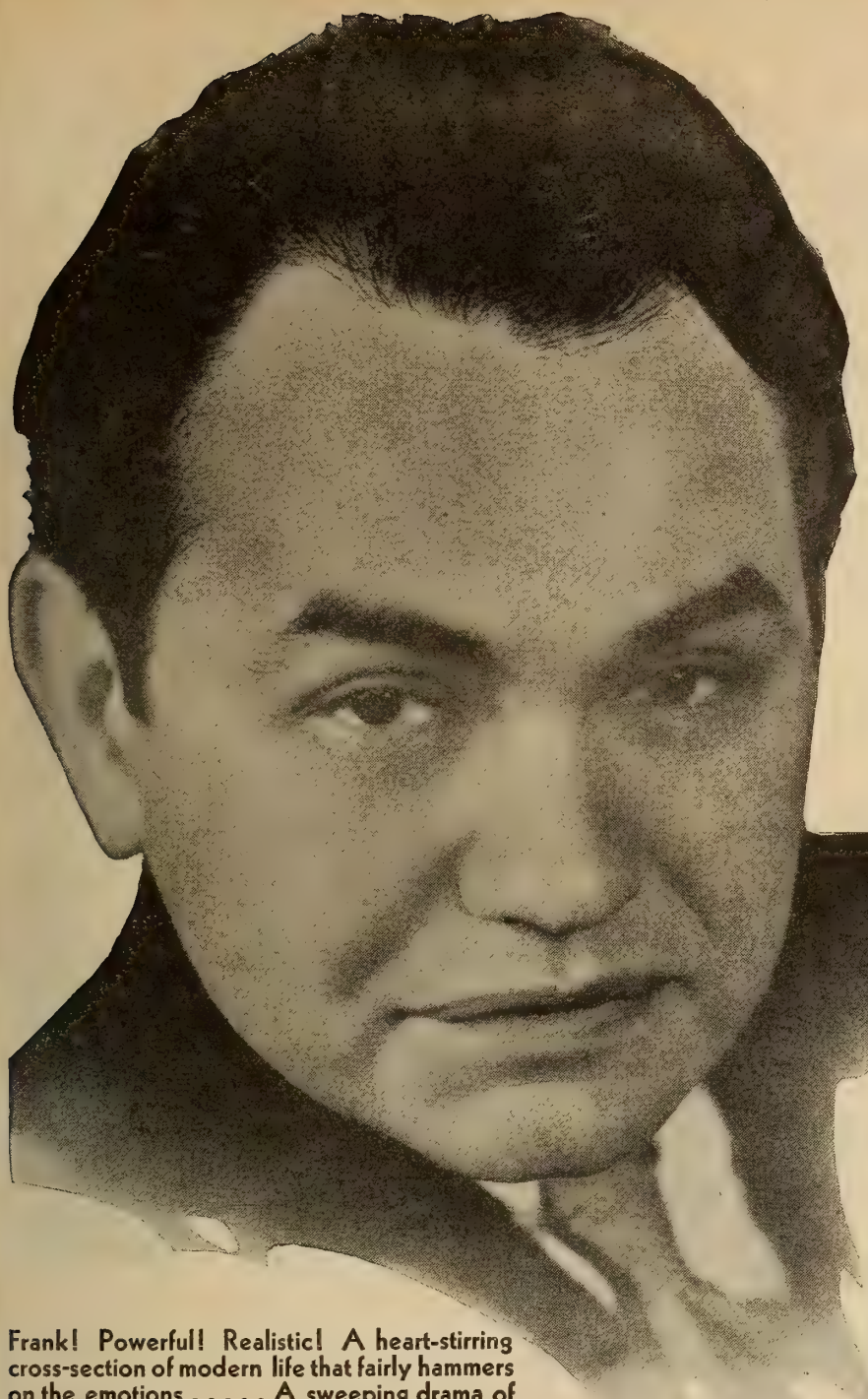
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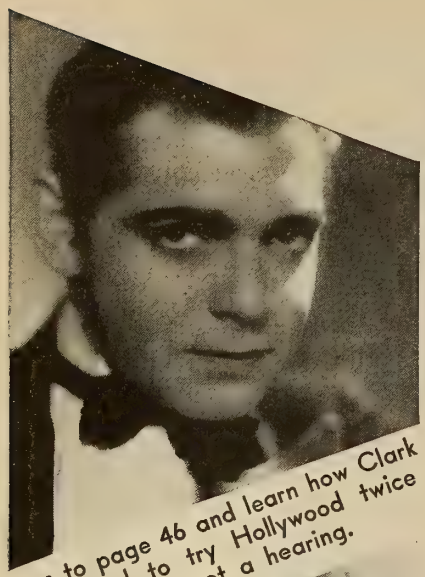
Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neill and Frank Albertson.

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Marian Marsh has the most famous stars as her instructors in the wiles of women. Turn to page 54 and read about it.



Pola Negri tells Herb Howe on page 59 how she lost that old inferiority complex.

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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Vol. IV, No. 4 October, 1931

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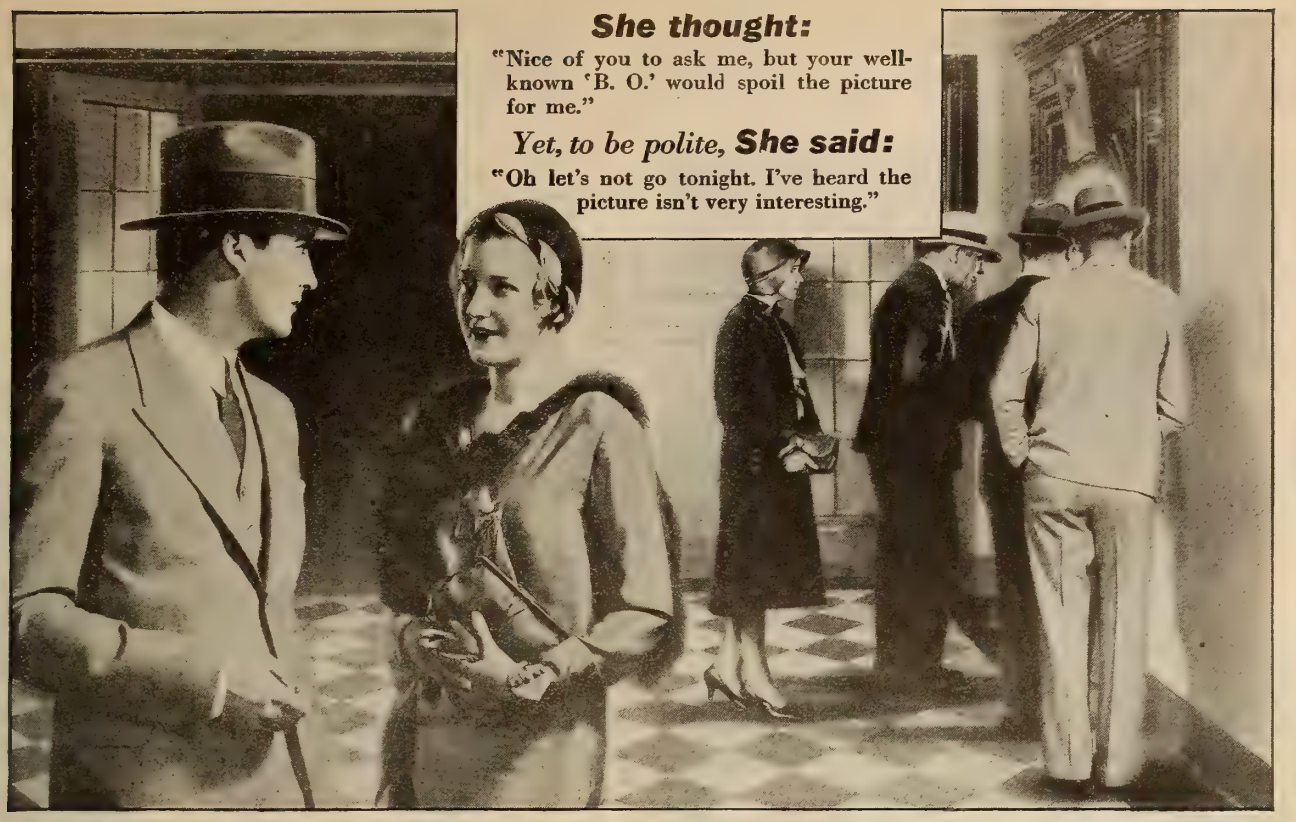
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Then one day he learned the reason—learned the easy way to end "B.O.", the polite term for *body odor*. Now his invitations are gladly accepted—he stands high in her favor. Thanks to a simple change in toilet soaps, "B.O."—the fatal handicap—is no longer his!

"B. O." is treacherous!

We don't know when we're guilty, for we quickly become used to an ever-present odor and never notice it *in ourselves*. But pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather. Others are so quickly aware of even a suggestion of "B.O." about us. It's foolish just to trust to luck. Adopt Lifebuoy and be *sure* of not offending.

Lifebuoy gives quantities of rich, creamy lather—even in cold or hard water. This penetrating, purifying lather deodorizes pores—removes every trace of odor. Lifebuoy's pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you "No more 'B.O.' now!"

Makes complexions bloom

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather is kind to the most delicate complexion. Work it well into the pores at night to gently loosen and remove clogged impurities. Then rinse. See how quickly dull skins freshen and healthy radiance returns. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

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Lifebuoy
SHAVING CREAM

Tender spots from shaving vanish like magic when you use this new double-dense, soothing lather.
At your druggist's

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
—stops body odor—

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Edward Robinson gives a corking performance of the small-town gambler who bucks the big city racket in "Smart Money," one of the liveliest and most entertaining of the year's films.

Brief Comments Upon the Best Films of the Last Six Months

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You won't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S *AA or A award of merit.*

The Squaw Man. This famous play has been given a voice after two silent versions made by Cecil B. De Mille, as was the present production. Warner Baxter gives an acceptable performance in an entertaining picture. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Smart Money. Another triumph for Edward Robinson in a drama dealing with men who live by their wits, but not a gangster picture. It catches the spirit of the city in a right smart story, smartly acted. *Warners.* Class AA.

Daddy Long Legs. Frankly sentimental and quite the thing for Janet Gaynor in the rôle played by Mary Pickford a number of years agô. Has plenty of wholesome human appeal. *Fox.* Class A.

Night Angel. Nancy Carroll is miscast in this Viennese medley. Fredric Marsh also is a bit out of his element, which seems too bad, for the story has possibilities. *Paramount.* Class D.

Five-and-Ten. Pin up another star for Marion Davies who contributes one of the finest performances of her career in a faithful version of a Fannie Hurst novel. Kent Douglass is a close runner-up for acting honors. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Annabelle's Affairs. An exhilarating comedy romance with Jeanette MacDonald presenting an alluring young woman. She is well supported by the persuasive Roland Young. *Fox.* Class B.

The Vice Squad. It appears that the producers of this exposé film thought it wise to offer it under a sugar coating. The result is somewhat of a disappointment, for it might have been a really big picture. Paul Lukas portrays the central figure, a stool pigeon. *Paramount.* Class C.

The Phantom of Paris. Interesting, in that it presents Jack Gilbert who is still an uncertain quantity on the talking screen. In this melodramatic story Gilbert acquits himself creditably. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Chances. A war drama but enough different from its predecessors to avoid being unduly repetitious. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a striking performance. *First National.* Class A.

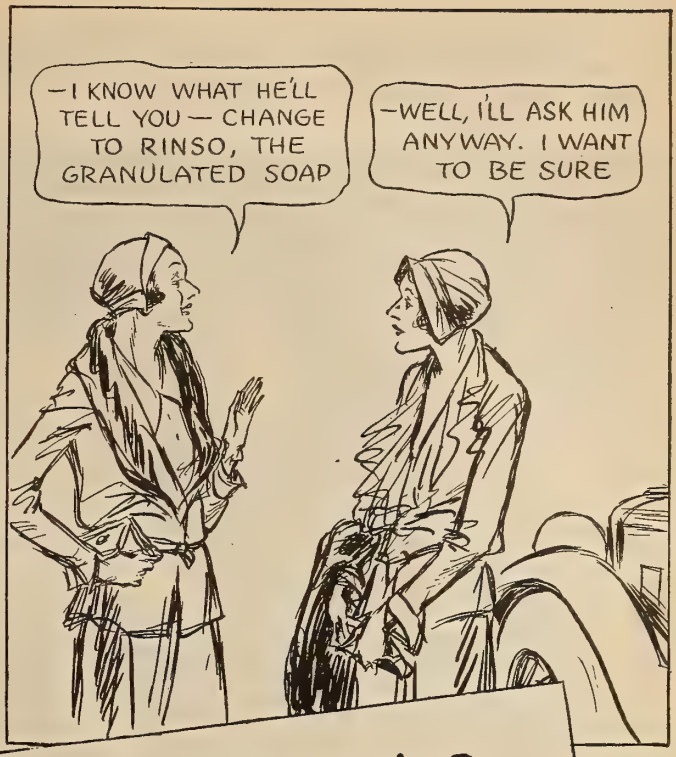
Le Million. A whimsical and amusing French comedy that will give you a lot of laughs if you know enough French to understand it. Class A.

Just a Gigolo. An extravagant series of situations in which a young Britisher (*Continued on page* 10)



A lot of interest centers in Cecil De Mille's production of "The Squaw Man," in which Warner Baxter plays the Englishman who married the Indian girl, acted this time by Lupe Velez.







AND

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WE'RE not boasting when we say Rinso is a wonder-working laundry soap. From coast to coast women write to us and say that Rinso washes clothes the *whitest* white possible, without scrubbing or boiling.

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Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



You will like Joan Crawford in her new film, "Laughing Sinners," in which she plays a cabaret girl who "gets religion." Neil Hamilton is the wicked traveling man and Clark Gable is the good Salvation Army worker.

of family masquerades as a gigolo. William Haines is fairly amusing. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

Hush Money. A young woman with a past (Joan Bennett) gets married without disclosing her secret and there is the devil to pay. *Fox.* Class C.

Confessions of a Co-Ed. A juvenile affair transpiring in a co-ed college as viewed through the glamorous glasses of Hollywood. *Paramount.* Class D.

The Girl Habit. Charles Ruggles has been flirting for so many years that he just can't make his eyes behave, even when married. Rather thin entertainment. *Paramount.* Class D.

A Lady Who Dared. South American diplomacy plus theft and intrigue on a lavish scale with Billie Dove looking her best in glittering jewels. *First National.* Class C.

(*Continued from page* 8)

Lover Come Back. Romance in a business office, showing how a worthy secretary is shelved in favor of a vapid little flirt. An ordinary production. *Columbia.* Class D.

Laughing Sinners. Joan Crawford in a Salvation Army uniform is a good argument for practical religion. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Everything Is Rosie. If you like Robert Woolsey's style of humor, you will be satisfied with this, otherwise you may as well stay at home. *Radio.* Class D.

Gold Dust Gertie. Nonsense touched with hysterics and Winnie Lightner laughing her head off. Hot weather entertainment if any. *Warners.* Class C.

Three Loves. Marlene Dietrich in a silent picture made in Germany. Dietrich is fascinating whether she talks or not. *Terra Films.* Class B.

Up for Murder. Love, murder and various other things in a newspaper office where the managing editor and cub reporter differ over the society editor. *Universal.* Class C.

I Take This Woman. Because of moments of genuine sincerity, largely due to the acting of Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard, this picture stands above the average western. *Paramount.* Class B.

Big Business Girl. Another version of love and business when they fail to mix. A big-time advertising man takes the rap in this instance. *First National.* Class B.

The Viking. A fine and true record of the Varick Frissell Expedition. The story is of no consequence. *Varick Frissell.* Class B.

Transgression. A lonesome wife is sorely tempted in Paris but she makes the virtuous grade. You will like Kay Francis. *Radio.* Class C.

Smiling Lieutenant. A happy combination of love and laughter developed by Director Ernst Lubitsch and Chevalier. *Paramount.* Class AA.

Always Goodbye. Elissa Landi in her second bid for stellar recognition. *Fox.* Class A.

Women of All Nations. Unusual and diverting with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe leading the way. *Fox.* Class A.

A Free Soul. Norma Shearer as attractive as ever, perhaps a bit more so, in a cleverly fashioned story. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Seed. The dilemma of a writer who jumps from domesticity to Paris and wishes he hadn't. *Universal.* Class A.

Up Pops the Devil. The artistic temperament striving to adapt itself to a practical world with only fair results. *Paramount.* Class B.

Tarnished Lady. Tallulah Bankhead is all right but the story is mostly wrong. *Paramount.* Class D.

The Lawyer's Secret. Unfortunately little interest is aroused by this question of legal ethics, despite the presence of Buddy Rogers. *Paramount.* Class C.

Subway Express. Murder in a crowded subway car. Holds the attention although the action is a bit slow. *Columbia.* Class B.

Indiscreet. Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon give a boost to a passable if familiar story. *United Artists.* Class A.

Kick In. A somber melodrama starring Clara Bow. *Paramount.* Class B.

It's a Wise Child. You will enjoy Marion Davies, also the extremely individual comedy of James Gleason. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B. (*Continued on page* 103)

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Richard Cromwell	Then Hell Broke Loose	George B. Seitz	Sea drama	Noah Beery Sally Blane
Buck Jones	Range War	Ross Lederman	Western drama	Susan Fleming
Jean Harlow	Blonde Baby	No director	Drama	Not chosen
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Closed temporarily				
FOX STUDIO				
George O'Brien	Riders of the Purple Sage	Hamilton MacFadden	Western drama	Marguerite Churchill Noah Beery
Joan Bennett	She Wanted a Millionaire	John Blystone	Drama	James Kirkwood Spencer Tracy
Charles Farrell	Heart Break	Alfred Werker	Drama	Madge Evans
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Wallace Beery	Hell Divers	George Hill	Navy air drama	Dorothy Jordan Clark Gable Conrad Nagel
Joan Crawford	This Modern Age	Clarence Brown	Drama	Pauline Frederick Neil Hamilton Monroe Owsley
Marie Dressler	Emma	Clarence Brown	Comedy drama	Not chosen
Greta Garbo	Mati Hara	George Fitzmaurice	Drama	Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert	West of Broadway	Harry Beaumont	Drama	Lois Moran
William Haines	Young Wallingford	Sam Wood	Comedy drama	Leila Hyams
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne	The Guardsman	Sidney Franklin	Comedy drama	Roland Young
Lawrence Tibbet	The Cuban	Robert Leonard	Musical drama	Not chosen
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Charles Rogers	Road to Reno	Richard Wallace	Drama	Peggy Shannon Lilyan Tashman
All Star	Twenty Four Hours	Marion Gering	Drama	Clive Brook Kay Francis Miriam Hopkins
George Bancroft	Rich Man's Folly	John Cromwell	Drama	Juliette Compton
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Tallulah Bankhead	My Sin	George Abbott	Drama	Fredric March
Gary Cooper	Sal of Singapore	Edward Sloman	Drama	Claudette Colbert
PATHE STUDIO				
Eddie Quillan	Eddie Cuts In	Albert Rogell	Comedy drama	Robert Armstrong Ginger Rogers
Ann Harding	Alias Mrs. Halifax	Robert Milton	Drama	Leslie Howard Robert Williams
Tom Keene	Sundown Trail	Robert F. Hill	Western drama	Marion Shilling
R K O STUDIO				
Eric Linden	Are These Our Children?	Wesley Ruggles	Drama	Rochelle Hudson Arlene Judge Ben Alexander
Irene Dunne	Consolation Marriage	Paul Sloane	Drama	Pat O'Brien
Richard Dix	Secret Service	J. Walter Ruben	Drama	Shirley Grey
Phillips Lord	Other People's Business	William Seiter	Comedy drama	Anita Louise
Ricardo Cortez	Home Town Laughter	Gregory LaCava	Comedy drama	Kitty Kelly
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Paul Lukas	Strictly Dishonorable	John M. Stahl	Comedy drama	Sidney Fox Lewis Stone
Regis Toomey	Graft	Christy Cabanne	Drama	Sue Carol
Lew Ayres	Spirit of Notre Dame	Russell Mack	Drama	14 Notre Dame Football stars
Mae Clarke	Twenty Grand	Cyril Gardner	Drama	Ricardo Cortez
Bela Lugosi	Murders in the Rue Morgue	Robert Florey	Mystery drama	Not chosen
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Closed temporarily				
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Chester Morris	Corsair	Roland West	Drama	Alison Loyd

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



Marie Dressler loves to work about her kitchen and her cooking is famous in Hollywood. Likewise, her celebrated salads. Here she is making her persimmon salad. It's a work of art.

WHEN Marie Dressler puts on an apron and descends upon the green and white tiled kitchen of her home, things begin to happen.

Marie doesn't have much time for cooking these days, with one picture following another and countless things to be done between working periods. But now and then, especially on the cook's night out, she "stirs up" a few little things, "just to keep her hand in."

To Miss Dressler cooking is both an art and a hobby. She loves to fuss around the kitchen.

"Cooking is a luxury with me," Marie smiled, with that grin which crinkles her entire face with little laugh-wrinkles, "probably because I have never had the opportunity to do as much of it as I liked. When we were little girls, my sister and I, mother taught us the simple fundamentals of cookery. Then I went on the road with my first theatrical troupe and my moments in the kitchen had to be squeezed in between working hours."

THE Dressler collection of recipes is one of the most unique in existence. She has gathered them from every corner of the world. And she not only follows other folks' recipes but she also concocts dishes of her own.

"It is almost impossible for me to give anyone my own recipes," she said, "because I never measure anything. I just let instinct guide me and dump things together. Then trust to luck."

The Dressler luck never fails her. To taste one of the dishes which Marie "dumps" together is to eat real food. As one of her close friends remarked, "You've never really eaten unless you've been Marie's dinner guest."

The Dressler fruit salad tastes like no other similar salad ever concocted. The recipe is very simple. She uses approximately one cupful each of diced apples, pineapple, peaches, celery, apricots and big cherries. To this she adds a cupful of finely cut almonds and mixes them thoroughly. She chills it and adds the salad dressing immediately before serving. For fruit salad Marie always mixes equal parts of whipped cream and mayonnaise for the dressing.

ANOTHER recipe which is a favorite with Marie is one for persimmon salad. Marie selects firm, ripe persimmons, one for each portion. On a bed of lettuce hearts she slices the fruit. Chinese litchi nuts, stuffed with cottage cheese, are scattered over the deep red of the persimmons. Immediately before serving she pours a dressing, half whipped cream and half mayonnaise, over the center of the salad.

With both salads Miss Dressler serves crackers which have been spread with a mixture of cheese and mayonnaise dressing and toasted until they are golden brown.

The salads are delicious but when it comes to the Dressler pies words are an (*Continued on page* 105)

Movieland's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife



New and Different Dinners



You Will Be Proud to Serve

IN this little book, "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" you will find the answer to that perplexing question—what in the world will I serve to-day?

Every menu is a complete and delightfully different dinner. The recipes are given for the main dishes. You will find them easy to follow with perfect success.

Easy to prepare, economical, healthful and tempting, you will want to serve every menu in the book—and then serve them all over again—with variations.

If you do not find this book—"44 Easy Economical Dinners"—in your favorite Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus three cents postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.

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Savory Meat Loaf
Lima Beans Fried Fresh Tomatoes
Baked Potatoes
Crullers or Doughnuts
Applesauce or Stewed Fruit

●

Bacon and Cheese Canapés
Broiled Fish
Asparagus with Melted Butter
Mashed Potatoes
Pear Salad with Ginger Sauce
Crackers

●

Fruit Cup
Pot Roast of Beef
Corn-on-the-Cob or Canned Corn
Mexican Tomatoes
Mashed Potatoes
Cottage Pudding Cocoa Hard Sauce



DOLLAR THOUGHTS

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

Greta vs. Marlene

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why does Director Von Sternberg persist in having the intriguing Marlene Dietrich emulate the incomparable Garbo? I hardly believe it is fair to the German actress to be compelled to adopt certain airs, certain mannerisms which are reminiscent of Greta, instead of permitting her full rein to her histrionic talent, and she has lots of it. Sternberg, I believe, stifles the spontaneity of the German actress and makes her appear as a ludicrous imitator of the inimitable queen. I wonder how many of your readers agree with me.



Fred Rosenberg,
1574 St. Marks Avenue.

Rome, Ga.

Here's to those fans who say, "I don't see what you see in Dietrich! There never has and never will be another Garbo." Let's thank our stars for that. Somebody (I admit) made a mistake in trying to push Dietrich to the front on Garbo's looks and personality, because Dietrich has much too wonderful a personality of her own. Furthermore, Dietrich has a sense of humor, whether she shows it or not. One sees it lurking just back of her eyes, even in her most indifferent mood. Watch for it the next time you see her.

Inez Scott,
2 East 8th Avenue.

San Francisco, Calif.

I'm for the charming Marlene first, last and always! Greta Garbo resembles, to me, a cold lifeless automaton. But Marlene Dietrich is the very personification of beauty and loveliness. And she can sing, too. Some one sneered at her "awful" phonograph record. I have this same record and play it constantly. There is no record among the many that I possess that I would rather play than "Falling in Love Again" as it is sung by this great actress from Germany.

Forrest J. Ackerman,
530 Staples Avenue.

Watching Mr. Gable

St. Louis, Mo.

Let me say that I heartily agree with Frederick James Smith, when he refers to Clark Gable as a "boy to be watched." Haven't yet missed a picture in which he has appeared, and can hardly wait for the Garbo-Gable combination which I read of some time ago (and believe me, I am just being polite in putting Garbo first). What a pair they should be!

C. H.

New Haven, Conn.

After seeing "The Secret Six," I would predict a brilliant future in the talkies for Clark Gable. He was splendid in "The Easiest Way," but in "The Secret Six," as the reporter, Carl, he gave an almost flawless performance. He has poise and virility beyond the average, and a smile which should become as famous as that of Maurice Chevalier!

Eleanor J. Newman,
70 Howe Street.

Atlantic City, N. J.

I have just seen "A Free Soul," and is that a picture! It may not be the most wholesome type of picture, but to my mind is one of the best produced in some time, the reason being the splendid, forceful portrayals of Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable. Miss Shearer was fine, too, as she always is, but special tribute is due Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Gable. Why can't we see Mr. Barrymore more often? He is an A-1 actor, extremely human and unaffected, capable of portraying very difficult roles, and Mr. Gable bids fair to become a star if he continues as he has begun. Such acting as these two did in this picture can justly be termed—GREAT, and the production as a whole—SPLENDID.

Grace G. Worthing,
307 Atlantic Avenue.

To Which We Agree



Yonkers, N. Y.

I think that James Cagney is one of the most appealing and most natural actors that the screen has yet produced. I saw him not so long ago in "The Public Enemy" and was held spellbound at his amazingly realistic and vivid portrayal of Tom Powers.

Margaret Torpey,
142 South Broadway.

Those Jones Golf Films

Atlanta, Ga.

I have much praise to offer Bobby Jones for his new pictures, "How I Play Golf." Although I live in the same city as Bobby Jones, I have never seen him play in person. Now his pictures enable me and thousands of others to see our golf hero play and also learn something about the game.

Helen Handwerk,
807 Vedalo Way, N. E.

Welcome for Mr. Meighan

Walnut Park, California.

All hail the return of Thomas Meighan! And, borrowing from the modern song-hit, he's "bigger and better than ever!" He certainly lived his part in "Young Sinners," playing it entertainingly and with true feeling. When he appeared on the screen, there was a decided hush in the audience, and then the welcoming, almost-chorus of "There he is!"

(*Continued on page* 16)

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

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From the Stars
How to Work
Play
Find Success
Make Friends
Hold Love



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The book that explains the influences of your ruling planet will tell you what kind of person you instinctively are. It will help you master the job you are doing now. It will help you find the work that holds for you the greatest promise of success.

Have You a Taurus Child?

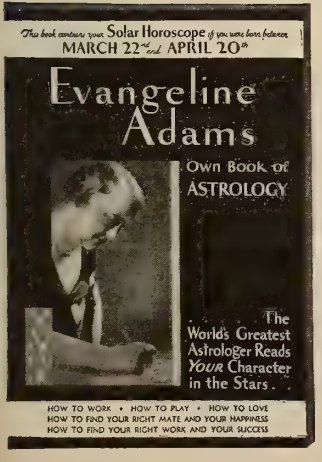
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July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo ☐
Aug. 24 and Sept. 23—Virgo ☐
Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra ☐
Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio ☐
Nov. 23 and Dec. 22—Sagittarius ☐
Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn ☐
Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—Aquarius ☐
Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces ☐

Name .....

Address..... City..... State.....

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 14)

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

I'm sure that they came to see, not the sinners, but their beloved Thomas Meighan. I'm eagerly awaiting his next picture.

Clarice A. Mousseau,
2415 Walnut Street.

Gloria Comes Back

Austin, Texas.

Believe it or not, Gloria Swanson is climbing again. If you remember, she reached the utmost heights in silent pictures. I was overjoyed when Gloria made her debut in "The Trespasser," her first talking picture. In that picture we heard her sing for the first time. Gloria sings well; her acting is superb. I have managed to keep up with her pictures through the years. Gloria Swanson was at one time Paramount's most prized actress. Today we find her making pictures for United Artists. She has completed three pictures for United Artists and is now on her fourth. Other actresses seem to grow stale, we get tired of them, but Gloria keeps fresh and youthful. There's always something new about her. Let's have more Swanson pictures, we crave 'em.

James W. Cohea,
Box 298.

Take a Bow, Micky

Seattle, Wash.

The Micky Mouse comedies are delightful. Their performance is so clever, amusing and refreshing that I can't refrain from chuckling at their merry antics. The usual comedies only bore me, but I thoroughly enjoy Micky Mouse. More power to him and his creator.

Susan Short,
1605 Lander Street.

Yes, Mr. Boles Can Act

Eugene, Oregon.

I was rather disgusted with John Boles in "Resurrection," though he did make such a handsome elderly gentleman, but in "Seed" he is not only a handsome gentleman, but a great actor through the whole thing. "Seed" is just grand, but John Boles is better than that! There isn't even a hint in the entire picture that he can sing—it isn't necessary—we know it already—and now we know something else, he's a swell actor who has made good sans a singing voice bursting out at each romantic or sentimental moment.



Eva Smith,
1860 Willamette Street.

An Admirer Writes

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I have intended writing you ever since I've been reading your magazine, and I've been reading it ever since you published Volume 1, No. 1. I have also saved every issue and have what I call my NEW MOVIE library. Every time any question arises in regards to a movie or a movie star I refer to my library and settle the question once and for all. I like especially your page of *What the Stars Are Doing.* It is very interesting to know what to look forward to in movie entertainment. *Gossip of the Studios* is very interesting. You are also to be congratulated on having such writers as Jim Tully and Herb Howe.

Howard C. Rath,
1614 South 17th Street.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Why Murder Roles?

Sandusky, Ohio.

What has Lew Ayres done to deserve all the misplaced injustice he has been given in all of his pictures since "All Quiet on the Western Front"? A boy who displayed such perfect and thorough acting in his first picture—and now dying out more every minute of every hour! Why not give him a feature outside of murder and killing roles? Perhaps a part to exhibit his strong character of calm, deliberateness, perseverance and capability in all of his undertakings, and above all a youthful role minus degrading love scenes.



Evelyn Caldron,
907 W. Washington St.

Saves Time and Money

Norristown, Pa.

The picture review section of NEW MOVIE is, to me, the most important section of the magazine. My family and I enjoy movies tremendously but not just any movie. We follow faithfully your advice on the best pictures and we have never been disappointed once.

Kitty Tully,
814 DeKalb St.

Cooking Page Useful

Ross, Calif.

I enjoy very much and most of all Hollywood's Own Cooking Page. I have tried many of the recipes and I must say they are very appetizing, especially the recent one. I hope this page will always continue. I also hope I shall see some of my favorites demonstrate their own dishes.

Bernice Covick,
Redwood Drive.

Cheer Up, Clara

St. Joseph, Mo.

After reading all the newspapers had to say about Clara Bow's sensational love affairs, I still remain a loyal fan to the "Brooklyn Bonfire" and all the other names that the press has coined for her. These affairs have been discussed pro and con for so long now that it's not my place to begin again. All I care for is that Clara returns to the screen, a new, slimmer, slightly sophisticated young woman with all the appealing childish traits of her personable self. Her last few pictures have shown clearly that Paramount is no longer interested in her and I am glad that she has been released from her contract with them. Let Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer step forward and grab her. They have given us the finest pictures and most glamorous stars lately, and if Clara could have

(*Continued on page* 93)

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"Ooh! Hoo! You—Hoo!" fox trot—played by
Johnny Hamp and his orchestra (Victor)

"Now You're in My Arms," vocal—sung by
Gene Austin (Victor)

"Fiesta," novelty fox trot—played by
Ben Bernie and his orchestra (Brunswick)

"I Found a Million-Dollar Baby"—played by
Vic Young and his orchestra (Brunswick)

"The Hour of Parting," fox trot—played by
Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra (Victor)

JOHNNY HAMP heads the list this month with a record I am sure you will all enjoy "Ooh! Hoo! You-Hoo!" The introduction is excellent, and a pleasant break from the usual symphonic intros that we are hearing so much these days. The first chorus is all that a first chorus should be, with a hot trumpet and sax change and you'll like the slap bass rhythm. This also has a very good vocal refrain by Andrew Freeman. The last chorus leaves an unusually pleasant ringing in your ears and makes you wonder why we don't hear more records by Johnny Hamp. He also has the other side, "On the Beach With You." It's almost needless to say that Johnny and the boys do right by this one, too. It is a good tune, and the orchestra puts plenty of rhythm in it. This time we hear Carl Graub doing the vocal honors. (This is a Victor record.)

Gene Austin, that popular young tenor, is next on the list, with the popular tune, "Now, You're in My Arms," and very well done, too. Despite the fact that we have an extra assortment of crooners, etc., this season, Gene is still holding his own. If you like vocals, you'll like this one. The other side is also by Mr. Austin, "If You Should Ever Need Me." Gene does this in good form and is given excellent support by the orchestra which accompanies him. I think more should be known about the accompanists on all discs. The recording people should put their names on the records with that of the featured artist, for we often hear some very fine solo and ensemble work and never know who does it. (This is a Victor record.)

"THE HOUR OF PARTING," played by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra, is a beautiful record. The tune is the popular Continental piece, "L'heure Bleu," with a wonderfully sweet melody. You have to hand it to Bert as a picker. In my estimation the high spot in this record is the trombone passage by Philburn. In case you don't know it, he is recognized as one of the most talented trombonists in the dance business today. Elmer Feldkamp also does his bit very well in the vocal chorus. The other side, also by Bert, is called "That Little Boy of Mine." This number is played to a different tempo and doesn't have the melody of the last one, but you will probably like it. This also has a vocal refrain which is carried by our old friend, Elmer Feldkamp. (This is a Victor record.)

This time we hear from some new boys, Henny Hendrickson's Louisville Serenaders. They make their bow with a recording of "Buffalo Rhythm" and they don't mean maybe. This number is a good hot tune with plenty of rhythm, Buffalo and otherwise. I love a tune that brings the boys down to business and I'll bet Henny and his outfit weren't sleeping when they made this one. The sax section works very smoothly and they rock some tight figures off in good form.

The reverse is also by Henny and is one that we have previously reviewed on this page. "On the Beach With You." The boys do this O. K., and although you will like it you will agree that it's not exactly up to Johnny Hamp's recording. (This is a Victor record.)



JACK HYLTON is sure to turn out a good record and his latest is no exception. "One Night Alone With You" is the title and it's a peach. This boy certainly has a well-trained band, and all artists, too, which is unusual, for there may be soloists absolutely no good for ensemble work, and vice versa. Hylton seems to have just the right men. This record carries a vocal refrain, but the recording people fail to state who does the singing, which is a shame, for it is excellent. The other side is by none other than Bert Lown again, this time with "After Tonight," and the boys

(*Continued on page* 87)

Maurice Chevalier is one of the most popular of the record makers. He has added a great deal to his screen popularity through his recording.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Master of Spectacular Productions presents his Greatest Dramatic Triumph!



TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM

His wife and the wife of another—the woman who gave up everything for him—and the woman for whom he gave up everything.

The first saved his life twice—and twice he drove her away. The second told him she never wanted to see him again—yet she crossed half the world to find him.

FATE BRANDED HIM A THIEF

AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself...And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England's life of luxury for America's wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm!



TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM

"I'm just a woman who loves you," his goddess had said, "wanting terribly to play fair." And her eyes pleaded with him to help her . . .

What should he do?... His honor commanded, "Go!" His love whispered, "Stay!" Two fates called—



but only one could be answered... As man of mystery, he comes to America's frontier of fate and fortune—where he battles racketeers—where he defies the law at pistol point—until destiny plays an unexpected ace!

A THRILLING ALL STAR CAST

With such distinguished players as WARNER BAXTER, LUPE VELEZ, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD and ROLAND YOUNG, this epic drama is made the sensational love-adventure film of the year... Directed by the master hand of the screen's greatest director—

CECIL B. DE MILLE



WARNER BAXTER IN THE SQUAW MAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Picture*



JANET GAYNOR

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk



MADGE EVANS

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull



RICHARD CROMWELL

Photograph by William A. Fraker



LOIS MORAN



EDWARD G. ROBINSON

Photograph by Elmer Fryer



LESLIE HOWARD

Photograph by Hurrell



IRENE PURCELL

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull



JEAN HARLOW

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. IV OCTOBER, 1931 No. 4

Gossip of the Studios

RICHARD BARTHELMESS staged a unique welcome-home party for William Powell and his bride, Carole Lombard, on their return from their Honolulu honeymoon. When their boat passed through the Golden Gate in San Francisco, it was escorted to its pier by the palatial Barthelmess yacht with many notable Hollywood film celebrities aboard. The couple later joined the party which lasted until the yacht steamed into Los Angeles harbor after a voyage of 500 miles.



Buddy Rogers: Re-signs at Paramount and gives up his plans to try the radio as a rival to Rudy Vallee.

* * *

CLARA BOW is now at her Nevada cattle ranch deeply engrossed in writing a book based on her own life story. The actress has been approached on several occasions by ace ghost writers to assist her in this work, but she flatly refuses with the contention that no one can write or understand her own life better than herself.

Clara's ranch, owned in conjunction with Rex Bell, embraces 400,000 acres of land in Nevada, which is mostly sage brush and at this time is only suitable for grazing cattle. In addition to running a small herd of their own cattle, the land is leased to outside cattle interests who compensate the owners by allowing them to keep a third of the calves born during the year.

Clara paid a brief visit to Hollywood recently, seeing no one but her dentist.

* * *

From Ann Harding's hilltop home atop Outpost, which is atop Hollywood, you can see Catalina in one direction, Hollywood in another and the entire San Fernando Valley in still another.

Huntley Gordon, the wag of Toluca Lake, while gazing admiringly at the Harding home, remarked that when the real estate agent sold him his house on the shores of old Toluca, the principal selling point was that it was the only house in the neighborhood without a view of Catalina, which is in the nature of a record.



CONSTANCE BENNETT is now touring Europe and will return to Hollywood in September where she will resume her contract as an RKO-Pathé star. Her first picture on the new program will be "Dangerous To Love."

* * *

ACCORDING to latest reports Charles Rogers, alias "Buddy," has had his name changed again.

Seems a lot of people didn't recognize his given name, so it's to be Charles "Buddy" Rogers for a while at least. If the "Buddy" can be dropped later it will be, they say.

"Buddy" — or rather Charles—has just renewed his contract at Paramount. He was considering a try at Rudy Vallee's crown on the radio, leading his own orchestra. But those plans are off now.



Greta Garbo: Wears a brand new hair cut in "Susan Lenox" that may revolutionize American coiffures.

* * *

A story being told about Hollywood may account for one of the major production companies changing its schedule.

A recently imported and highly touted Russian director called his company together at 9 o'clock on the first day of his first picture.

He dismissed them at 2:30 o'clock the following morning, calling them for 8:30.

The company worked straight through until midnight and was sent home with another call for 8:30.

The third day the director worked them until 1:30 o'clock in the morning, at the end of which time he was three days behind his shooting schedule.

* * *

JACK OAKIE has lost his stardom.

After his fuss with Paramount he decided to go back on the payroll and instead of going into production with the two starring vehicles that he walked out on, he was placed in the cast of "Come On, Marines," somewhere down the list, a long way from star billing.

* * *

Exchange of telegrams:

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



George Bancroft: All contract troubles adjusted, he has been at work in the East on a shipyard picture.

To Director Russell Mack, on location with Lew Ayres company, Sacramento, California.

"When you finish 'Heaven on Earth' will you do 'The Spirit of Notre Dame'?" Carl Laemmle, Jr.

To Carl Laemmle, Jr., Universal City, California.

"After I have read script, and then—maybe." Russell Mack.

To Russell Mack, Sacramento, California.

"O. K. What do you know about football?" Carl Laemmle, Jr.

To Carl Laemmle, Jr., University City, California.

"You kick it." Russell Mack.

* * *

LILA LEE, who has been ill for so many months, is hoping to get to Europe this summer. She is able to sit in a wheel-chair now.

John Farrow, who has been having a lot of trouble with the immigration authorities, has decided to return to England and come back within the quota. While he is over there he hopes to make a picture, backed by Australian capital.

If all their plans carry through Lila and John may be married over there.

* * *

CLIVE BROOK says you can't be a screen actor any more without stage experience.

He says the smart youths with screen ambitions will play in stock or go to New York to get on the stage first.

He backs this statement up with proof.

"I know only four stars who haven't had stage experience and they would be much greater if they had some. Almost all the 'simon pure' screen talent has slipped into obscurity. Discoveries are all of stage people. The chances of becoming a screen star without stage experience are practically nil."

* * *

GEORGE BANCROFT is back at work. He's gone to New York on location for "Rich Man's Folly."

There are some perfectly swell shipyards back there, something that Hollywood couldn't supply.

All the arguments over contracts and so on are ironed out. George is going to make three this year. His pictures will be welcome because he always puts a lot of action into them.

* * *

Jackie Cooper is fast discovering that being the most popular young man in the studio places a heavy strain on his diplomacy.

Everyone at M.-G.-M. wanted to meet the young star of "Skippy" when he and his make-up kit arrived on the lot. "I am certainly having my troubles," wailed Jackie. "They all want to be my best girl, and it gets sort of mixed up."

Jackie himself was pretty anxious to meet Marie Dressler, she being one of his favorites. They soon got together and visited like old troupers, and then Marie suggested that they might as well consider themselves sweethearts.

"It is all right with me," agreed Jackie, "but don't let Joan Crawford find out about it, because yesterday I told her I would be her best beau."

* * *

WHAT'S all this about Gary Cooper disappearing in Europe?

Why shouldn't he disappear? Maybe he found some spot where he was unknown and decided to stay there. One of his stopping points was Morocco. He wanted to see what the real thing was like after playing in the picture of that name. Yes, sir, maybe Gary went and got lost—on purpose. Anyway, he returned just as this issue went to press.

* * *

WHAT a fight there must have been over the screen credits in "The Road to Reno."

A lot of big names combined in one cast and twelve of them under contract to Paramount, namely, Lilyan Tashman, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Peggy Shannon, William Boyd, Wynne Gibson, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Wood, Tom Douglas, Irving Pichel, Kent Taylor, Frances Moffett and Charles D. Brown.

* * *

Eddie Cantor tells about the Russian-Jewish boy who went to a medium.

"I want to talk to my Uncle Abie," said the Jew boy.

The medium galloped off into a trance.

"Hello, Morris," presently said a faint voice.

"Is that you, Uncle Abie?" inquired Morris.

"Yes, it's me," said the voice.

"Well, where'd you learn to speak English?" said Morris.

* * *

PEGGY SHANNON asserts she is something new in Hollywood. This sounds like it all right, all right.

Been in town more than three months and hasn't a boy friend, hasn't had a date, been to a movie, theater, for a swim, auto trip or slept late in the morning.

Since her arrival she's been working every day and many nights. First she replaced Clara Bow in the "Secret Call," which made a hit with Paramount officials. Then she did "Silence" and "The Road to Reno."



Says she has worked so many nights and Sundays that she hasn't had time to go out, what with studying dialogue and keeping beautiful. Goes to bed early to catch up on sleep and lives all alone in an apartment.

Promises to show Hollywood a thing or two when her budding career permits.

* * *

JOHN BOLES, unanimously declared one of the nicest chaps ever to arrive in Hollywood, has won added admiration by the way he has taken the loss of the lead in "Strict-

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

ly Dishonorable." Paul Lukas, as you know, replaced John. The studio sent out carefully prepared stories to save John's face, but John's face remained genial and imperturbed, while he gracefully did what we are sure is the most recent version of Pagliacci.

* * *

One of Hollywood's leading "picture doctors" was recently being shown a sick picture by a prominent producer. When through screening the opus, the producer asked: "What do you think of it?"

"Rotten," said the "doctor."

"Well, what will we do with it?"

"Better cut it up and make mandolin picks out of it," said the "picture doctor." "It is the only way you will ever get your money out of it."

* * *

LESLIE HOWARD has created such a furore in filmdom that studios cry for him like children crying for candy. M.-G.-M. and Paramount both claim the rights to the talented actor. Howard is neutral, observers say, realizing that whomsoever wins will have to pay him. It's the studio that pays and pays and pays.

* * *

IT is rumored that Paramount will not exercise its option on the services of Nancy Carroll, recently divorced and re-married, when her contract comes up for renewal in November.

Nancy, so it is said, has not been any too easy to handle.

* * *

Talking pictures and the microphone have struck a deathblow at Hollywood's army of "yes men." No longer can they loudly chorus "Great, Mr. ——. Yes, Mr.——" when a scene has been shot, or a still picture made. The "mike" would catch them sure.

Enter a new breed who make their living the same way and who can be as emphatic as the old "yes men," simply by nodding their heads.

They are called "swivel necks," and have been so dubbed by no less a wit than Elsie Janis.

* * *

WANTED—A BABY BOY.

This is the sort of advertisement you can expect to see almost any time, bearing the home address of the Neil Hamiltons. Neil is having such a grand time being a father that he and Mrs. Hamilton have decided to adopt another baby next year.

Not long ago, Patricia Louise, aged six weeks, was legally made a member of the Hamilton household, and now they want a baby boy to play with Pattie.

* * *

THE FOX STUDIO is contributing more than its share towards bringing back the old-time screen faces. Mae Marsh, who retired eight years ago, is back playing the lead in "Over the Hill," while Thomas Meighan, Greta Nissen, and Jim Kirkwood, who have been absent from the screen since the advent of sound pictures, are also on the Fox payroll.



Walter, aged fourteen, and Lorraine, aged thirteen, are Mae Clarke's small brother and sister. Mae has been big sister so long she takes a motherly interest as well as a sisterly one in them. The other day she was discussing both youngsters and her hopes for their future.

"Lorraine," said Mae, "is a sensitive kid. I want her to have a profession that will make her independent. Otherwise she's going to be trodden on and it will crush her spirit."

"What about Walter?" asked an inquiring friend.

"Heaven only knows what Walter will be when he grows up. Two weeks ago he announced he'd learned to smoke cigarettes and liked it. Knowing that it is futile to argue with him, we pointed out the dangers to his health and hoped it would make him sick and he would quit. Today after flicking the ashes from his cigarette, he said, 'I'm thinking of getting a pipe.' 'Oh, yes?' said I brilliantly. 'Tired of cigarettes?' 'No,' said Walter, 'I've got to break myself of the cigarette habit some day so I'm getting a pipe!'"

Mae declares he actually looked bored.

* * *

RATHER than "do Europe" as most Americans, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, who are enjoying their first real vacation in years, anchored themselves at Bad Badheim, Germany, where they took a complete rest, returning to Hollywood in time to occupy their beautiful new Santa Monica beach home.

* * *

AFTER seeing the success scored by Warner Brothers with their Bobby Jones golf pictures, Paramount has become "golf minded" and has signed four nationally famous players in Joe Kirkwood, Horton Smith, Walter Hagen, and George Von Elm.

Each will make one picture a month, for Paramount release, which proves Warner Brothers again pioneers in a new cycle of screen entertainment.

* * *

Recently the Hollywood Police Department installed short wave radio sets in all police cars. From its own station all emergency calls are broadcast, and this modern device for the quicker apprehension of criminals has given rise to Hollywood's latest form of amusement.

Everyone now possesses a short wave receiver, and when a party begins to drag, the guests gather about the set to listen-in and learn what filling station has been held up, what Ford has been stolen, and whose birthday party requires the immediate attention of the police, to pull



Jackie Cooper: Every young woman at the studio wants to be his best girl and he's "sorta mixed up."

The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Peggy Shannon: Never goes out at night, has had no boy friend or date since she landed in Hollywood.

somebody's husband off the throat of somebody's boy friend!

* * *

WHAT is going to become of the old line United Artists' stars?

Charlie Chaplin has already announced he is considering making his next picture either in London, Paris, or Algiers.

There are whispers that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may make their next picture, if any, on the other side, and if this should happen, Europe will have the nucleus of the old United Artists group of stars.

Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge are also reported as dissatisfied. This may mean that the entire group of old line United Artists' stars will be detached from their home base of operations.

* * *

Of course, you know all about the Garbo legend—how she goes about heavily disguised to avoid being recognized, and all of that. But listen to this one:

Not so long ago the glamorous Greta entered a little fudge shop on Hollywood Boulevard. She purchased some home-made fudge and then, spying a cute little chocolate doll in the window, asked: "How much for dot doll?"

"It isn't for sale," replied the saleslady, who had already recognized her customer, but who had heard the legend about Garbo and did not wish to embarrass her by seeming to know her identity.

"But I want dot doll," insisted Greta. "How much?"

Again the saleslady said: "Is isn't for sale. It is our mascot."

"You would not sell it—even to Garbo?" said Greta, seemingly amazed that she should be denied.

"No—not even to Garbo," said the saleslady.

With a shrug Garbo paid for her fudge and left the shop. But a few minutes later the saleslady looked up to see Garbo outside the window, putting on a regular show—holding her arms out to the chocolate doll, then going through the motion of clasping it to her breast, cradling it, and watching the saleslady inside as though to make her change her mind.

The saleslady, however, did not change her mind!

* * *

WITH a general curtailment of production at the various studios during the Summer months, a number of the screen stars found it hard to occupy their time. If they had been certain just how long the indeterminate layoffs would last, they could have planned on a long trip, but as it was, they had to stand by and be ready for work on a day's notice.

Joan Blondell, however, seems to have solved the problem and is devoting her time to designing hats for a milliner friend on the boulevard. Noah Beery treks to his Paradise mountain resort to supervise developments and improvements when not needed at the studio. Winnie Lightner delights in making the rounds of her friends and works off a lot of spare energy telling wisecracks with the lower right lip in a diagonal position.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., used his lay-off to appear in Sid Grauman's coast stage production of "The Man in Possession."

* * *

Helen Chandler and Linda Watkins look so much alike that the following story is going around:

An acquaintance of both girls met Helen on the street, "Hello, Linda," the acquaintance said, "how are you?"

"I'm fine, thanks," said Helen. "Only this is Helen."

The following day the acquaintance met Linda.

"Hello, Helen," the acquaintance said. "It was stupid of me yesterday to mistake you for Linda Watkins. You don't look at all alike."

* * *

A SHORT time ago it was rumored that Universal was going to buy up the remainder of John Mack Brown's contract from M.-G.-M., and that they were going to do "bigger and better serials" with him.

We are now told that Mr. Brown is back at M.-G.-M., the reason being that he flatly refused to do "bigger and better serials."

* * *

THERE is a lovely piece of latticework about twelve feet high at one end of the Pickford-Fairbanks strip of beach in Santa Monica. It is very pretty, painted a pleasing shade of green and affords its owners much more privacy. It also gives every house on the left a beautiful view—*of the FENCE.*

* * *

Joe McClosky, who sells most of the engagement rings the guys in the motion picture business give the gals, is trying to figure out some sort of a gadget for husbands to give wives to commemorate a divorce.

"If I can only figure that one out," says Joe, "I'll make much more coin."

* * *



ROSE HOBART is still looking for the culprits who stole two front wheels from her Ford coupe while it rested serenely in front of her Hollywood hillside home. She, like Billie Dove, had to walk a mile to reach a telephone. Miss Dove's walk followed a forced landing in her new airplane.

* * *

A certain writer at one of the major studios who has been emulating Lawrence Vail in "Once in a Lifetime," has struck upon a novel idea. A large water-tank looms above every building in the studio. The writer has been waiting for six months for a story of his to be read by executives. He declares that if it isn't

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

read by the middle of Summer he is going to mount the water-tank, equip himself with dark glasses, with helmet, umbrella and a loin cloth. He intends to stay on the water-tank till the executives read his story, thus emulating Ghandi, Paphnutius or the more recent flagpole sitters.

* * *

JEANETTE LOFF, the Oregon organist who acquired instantaneous popularity on the screen and soon became tired of it, is now living in a pent-house in New York waiting for an opportunity to appear before the footlights on Broadway.

* * *

Edmund Lowe's day of rest at the beach seems to be the height of something or other. From the serious way he goes about his swimming, tennis, and other exercising on Sundays, he must be making pictures during the week for relaxation.

* * *

GENE MARKEY seems to be the beau of the moment in Hollywood. One night at a party, he was accused of being secretly married to Gloria Swanson. The next afternoon the same circle had him labeled as being entangled with Ina Claire in matters of the heart. That night he dined with Lois Moran and the following noon had lunch with Ruth Weston.

* * *

BERT WHEELER and Robert Woolsey, with their wives, are now touring Europe with a camera. They intend to write gags and photograph them as they "do" Europe. These gags will be incorporated into a picture when they return to Hollywood around the end of September. Case of business and pleasure.

* * *

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., wears an old green hat, which he has owned for seven years. It was recently lost and a substantial reward was paid for its return. Doug values the headgear and believes in it more religiously as a good luck omen than a colored boy would his proverbial rabbit's foot.

* * *

WALTER HUSTON has an endless chain that affords no end of amusement. He gets the home address and telephone number of every salesman that tries to sell him something. Then he gives the names and addresses of these salesmen to each new one who approaches him. If he keeps it up, the salesmen of Hollywood will be wearing buttons to identify themselves.

* * *

GENEVIEVE TOBIN'S place of business is at Universal City, where she is under contract as a featured player, but she makes her residence in Santa Barbara, one hundred miles away. She does not commute every day, but whenever she has a day or two off from her picture work, you will always find her at Santa Barbara.

* * *

John Barrymore, now on a hunting expedition in Alaska with his wife, Dolores Costello, shipped a bear back to Hollywood, where their many friends enjoyed bear steak.



LEO CARRILLO has been officially chosen Marshal of the Admission Day Parade for La Fiesta de Los Angeles, September 4th. The affair will be an elaborate one commemorating the admission of the State of California to the Union. Carrillo has been chosen for this high honor because of the prominence of his family in early California history.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE is living quietly at the home of her mother, Mrs. Morrison, in Beverly Hills. She says she has no desire to occupy the big Bel-Air mansion, built by Colleen and John McCormick, her former husband, as "she has never had one happy day" while they lived there. Colleen merely smiles, when asked about her engagement to a young New York broker.



Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: Has worn the same old green hat for the last seven years —but it's lost now.

* * *

The actors living at the Malibu have a new alibi when they appear late on the set. When the assistant director rushes up wanting to know the reason, he gets this for an answer:

"I'm terribly sorry, but I was caught in a rip-tide and couldn't get here any sooner."

* * *

BILLIE DOVE, known in private life as Lillian Bohny Willat, has been given her final divorce decree from Irving Willat, director, whom she charged with cruelty. Among other things Miss Dove alleged he would not permit her to smoke.

* * *

The night watchmen at the Warner Brothers-First National Studios have been warned not to pull their guns and shoot in the direction of any strange noise emanating from the sets in the wee small hours. The reason is that Edward G. Robinson is the undisputed holder of all claims to being the most conscientious actor in Hollywood. Many times late at night he has been found on the sets all by himself, rehearsing his business and dialogue for the next day. Bye the bye, those "in the know" declare that Robinson is the logical successor to "King" Chaney.

* * *

JUST as soon as Richard Dix began to feel natural with an ordinary man's haircut, he was ordered to let his locks grow long again for his work in "Secret Service," now in production. Dix spent over three months with long hair during the making of "Cimarron." Then he appeared in a modern story. Now along came the assignment for "Secret Service" and (*Continued on page* 88)

READ Your FATE in Your FACE

How to Know Your Future From Your Features, and How to Read Those of Your Friends and Acquaintances

BY WILLIAM E. BENTON

SHAKESPEARE has said, "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Certainly we all play many parts in life but, like the actors on the stage and screen, we play most convincingly and to best advantage in a business or artistic way when we are in the type of part that best fits our particular personality. The personnel director in business and the casting director in pictures do their utmost to see that we are properly placed in our position or well cast in pictures as the case may be. "Know thyself" is a saying half as old as time. Pope enlarged it poetically into "Know then thyself. Presume not God to scan for the proper study of mankind is man."

All the interpretive sciences of human engineering or applied psychology are helping us to a better understanding of ourselves. To my mind the modern well-cast motion picture is teaching character analysis better than most books on the subject.

WOULDN'T you love to know that you were as well cast for your life work as most of the stars in motion pictures? We are all as different as we look, and every feature is revealing of character and personality, but the nose, by its size, shape, and general character, is admitted to be the most revealing of our natural bent or true and dominant characteristics. Napoleon said, "Give me generals with the right kind of noses, and I can rule the world."

All animals share with us eyes and mouths more or less beautiful or shapely, but even the higher apes—those creatures nearest us on the ladder of evolution—the gorillas, orang-outangs, chimpanzees, are strangely lacking in the most beautiful and highly evolved feature, the nose.

If you have ever worried about your nose being too conspicuous, you can take true consolation in the above facts. The farther your nose, by its size and shape, departs from those rudimentary noses of the apes, the more power of concentration and capacity you have for mental and spiritual development along the definite line promised by the shaping of your individual type of nose. In other words, it's a pointer, a sort of fixed featural index of your real innate character and abilities, which if studied and followed can lead to health, wealth, and happiness.

The eyes and mouth may be beautiful in an elusive, changeful way, for they change in contour and expression with each momentary and vagrant emotion. They register our unconscious reactions to all the stimuli of life around us, or we by our will can assume the expression best suited to mislead those who would read our emotions from our expression.

PSYCHOLOGY teaches us that there are but three primal emotions—love, hate, and fear. Art teaches us that there are but three primal colors—yellow, red, and blue. We can associate these colors with our primal emotions for convenience here, and say that yellow or gold expresses love, light, life; that red suggests anger, heat, hate; and that blue suggests calmness, coldness or fear.

Primitive civilizations divided their population into three classes—the soldiers who fought their battles, kept order in the land and furnished sports and gladiatorial contests in the arena. The next class was the general run of the population, who wanted protection, home, and family, and so became the lovers, mothers and fathers, the main body of the State.

The third and highest, or ruling class, were the mystics, priests, or wise men, who were on the throne itself, or the power behind it. In Egypt, Palestine, or Babylonia, if you study their pictured rocks, the three primal types are shown clearly in profile, so you can study each feature.

The warrior, or combative, type of nose was then and is now the best nose for intense exercise, war, fighting—a wide, open-nostriled short nose. Just how combative such a face looks depends somewhat on the shape of the out-thrust jaw beneath.

The noses on the faces of the romantic home lovers, the main body of the population, were of average type, made up of curving lines, wide winged



RICHARD DIX

The kingly nose. Leads in commanding, exploring, pioneering. Possessed by Columbus, Amundsen and others. People with this nose have great power of concentration. They want power and executive authority and they should make a thorough study of human nature in order to succeed. This type possesses great power of analysis. The faults of this type are impatience with delay and a strong dislike for people who in the least interfere with any of their plans.

The First of a Remarkable Series of Articles on Facial Analysis



RUTH CHATTERTON

Home loving, romantic, humorous, intuitive, witty, tactful, spontaneous. This nose should follow its strong hunches. People with this nose will do best where they cater to a variety of public tastes—and where humor, adaptability and a persuasive personality will be properly appreciated. Nose indicates a distaste for exact and detailed scientific things. If a composite picture were made of the noses of a hundred romantic actresses, it would be this retrousse. Fault: day dreaming and failure to keep mind on routine work.



CONRAD NAGEL

The business nose. Independent, practical, resourceful. Possessed by executives who take and give responsibility. Chief fault: Impatience and lack of tact, inability to co-operate or to tolerate others less eager and business-like. With short upper lip, this calls for austere and dependable line of business. Possessors have a tendency to overdo and expect the last ounce of energy from those beneath them. This nose works hard and plays hard. When not doing business, its owner talks and lives it.



BERNICE CLAIRE

Retrousse, tip tilted, convex and wide winged. Musical, harmonious, adaptable, cautious. Owners can fit themselves to a variety of situations. Natural nose of coquette who can be completely possessed or charmed by few. Owners ideally suited to be musicians or dancers. Demand adoration and a firm hand from the object of their love. Fault: a childish desire for constant praise. However, always willing to say and do the lovely thing. Given to the grand gesture and to dramatizing situations.



Wide World

JACK DEMPSEY

The worrier's nose. Combative, emotional, argumentative, direct, with a great appreciation of the elemental vital things of life, great disdain for the superficial. Often proud to a fault, but fundamentally honest and willing to fight to the death for the things they believe to be right. No patience or subtlety for sustained affection. This nose, with wide nostrils, is often found on those who excel in outdoor sports, those to whom contest is the very breath of life.



JOHN BARRYMORE

Scientific nose. Thoughtful, considerate, philosophic. Note the many angles of the tip and nostrils. Their owners want the proper angle on everything. This type make able technical experts in mechanics, chemistry, general engineering and science. Barrymore, for instance, brings to his work the finely calculated technique of a scientist. This type prefer slow judgments. This type should study the reactions of men to kindness as they do chemicals to heat and cold.



HARRY CAREY

Sagacious, priestly nose. The careful, deep planning, legal, scientific type. If you have this nose you love to know things about people, places, things, just for the joy of knowing. Sometimes this type look down on physical activity. They care more for book learning and careful planning. This nose is found on men of strategy in conservative lines. Best example: Calvin Coolidge. Worst faults of this type: coldness, aloofness, lack of humor. Caution is the watchword.

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

Your Real Inner Self is Written in Your Face

and either concave or convex bridged, but showed by the graceful curves their love of comfort and security.

Last but not least, the noses of the cautious, fearful, priestly, or ruling classes were usually high bridged, thin, and rather sharp-looking.

THESE three primal noses then and now tell a wonderful story of the mental attitude of the personalities who wear them. All the various types are but modifications of the primal three, or mixtures of them.

A casting director consciously or subconsciously selects the person with the flaring-nostriled athletic face for the convincing combative parts. The nose with one graceful curve running imperceptibly into another suggests grace, ease, comfort, love, romance. Where craft, rulership, statesmanship, are to be depicted, the nose with the high narrow bridge and rather narrow slitted nostrils is chosen to give conviction to the part.

Out of the priestly class came the kings and emperors, whose Roman-nosed profiles stand out on monuments the world over. As craft and cunning developed, the bridge of the nose developed into a convex line giving the face a powerful, overbearing look, an overmastering desire for power and authority, as shown by a large roman nose such as Napoleon had in mind for his generals.

Royal purple was an insignia of rulership for thousands of years, and it is fitting and natural that it should be so.

Red is the color of hate and war, and associated with the warrior type.

Blue is the color of caution and planning; these mixed and you have purple.

A ruthless despot could be most convincingly played by one with a large beak of a nose with flaring hateful nostrils. When not born to the purple they achieved it through war. So, study people with these types in mind, and the memory of noses and their meaning will be easier.

NOW one seldom finds a nose all angles or all curves, but neither do we see a landscape or person all one shade or color, so we judge by the preponderance of the colors or shapes of things. To the person whose nose shows many graceful curves, talk, music and the soft, beautiful, curving things of life. To the persons with rather straight or angular noses, the arts and sciences, based on exact and provable figures. These will be most acceptable.

Babe Ruth is the most emotional person in the sports world, yet he has put his quick reactions and emotions to work where his salary far outweighs the president's. However, his quick temper and general impulsiveness cost him much in the early part of his career.

If your nose is full of curves, you probably have or will marry someone with the more angular or calculating type of nose and mind. Edison, Millikan, and a number of the world's most scientific minds have



This impression of Mr. Benton, by James Montgomery Flagg, will be of unusual interest to NEW MOVIE readers. Mr. Benton is the foremost expert in analyzing the features in this country today. He has written a great deal for magazines and newspapers on the subject. His articles in NEW MOVIE will be found to be of absorbing and practical interest.

the straight or angular noses, usually rather large as well.

The noses of babies are tiny, cute little things, but when we have that type in middle life, we must be coddled and babied into things or we are most unhappy.

The other extreme type, like the great nose of Roald Amundsen, are those who must travel and see the earth's far-flung frontiers. I never shall forget my inability to keep my eyes off his wonderful nose, when we met just after his trip through the fabled Northeast Passage. He was the only known explorer to make this passage and visited both the North and South Poles; the latter he was first to find. So if you have a large nose, you will want a free hand and much travel and adventure.

NOW that we have reasoned together about this most wonderful and most human of features, we will go gradually into the various shapes. So if the large Roman-nosed type has proved its case, how about the pretty effeminate nose found so much on the stars of the motion-picture world?—the coquettish, retrousée nose that is often just a series of graceful curves, the main curve from the root to tip of the nose being gently concave. If its opposite is so positive and expresses seeking new and harsh frontiers, then isn't it natural to think of the retrousée as being full of a love of luxury and a feminine desire to charm and please, one just filled with the truly feminine wiles? "What a great, big, wonderful man you are, and I am so little and helpless," they seem to say. They succeed best by appealing to the protective instinct in the opposite sex.

Wouldn't you think it perfectly natural for the person with the broad, open-nostriled type to be fond of excitement, life in the open, and for them to be most frank and direct? Well, by the same line of proved reasoning, people with narrow, high noses enjoy complexities more than simplicities, and love to scheme and plan quietly.

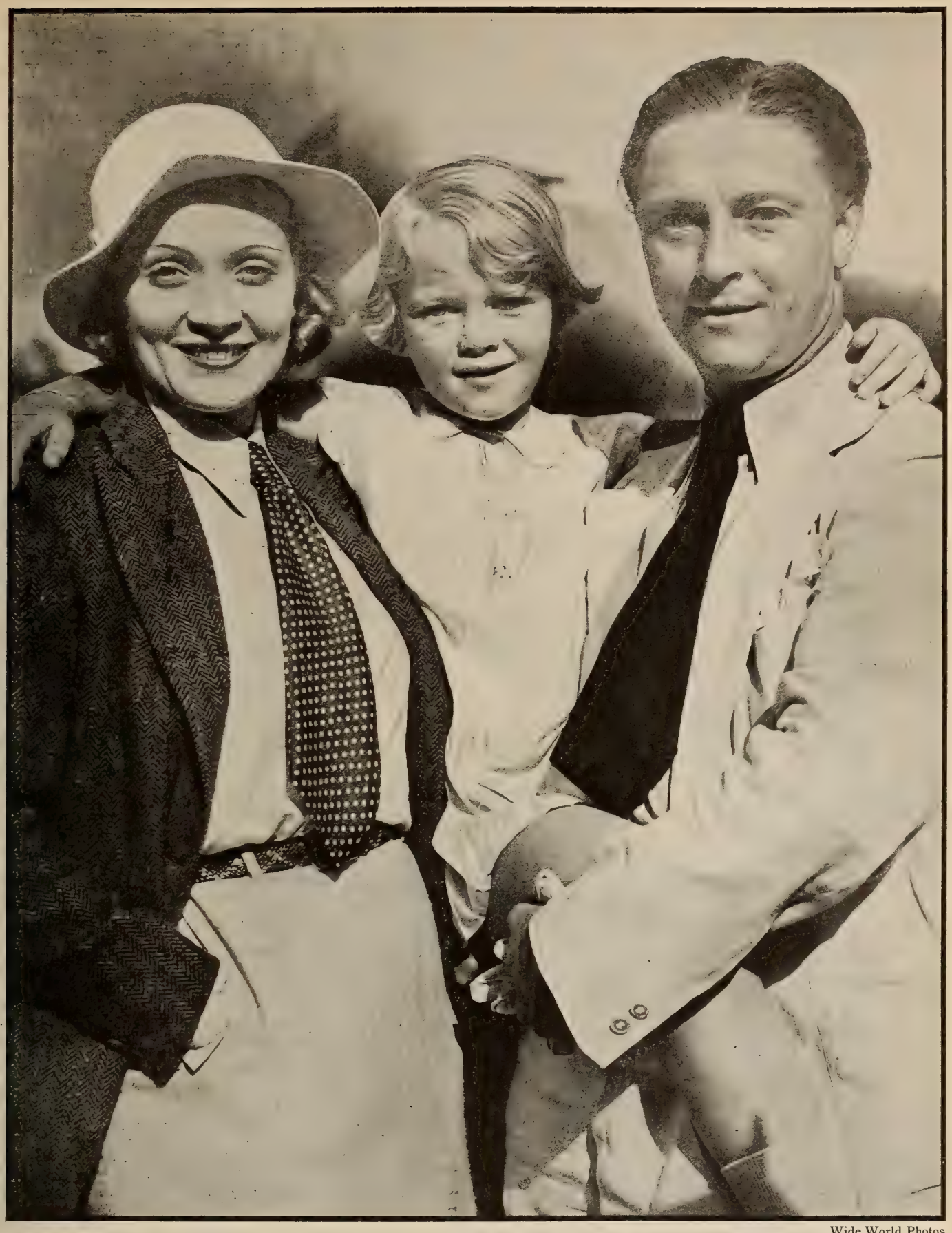
Casting directors with their unerring eyes for convincing natural types are the best exponents of character analysis. Therefore, I am going to show a number of well-known noses from the moving-picture world with just a few words, which the law of averages would dictate should be associated with their types of noses.

You can find your type, or as near as possible, and in that event these few words may mean much in developing your attitude of mind for health, wealth, and happiness.

For there is only one thing more important than to "know thyself", and that is to "be yourself."

THE kingly nose. Let's consider that first.

Discoveries of new countries and new ways of developing them seem to be the forte of the most illustrious of the owners of this type of nose. Columbus, Roald Amundsen, and many others you may find on history's pages. (*Continued on page* 90)



Wide World Photos

FAMILY REUNION OF THE SIEBERS, MARLENE, MARIA AND RUDOLPH. Mrs. Sieber is known to film fans as Marlene Dietrich, of course. Mr. Sieber has just come over from Germany and is with his now famous wife in Hollywood. Little Maria, five years old, is their daughter. Maria has been waiting for the arrival of her father to learn to swim. Mr. Sieber himself learned English in order to surprise Marlene—and he never told her until he said "Hullo!" out in Hollywood.

The END of the RAINBOW

The Stars Find Their Pots of Gold Out in Hollywood, Where the Favorites Rate Six or Seven Figure Salaries

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

IF Constance Bennett stops for a minute to sneeze, it costs the Warner Brothers exactly $14.21. Norma Shearer's sneeze costs half as much, for she works almost twice as long on a picture as Constance does for Warner's, and works eight hours a day as compared with Constance's six. They both draw $150,000 in salary for one picture.

Five minutes to fetch Garbo's forgotten cigarettes represent just $26.40 of company salary to that star.

If Will Rogers stops for half an hour to argue over a gag, it costs the Fox company in salary to him, five hundred dollars.

Did you know that all this goldmining was going on in Hollywood Hills? The Forty-niners did it elsewhere in the state with old-fashioned pans and with hydraulic methods. Nowadays a good pan is still a help, but hot air has replaced water power.

The salary of the President of the United States makes him look like quite a poor fellow indeed beside at least twenty picture stars. And at that, he only has a four-year contract. A picture star may go on until Time and Gravity claim their own through double chins and fallen arches. Just run your eye over the salary list that follows, and see if it does not straighten out your permanent like a sixty-mile-an-hour wind blowing over a rumble seat in Cahuenga Pass.

Harold Lloyd, $1,000,000 a year for one picture, class 1; John Barrymore, $525,000 a year for three pictures, class 2; Jack Gilbert, $500,000 a year for two pictures, class 3; Dick Barthelmess, $500,000 a year for two pictures, class 3; Charles Chaplin, $500,000 a year for one half a picture, class 3; Gloria Swanson, $500,000 a year for two pictures, class 3; Ruth Chatterton, $375,000 a year for two pictures, class 4; Bill Powell, $375,000 a year for four pictures, class 4; Clara Bow, $300,000 a year for four pictures, class 5; Greta Garbo, $300,000 a year for two pictures, class 5; George Bancroft, $300,000 a year for three pictures, class 5; Norma Shearer, $300,000 a year for two pictures, class 5; Ramon Novarro, $300,000 a year for four pictures, class 5; Douglas Fairbanks, $300,000 a year for one picture, class 5; Constance Bennett, $300,000 a year for five pictures, class 5; Ina Claire, $300,000 a year for three pictures, class 5; Ann Harding, $260,000 a year for four pictures, class 6; Bebe Daniels, $280,000 a year for four pictures, class 6; Billie Dove, $260,000 a year for two pictures, class 6; Ronald Colman, $250,000 a year, for two pictures, class 7; Marilyn Miller, $250,000 a year for three pictures, class 7; Wallace Beery, $250,000 a year for four pictures, class 7; Lawrence Tibbett $200,000 a year for two pictures, class 8; Mary Pickford, $200,000 a year for one picture, class 8; Maurice Chevalier, $200,000 a year for two pictures, class 8; Marion Davies, $200,000 a year for two pictures, class 8; Marx Brothers, $200,000 a year for one picture, class 8.





This table, like all such things, needs more interpreting. Some of the classifications might easily be misleading, as straight salaries only are mentioned, when bonuses are unknown, or a percentage of

They Worry and Struggle and Toil, Those Idols of Yours, But They Get Paid For It—and How!



profits is not to be calculated readily in terms of cash. This is true of Chevalier, Davies, and the Marx Brothers. Also we have used the four Marx Brothers as one earning unit. They will be discussed in more detail later.

Beginning with the names at the top of the column, we find Harold Lloyd and Will Rogers in first place, as to incomes. Charles Chaplin could easily share in with them, but he temperamentally refuses to be hurried, works only when he feels like it, and keeps employees on the payroll for weeks and weeks of idleness. This runs into so much overhead that no studio would stand it for a minute. Since the eccentric Charlie is spending his own money, no one can stop him from throwing it away, but it puts him in a much lower place as an earner than he would be if he were systematic. One picture more or less in two years is his tempo. His pictures gross eight million, but the net to Charlie is a million a picture.

Harold Lloyd nets a million or better on each picture, though it does not all come back the first year. This is the eventual net. As he makes a picture a year, it can be considered he makes a million a year.

John Barrymore, under his Warner Brothers contract was guaranteed two pictures a year at $175,000 a picture, but due to financial reverses, and the high cost of Baby Dolores Ethel's shoes, he made three pictures, thus netting himself the tidy sum mentioned and getting himself into class 2 as an earner for that year.

John Gilbert, working out the end of a contract made in the days when he was silent hero of the screen, is drawing money that rates him in the third class, the $500,000 a year group.

This contract was one that the studio offered to buy back from him when adverse comments followed his first sound film. A game fighter, John took it as a challenge, and is doing his best, and a very good best, to win back the place stolen by the microphone. With half a break, he will win back, but studio officials have not given him the backing in his fight that he deserves. Jack realized that selling his contract meant admission of defeat; yet it may mean defeat that he did not sell it, as his refusal to sell has aroused animosity at the studio.

Dick Barthelmess is also in class 3. His success has been the steadiest of any star and his next contract doubtless will carry him higher up the golden scale.

Gloria Swanson is giving up the financing of her own films, and is now making two a year at $500,000, rating class 3 also. This is spectacular for her contract represents a real conquest in talking pictures, with no leaning on silent days to hold her up.

Ruth Chatterton, under the terms of her new contract beginning in October with Warners, will enter the fourth class. This is a spectacular rise for a woman unknown to films two years ago. There are no options in Ruth's Warners contract.

WILLIAM POWELL was more of the booty raided on the Paramount lot by Warners, and he too draws fourth-class money, working twice as hard for it as Miss Chatterton, making four pictures a year to her two. His contract holds an option on the second year, at $450,000 for the second year.

Clara Bow held an odd arrangement in her contract. She, too, like Gilbert was working out the fifth year on a long-term contract. She was getting $5,000 a week, fifty-two weeks a year, whether she worked or not, provided she was "ready to work". Illness for two months was allowed her in the contract, after which her pay was to stop. At the end of each picture she was given a bonus of $10,000, though this was not in the contract. It was to help Clara feel well, and to make any temperamental outbursts unattractive financially to the Brooklyn Bonfire. It was certainly a psychological handling of the case. Thus, actually, Clara drew $40,000 a year for being a good girl. How many girls are bad for less money!

Greta Garbo, too, is serving the last year of a long contract, and for her mysterious and individual charm, and for wearing clothes she does not like in two pictures a year, she gets $300,000 yearly. It just depends whether you like them hot or cold, blond or red head, languorous or vivacious, whether you think it just that Bow should work twice as hard as Garbo to get the same sum.

Richard Dix should be listed in the fifth class, but as his earnings were on a percentage agreement so far unavailable, it is impossible to list him accurately. The new contract he has just made, since the old one on which he made "Cimarron" is out, probably peddles his manly form and good voice

(*Continued on page* 108)

THE SIX BIG STARS IN "BRINGING HOME THE BACON":

Harold Lloyd
John Barrymore
Jack Gilbert
Dick Barthelmess
Charles Chaplin
Gloria Swanson



Interesting moments of "Bought," "The Black Camel" and "Son of India."

REVIEWS

Fresh Triumphs for Constance Bennett in "The Common Law" and "Bought"—New Films of an Interesting Screen Month

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

CONSTANCE BENNETT is stepping along. Right now she is among the big three of feminine stars. Greta and Marlene constitute the other two. And right behind them are Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton and Joan Crawford.

Miss Bennett appears this month in two important films. One, the revival of Robert Chambers' once famous novel, "The Common Law," is a box-office smash. The other, "Bought," built from Harriet Henry's yarn, "Jackdaws Strut," is likely to be another big hit.

The talkie of the Chambers novel, once a novel that caused national debate, is smartly done by RKO-Pathe. This is the romance of a lovely model of the Latin Quarter who falls in love with a young artist—but won't marry him because she has had a past. So they live together in companionate studio bliss.

Miss Bennett gives a flashing performance of Valerie West, whose first meeting with her future love, the artist Neville, comes when she poses *sans* everything. Joel McCrea is the artist.

"The Common Law" loses some of its sensationalism with the passing years, but it still makes a glittering emotional appeal.

"BOUGHT" comes from the Warners Studios, Miss Bennett being borrowed for the occasion. Here the flashiest of the Bennetts plays a young woman who loves beautiful clothes and whose horizon is the social column. She almost sacrifices all the real things of life before she finds that she has been pursuing a false mirage.

An absorbing story this, with Miss Bennett even better than she is in "The Common Law." And her father, Richard Bennett, gives a corking performance here, too.

These two pictures will add a lot to the Bennett vogue.

Let me pass out a few cheers for Will Rogers' new Fox comedy, "Young as You Feel," based on George Ade's "Father and the Boys." This presents the hilarious and heroic methods by which a middle-aged meat packer gets his two spoiled boys to go to work. You will be amazed to find Will, all dressed up, on the edge of an affair with a Parisian cutie played with verve by Fifi Dorsay. Yes, they've injected sex into a Will Rogers comedy—but, of course, everything is harmless. You will find a lot of laughs in "Young as You Feel."

I WANT to recommend Metro-Goldwyn's story of a horse, "Sporting Blood," to your attention. This is a fresh and moving story of a colt, bred for the racetrack, who falls into evil hands. In the end he is rescued from oblivion and wins the Derby. This is no ordinary racetrack yarn. It is both absorbing and thrilling, and, among the humans, you will find Clark Gable, as a racetrack gambler, and Madge Evans, as a bruised butterfly, who works out her own and Tommy Boy's salvation.

There are lovely scenes on a Blue Grass country horse farm.

Speaking of Miss Evans



Constance Bennett plays a lovely model of the Latin Quarter in the new talkie version of Robert Chambers' famous novel, "The Common Law." Joel McCrea is opposite her.



Important personalities of "Sporting Blood," "Politics" and "A Woman of Experience."

reminds me of her fine work in Ramon Novarro's new Metro-Goldwyn film, "Son of India," based on the late F. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." This is another variation of the familiar story of the Easterner in love with a Westerner. And, of course, never the twain shall meet. Thus, the handsome Arab renounces his love for the beautiful American girl.

Mr. Novarro plays the turbaned prince of the desert with charm and Miss Evans is both beautiful and appealing as the girl.

"Son of India" belongs to the old-fashioned type of romance. The films haven't gone in much for it lately.

PARAMOUNT'S production of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" attracted unusual interest —an interest which gained from the author's attempts to stop its public showing *via* the courts. Mr. Dreiser felt that the film did not do right by his novel.

Anyway, the film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, is cold and sketchy. It still shows how Clyde Griffiths seduces a little girl employed in the factory in which he is a department boss, how he meets and is fascinated by a rich girl and how he plots the death of his first sweetheart, now about to become a mother, in what he thinks will look like the accidental overturning of a canoe. The plan is bungled and Griffiths is condemned to the electric chair.

The director obviously had difficulty in cramming the mass of incidents into the film. Phillips Holmes is rather good as the boy. Sylvia Sidney is disappointing as his victim. Oddly, the vividest performance is that of Irving Pichel as the district attorney in the trial scenes, which are the best moments in the picture.

"THE STAR WITNESS" (Warners) is a neat and interesting variation of the gangster theme. It shows how an average family gets involved in racketeer vengeance because its members happen to witness a shooting in front of their house. These average Americans fear to face gangster revenge—all save the granddad, an old Civil War veteran. He remembers the old brave days at Gettysburg and rebels so completely that he defeats the whole band of racketeers. Charles "Chic" Sale is great as Gran'pa Summerville.

MUCH interest centers in Ina Claire's appearance in RKO-Pathe's "Rebound," based on Donald Ogden Stewart's stage comedy of marriage and divorce.

Sara captures her man on the rebound from a hot romance—and then she finds she can't keep his mind away from the other charmer. Not until she resolves to keep her head up and hold to her own standards does she bring the recreant Bill back.

It seems to me that Miss Claire works a little too hard. And "Rebound" is a little too wise cracking for wide appeal.

In RKO's "The Woman Between," Lily Damita plays the wife of an old fellow who falls in love with her stepson. It is just so-so, although Miss Damita is always an interesting figure no matter how pale the surrounding events.

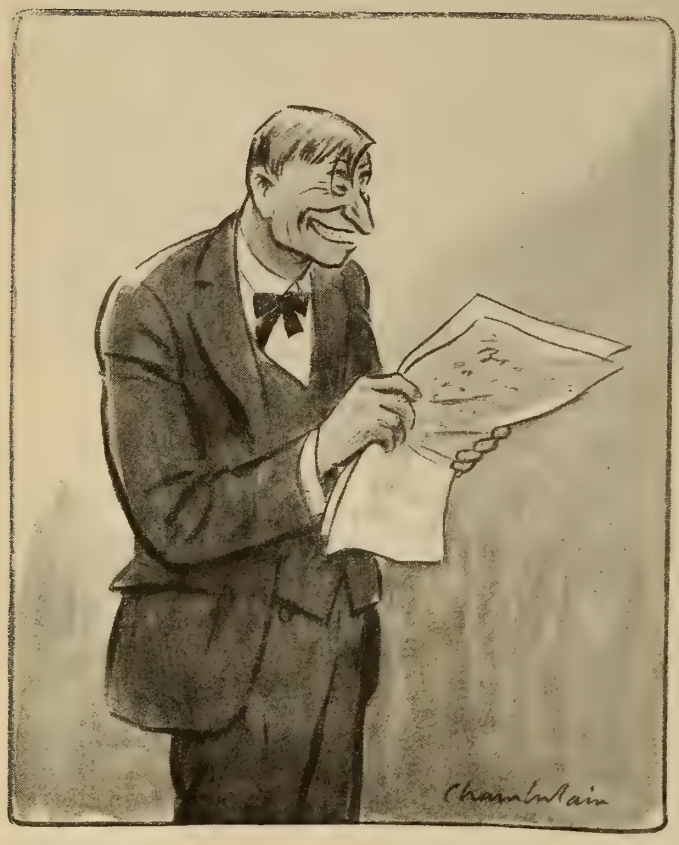
"The Black Camel" (Fox) is another Charlie Chan adventure, with Warner Oland as the redoubtable Oriental who solves mysteries. Rather good.

Dramatic scenes in "Murder by the Clock," "Rebound" and "The Magnificent Lie."



The HOLLYWOOD

Herb Falls For the Lures of Malibu Beach—He Pauses to Consider Film Social Customs, Studio Conferences, Scenario Writers—and Jeanette MacDonald



Will Rogers says he has received only one letter of appreciation since he started writing. Incredible, says Mr. Howe, in view of all the fine things he has said of some of our public characters.

Malibu Beach:

I AM a guest at No. 0 among the mad-houses of Malibu. Knowing my penchant for telling all, my hosts asked that their names be omitted, which is a break for me since I haven't an idea what they are. They haven't come down yet and at Malibu you never can be sure that your hosts in the morning are the same as the night before. You can't even be sure you're the same guest. There may have to be introductions all around. This is what is known as Malibu madness.

IF you have followed the history of the movie colonists you know that they settled first in Hollywood around an old barn. They plied their art in the stable by day and *la vie bohème* in bungalows at night. The pioneer spirit of these old stable artists came to the attention of the world through a series of shooting affrays. The law moved in on them and a pall settled over the carefree shootin' gayety. The sturdy colonists proved Yancey Cravats to a man and pushed on to new frontiers, settling in the "green hell' of Beverly Hills.

In this new wilderness they went about making their homes all over again, sinking swimming pools, cementing tennis courts, arranging their antiques from Barker Bros. and hanging up their photographs.

Again the relentless stalk of Civilization o'ertook them. Came the gringoes with their artificial conventions. And once more the stout-hearted free-loving folk packed up their portraits and clippings. Pushing on they arrived at Malibu on the brink of the Pacific and there they take their last stand. Just one more shove from Civilization and the brave cinema spirit will be drowned in the waters, though resisting with tight-lipped firmness to the last.

So much for history. No one can afford to think of the past in Malibu, and the morrow, as Omar said, is several thousand years away.

My first day started soberly enough. Gentlemen on the sands in the latest Gandhi loin cloths, ladies with something more in front but little more behind. As I lay dreaming under a pavilion a glow-eyed mermaid on her way to briny office thrust a tiny wrist watch in my hands. "Take care of it for me," she whispered. I did, and am doing it yet. When I noted the diamonds I wanted to go straight to my safety deposit in town but the sun of Malibu is stronger than diamonds, and I wondered how the beautiful brute, George O'Brien, could keep up his routine of exercises, dashing inside only now and then for another chapter of Body Beautiful.

Then came Ruth Selwyn with eyes of a color that made me turn my back on old mud-hole Pacific. Evelyn Brent did a gentle promenade and I realized she has never been seen at her best on the screen. Marie Prevost pedaled her bicycle up from her cottage because "it's too close for a car and too far to walk." Her plumpness brought clucks of admiration from this old Turk, but Marie said it was costing her money. "Well spent," said the Caliph.



Illustrated by
Ken Chamberlain

BOULEVARDIER

By HERB HOWE

ALREADY Malibu feels the chilling claw of convention. One tries not to drink until five o'clock. This is pretty rigid. Even "society" is not that ascetic. Coming back from Europe on a French boat I noted the daughters of the simoleon were at the bar before lunch. When a young Frenchman expostulated that they shouldn't drink so much just because they were on a French boat, one of the languid aristocrats tittered: "Why we drink the day through at home."

But five o'clock comes at last, and after that the deluge. Next door an eccentric millionaire, not of the movies, commenced babbling to himself on the porch while the valet served him gin. He boomed louder and louder as the night stole on until he was topping the surf. Up and down the alley behind the Malibu houses, that nudge one another as close as chorus girls, the gods and goddesses raced with laughter. Just good-hearted fun.

I was told that everyone kept open house in Malibu. That's modest; everyone keeps a public thoroughfare. My hostess on hearing sounds after midnight came downstairs to find a strange lady on the divan and in the kitchen a group of strangers trying to put ham and eggs together. True to the spirit of frontier hospitality she pitched in and helped them.

About 7 A. M. the telephone rang and a voice asked if his wife and cook were there. He said they had been gone all night and, while probably not together, it was most inconvenient to have one's wife and cook missing at the same time.

Democracy and the pioneer spirit are not yet dead in our land but they are perilously near the edge. In fact, they are living on rented land at Malibu and there is a strong rip tide. Anything may happen.

King Louis' Mad Night: I can sympathize with Dreiser's objection to the screen version of his "An American Tragedy."

I once sat in on a story conference at M.-G.-M. Mr. Thalberg had an idea for a story for Ramon Novarro. It was called "The Sun King" and dealt with Louis XIV and the Man in the Iron Mask. Ramon would play both parts. The background of Versailles in the time of Louis was great picture stuff. All were enthusiastic, and the story was O. K'd.

The picture had been in production a week when I saw Ramon.

"How is 'The Sun King' getting along?" I asked.

"Fine," he said, "But it is not being called 'The Sun King'. The new title is 'One Mad Night.'"

"Are you playing both parts?" I asked.

"No," he said. "They've cut out King Louis and the Man in the Iron Mask."

"Then what are you playing?"

"Oh, I'm a prince of a mythical kingdom who falls in love with a commoner but can't marry her because I would lose my throne."

"But that is the story of 'Old Heidelberg' which you've just done."

"Yes," said Ramon. "It's a great story. They say it grossed a lot."

How To Sell a Story: Never be original if you want to sell a story to the Hollywood geniuses. In fact, the story doesn't matter at all. It's all salesmanship. And this is the recipe: (*Continued on page* 94)



Herb Howe has fallen before the seduction of Malibu Beach, where you can see more stars getting their daily quota of sun tan than you could catch in a hundred movie theaters.

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

"Girls are not so very much different from boys; you can reason with them just so far and then—the spur. Theatrical managers have to be treated the same way.



In the center is Richard Bennett; at the left, Constance, and, at the right, Joan. Years of theatrical tradition lie behind the success of the Bennett girls.





The Business of Being a FATHER

How Would You Like to be the Dad of Three Famous Daughters? Here's Richard Bennett's Story of How He Raised Them to be Stars

BY IVAN ST. JOHNS

SUPPOSE you were the father of those three little Princesses of Pictures, Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett?

How would you treat them in these days of the full flare of their public favor?

How would you advise them about their finances and fiancés, their frivolities, if any, and their futures?

How would you have brought them up?

"IF they didn't do as they were told, I smacked 'em by depriving them of something they very much desired." Such was the answer given the last of these questions by their father, Richard Bennett, who, to carry on the metaphor of royalty, is by way of being a reigning prince in the realm of the theater and fast coming into exalted rank in the domain of sound on celluloid.

It is questionable as to the number of times Father Bennett ever smacked down Daughters Constance, Barbara and Joan, that much was obvious from the sardonic twinkle in his eye when he answered. They have always lived by the golden rule. Vesper bells will melt our greatest passions. But those who have known Richard Bennett in the theater and have seen the force he has put behind his efforts to accomplish things worth while will tell you that he most certainly must have "smacked 'em." The smacks were physical in his sense and maybe that was more effective, for he can and has delivered in another way the most thorough verbal smackings in a world where satire and sarcasm are keen and deadly weapons. As effective as smacks of the old and venerable woodshed variety.

"Girls are not so very much different from boys," he said, "as far as the matter of bringing up. You can reason with them just so far and then—the spur." No matter how ominous that pause, the threat of it was somewhat lessened by his smile. "I've known a lot of theatrical managers I had to treat the same way . . . only children have more sense as a rule."

"Do you think girls are too pampered?"

"Certainly—by fathers. Mothers handle them better; they know the chicanery of their sex."

And he said this notwithstanding the fact that his three daughters were sent to the finest schools in this country and in France.

"A diamond looks and is as little worth while as the devil was until polished." He said this with a very human and comforting degree of old-fashioned paternal pride which is more than justified, considering the results of that polishing.

"There's only one thing I ever tell my girls: don't do anything that is cheap, anything that must be explained to your real friends."—Bennett's advice to his girls.

MR. BENNETT'S oldest daughter is Constance. Miss Merrill's School at Mamaroneck and

(*Continued on page* 80)



Richard Bennett's oldest daughter, Constance. She was sent to finishing schools in Mamaroneck, New York and Paris, and then made her social debut in Washington. All this was in preparation for a dramatic career—but neither Mr. Bennett nor his daughter knew it. Constance expected to make a happy and successful marriage—and then to lead a placid social life.



HELEN CHANDLER



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

ALISON LOYD



But Chance Has Made Hollywood Eat Its Words About Clark Gable, the Films' Newest Meteor

THERE is hidden brutality in Clark Gable. He has large hands, a wide mouth, even white teeth, and dimples and dark hair. His eyes have the ancient allure for women.

It is freely predicted that he is on his way to the Throne of Romance once occupied by the lamented Valentino.

Of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, he was born in Ohio thirty years ago. A graduate of high school, he also attended Akron University in his native state.

He weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and is, in my opinion, the most graceful male that ever walked through the land of flickering shadows.

He became interested in the stage through playing in amateur theatricals in high school.

HIS father was a contractor, and was a comrade to the boy during his formative years. He often took him to the theater at Akron and Cleveland, a few hours' ride from his home.

There is this difference between Valentino and the man now being groomed as his successor. While women adored the Italian, men were prejudiced against him. With Gable it is far different. He is equally popular with men as with women. It is felt by no less an authority than Irving Thalberg that within a year Gable will be the most popular film player of the period, if not in screen history.

There is a strong resemblance between Clark Gable and Jack Dempsey. Each man has the same tigerish walk, the mass of power beneath graceful and supple muscles.

Gable has had nine years of intensive training in the most rigid schools for the actor—the different stock companies over America.

Leaving home at twenty-one, he went on the road with a repertory company, playing Romeo one day and Hamlet the next. After a year in stock in different Ohio cities, he was

Two years ago Clark Gable could not get a hearing in Hollywood. "No personality," they said. Now he is leading man for Greta Garbo in "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox."



Clark Gable learned to ride for motion pictures. Now he loves it.

They Called Him a Failure

By JIM TULLY

honored with a season opposite Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet." When the tour closed in Seattle, he again joined a stock company in Astoria, Oregon. By gradual stages he reached Los Angeles, where he played for a year in "What Price Glory," "Madame X," "Lady Frederick," and in the popular hit, "Chicago."

During this period he tried for the screen in nearby Hollywood, and was everywhere told that he was "not a type" and that he did not photograph.

AT last he was given an opportunity with one of the leading companies. Through a combination of circumstances beyond his control, his screen debut ended in ignominious failure.

He was not aware how impossible it is to trace the causes of failure in a business that thrives on subterfuge, and where high talent may be forced to make way for a producer's dull relative. He was nearing twenty-seven, with a deeply sincere nature and a capacity for hard work that enable him now to appear in three different films in a day.

With less than a hundred dollars in this or any world, he was told to remain on the stage. And then, to ease the feelings of Valentino's successor they told Gable that he was too pronounced a personality—that he was not a type. It was the ancient flattery, given with the urbanity which is the one talent of empty men.

Clark Gable listened, believed and departed. He arrived in Houston, Texas, when it was so hot that no citizen had energy with which to brag of the size of the state. He remained for thirty-seven weeks, sleeping four hours out of the twenty-four, and studying and working the other twenty. Needless to say, he was again "in stock."

While appearing in such froth as "The Green Hat," he would be rehearsing for "Anna Christie."

CONSIDERED, by what line of reasoning I know not, too large for a leading man, his way was made harder. Worn out and desperate with the futility of struggle, he went to New York, where he appeared in such plays as "Machinal," "Hawk Island," "Gambling" and "Blind Windows."

Not far away from where Gable acted, a play known as "The Last Mile" was the sensation of New York. Gable had not seen it.

A telephone message from Los Angeles came to him. It was from Louis Macloon, in whose stage productions he had worked so hard in California. Macloon was producing "The Last Mile" (*Continued on page* 121)



Doris Kenyon demonstrates a lovely evening creation at the left. It is of soft blue chiffon and Alençon lace embroidered in silver sequins. Three blue roses join the strass shoulder straps and accent the scarf that develops into circular lace cuffs just below the elbow. This was designed by Edward Stevenson.

Below Adrienne Ames demonstrates the jacket-skirt contrast which will be the new Fall vogue. She wears a chic white sheer wool coat with a wrap-around black skirt.



Came the AUTUMN

Loretta Young Poses in Some of the New Fall Modes for NEW MOVIE



Miss Young pauses, at the right, in her acquisition of a marvelous coat of white galyak (baby caracul) with short sleeves cuffed in blue fox to admire the effect. Loretta was charmed with the standing shawl collar and the simplicity with which the coat wraps or just plain hangs to the new fall length.



Left, Miss Young as she appeared recently at a formal tea in the Spanish Patio of the Ambassador Hotel in a Gregson creation of bottle green transparent velvet, distinctly fall-like in character and line. It introduces the new high neckline and straight drop in the skirt from the hips.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

"Fore!" cried little Mitzi Green, confusing her games just a bit. Anyway, Mitzi has to exercise just like the grown-up stars to keep in trim for her strenuous screen work. Mitzi says tennis is her favorite game these days.



FAY WRAY

Photograph by Ray Jones

In private life the wife of John Monk Saunders, the author and scenarist. Miss Wray is one of the most popular of Hollywood's free lance leading women, following a long stay at the Paramount studios where she played a wide variety of rôles.

She Learned About Women From Them

By HARRY J. CROWE

MARIAN MARSH, at seventeen, knows a great deal about women, and she has learned it from men. The gentle art of understanding the gentle sex has been taught to this young blond beauty by John Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson and William Powell. She's learned about women from them!



Marian Marsh and her three brothers and sisters have moved into a new Hollywood house. So far the neighbors are not aware that the pretty young woman in overalls who plays croquet and mows the lawn is the leading lady in four big new motion pictures.

Few discoveries in motion picture history have had prominence thrust upon them so rapidly and insistently as Marian Marsh. Within the space of a few months after her name had been fixed upon and her contract signed by Warner Brothers she has played leading roles in "Svengali," "The Mad Genius," both of these opposite Barrymore; in "Five Star Final," with Robinson, and in "The Road to Singapore," with William Powell.

Each picture required a different interpretation of character. Even with Ivan Simpson, veteran actor and now dramatic instructor for young players at the studio, constantly on hand to advise, this task of playing four such varied roles would have been impossible for so young and inexperienced a girl without the help of the stars in these casts.

It is a schooling that could not be bought at any price. No drama course could hope to approach it. Into these busy weeks were crowded impromptu lessons of incalculable value to an actress; lessons which Marian Marsh will never forget. John Barrymore taught her to make love! Edward G. Robinson gave her the basic formulas for tense drama! William Powell taught her the art of being flippant yet sincere. Masters, all of them, and all her teachers!

"I DON'T know what I would have done if they had not been kind," Marian admits. "I was so scared. After that first interview with Mr. Barrymore at his house, when he said I would do for the Trilby role in 'Svengali,' I thought I would make believe I was very sure of myself, very experienced on the set.

"Mr. Barrymore paid no further attention to me at all, while we were making tests and things. He was polite, but that was all. He never said a word to me. I began to be frightened. I knew that when I made a scene with him my knees would shake and my voice would tremble.

"Well, they did sure enough. But Mr. Barrymore was all patience, although I know at times he must have thought I was very dumb, or very stubborn. He told me about various interpretations of the role of Trilby on the stage and screen. He explained his idea of the part and made it so clear that it became mine, too. I know now that I didn't have a very definite plan of my own to follow in the role. But Mr. Barrymore rehearsed the lines with me over and over again. He was sick, too,

Marian Marsh Had Priceless Tutoring For Her First Four Film Roles, With Jack Barrymore, Edward Robinson and Bill Powell as Instructors

at the time and it taxed his strength.

"I think the proudest moment of my life was not when he said I would do for the Trilby role, but when I learned from some one else that he had said I would do for the leading role in 'The Mad Genius,' too. In the two roles, Mr. Barrymore explained at various times, there were three kinds of love. The love Trilby had for Little Billee was an immature, uncertain love. Otherwise Svengali could not have won her away from Billee so easily. Trilby's love for Svengali, except for the imitation love when hypnotized, was a kind of sympathy, which grew into affection in spite of her aversion to the hypnotist.

"Then in 'The Mad Genius,' he told me, the girl's love for Fedor was real—'the most powerful emotion in life,' he said. 'For it,' he would say, 'a woman will sacrifice everything.'

"So, in a way, I suppose you might say that I have learned about love from John Barrymore. I don't imagine he remembers me now. But he was kind and patient. He taught me a great deal which I know will be helpful all my life."

MARIAN MARSH is still "Vi" to her family. That is a contraction of her own name Violet. Her family name is Krauth. She is the youngest of four children, although there is less than two years' difference in the ages of any of them.

The family in order of age reads: George Krauth, Jean Fenwick, Eddie Morgan and Marian Marsh. All are working in the motion pictures, three of them in bit roles and Marian in featured parts.

Mrs. Krauth heads the family. The father died a few years ago. Jean was the first to venture to Hollywood from the family home in Boston and the others followed, aiming deliberately for the studios.

The family is prosperous—has evidently never been otherwise. The earnings of (*Continued on page* 102)



Marian Marsh's real name is Violet Krauth. She came to Hollywood from Boston, and her mother, two brothers and one sister followed. Now all the boys and girls are in pictures, but Marian is the only member of the family yet to achieve the electric lights.







Lilyan Gives a Party

The Edmund Lowes gave a big beach party at their famous red and white house on the Malibu sands recently. These pictures were made for NEW MOVIE at the party. In the top panel you can see (left to right) Mrs. Alice Glazer, Lilyan Tashman, William Haines, Horace Braham, Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mrs. George De Sylva, George De Sylva, Jimmy Shields, Lloyd Williams and Ivor Novello. In the panel just above you can observe Kenneth MacKenna, Kay Francis, Mrs. Horace Braham, Mrs. Alice Glazer, Mrs. Knopf and Lloyd Williams. At the left are Bill Haines, the hostess, and Horace Braham.



Hostess Louise Dresser stands at Thomas Meighan's left. At the extreme right, just partially visible, is Jack Gardner, husband of Miss Dresser and casting supervisor of the Fox Studios. At his right is Lucille Gleason, wife of Jimmy and mother of Russell.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

LOUISE DRESSER, one of Hollywood's most popular character actresses, and wife of Jack Gardner, Fox executive, was hostess at one of the most charming affairs of the month when she entertained eighty of her sorority sisters at luncheon recently. Unable to accommodate so large a number of guests at her own spacious dining table in her beautiful Beverly Hills home, she borrowed the Café de Paris at the Fox Westwood Studio for the occasion.

Members of the Zeta Phi Eta national honorary dramatic society, in Los Angeles for their biennial convention, were the guests of Miss Dresser and had the pleasure of meeting many film stars of the Fox lot, in addition to Ann Harding, who, in make-up, motored over from her work in Culver City to have luncheon with the girls. Other film stars who lunched with the sorority members included Thomas Meighan, Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill, Elissa Landi, Victor McLaglen, Maureen O'Sullivan, Sally Eilers, James Dunn, Hardie Albright, John Arledge, Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran, and Myrna Loy.

All were in make-up, as they arrived from their various sets, and this gave an added thrill for the visitors. Mitchell Lewis, who was working in the Will Rogers picture, was completely disguised behind a heavy beard and a sheik's costume. No one knew him and when Marie told the girls she would give them two guesses it wasn't enough. She finally had to name him herself, and all declared he was a splendid testimonial for the make-up department.

THE lunch tables, arranged in the form of a huge "E," were decorated with vari-colored sweet peas.

Following the luncheon, the visitors were taken on a tour of the studio and given a chance to see a company in actual production. Later, at the Granada Theater, "The Goose Woman," starring Louise Dresser, one of the outstanding productions of the silent days, was screened. The theater was especially engaged for the occasion and not only were (*Continued from page* 109)



Photograph by Emmet Schoenbaum

POLA NEGRI

The Prodigal DAUGHTER Returns

Pola Negri is Here—and She Says She is Rid of That Old and Troublesome Inferiority Complex

BY HERBERT HOWE



Pola Negri is back in Hollywood, ready for a new career in the talkies. She enjoyed four flashing years in the silent films, but in 1927 she retired from the battlefield. "I cannot tell you how I felt when my boat entered New York harbor," she tells Herbert Howe: "I felt I was coming back to the sincerity that is America—coming home."

POLA says she suffered from an inferiority complex when she was here before. That was the whole trouble. News that she has overcome it should bring hope to fellow sufferers, such as Mussolini.

This inferiority complex is a deceptive ailment. You never know when you have it, or, rather, haven't it. Everything seems to be symptomatic. Pola was the one person who seemed immune—she and Benito, I mean. And here all along she has been held down by it. Perhaps it was Nature's way of preserving the world. We might have had a female Genghis Khan.

As it is, little Appolinia Chalupez danced for the Czar when she was fifteen, walloped Warsaw at seventeen in dramatic rôles, moved on to Berlin and captured it single-handed right in the middle of the war when all the other Poles were being chased into the Arctic by the Germans, finally became Europe's greatest film star and conquered New York for the Huns with "Passion" just when we thought we'd won the war. If it hadn't been for her inferiority complex—my! my!

It's all as confusing as Negri.

One man in his time plays many parts but none as many as the protean Pola.

POLA says she has returned to us a different woman. Which means that she has rewritten Negri.

The Countess came in '23, departed The Princess in '27, comes back The Prodigal Daughter in '31 and is served a nice fat contract for three years.

"Ya, I return the Prodigal Daughter," cried Pola with appropriate embrace, which made me glad she had got rid of that old inferiority complex. (May all women be freed of it.)

"I am very humble, very different," she murmured. "I was humble before, but Americans misunderstood."

"Can you blame us?" I ventured. "How should we know that Polish humility was expressed by heaving bric-à-brac and shy lispings like 'In Poland we kill!' "

"That is the past, the past," muttered Pola. "Ah, you always make joke of me."

"Because you laugh when I do," I said. "No other star would. Now this inferiority complex. . ."

"It's true, I tell you," insisted Pola. "It is true that I posed sometimes, but that was because I wasn't sure of myself. It is difficult for a foreigner coming to America. You have no idea. I had been told so much what not to do. It was particularly difficult for me, a Slav. My emotion seemed exaggerated to Americans. I cannot help that I haven't the Anglo-Saxon restraint and the tact.

"I will tell you another who is suffering as I did. Greta Garbo. You do not understand Greta. She is the most sincere girl in this business. She may be right or not right about playing this game. I cannot say. She cannot come to people and be what you call a 'good mixer.' She is shy. Another thing: she is suspicious of friends. And she is quite right. There are very few people in Hollywood or in the whole world for that matter who can be counted friends. I can count mine on one hand. . . . I made the mistake of believing in too many people. Greta is not making that mistake."

The prima donna of Pola Negri has been stressed too much by striving writers like myself, for instance. She has a superb confidence in Negri (despite that dread inferiority complex) and so is free to endorse others as heartily as herself.

"I knew Greta when she was just starting with Stiller," Pola continued. "I told Stiller then she would be great. I love Greta. She's a sweet soul. Intelligent. For me there is no finer actress. Ah, you must know her. You must be as kind to her as you have to me. She's unhappy, poor thing."

POLA is right in saying she has changed, that she now understands Americans.

Pola has acquired some of the American tact. She has learned to subdue her Slavic emotion, though it seeped out a little when she described her coming back.

"I cannot tell you how I felt when the boat entered the New York harbor," she said vibrantly. "I felt I was coming back to friendly arms, to the sincerity that is America. Ya, I was coming home.

"I was surprised to find people waiting to greet me at the dock. One boy from Brooklyn had waited five hours. He had brought his violin. He wanted to play for me. Such things are sweet. I couldn't hear him there, so I asked him to come to my hotel. Another boy in Detroit wrote to me, saying (*Continued on page* 104)

THE DEATH FILMS



The Last Supper, as Cecil De Mille reproduced it in "The King of Kings," with H. B. Warner as Christ, Joseph Striker (left) as John, and Joseph Schildkraut as the betrayer, Judas. Disaster and ill-luck have followed many concerned in this picture.

Tragedy and Disaster Have Followed strangely in the Wake of two famous motion pictures, "The King of Kings" and "The Four Horsemen"

FROM the handful of spectacular pictures produced since D. W. Griffith startled the cinema world with his gigantic undertaking, "The Birth of a Nation," there are two, through some strange twist of fate, that remain outstanding for the aftermath of tragedy that followed for many who participated in their making. These are "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The King of Kings." The former was produced by Metro in the spring of 1921, while the last named was produced by Pathe-DeMille in the spring of 1926 just five years later.

Of the two, "The King of Kings" rates the higher for the number of deaths and adversities that fell upon the shoulders of those who participated in its making. The aftermath of this production, indeed, is somewhat patterned after the curse of King Tut's tomb, where tragedy followed the opening of the resting place of the Egyptian Pharaoh. And, when one stops to realize that practically everyone who had anything to do with the making of this Biblical epic has met with some serious adversity, the comparison is not too far stretched. If it was not death, the surviving participants have dropped by the wayside in so far as maintaining a substantial footing in their line of profession within the motion picture industry is concerned.

Just after the picture was completed, Cecil B. De Mille, who first conceived the idea for the production and later carried it out to the finish, returned to his beautiful home in Laughlin Park, only to find it robbed of many valuable treasures. Shortly thereafter his palatial yacht, *Seaward,* was burned to the water line from some mysterious origin. Today he is without any production affiliation after maintaining the highest position of any director in the business since he produced "The Squaw Man" for Famous-Players Lasky in 1914.

Members of the company who have passed on into the great beyond include James Neill, who played the Apostle James; Robert Edeson, who played the part of Matthew; Rudolph Schildkraut, who portrayed the role of the High Priest Caiaphas, and George Siegmann, who was Barabbas; Frank Urson, assistant director on the picture, dove into shallow water in a Chicago pool two years ago and was instantly killed, William Crothers, casting director for the picture, died a year or so ago in London, and Lou Goodstadt, business manager for the company, passed away shortly before. Even Roy Burns, property man throughout the production, hovered near death several times during a six

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

Julio Desnoyers	*Rudolph Valentino*
Marguerite Laurier	*Alice Terry*
Madariaga, the Centaur	*Pomeroy Cannon*
Marcelo Desnoyers	*Joseph Swickard*
Celendonio	*Brinsley Shaw*
Karl Von Hartrott	*Alan Hale*
Dona Luisa	*Bridgetta Clark*
Elena	*Mabel Van Buren*
Argensola	*Brodwitch (Smoke) Turner*
Tchernoff	*Nigel De Brulier*
Laurier	*John Sainpolis*
Senator Lacour	*Mark Fenton*
Chichi	*Virginia Warwick*
Rene Lacour	*Derek Ghent*
Capt. Von Hartrott	*Stuart Holmes*
Prof. Von Hartrott	*Jean Hersholt*
Heinrich Von Hartrott	*Henry Klaus*
Lodgekeeper	*Edward Connelly*
Lodgekeeper's Wife	*Georgia Woodthorpe*
Georgette	*Kathleen Key*
Lieut. Col. Von Richthoffen	*Wallace Beery*
Capt. D'Aubrey	*Jacques D'Auray*
Major Blumhardt	*Curt Rehfeld*
Mlle. Lucett (the Model)	*Mlle. Dolorez*
The French Butcher	*"Bull" Montana*
The German Woman	*Isabel Keith*
Her Husband	*Jacques Lanoe*
Conquest	*Noble Johnson*
The Count	*Harry Northrup*
The Old Nurse	*Minnehaha*
Lieut. Schnitz	*Arthur Hoyt*
Dancer	*Beatrice Dominguez*

of HOLLYWOOD

BY WILLIAM H. SWIGART



Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry in a scene of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Brilliant success and sudden tragedy came to many of those concerned in the filming of this production. Only one or two active in its making are still prominent today in Hollywood.

months' period of illness. Olga the leopard woman, who handled the leopards throughout the production without a scratch, was recently clawed by similar beasts during a demonstration of her skill and was found to be in a serious condition.

Among those who have met with matrimonial reverses where it reached a point of divorce are Dorothy Cumming, who played the part of Mary; Jacqueline Logan, who portrayed Mary Magdalene; Joseph Schildkraut, who played the part of Judas, and Peverell Marley, the chief cameraman, recently divorced from Lina Basquette. All of the aforesaid divorcees are more or less inactive in the motion picture industry at the present time, while the same can be said of Julia Faye, who was Martha of Bethany; H. B. Warner, who played the part of Christ; Sam De Grasse, who did the Pharisee; Theodore Kosloff, the guard captain, and Victor Varconi, who played the role of Pontius Pilate. There are others, however, who have survived this curse and are continuing to ride the crest of fame, such as Ernest Torrence and William Boyd, but this is a very small percentage compared to the number of people involved.

What is the cause of it all? Is it, as Hollywood whispers, because the Greater Power has taken offense at the depiction of his life for monetary gain, or is it just the regular course of fate? If so, then why has fate been so unkind to this group of people who, without malice in their hearts, contributed their art and efforts to this picture, made so that countless persons who have never read the Bible may get a more liberal conception of its contents, especially the life of Christ as presented by Cecil B. De Mille? These questions can only be answered to the satisfaction of the individual by the individual. As for "The Four Horsemen," we have a different picture, yet almost equally as tragic as "The King of Kings."

The structure of Vicente Blasco Ibanez' novel barely touched on the religious side of the Bible, but more on the spiritual side of the soul that very few people take the trouble to understand. It strove to show the evils of war, the underlying motives that start the devastating machine mowing down human lives like the lawn mower cuts down blades of grass to make room for the younger blades growing up.

The circumstances and elements involved in the making of this picture, however, are somewhat different from "The King of Kings." Different in the respect that it made more unknown people famous overnight than any other individual picture, yet there are but one or two out of the thousands that had anything to do with the production who amount to anything in the industry today.

It was responsible for making Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry stars in their own name. It gave Rex Ingram a position in the motion picture directional firmament equivalent to that held by D. W. Griffith and

"THE KING OF KINGS"

Jesus, the Christ.....*H. B. Warner*
Mary, the Mother.....*Dorothy Cumming*
The Twelve Disciples—Peter, *Ernest Torrence;* Judas, *Joseph Schildkraut;* James, *James Neill;* John, *Joseph Striker;* Matthew, *Robert Edeson;* Thomas, *Sidney D'Albrook;* Andrew, *David Imboden;* Philip, *Charles Belcher;* Bartholomew, *Clayton Packard;* Simon, *Robert Ellsworth;* James, the Less, *Charles Requa;* Thaddeus, *John T. Prince*
Mary Magdalene.....*Jacqueline Logan*
Caiaphas, High Priest of Israel..*Rudolph Schildkraut*
The Pharisee.....*Sam De Grasse*
The Scribe.....*Casson Ferguson*
Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judaea....*Victor Varconi*
Proculla, Wife of Pilate.....*Majel Coleman*
The Roman Centurion.....*Montagu Love*
Simon of Cyrene.....*William Boyd*
Mark.....*M. Moore*
Malchus, Captain of Guard.....*Theodore Kosloff*
Barabbas.....*George Siegmann*
Martha.....*Julia Faye*
Mary of Bethany.....*Josephine Norman*
Lazarus.....*Kenneth Thomson*
Satan.....*Alan Brooks*
The Woman Taken in Adultery.....*Viola Louie*
The Blind Girl.....*Muriel MacCormac*
Dysmas, the Repentent Thief.....*Clarence Burton*
Gestas, the Unrepentent Thief.....*James Mason*
The Mother of Gestas.....*May Robson*
A Maid Servant of Caiaphas.....*Dot Farley*
The Imbecile Boy.....*Leon Holmes*
The Galilean Carpenter.....*Hector Sarno*
Guests of Mary Magdalene—*Otto Lederer, Bryant Washburn, Lionel Belmore, Monte Collins, Sojin, Andre Cherron.*

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

HOW DISASTER STALKED THE MAKERS OF TWO FILMS



Jesus and the sleeping disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane, as Cecil De Mille pictured the Biblical moment in "The King of Kings." On the ground are Joseph Striker as John and Ernest Torrence as Peter.

C. B. De Mille, who were at that time considered to be without a peer. It was June Mathis' first big opportunity to prove her ability as a scenarist and over night elevated her to the enviable position as dean of all scenario writers of her time. It brought Joseph Swickard from obscure ranks to the most sought after character actor of the screen. It gave Wallace Beery his first chance to display his ability for mastering an important part in an important picture. Alan Hale quickly rose from obscurity to his position today, where he is one of the principal leading men, substantially established with an RKO-Pathe contract. Yet in spite of all the glory and fame heaped upon the principal figures of this spectacular production, very few survived long enough to enjoy their honors.

Among those who have passed away are Rudolph Valentino, star of the picture; Edward Connelly, who played the lodge-keeper; Vicente Blasco Ibanez, author of the novel, which was in its 27th edition at the time he passed away in Mentone, France, during the year 1926; June Mathis, who wrote the screen treatment and practically supervised the entire production, and June's mother, who though she did not receive screen credit, sat in all conferences with her daughter and rendered her advice on the various phases of the production. Death took the tango dancer, Beatrice Dominguez, who passed away in South America.

While there are several hundred other people who played some important part in the making of the picture, there is no way of checking what has become of them all. The few that can be accounted for with a full measure of authenticity are: Rex Ingram, now in France because of his love for that country and because he was forced to leave Hollywood by a lung ailment received during the World War. The success of "The Four Horsemen" and four subsequent pictures which he produced in rapid succession, thereafter, made the young director independently wealthy and, with a reputation, he dictated to his employers just where he would make his pictures. He chose Nice, France, where the old Metro Picture Corporation built him his own studio and financed his productions. Ingram, in the meantime, before leaving Hollywood, married Alice Terry, who is now with him, practically retired from the screen along with her director-husband.

The few important people of the large cast appearing in "The Four Horsemen" now actively engaged in picture work today are: Alan (*Continued on page* 120)



The immortal tango of "The Four Horsemen." It was this scene, more than anything else in the picture, that lifted Rudolph Valentino to success. Beatrice Dominguez, who danced with Rudy, died shortly after in South America.

OCTOBER



1931

ENGRAVED BY
JOHN HELD JR

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Thurs.	1890: Alice Joyce born at Kansas City. 1913: D. W. Griffith leaves Biograph.
2	Fri.	1780: Major Andre executed.
3	Sat.	1880: Warner Oland born. 1929: Jeanne Eagels dies at New York.
4	Sun.	1896: Buster Keaton born at Pickway, Kansas, during cyclone. Moon in last quarter.
5	Mon.	1908: Kathryn Crawford born at Wellsboro, Penn. 1927: Death of Sam L. Warner.
6	Tues.	1861: Theodore Roberts born at San Francisco. 1907: Janet Gaynor born at Philadelphia. 1909: Carole Lombard born at Fort Wayne, Ind.
7	Wed.	1891: Jack Mulhall born at Wappingers Falls, N. Y.
8	Thurs.	1899: The motion picture is born in Thomas Edison's laboratory at West Orange.
9	Fri.	1871: Great Chicago fire starts. Mrs. O'Leary's cow is badly scorched. 1906: Jeanette Loff born in Idaho.
10	Sat.	1895: Harry Richman born at Newark, N. J. 1920: "Passion" released by First National and Pola Negri startles America.
11	Sun.	1899: South African War begins. New moon tonight.
12	Mon.	1492: Columbus sights land two hours after midnight.
13	Tues.	1894: Irene Rich born at Buffalo.
14	Wed.	Birthday of Lillian Gish, who was born at Springfield, Ohio.
15	Thurs.	Birthdays of Ina Claire and Claire Luce.
16	Fri.	1786: United States Mint established at Philadelphia. 1859: John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry.
17	Sat.	1777: Burgoyne surrenders at Saratoga. 1906: Jean Arthur born at New York.
18	Sun.	1886: Karl Dane born. 1900: Bob Custer born at Frankfort, Ky. Moon in first quarter.
19	Mon.	1781: Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown. 1918: Harold Lockwood dies.
20	Tues.	Birthdays of Marian Nixon, Evelyn Brent, Bela Lugosi, Charles Chase.
21	Wed.	1520: Magellan discovers the straits bearing his name. 1805: Battle of Trafalgar. 1929: Stock market crash.
22	Thurs.	1905: Constance Bennett born at New York. 1920: Mitzi Green born at New York.
23	Fri.	1899: Lilyan Tashman born at New York. 1908: Sally O'Neil born.
24	Sat.	1897: Gilda Grey born.
25	Sun.	1415: Battle of Agincourt.
26	Mon.	1914: John Leslie Coogan born. Full moon tonight
27	Tues.	1904: Subway opened in New York. 1919: Volstead Act passed over Wilson's veto.
28	Wed.	1886: Statue of Liberty unveiled. 1898: John Boles born at Greenville, Texas.
29	Thurs.	1907: Kent Douglass born at Los Angeles.
30	Fri.	1907: Sue Carol born at Chicago.
31	Sat.	1910: There are 9480 picture theaters in United States, a striking growth in the five years of films.

Watch for This Feature Every Month

Birthstones: Ancient, Aquamarine; Modern, Pearl. The Pearl is said to endow its October-born wearers with eternal hope.



A Phonograph recording studio on a busy day, when Bert Lown and his boys come to make a new record. Lown has broken all success records of the Victor Company.

Things You Never Read Before About Broadcasting and Phonograph Record Making, Told By a Famous Band Leader

YOU want to dance. Nothing easier. Roll back the rug, spin the dial of your radio, and in a moment you can be off to the strains of 'Bye Bye, Blues'. You may be a mile or a thousand miles from the Cascades, high up in the Biltmore, in New York City, where Bert Lown and his band are playing. No matter. Tune in, and you can dance as readily as those who thread their way among the tables of the crowded floor. It's just as simple as that—for you.

For Bert Lown and the band and the recording or broadcasting company, though, it's a little more complicated. It keeps Bert Lown and his boys working often from twelve to fourteen hours each day to maintain the quality of entertainment that the public demands. More than that, every recording or broadcast is a nerve-racking affair, when you know how many things there are that can go wrong and do go wrong—things no amount of human ingenuity can guard against. The musician's ear is a sensitive thing, but the ear of the microphone hears things no human ear is keen enough to detect.

Even if you aren't a musician you know the importance of the saxophone in a modern dance orchestra. And doubtless you've seen the pads that are stuffed into the broad, bell-like mouth of that instrument. To these you owe the strange, blue notes that help to make up the fantastic harmony of the new jazz. Now, scoring for a modern dance tune is a highly complex thing. No two bands play the same piece in the same way, and it is largely the ingenuity of the arranger that makes you prefer one rendition of a tune to another. To that end, as you have seen, one player may, in a single number play two or even three different instruments.

ONCE, while broadcasting, one of Bert Lown's stars played a measure on one sax, laid it down, reached for another, and waited, counting, to come in. The score called for a series of soft, muted notes. "One, two, three," he counted. "One, two——" He blew. And a sound like the bray of an irate mule roared its way over the Columbia network. No one had seen the pad fall out of the new saxophone as he picked it up!

"All in the day's work," Bert said, as he laughed, telling me of that episode. "We got away with it—because we're known. But it might just as well have happened when we were making our first trial broadcast, with a contract depending on how we went over."

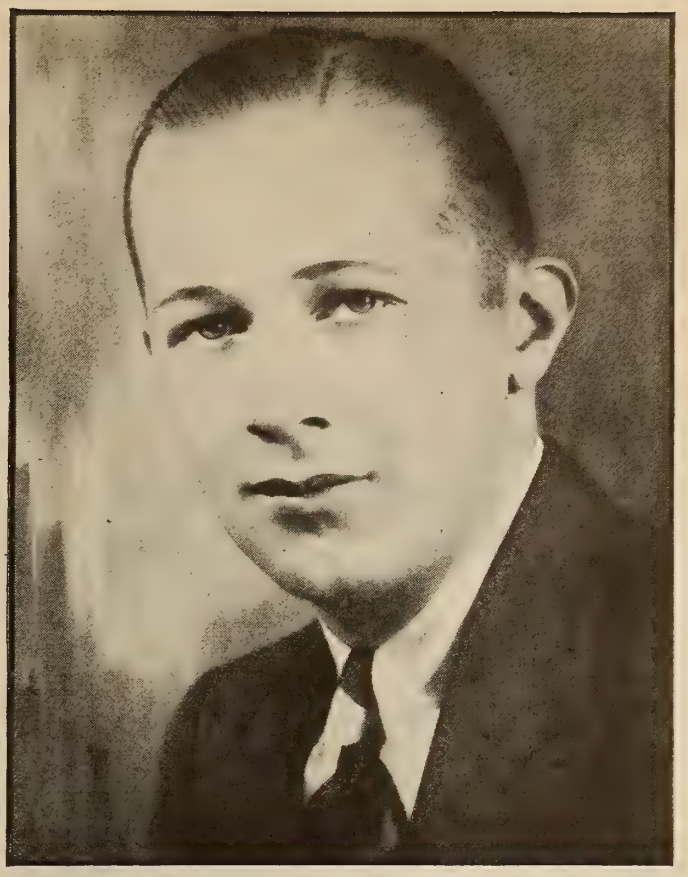
Even trickier than broadcasting is the work of making records. A record must be as nearly perfect as anything in an imperfect world can be. If it isn't, it doesn't sell. Here is a highly competitive game, with rival orchestras and rival companies bending their best efforts to outdo one another—usually against time, since the popularity of many tunes is evanescent.

"Electric recording," Bert told me, "is simpler in one

The Dramatic Story of How Your Favorite Songs Are Brought to You

Secrets of the MELODY MAKERS

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF



Bert Lown is 28 and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra, thanks to radio and records, is known all over America. Bert, before he was a jazz leader himself, managed orchestras. And he used to sell cash registers.

way, and harder in many others, than the old horn recording. The mike is so sensitive that it picks up the slightest sound that doesn't belong. On an average, it takes us an hour to make a ten-inch record—but sometimes we run way over that time. First we rehearse, and time the number. We have a margin of twenty seconds. No number can play less than two minutes and fifty seconds, nor more than three minutes and ten seconds. So we rehearse for time and for musical accuracy.

"We play through and the number is recorded on a soft wax disc. Then the needle is reversed and the record is played back for us through a loud speaker. Each boy watches his own part, and my job is to see that all the parts blend—I work with the chief recorder. Often we find some mistakes in the parts that the natural ear didn't or couldn't detect, and still oftener we pick up some queer foreign sound. Some one may rustle a paper. The room we play in is soundproof—and just about air-proof, too, which is a big help in summer.

"We get a signal five seconds before the record is to start, when we come to making the actual master record. After that there must be absolute silence, with every man ready. Then we get the buzz to start. At the end we have to maintain the same absolute silence for another ten seconds, until the needle is off the master wax—I remember one time when we were making a record that had proved particularly hard, one of the boys let go too soon and said: 'Thank God, that's done!' We had to spend another half hour getting it right.



Another glimpse of the boys in action. The line-up: Piano, Chauncey Gray; drums, Stan King; violin, Mac Ceppos, string bass, Merrill Klein; banjo and guitar, Tom Fellini; trombone, Al Philburn; trumpet, Frank Cush and Ed Farley; saxophone, Larry Tise, Paul Mason and Elmer Feldkamp, who is also the vocalist; bass saxophone, Adrian Rollini.

"I THINK the worst experience of the kind I was ever up against was one time when we spent two hours and a half on a record and still, when the test was repeated back to us, a sound persisted which no one could identify. We'd tried everything, and still it continued. We were all half crazy, and after one flop the boys started walking around. For the first time, then, I heard the sound—naturally, I mean, and not just through the loudspeaker. I tracked it down to our drummer. He was wearing new shoes, and one of them squeaked! He took off his shoes and we got a perfect test and a fine master record!

"We make two, sometimes three master records, always trusting to get one good one. As soon as they're finished they go into a cold box, and are kept very cold till they reach the factory—at Camden, in our case. There a metal plate is made from the hard wax, and the actual records are stamped from that.

"Nowadays we don't get a royalty, but an outright payment for

(*Cont. on page* 96)

A Great OLD GIRL

BY
ELEANORE GRIFFIN

The Human and Dramatic Story of the Richest Woman in Oklahoma—and How She Became a Motion Picture Extra For a Day

They were reproducing the land rush of '89. "When they came over the ridge," exclaimed the chief cameraman, "there was an old woman in a faded sunbonnet away ahead, almost standing up in the buggy, lashing her horses and yelling like a crazy woman. She drove straight for the cameras, for she didn't see us at all."





Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

MRS. OLIVIA DIKES twisted the diamond rings on her long, bony, brown fingers. Her daughter, Mary, the one who married the earl, said that so many large and badly mounted diamonds were vulgar, but Mrs. Dikes had never foregone arraying herself in them because of that opinion.

She had acquired these particular diamonds over twenty-five years before—shortly after the dismal colored soil of the little farm, on which nothing would grow, was found to be rich in oil, and, suddenly, Mrs. Dikes, for the farm was in her name, found herself one of the richest women in the world.

She was unable to comprehend it, at first, this vast wealth, and to test it she had purchased something equally as fantastic as the millions they said were hers—the diamonds. They were the most enormous the jeweler in Oklahoma City could obtain. From the first Mrs. Dikes had been quite positive about the biggest and best of everything. The brown lobes of her pierced ears were distended with their weight, two of them almost hid the thin gold band that Peter Dikes had placed there over forty years before, and on three fingers of her left hand they clustered boldly.

Mrs. Dikes had paid for the diamonds with a check for $50,000, and straightaway fainted for the first and last time in her life.

Peter Dikes, too, had gone about sampling the novelty of many dollars to spend in his own peculiar way. He was never seen completely sober again, which wasn't such a startling change. He lived only a year. One of the early automobiles proved his undoing. After that Olivia and the four children spent their time in New York and on the Continent . . . while the legend of their vast wealth spread.

They were fine children. There was Peter, Junior,

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They were fine children. There was Peter, Junior,

who was almost forty-one, and who managed the business interests of the family. He had married a girl with a fortune that almost equaled his own, and there were three grandchildren who always seemed afraid of Olivia.

Then there was Mary, who married the earl; and Kirk, who lived in Paris. He was said to be writing a novel, and many other things were said, but never in the hearing of Mrs. Dikes. And across from her at luncheon on this day sat Elizabeth, who had been scarcely a month old on that amazing day when oil, black, pungent and beautiful, had come gushing forth from the sandy soil.

ELIZABETH was very lovely. But it was not at her, but at Olivia Dikes, that the two young men had stared all through luncheon. Elizabeth thought them rather messy looking young men to be lunching at the Ambassador, but the head waiter seemed delighted to see them, and even suggested the dishes that they gobbled while they stared at her mother, and conversed in undertones.

One of them was rather plump, and his face was shrewd yet childlike. He wore a strange white jersey sweater, and, as far as Elizabeth could see or imagine, nothing underneath. His white flannel trousers were not guiltless of soil, and blue socks unhampered by garters hung over his brown and white sport oxfords, exposing an expanse of tanned skin.

His companion was a little more conventional. He wore a shirt, which though open at the throat, was for all that a shirt. His hair was curly and too long, and he gestured with his fork.

The two young men had finished their lunch, but still they lingered as if fascinated by the spectacle of Mrs. Olivia Dikes consuming apple pie. Elizabeth over her coffee and cigarette bestowed upon them her most haughty glance, which was at the same time careless enough to be insulting. It was a well-studied and usually successful expression, but it had absolutely no effect on the two young men. They seemed quite unaware of the presence of Elizabeth. She grew a bit worried. Perhaps they were plotting something. A person as powerful as Olivia Dikes naturally had many enemies, but Elizabeth had hoped not to encounter any of them in Los Angeles.

As Mrs. Dikes finished the last flake of her pie the young men, with a glance that seemed a mutual recognition of the arrival of the proper moment, rose from their chairs, and approached the table of Mrs. Dikes. The plump individual chose to be spokesman.

"I know this is an unpardonable intrusion, Mrs. Dikes, but there is something we must say to you."

Mrs. Dikes raised heavy black brows in inquiry.

The young man smiled with affecting modesty. "I," he said simply, "am Terry Grant. And this," indicating the curly headed young man who lurked slightly in the background, "is Mr. Lawrence Curran."

They waited patiently for this information to take effect.

"Indeed . . . and what have you young gentlemen to say to me?"

"AS you probably have heard," related Terry Grant, "I am engaged on the most satisfying work of my career. I am making 'Oklahoma.' Mr. Curran, here, is doing the story."

"Making Oklahoma?" Mrs. Dikes was a bit puzzled, and when puzzled she was always more than a bit irritable. "You'll pardon me, but what are you talking about?"

"Mr. Grant," an icy voice informed her, "is possibly, or evidently, a motion picture director, mother."

Terry smiled on Elizabeth as if in admiration of her astuteness.

"Oh . . . you're making a moving picture?"

"Yes, the greatest historical epic the screen has yet put forth. The saga of one of the most colorful and picturesque phases in the history of this country."

Time and experience had taught Mrs. Dikes to be wary of almost everyone. They invariably wanted just one thing . . . and Mrs. Dikes didn't save her prettiest manners for these occasions.

"I'm very sorry, young man, but my philanthropic activities do not cover the financing of epics. I'm sorry to seem rude, but it's nicer to get things like that over right off." And Mrs. Dikes rose to depart.

Mr. Terry Grant was deeply offended. He was deeply hurt. He hastened to correct the sorry impression Mrs. Dikes had formed.

"I am associated with the Colossus Film Corporation. One of the most powerful companies in the world. You simply don't understand. May we sit down and explain what we want of you?"

"We have an engagement, mother," reminded Elizabeth. But the young men were already seated.

"You see, Mrs. Dikes," Terry Grant was saying, "the big scene in our picture is going to be the land rush of '89, and we heard that you, Mrs. Dikes, actually took part in it." There was awe in Terry's voice.

A tiny smile curled Mrs. Dikes' thin lips for an instant as she gazed at Elizabeth.

"Yes. I was there. What about it?"

"Well, this is what we are about to beg you to do—appear in just one little scene. It wouldn't take more than a half hour of your time, and we will pay you—well, anything you would ask, I guess. Or we'd pay it to any charity you'd suggest. It would be the greatest publicity we could get for the picture."

Mrs. Dikes was looking at Terry, her chin in her hand and her eyes very bright.

"Well, I think it's utter nonsense," said Elizabeth gathering up her gloves. "I'm sure these gentlemen will excuse us, mother, if we must keep our engagement."

MRS. DIKES sat looking at Terry Grant rather kindly for some moments, then she shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I am afraid I must agree with my daughter. It would be foolish—we need neither money nor publicity." And they swept from the room, leaving Terry Grant and his eminent scenarist mournfully regarding each other.

"Well," said Mr. Curran, as he crunched a lump of sugar, "what did you expect, after all? Didn't Queen Marie turn down $25,000 for one day's work?"

"It's that kibitzing daughter of hers. The old lady might have been fairly reasonable if she hadn't been there. Hasn't she a wonderful face though, Larry? Can't you just see her forty years ago—that eagle beak of hers and those big black eyes that look right through you?"

"Yes, she's a great old girl . . . but the family and the money are too new to appreciate her. The great, great grandchildren will probably be the first to do it properly. But we'd better be getting back."

"You don't think there's a chance of seeing her again?"

(*Continued on page* 113)

When the land rush scene was ended, Director Terry Grant found Olivia Dikes standing before her team of bays. Their sides were wet. She was feeding them grass. When Terry came close he saw tears on the brown cheeks.

"I'm a stubborn woman," she told Terry, "and I always get my own way."

The Right Way to Buy Foods



Here is a simple plan by which you may buy foods of the sort needed for your health and satisfaction at a figure in keeping with your family income in accordance with food classifications approved by the U.S.Government.

We have prepared for you a table showing how much you may fairly spend on food, according to the size of your family and income; a set of menus for thirty days that may be used all the year round; directions for keeping food accounts; and a table showing how much you should buy of the five different sorts of food. If you would like a copy of our New Food Circular containing this information, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of this magazine, and it will be sent to you.



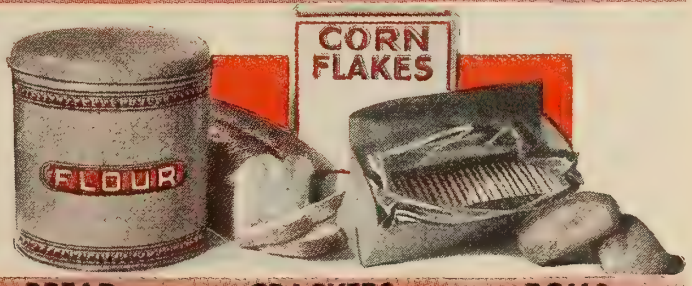
MEAT - MILK - EGGS - CHICKEN - CHEESE - CANNED FISH

One of the five food groups consists of protein foods, needed to produce energy and to repair tissues of the body. They include meat, fish, poultry, eggs, milk, cheese and peanuts. Another group consists of fruits and vegetables, some of which should be included in every day's bill of fare. They supply needed flavor, bulk, minerals and vitamins. Canned or dried fruit and vegetables may be used in addition to fresh fruit and green leaf vegetables.



LETTUCE - APPLES - TOMATOES - APRICOTS - PRUNES

Foods obtained from cereal grains provide not only starch but proteins as well, and those made from whole grains also contain minerals and vitamins. This third group of foods furnishes energy at a lower price than any other group. Our New Food Circular will tell you how to make the best use of these cereal grain foods in a well balanced diet and what proportion of your food money may be spent on wheat, corn, rye, rice, and oat products.



FLOUR - BREAKFAST FOOD - BREAD - CRACKERS - ROLLS

Sweet foods provide fuel and flavor, and though they may not be depended on for proteins, vitamins or minerals they should be included in the daily bill of fare. Sugar and syrups are an economical source of energy and the more expensive sweets are justifiable because of their agreeable flavor. The energy in these foods is especially valuable in the diet of those engaged in heavy muscular work or exercise. Our New Food Circular tells what proportion of your food budget may be spent on this sort of nourishment.



SUGAR - HONEY - JELLY - CANDY - SIRUPS - MOLASSES

Fat foods are essential to a well-balanced diet. Chocolate, rich nuts, fat meats, such as bacon and salt pork, are included here as well as butter, lard and other more concentrated fats.

If you would like a copy of Government Bulletin No. 1313, "Good Proportions in the Diet," supplied free of charge by the United States Department of Agriculture, let us know and we will forward your request to Washington.



CREAM - BACON - OLIVE OIL - LARD - NUTS - CHOCOLATE



It fell to my lot to pose these two famous people with each other. The beautiful stage star lifted her gorgeous lips to meet the strong man's kiss, which my movie idol delivered with tender emotion. As he kissed her she closed her eyes rapturously and let her head slip backward until the lovely line of her throat was silhouetted against the background of his shoulder. I turned away a little and tried to tell myself how silly I was—how little this man could mean to me.

Behind the Screen DRAMAS

AS TOLD TO VIRGINIA MAXWELL

THIS is another of Miss Maxwell's true life stories of the fascinating town of moviedom. Miss Maxwell spent months gathering the facts for these stories among the folks you never read about in Hollywood, the young men and young women whose names are not in the electric lights. These are the real adventures of the great unknowns of Hollywood. The facts are true but, naturally enough, the names are fictitious. The pictures illustrating this series were made in Hollywood and Beverly Hills by Stagg, the famous photographer.



As I lay in bed I made up my mind always to look my best around the studio, just in case my movie idol might see me again.

HAVE you ever been unlucky in love? Then you may know what I mean when I tell you the world fell apart for me just one week before I was to be married. I was jilted! And there is no shame like that for a girl to endure, especially when she lives in a small town.

Gerald and I had been keeping steady company for three years. He would have to wait until he finished college before we married. I was willing; in fact, I said it would be unfair to him for us to marry before that. I'd always played fair. So, with that understanding, I gradually came to be known as "Gerald's girl" which meant "hands off" to all other eligible young bachelors in our set.

Then, when Gerald returned from college to stay, after his graduation, I threw a nice party for him. It was, of course, meant to be a combination welcome home and announcement party, for it never occurred to me, being so thoroughly honest myself, that Gerald could be anything but the thoroughbred I knew him to be. Mother and I worked for days getting things ready for that party. We made paper decorations for the dining-room ceiling, cut-out place cards, and as a very special surprise, mother and I contrived a wedding ring of gold crêpe paper, through which two love birds swung, holding snapshot photos of Gerald and myself.

That was the part that hurt most. For that golden symbol later became a mockery to my pride after all my friends had walked in to supper and began at once to congratulate me. Gerald looked horribly uncomfortable, I noticed, and once I caught him frowning as if the whole thing was getting terribly on his nerves. What was wrong I never knew until our friends had departed and Gerald and I were alone in the living room of the old house which had seen the romances of three generations of my proud family.

"DARLING," I said to him, taking his babyish face between my cool hands, "what's the matter? You haven't been yourself all evening."

He looked away from me for a moment, then looked down at the floor.

"Gosh, but you've made it terribly hard for me," he said slowly, "throwing this engagement party before I had time to talk things over with you."

"But I thought — we've always been engaged, dear," I stammered, "it was just that I wanted our crowd to know we'd be naming a wedding date pretty soon."

He walked to the window and looked out at the little flakes of snow which were descending into fluffy piles on our front porch. Then he suddenly turned to me, as if he'd garnered his courage, and blurted:

"We can't be married, Madge. I suppose I'm a weak little cad not to have told you sooner. But the truth of it is I'm married. I eloped with a girl up in our college town, a peach of a girl whom I couldn't resist. I should have written you, I know. But I just didn't have the heart."

I don't know what I said. I remember staring for a long while at the oil portrait of my grandmother on the sitting-room wall. I think I just said, "All right," a little dazed, and saw him to the door.

I don't know how I got through that night upstairs alone in my room, alone except for the ghostly bits of trousseau strewn about the place, where I'd proudly showed my wedding things to some of my girl friends earlier in the evening.

I only know that when dawn began to throw its cold blue light into the sanctuary of my dreams, I shuddered and began packing away the lacy bits of finery into which I had stitched my love with every thrust of my needle during those long winter evenings.

Of course the reaction

The Story of the Girl Who Found Real Love in Hollywood

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

SHE WORKED IN THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT, HE



There, before me, like some apparition one has seen in a dream, stood the movie idol of my secret devotion. He was in riding habit, the collar of his shirt thrown carelessly back. He held out his hand to me as Mr. Peterson introduced us. Then, quite as nonchalantly, he looked away again, as if my presence had meant a mere intrusion.

came upon me with horrible reality the next day, and I sat, crouched in the corner of my clothes-press, trying to stifle the sobs which wracked my body; the pain of a wounded animal, yet worse than that, for the torture I suffered was a mixture of blasted pride as well as lost illusions. I suppose there are many girls who have gone through that feeling and for those who can't get away from the cruel sympathy of their friends I offer my sincerest regrets. I think I should have lost my mind if I'd had to stay on forever in our town and meet the curious eyes of those who knew; the sympathetic expressions of those who really pitied me; the mocking glances which sometimes lighted the eyes of girls too young to know how terrible a heartache can be.

I USED to wonder why Fate had singled me out for this sort of punishment. What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always been square with other people, honest, loyal, kindly?

And yet, three years later, I know why that very bitter experience was visited upon me. Oh, if only I could assure all girls who have had that emotional anguish to bear, that they will find its reason and be glad some day.

Mother was terribly worried about me for the weeks following. And I know that mother suffered almost as intensely as did I because there was no way she could help me forget. We had very little money, father having passed on when he was at the brink of a promising career as a lawyer. I was an only child. Between mother and me, we'd been able to keep the wolf from knocking too loudly at our door by making home-made jams and jellies, taking in fine sewing, making dainty bits of lingerie, all of which we sold at the woman's exchange bazaar twice a year.

Fortunately I was not tormented further by having to feast my hungry eyes on Gerald after the night he broke that news to me. He'd gone at once, back to his college town, to settle down in his wife's father's office, for his career. I never saw him again and I never heard from him. I was glad no one mentioned his name, ever, for it helped me to smooth off the dagger-like edge of that hurt so that I was able to come out of my shell a little after a few months.

It was during this period of recuperation I caught sight of an unusual advertisement in our local paper, one which piqued my interest in view of the fact that our doctor was always lamenting that I could not afford a complete change of scenery.

During the summer season when people from neighboring cities came out to rest in our hamlet, the local

WAS A STAR, YET FATE BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER

hotel was full of strangers. It was from this place the advertisement had been inserted, asking for a girl of refinement and culture to act as governess to the child of a family departing for California.

I LOST no time in applying for the position. Mrs. Ross seemed to be a fine woman, apparently affluent, and her small daughter Gertrude was a darling. I liked them both immediately and I think perhaps my impression may have influenced Mrs. Ross for she engaged me for the job without even investigating my references.

My widowed cousin and her children came to live with mother while I would be away, trying to recover the healthy nerves I once had enjoyed. Mother was delighted; her entire thought was for me. In that, mother was always so unselfish, and I often suspected this quality was one I'd inherited, thinking always of others first.

Well, we got away at last, mother having finished quite a few dainty dresses for me and of course a lot of new undies. I had long before carefully rolled my ill-fated trousseau finery into a snug ball, carried it into the back yard one night and let it go up in flames along with my dreams of happiness. I never could have worn a bit of it; that's the sort of sentimental Tommy I am.



That evening, when I got home to my little apartment, I slipped into my Chinese Mandarin coat and surveyed myself in the long mirror on the back of my dressing room door. I really wasn't as bad looking as I imagined.

It wouldn't be difficult to guess that Mrs. Ross' destination on that trip was Los Angeles, would it? Not in view of the fact that the first frost had begun to settle once again back home and people of means were flocking to the warm sunshine to be comfortable for the winter.

Mrs. Ross met her husband there. He was an engineer and was working on one of the famous California dams. And through him, at the garden party they gave to greet their old friends, I met the publicity director of one of the movie studios in Hollywood. Mr. Peterson had been a good friend of Mr. Ross for many years and after their initial greeting he was a constant visitor at the house the Ross family leased on Wilshire Boulevard. That was how I was given a job in his publicity department, some time later, when the Ross family left for China where Mr. Ross' new project lay.

Mother wrote me every week. She was very enthusiastic over my job with the studio, for the tone of my letters had improved, due to the lapse of time and the many interesting new people I was meeting.

Mrs. Ross had boasted that I had a very likable personality, was very loyal, a conscientious worker and could always be depended upon. That sounded awfully nice for a business recommendation. It was the open sesame through which I found myself settled in a cool, green-walled office overlooking a garden of flowers between our studio executive building and the stars' dressing-room bungalows just across the path.

LIKE most girls I was quite a movie fan. I'd gone to our local picture house back home at least once a week, and I'd got accustomed to knowing the various personalities. There was one male star who had always attracted me. I used to wonder if he was really charming and debonair. Perhaps you know who my movie idol is from what I have described, for, to me, there is only one star like him; that is himself. I rarely expected ever to see him, since stars keep

(*Continued on page* 78)

Hallowe'en Costumes

Here are clever Fancy Dress Outfits that you can make at small cost with the help of our New Method Circulars.

by FRANCES COWLES



OC57—This circular shows how to make the clown suit for boy or girl shown above.

OC58—You can make a perfect Little Red Riding Hood outfit with the aid of this circular.

OC59—Choose this circular for diagram and directions for making the pussy cat suit above.





OC60 — Pierrot and Pierrette are favored guests at any Hallowe'en party and this circular gives full directions for making both costumes.

OC61—If you want to celebrate Hallowe'en in a gypsy disguise follow directions given in this circular.

OC62—Here you will find instructions for making the dashing outfit of the bold pirate shown above.

OC63—And from this circular you may learn to make the lady pirate's costume shown above at the right.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or fifteen cents for all seven circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the description.

GOOD . . they've got to be good!



Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"



Darn good—you'll say!

Everybody wants a mild cigarette. And when you find one that is milder and *tastes better* too—you've got a smoke! Chesterfields are so much milder that you can smoke as many as you like. Mild, ripe, sweet-tasting tobaccos — the best that money can buy. That's what it takes to make a cigarette as good as Chesterfield. And the *purest* cigarette paper!

Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Burns evenly. Smokes cool and comfortable. *They Satisfy* sums it all up!

EVERYBODY'S GETTING ON "THE BAND WAGON"



©1931, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



The smart hat for fall. Ask to see the Mitzi Green "Co-ed", in your favorite colors, at leading Department and Chain stores

POLLY PRIM HATS . . . New York, N. Y.



Marion Shilling demonstrated how every portion of the head, particularly the hair and scalp, can be benefited by gently massaging the base of the neck.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The New Empress Eugénie Hats—Advice on the Proper Care of the Hair and the Skin

BY ANN BOYD

VACATION days over and everybody happy? Never mind, I know there is a goodly number of you who have come back healthy, but looking more or less devastated, just because you were unheedful and uncautious, and performed your beauty rites in a lackadaisical manner.

You must be all aflutter, too, about these new Empress Eugénie hats that tilt down over the right eye, and very much excited about planning your new fall wardrobes. But you know you can't get away with a leathery looking complexion and brittle, broken off ends of hair. So look to your complexion and your hair.

Indulge in the luxury of a professional facial if you can afford one, but if you must save for your new ensemble, give yourself a facial. The woman with an oily skin, or one suffering from acne, should have benefited from exposure to the sun, because sunlight is drying and one of the best germicides known to man. But whether your skin be oily or dry, it must be nourished back to softness and suppleness if it has been exposed to the elements. Select the proper creams and lotions for your particular type of skin and get the beauty habit once again.

While the skin is in the process of losing its tan, daytime powder should shade gradually away from its yellow cast to a rosy ochre tone, as the skin itself loses its yellowness. Green powder worn in the evening is very effective to disguise any lingering brown tones in the skin. Rouge on the orange cast, which has been such an effective complement to a sun-tanned face, should be discarded as soon as the brown color fades away.

GIVE a thought to reconditioning your hair, for it too has suffered in the annual débâcle. When the hair is dry the oil glands are not functioning properly. The scalp needs stimulation, and supplementary oils must be applied to coax the hair back to lustrousness and softness. Hot oil treatments given just before a shampoo will help to bring (*Continued on page* 89)

Reviews

(*Other Reviews will be Found on Pages* 38 *and* 39)

By LYNDE DENIG

The Black Camel—*Fox:*—Readers and viewers of the Charlie Chan mystery stories, and there are many of them, will find this latest exploit of the crafty Oriental to be diverting entertainment. As the murder in question concerns motion picture folk, a noted director and a popular actress, there is an excuse for the glamourous background of an Hawaiian resort during the filming of a picture. There is plenty of plot, almost too much plot, in fact, in this tale of a double murder solved by Charlie Chan, developed into a character of individual charm by Warner Oland.

Maciste in Hell—*Excelsior:*—Some time when you are a bit fed up on screen voices and crave the silence of a bygone day, take a look at one of the old-time spectacles, such as this importation from Italy, birthplace of the once famous "Quo Vadis?" and "Cabiria." You will return thankfully to the film that talks. Called a version of Dante's "Inferno," this is a fantastic allegory, not particularly well photographed and childishly obvious. The English titles are occasionally humorous, when humor is not intended, and the acting is Italian ham. Spectacles of this type seem to belong to the pre-war past.

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour—*Warners:*—In these days of "Yeah" and "You're telling me," a Sherlock Holmes story is as mild as a cup of tea without the lemon, and as polite. There is murder in this picture: in fact it opens with a murder in the dark. But it is all pleasantly romanticized to make the most of a nicely developed plot which baffles Scotland Yard and the "elementary" Dr. Watson. The Sherlock Holmes of Arthur Wontner, an English actor, is a shade less virile than that of our own William Gillette, but it is within the tradition of the famous character. An all-English production and a good one.

Enemies of the Law—*Warners:*—Just one guess as to the profession of these enemies of the law. You guessed it: bootlegging gangsters. The Eagle (Johnny Walker) heads one gang, the Swan (Lou Tellegen) another; but the police are not concerned about these relatively small fry. They want the man higher up, and, after the manner of the secret service in wartime, they engage a woman (Mary Nolan) to trap him. She falls in love with the Eagle, who dies in her arms. If this were one of the first instead of one of the last of the gangster films, it would be more exciting. The public is gang wise, so to speak. It knows the tricks.

Hell Below Zero—*Travel Epic:*—It is surprising to learn that one may need snowshoes for comfortable traveling on the equatorial belt in Africa. Garveth Wells, on his expedition to the Mountains of the Moon, observes that in this strange climate there is danger of suffering a sunstroke and freezing one's feet at the same time. The more we see of Africa and its peculiarly designed animal and vegetable life, the more we appreciate the Bronx zoo. Wells comes to the defense of the character of the lion. Instead of a ferocious beast, the expedition found families of lions living in playful accord. Some of our camera explorers must be slandering poor old Leo.

Women Men Marry—*Headline Productions:*—There is some pretty ragged marksmanship in this study of infidelity, otherwise it would have been more difficult to bring about a happy ending. It was enough of a task at best. The two characters supposed to have been shot in the last few moments of gun-play were merely scratched and are in trim for another party. That "Old Devil," New York, almost gets his clutches around the innocent bride from the South, but she gets away. Extravagant luxury *vs.* the simple joys of loving domesticity: always a safe theme. Sally Blane is attractive as the sweet young thing.

Women Love Once—*Paramount:*—The producer of this picture dared to be tragic in the closing scenes. An instinctive gasp sweeps over an audience when a little girl is hit by an automobile, suffering injuries that prove fatal. The grief shared over her death reunites her parents. The story is adapted from a stage play discussing the everlasting problem of art *vs.* domesticity. Eleanor Boardman is the patient, loving wife who urges her artistic husband to study painting in Paris. Paul Lukas is the philandering husband who falls for a lot of nonsense about freedom. The picture is a consistent re-telling of a thrice-told tale.

Gentleman's Fate—*Metro-Goldwyn:*—Providing you are not satiated with gangster films, or if you retain an interest in that hero of the silent past, John Gilbert, there may be reason for you to view this contribution to the literature of the underworld. The late Louis Wolheim, who died shortly after the completion of the picture, left a memorable portrayal of a rum-running racketeer, whose brother had been reared a gentleman, ignorant of his lawless family living in a beer-soaked section of Jersey City. It is unpleasant to report that Gilbert continues to be colorless.

Sweepstakes — *Radio:* — Better than the average run of racetrack pictures, largely because of the presence of the oddly amusing James Gleason. In the rôle of a trainer, he reveals a heart of gold beneath an exterior that is several degrees tougher than leather. The story of the jockey barred from racetracks because of one unfortunate occurrence is retold with few variations. It is not without flashes of excitement, however, and sentimental incidents effectively realized by Eddie Quillan. As a singing waiter in a Mexican saloon, Eddie squeezes tears out of a sentimental ballad. Marian Nixon looks pretty and that is about all her rôle requires.

The Man in Possession — *Metro-Goldwyn:*—Light comedy nicely flavored with wit and several capital characterizations. It belongs to the drawing room school of pictures, designed for those who take to the theater a fairly civilized sense of humor. For the rest, there are a number of passages of obstreperous farce, a bit out of keeping with the prevailing spirit of the piece. In the capacity of bailiff's assistant, Robert Montgomery is installed in the house of a pretty but insolvent debtor, who is planning a financially helpful marriage. The plot is novel and diverting and brings out the personal charm of Montgomery. Forrester Harvey scores a perfect comedy bit as the bailiff.

Broadminded — *First National:*—There is no denying that Joe E. Brown has two distinct comedy assets: a mouth of ludicrous design and a laugh that suggests the war cry of an Indian. Here, as in his previous appearances, he makes the most of these personal characteristics in a farcical contrivance that is little more than a series of gags. The tone of the picture is set in the opening sequence depicting a "baby party," Brown making his entrance in a baby carriage. Later he cuts loose on a trip to California, as guardian of a wild youth, unduly susceptible to women. A silly picture with a light sprinkling of laughs.

First Aid—*Sono Art—World Wide:*—Take all of the gangster pictures you recall, mix the situations thoroughly, then pour them out on the screen and you will have something akin to this contribution to the library of modern crime and human frailty. The dance-hall girl with a big heart, her dear little brother being led astray by naughty gangsters, the brilliant young surgeon drinking away his brains, stolen jewels: you will find them all. But don't be misled by the title. This is not an exposition of first aid methods as practised by the medical profession. Grant Withers and Marjorie Beebe are in the cast.

Politics — *Metro-Goldwyn:* — Marie Dressler is more serious here than in most of her previous pictures. This is robust farce with interludes of tear-provoking melodrama. The gangsters have muscled their way into Miss Dressler's orderly kitchen. The basic idea seems to have been suggested by the stage production, "Lysistrata," in which the women walk out on their husbands as a protest against war. Brought up to date, the protest is against racketeering politicians menacing the welfare of the townsfolk. Miss Dressler runs for mayor and is elected.

Polly Moran is going to be her "Commissioner of Garbage." Obvious humor that is fairly effective

Are You Reading NEW MOVIE'S Service Departments?

NEW MOVIE'S expert reviews save your time and money. Be sure to check your evening's entertainment with them. Then turn to:

First Aids to Beauty . . . . . Page 75
Music of the Sound Screen . . . . . Page 17
Hollywood's Own Cooking Page . . . . . Page 12
How Hollywood Entertains . Page 57

These are just a few of the departments built for YOU

Of all things . . . "Pink Tooth Brush"

and I am only 26!



IT can happen to you when you're 26, sooner than that, or later. But "pink tooth brush" is *always* just around the corner unless you take the initiative now, and say "No!" to its threats!

If from earliest childhood you daily went in for coarse foods that exercised and stimulated your gums, you would probably never be bothered with "pink" on your tooth brush. But who in these modern days eats anything but *soft* foods? That is why your gums become lazy and inert, and in time so tender that you find your brush "pink" pretty regularly.

"Pink tooth brush," if allowed to go on, can cause you no end of annoyance. In the first place, it often precedes gum troubles such as Vincent's disease and gingivitis and the dread, even though rare, pyorrhea. And in time it may threaten infection at the roots of some of your teeth.

In fact, the only pleasant news in connection with "pink tooth brush" is that it can be prevented or checked.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But each time, put a little fresh Ipana on your brush and lightly massage it into those touchy gums of yours.

Ipana has ziratol in it—and the ziratol with massage arouses them from their lethargy, stimulates them to new health and firmness.

You'll like Ipana's fine fresh flavor, and almost at once your teeth will begin to look whiter and more sparkling. It may take a bit longer before your gums show a decided improvement, but within thirty days they *will* show it. And then, just keep on using Ipana with massage, so "pink tooth brush" will *stay* out of your life!



Ipana *tooth paste*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-101
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



I held him close in my arms, letting him sob softly against my shoulder until he had exhausted himself. "Never mind," I told him, "the big idea is to keep looking ahead—always—never backward."

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 73)

themselves exclusive, even while they are working.

Mr. Peterson, the publicity manager, had assigned me to filing the photos of the stars, filing histories of their lives, etc. I was to know just where each star's publicity matter could be located immediately. I never needed to think twice about my own movie man star. I went so far as to make special folders for his data, laying each bit of information in his file with a tenderness I could scarcely understand myself. I sometimes think now, as I look back, that all the love I was prepared to give one man, was being kept locked in my heart and carefully preserved for my one perfect ideal.

Day by day, I looked at my movie idol's photos until I knew every line of his features, every expression of his tender eyes, the slight dilation of his strong nostrils whenever he was under the strain of heavy emotional acting. He had a strong jaw line too, a line which told me, in my secret musings, that he was a strong man, well worthy of the adulation millions of girls poured forth to him in the fan mail which was carried in each day in huge bags.

I WAS standing near the file one day, looking steadily at the perfection of this star's latest photographs, when Mr. Peterson called out for me. A little scared that it might be the prelude to a call-down for mooning over the files, I went (*Continued on page* 82)

Only this Nail Make-up *makes your fingers Sparkle so brilliantly... so long*

Lovely Women in the 8 Fashion Cities of the world prefer Cutex Liquid Polish . . . "Makes fingers gay as sparkling gems," says great Beauty Editor of Vienna

BEAUTIFUL OLD VIENNA, gayest city in the world, is famed for its enchanting women. And this romantic city is one of many great world capitals where lovely ladies pay tribute to this new nail make-up . . . Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Chic Viennese women adore it," says Margarethe Pordes, famous Beauty Editor of the *Wiener Record Mode*. "Cutex has such a captivating sparkle... yet is economical, easy to use!

"Smoothly, evenly, this rosy shimmer flows over our nails. A wave of the hand and it's dry . . . brilliant as a precious gem. Then . . . for days our nails gleam without dimming . . . our polish does not crack, peel or discolor.

"We believe the lustre of Cutex Liquid Polish lasts so unusually long because this polish contains no perfume." Perfume, many women have found, often robs a polish of its enduring brilliance, and the fragrance itself is gone in the twinkling of an eye.

Slim white hands... loveliest in the fashion cities of the world . . . are cared for by the simple Cutex method. A little booklet enclosed in each Cutex package explains this simple treatment in detail.

Give your fingertips a quick Cutex manicure once a week. Then a few minutes' care each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Northam Warren • New York • London • Paris





At left—SIX LOVELY TINTS—*Natural, Rose, Colorless . . . Coral, Cardinal and Garnet—each one a crystal film of sparkling and long-lasting beauty!*



"IN THEIR FAMOUS CAFÉS . . . *at their favorite operas and as gracious hostesses in their own homes . . . smart women of Vienna wear this American nail make-up. For they know that any woman's charm is increased by fingertips that glitter . . . jewel-like . . . with every gesture,*" says *Margarethe Pordes, enchanting exponent of Beauty!*

Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:

1. **Dries in 30 seconds.**
2. **Never cracks, peels, turns yellow or white.**
3. **Lasts a whole week.**
4. **Sparkles always with smart lustre.**
5. **Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.**

Fascinating new manicure aid

CUTEX NAIL WHITE PENCIL

Newest thing in manicuring since Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Smart women like to keep one even in their purses. Quickly, simply, they run the Cutex Nail White Pencil under each nail to cleanse and tip the fingers with beautiful whiteness!

Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Constance Bennett and her famous daddy, Richard Bennett, between scenes of "Bought," in which both appear. For the first time, Mr. Bennett tells NEW MOVIE readers in this issue just what it means to be the father of three famous girls.

The Business of Being a Father

(*Continued from page* 42)

Miss Shandor's school on Park Avenue, Manhattan, took this first little Bennett diamond and processed her up, or down, to about a hundred and three pounds of loveliness. Then she was sent to Paris to acquire the final polish at the school of Mme. Balsan.

I imagine one of Dick Bennett's poorest pieces of acting was this attempt to appear casual about his first-born's success in New York, Washington and Baltimore society. He has been making a pretty poor job of his nonchalance ever since then. Try as he may he cannot hide his pride in what she has done . . . her début into the celluloid circle in "Cytherea" and her steady climb from that point to her present heady heights . . . a Pathe star, with enough of the Bennett brains and Morrison charm behind her beauty to hold her there.

In a minute we will get to what he has to say about his eldest's matrimonial gamble with young Phil Plant, sole heir to many Standard Oil millions.

Hardly was Constance well into the polishing stage than another small diamond appeared and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett called her Joan. Here was another daughter to be sent to school. To St. Margaret's at Waterbury, Conn., she went and thence to L'Ermitage, at Versailles, just outside of Paris. And here was another daughter returning with her polish about whom he had to appear casual. It was getting to be a strain.

Miss Joan started out along the social highway. She did not get very far. The heritage of Bennett claimed her one day when she was watching her father rehearse in Jim Tully's play, "Jarnegan." Aside from being a writer and, if we believe his books, an ex-hobo, ex-bartender, ex-prize-fighter, and ex-examiner of Jack Gilbert, Jim Tully is by way of being an excellent judge of precious stones. He caught the gleam of the second Bennett diamond and made loud and raucous Tullyesque noises until Joan was given the ingénue part in her father's play.

DURING rehearsals would have been a grand opportunity for her father to have smacked her for not doing as she was told. Father Bennett has a way of smacking folks in his productions, with icy verbiage, mind you, and it generally results in better performance.

He must have smacked Joan plenty during these rehearsals, for she was a sensation . . . and Dick had to begin all over again posing as the bored and casual male parent.

Meanwhile, as if he wasn't groggy from portraying such an alien rôle for the benefit of Constance and little Miss Joan, a taller and dark jewel had come along. She is Barbara, the second daughter, who had preceded Joan through the fashionable Eastern finishing schools and the sojourn in France. Barbara showed her strain of the breed with her father in "The Dancers" in New York—then in "Syncopation," one of the first of the talking and singing pictures. She played opposite Morton Downey. You know him, folks, Morton Downey, the Camel Minstrel boy? SURE!—Mr. Bennett was proud as punch of him.

He meant much more to Barbara than the family traditions. She had two sisters who would see to it that the name of Bennett remained on the marquees all over the country. So she married Morton and he conforms pretty perfectly to Richard Bennett's specifications for a husband.

"It's a cinch," he said, "to see that they have clothes and education. But it's much harder to see they have the love of real men in this day of phonies masquerading as such."

"Is that a father's business?" Of course that's a stupid question, and Mr. Bennett hates stupidity. It makes him flare up.

"That's his principal business." He was all father now, pacing up and down his living room at the Beverly Wilshire. "I talk it over with my girls . . . and if their men can pass this acid test . . . well, that's enough for me.

"HERE'S what I ask 'em. 'How far could this one or that one . . . whoever the chap may be . . . get without money? And how far would he really want to get? That's ambition. If the girls can satisfy themselves that the lad who is hovering around could get somewhere without an inherited bank roll behind him . . . then I say go to it . . . like that."

"Like that," was accompanied by a snap of the fingers . . . a loud snap.

(*Continued on page* 100)



Hands Up!

Up for Inspection . . . In the Morning . . . All Day Long . . . In the Evening . . . Every Moment of the Waking Day Our Hands are on Parade. Somebody is always looking! Criticizing or Admiring

Thousands of women cringe before this daily inspection. Strangers, passing judgment at a glance. One look saying more plainly than words—

"WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?"

"Why don't you use Pacquin's Hand Cream?" women who are friends are *now* saying to one another.

Pacquin's! . . . hand beauty in a lavendar jar! The Cream that leaves dry, rough surfaces satiny smooth. Just a touch of it! Rubbed gently into the hands after each contact with soap and water. A few strokes and it disappears. No greasiness! No stickiness! Your skin absorbs it almost instantly. And while it is first of all a hand beautifier—it is ideal for use on neck and arms. Rusty elbows disappear after a few applications and crêpy necks become smooth and firm textured.

At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at $1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing Creams in 10c size at all 5 & 10c Stores.

Pacquin's HAND CREAM

Jane E. Curran, Inc.
101 W. 31st Street, New York

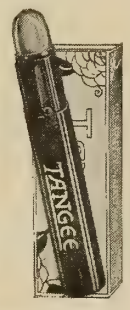
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

TANGEE



APPROVED
BY WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

HARPER'S BAZAAR, *famous* NEW YORK *magazine, says:* "Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do."



JARDIN DES MODES, *of* PARIS, *greatest French fashion magazine, says:* "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it *blends with your natural coloring.*" ©

TATLER, *famous* LONDON *authority, adds:* "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

Same Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. TG8
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 78)

quickly into his office. And there, before me, like some apparition one has seen in a dream, stood the movie idol of my secret devotion. He was in riding habit, the collar of his shirt flung carelessly back, revealing the masculine beauty of his throat and chest. He whipped off his hat as I entered and held out his hand to me as Mr. Peterson introduced us. Then, quite as nonchalantly, he looked away again, as if my presence had meant a mere intrusion on his business conference with Mr. Peterson.

I had a good opportunity to see him in all his perfection, from his handsome head to the heels of his slicked and shining boots. He tapped the desk emphatically with his riding crop as he and Mr. Peterson continued their discussion concerning his publicity notices.

I had been sent for to see that none of the old pictures of this star were released for publication; only his newest and best photos were to be circulated—Mr. Peterson's order. That was all.

That evening when I got home to my comfy little apartment, which I preferred to have all by myself, I slipped into my Chinese Mandarin coat and surveyed myself in the long mirror on the back of my dressing room door. I really wasn't so bad looking as I'd imagined. I looked closely at my face and decided to cold cream it carefully that very evening. My eyebrows needed plucking too. And by the time bedtime rolled around, I lay back in the feathery folds of my little bed, bathed, scented, beautified, ready for a long restful night's sleep. For I had made up my mind always to look my best around the studio, just in case my movie idol might see me once again. I've often wondered since what he thought of the drab little girl who stood before him that day, a sheaf of papers in her hands, trembling with an odd mixture of excitement and awe as he greeted me.

THE entire publicity staff told me the climate was beginning to agree with me when they saw the change in my appearance. My eyes had taken on a new brightness, my cheeks a radiance which was only a reflection of the glow stirring within me. Not that I dared to match my personality (people said I had a measure of it) against the glamour and beauty of the studio ladies my idol came in contact with. There were all types of beauties fairly throwing themselves at this movie star, trying every little feminine wile to gain a bit of his attention. Especially one actress, imported from New York, and known to be a notorious vamp.

It fell to my lot one day, as my duties increased, to pose these two famous people with each other. That was one of the times my heart went fairly beating in my throat; jealousy, envy—call it what you will.

The property men had rigged up a quick set and I escorted the cameraman, a fan magazine writer and one newspaper man to this set to show them how terribly in love this movie couple were. I should scarcely say they were both stars; the man is a famous star, the woman had recently been imported from the New York stage where she was well known, but she had yet to carve her niche in the hall of movie fame.

It was the desire of the publicity de-

(*Continued on page* 84)



William Wallace Reid, known as Billy to his pals, the son of the late Wallie Reid, was snapped at Catalina, acquiring a deeper coat of sun tan and a hundred or so extra freckles.

Wide World Photo



At home with the STARS



Above you see Mitzi Green making delicious fudge and on the right Laura La Plante mixing her favorite salad.

These are among the many recipes in the Hollywood cook book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars."



LIFE'S not always champagne and caviar with the movie stars. At home they have their own ideas on good food and how to cook it. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is happy with Boston Brown Bread . . . if it's made the way he likes it. Ruth Chatterton has her own method of cooking beefsteak. Gary Cooper is partial to Buttermilk Griddle Cakes. Irene Delroy calls her favorite recipe Heavenly Hash. You can make these good things too. This Hollywood cook book shows you how. It's a cook book illustrated with interesting new photographs, snapped in the stars' own homes. It's on sale in many Woolworth stores.

If you do not find "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" in your Woolworth store, we will mail your copy. Send us 10c, plus 3c postage.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated

55 FIFTH AVENUE :: NEW YORK, N. Y.



A New Beauty Treatment for WOOL

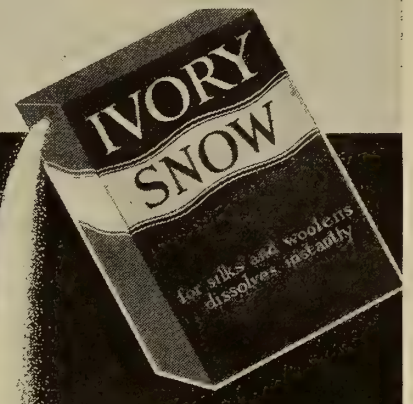
NO wonder this bit of wool looks satisfied! Pure white Ivory Snow is the newest, kindest way to take care of fine woolens and delicate silks.

These tiny Snow pearls are made of Ivory Soap. You know Ivory's spotless reputation when it comes to gentleness! But here's the surprise—these dainty pearls of Ivory dissolve instantly into frothy suds, in *lukewarm* water — exactly the safe temperature for your finest things! Every one of those little Snow pearls works, too. Not one is left undissolved to stick to your precious fabrics!

You get a big box of Ivory Snow for only 15¢. And it contains enough white magic to protect the youth and beauty of hundreds of dollars worth of clothes!

99 44/100 % PURE

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Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 82)

partment to team her up with one of our well-known male sheiks—and thus their budding friendship had begun to ripen into an affair which kept newspapers buzzing with constant rumors of their engagement. So we went out to the set and the stage star lifted her gorgeous lips to meet the strong man's kiss, which our movie idol delivered with tender emotion. As he kissed her, she closed her eyes rapturously and let her head slip backward until the lovely line of her throat was silhouetted against the dark background of his shoulder.

The cameras clicked, and the lady sprang right back to being herself, although I noticed she ran her fingers lovingly through my star's thick hair as she smiled sweetly into his eyes. A moment later she excused herself to go back to the set on which she was working while the movie man of my dreams blew little kisses to her from the palm of his hand, as she walked backward from us, waving to him.

"SHE'S glorious," I heard him say to one of the newspaper men as he struck a match and lit his cigarette. "There are women and women but only one woman like her."

I turned away a little and tried to tell myself how silly I was. For deep in my heart I knew that my movie idol really meant what he was saying, while, with feminine intuition, I did not believe the lady of the stage was sincere. I don't know why I felt that way; there seemed to be something in her manner which made her love-making artificial, though with the man, he seemed all genuine solicitude.

It was just one week from that day the crisis came; a crisis which none of us was prepared for since news of big events rarely leaked out of the executive's offices. On my desk one morning a short memo from Mr. Peterson ordered me to remove all of the movie idol's photographs from my file, to be stored away in a department of past glories.

Being new to Hollywood I did not at first comprehend what it all meant. I was soon to find out. It meant that my movie idol was through! His contract had been bought up by the studio in order to sustain no further loss in production. My idol had been slipping lately in his appeal, slipping since he lost his heart to the stage lady.

He came into the publicity department late that afternoon and tried to argue the thing out with Peterson.

That suave gentleman told him it was an order from the front office, a mere follow up of the recent conference which had ended in his decision and of which my movie man had been formally apprised.

He looked around at the empty spots on the walls of our office where only a few hours before his pictures had hung, squares of dust now outlining the bare spaces—closed his eyes hard for a moment, then walked slowly out of the publicity department.

No one will ever know how sorry for

him I was at that moment. I wanted to dash after him, to tell him the hurt would heal, to assure him that everything in life was a passing experience. And yet I dared not. He scarcely knew me, had merely nodded to me now and then, since the first day Mr. Peterson had introduced us.

"ALL washed up and doesn't savvy it!" grunted one of the ex-newspaper men on the staff.

Another laughed; someone swore. By the end of the day the incident was forgotten. Everyone got to his locker quickly, grabbed his bathing suit and was off to the shore for a dip before dinner. Only I remained, going over each one of the precious pictures which were to go into the discard shortly. Longingly I took out those first photos which I had placed in another file, and gazed at the face of my movie idol, trying, if only with my thoughts, to help him bear the sting of hurt pride which he had just suffered.

Turquoise twilight effected zig-zag shadows through the windows of that little office until the place seemed filled with ghosts. I took one of the pictures and wrapped it in copy paper, a treasured memento of a grand but secret emotion. Then I slipped into my sweater, pulled on my soft felt hat and was on my way to the door when my startled eyes beheld the man whose image I wanted always to keep with me. He was standing to one side, near Peterson's deserted office. And as I came forward, he stepped out and looked at me with the eyes of a small boy who'd been terribly hurt but wouldn't admit it.

"Miss Preston," he said, and I knew he had found out my name, "will you please do me a big favor; perhaps the last favor I shall ever have to ask you?"

"Why, of course, anything I can do would be a pleasure," I said.

"Really?" His eyes lighted for a moment, then his mouth relaxed into a firm, hard line.

"Would you have dinner with me at some little place—any place—just so long as I don't have to go home to my barren castle in Beverly Hills—this evening? After what has happened today I couldn't bear it, hearing the echoes of my old self there—seeing the ghastly dreams of things I had planned which can never now come true."

"I understand," I said, tenderly, and I slipped my hand into his, drawing him out of this room of memories. His car was outside and his chauffeur touched his cap deferentially as we approached.

"Send your chauffeur home," I suggested, finding words all of a sudden. "Let's drive ourselves, up through the canyon into the high places where you can think things out—and talk."

He looked at me for a long minute, as if he were clinging to someone who could plan for him in his great hour of despair.

"YOU'RE grand—simply grand," he mumbled, as he gave the chauffeur orders and we stepped in and drove off ourselves. Up, up winding roads at breakneck speed we drove until we were high above the twinkling little city of fame and folly, high over the jeweled boulevards stretched in parallel lines across Hollywood from Los Angeles to the shore of the Pacific. When we'd reached the uppermost ridge of the mountain, he turned off the

(*Continued on page* 86)



★

This engagement ring—*by Cartier, Inc., New York City*—is one of an extensive collection ranging in price from $30,000 to $100. The photograph shows an engagement ring considered as unique in quality and size—the **MOST EXPENSIVE** engagement ring in the world. The simplicity of the setting, characteristic of Cartier, enhances the whiteness and brilliancy of the stone.

For an "Individuality" .... not an "Anybody!"

Pebeco is the **MOST EXPENSIVE** tooth paste in the world—to make, but not to buy.

It costs more to make because 40% is an expensive ingredient not found in other tooth pastes—an ingredient put there for the good that science has proved it will do your teeth.

Do not look for a sweet taste...or a foamy lather...but for a characteristic tang that signifies it is doing its work. This is Pebeco's distinctive signature...You have to *think* to like Pebeco—but, remember, irrelevant candy-like tastes or extravagant claims in advertising cannot benefit your teeth—*it is what is in the tooth paste that counts.*

★

Pebeco is the **MOST EXPENSIVE** tooth paste in the world to make. But its cost to you is no higher than that of the average dentifrice.

Do your own thinking about what dentifrice to use...ask your retailer for PEBECO

A product of LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.



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The Toothpaste for Thinking People

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

Beware of fads where your health is concerned

IT'S all right to follow the fads in style. But beware of fads where your health is concerned.

It's dangerous to jump at the first new name in medicine without knowing what it is all about.

Many laxatives have come and gone since Ex-Lax was offered to the public twenty-four years ago.

But Ex-Lax holds its place as the leading laxative—winning new friends every year. Over 30 million boxes are bought yearly.

Doctors know Ex-Lax

Doctors know that phenolphthalein, the laxative ingredient of Ex-Lax, checks on every point they look for in a laxative.

Doctors know that the most delightful way of taking phenolphthalein is the Ex-Lax way.

The special Ex-Lax process combines a delicious chocolated base with phenolphthalein of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Why Ex-Lax is Different

Violent laxatives cause permanent damage to the intestines—and are a contributing cause to chronic constipation.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action. It does not *force* them. It acts naturally, but surely.

Ex-Lax won't form a habit. It won't gripe. It is not absorbed by the system. All druggists have Ex-Lax. 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon below for free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX

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Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co. P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. T. G. 101

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 85)

motor and we sat there looking silently down at Hollywood below.

Neither of us spoke for a long while. I knew the blessedness of silence during this period. It was the only thing to help him get himself together.

"Hollywood," he smiled dejectedly, and his mouth twisted into an ugly little line, "Hollywood's brand of love. Gad, what a joke!"

"Don't let it make you cynical," I tried to soothe him. "Don't let this artificial existence spoil the real beauty of things for you," I said tenderly.

He regarded me quizzically for a while, then moved his head close to mine. I don't know where I found my courage, but I believe it was my mothering instinct which gave me the impulse to do it. Gently I smoothed his hair back from his forehead, drew his head down to my shoulder and told him to rest. Suddenly his arms went around me, and in the next moment he was sobbing like a little boy, crying out the strain of those taut nerves to the only girl of his acquaintance who could understand.

I HELD him close in my arms, letting him sob softly against my shoulder until he had exhausted himself. He looked adorable when finally he lifted his head and his lashes were curled by his tears. He wiped his face with his pocket handkerchief, cast his eyes down and suddenly said:

"Gee whiz but I'm ashamed of myself. You must think me a big kid to go on like that. But getting it out of my system has made a new man of me. I feel great now. Honestly, are you disgusted with me, Madge?"

"Of course I'm not. I think it was the cutest little thing any grown-up little boy could do. I adored you then—"

I stopped short, nipping back the confession I was about to make. But he was quick to realize my tone had rung with simple sincerity and he turned to me with a hungry light in his gorgeous eyes.

"You adored me—then?" he grinned. "Tell me that once more. It's what I need just now. I guess I've always needed a little mama-wife to take care of me. And all the time I've been thinking I loved the roseate glow of that selfish blonde from New York. She ran out on me Madge, tonight, when I needed a friend most. Ran out on me, to keep a date with a man who can give her a bigger contract."

"Never mind," I told him, letting him take me in his arms, "we all have to live and suffer to find life's true values. The big idea is to keep looking ahead —always—never backward."

He lifted my hand then and kissed my fingers. The next moment I was in his arms, his marvelous eyes sweeping my face like a hungry man who has found what he's been searching for; my eyes answering his with unspoken words of love and faith.

BEFORE we left that spot, my movie idol took from his wallet a mellowed, old, wide band of gold—his mother's wedding ring—which he always carried for luck. He slipped it on my finger as my engagement ring, until, he said, we could find the most beautiful diamond in Los Angeles the following day.

We didn't go to a public restaurant to dine that night. I asked him to drive back to my own little place where I opened a can of corned beef, mixed it into a fluffy hash and poached eggs for the top of it. My movie man said it was the best food he'd eaten in years for it reminded him of his childhood back on the farm.

We're going to be married next month, now that my star has got himself a new contract with another studio. It was that he was waiting for so we could start our future together with no inferiority complexes. Which means that I know he is marrying me because he really wants me, needs me as a true helpmate; he knows that he is not a fallen star who needs petting. He's his old self again, though no one in Hollywood ever suspected how he suffered, no one, except the little "mama-wife" he found the night he needed cuddling more than anything else on earth.

The Foremost Motion Picture Writers Contribute to

NEW MOVIE Every Month

Such famous Hollywood authorities as Jim Tully, Ivan St. Johns, Rosalind Shaffer and others write regularly for NEW MOVIE.

The Celebrated Hollywood Boulevardier, Herbert Howe, probably the most popular of all movieland writers, is present in NEW MOVIE every month.

THE REVIEWS, sane and constructive, are edited by Frederick James Smith, the well known film critic.

NEW MOVIE offers the brightest features, the best fiction, the most beautiful pictures, the livest news of motion pictures.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 17)

do it in true form. (This is a Victor record.)

And now we come to Rudy Vallee and the best record that he has made in many a moon. "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on his Tuba" is the number and it's really good. Rudy must have augmented his band for this one, for it sounds like a twenty-piece orchestra. Of course, M. Vallee does the vocalizing and the song gives him something to work on, for it is some tongue twister. This is very enjoyable as a novelty record. The other side, also by Rudy, is "I'm Keeping Company," and is more of the type that Vallee is famous for, so you know what to expect. (This is a Victor record.)

What the Readers Say

SO many letters have been received describing the favorite numbers and orchestras of the readers of The New Movie that it is physically impossible to print them. But this magazine thanks everybody who has written. Here are just a few more typical communications:

"My favorite theme song is 'My Future Just Passed' from 'Safety in Numbers.' There was no doubt in my mind when I left the theater that this song impressed me most, for I kept humming it. I wanted very much to hear Buddy Rogers do it over. I knew I wouldn't be satisfied unless I had a recording of it. His clear, pleasant voice, filled with vivacity and ability to understand music make this number a real Rogers triumph."

Frances Engel,
1121 Ave. R.,
B'klyn, N. Y.

"I read your department every month in The New Movie. I like to know the theme songs of the shows I have seen. My favorite orchestra leader is Bert Lown. His rhythm is good and over the radio he plays the latest pieces. My favorite theme song is 'My Sweeter Than Sweet' from 'Sweetie.' I like it because my favorite star, Nancy Carroll, sang it. When Stanley Smith visited our city I heard him sing as he had done in the picture."

Leone Burbank,
526 Kirkwood Ave.,
Waterloo, Iowa.

"'Kiss Waltz.' The perfect title for a perfect theme song. Since I've seen 'Dancing Sweeties,' I've been singing nothing but the 'Kiss Waltz'. When I hear it on the radio or on a recording, I can't help getting up and dancing to its dreamy music. I play it on the piano day after day. My favorite orchestra leader for recording is Guy Lombardo. He puts all his heart and

(*Continued on page* 120)

READ MUSIC OF THE SOUND SCREEN EVERY MONTH

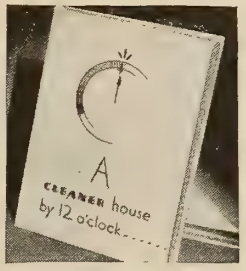
This is the unique department of NEW MOVIE



Adrift...

in a sea of housework?

RESCUE: Our FREE *book tells how to plan housecleaning . . . how to do it quicker and better*



"Do you mean to tell me that I can finish *my* cleaning by noon *every* day, with no more help than I have now?"

Yes, that's exactly what we mean to say—unless yours is an exceptional case. Not only can you do it quicker, but you can also do it better!

Our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* tells how . . . outlines a time-saving method of *planning* your housework.

More cleanliness; more charm

It gives many helpful cleaning hints—tells how to keep your home cleaner and neater. Every woman admires cleanliness, for real cleanliness adds more charm to your home than almost any other single thing. Every woman wants to be known as an excellent housekeeper.

That's why *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* is so popular; why so many women have written us letters of praise and gratitude. Because this little book tells how to achieve the most cleanliness with the least work.

Send for FREE book

More than 250,000 women have already read this helpful booklet. Wouldn't you like to receive a copy—*free?* Fill in the coupon below—*now.*

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NOVEMBER DECEMBER

ALMOST INCREDIBLE
the way this new kind of Face Powder foils the ravages of Sun and Wind



MADE WITH AN OLIVE OIL BASE, IT PROTECTS AND STAYS ON LONGER!

YOU DON'T need a skin specialist to tell you that too much sunshine is bad for your complexion. Tautness—a dry, *stretched* feeling—little lines around the mouth and under the eyes—all give fair warning.

Here's the safe way to protect your skin from the harmful effects of over-exposure. Every day, before you go out in the open, apply a light film of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder to your face and neck. Then dismiss all fears!...No parched skin. No wind-drying. The soothing Olive Oil base of this powder keeps your complexion soft, smooth and supple. Yet, OUTDOOR GIRL is fluffy-dry in look and feel. It never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it fresh and radiant. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades, including Lido, Boulevard and Everglades—the lustrous new tone that goes so well with this year's complexions.

Regular size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and $1.00, *together with other* OUTDOOR GIRL *Beauty Products,* are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages of all the OUTDOOR GIRL preparations at 10c each may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful make-up. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box...



With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 31)

more long hair. Immediately after this picture he will prepare for "The Pioneer," which will call for another siege of primitive hair dress.

Mr. Dix has just re-signed with Radio Pictures.

EVERYTHING was bright and optimistic around Columbia studios the other day. Barbara Stanwyck, Harry Cohn's bright and shining star, was beginning her picture that very morning. The story and script had been approved; the cast and director engaged; the sets built and decorated. In fact, the whole crew was on the job and the lights burning.

Then Miss Stanwyck telephoned. She uttered one small declarative sentence, to wit:

"I have decided to quit pictures." Whereupon, the otherwise well regulated Columbia studios became a composite of Vesuvius, Mt. Etna, Lassen and Popocatapetl. Mr. Cohn replied: "You certainly have quit pictures unless you come to work." Mr. Cohn has a very strict contract with his star. So there they stand, glaring at each other, just as Valentino and Lasky glared and George Bancroft and Paramount glared.

It appears, according to rumor, that Miss Stanwyck is annoyed by the fact that her husband, Frank Fay, is returning to the stage, no new film contracts being offered him.

Like a great number of his contemporaries, Jackie Cooper has been smitten with the writing bug and declares he will devote his spare time from now on at this vocation, which he described as the finer art of self-expression.

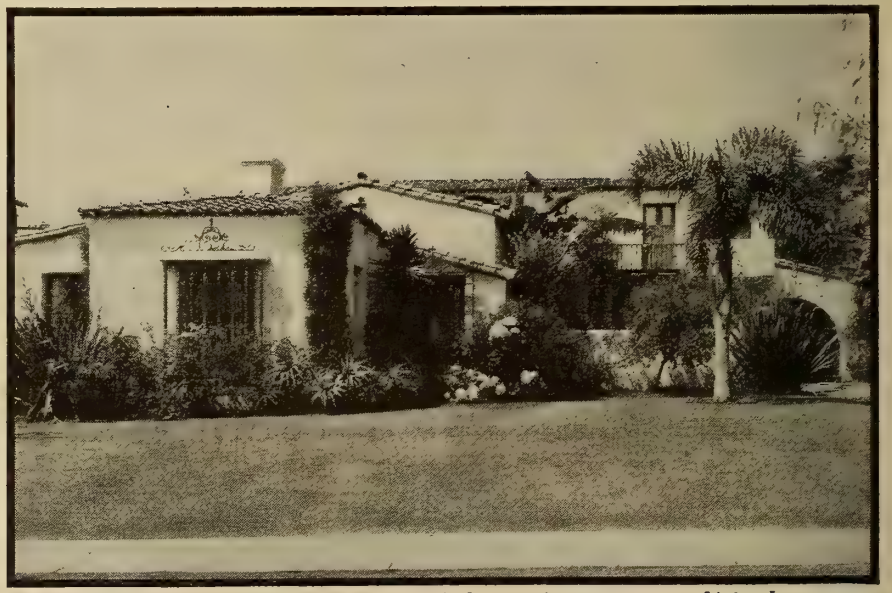
HAD a swim with Pola Negri at her charming beach home at Santa Monica. Pola is even more beautiful than she was on her first Hollywood invasion. Says she's terribly glad to be back, that it is just like coming home, and that she's "crazee" about her first story, written by an unknown German girl. At the close of her screen career—and we hope that's a long time off—Pola plans to turn author and write the story of her life. Says she will tell the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth. Should be startlingly interesting to say the least!

Dick Barthelmess' butler is considered by many of the feminine screen residents at Malibu Beach to be the best looking man in that community. It possibly won't be long until someone approaches him with a fat contract to compete with his employer.

REPORTS from Prescott, Arizona, say that little Renee Adoree is almost well again and her scores of Hollywood friends are rejoicing with her. She weighs more than she has for a long time and expects to leave the sanitarium soon and return home.

Mary Brian attended the fights at the Hollywood stadium recently accompanied by Russell Gleason. During the heated session between two combatants in the ring, Mary yelled, "Throw some this way." No sooner had she said this, than the two fighters knocked each other out of the ring, landing in the lap of the young actress.

EDDIE CANTOR has become so attached to Hollywood that he is trying to sell his property in New York and become a Hollywood native. Eddie likes Hollywood and Hollywood likes Eddie and his whole family. Of course Mrs. Cantor is still a tenderfoot. Someone told her before leaving for a sightseeing trip to Reno, that it was a tough place, and if anything happened to duck under a table. While having "tea" in one of those places, Mrs. Cantor glanced toward the bar, saw one man forcibly shove another and she frantically crawled under the nearest table, expecting to hear the roar of guns. Nothing happened, not even a fist fight.



The pretty Beverly Hills home of the Robert Montgomerys. It is the same house that Mr. Montgomery occupied when he was just a minor player. He hasn't gone Hollywood—not yet, anyway.

First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page 75*)

the hair back to its normal condition. Separate the hair into strands. Heat olive oil, or olive oil and castor oil, in a cup and apply it with cotton along the parts of the hair, rubbing it in thoroughly until the scalp is covered with oil. Massage the scalp with the fingertips. Then wind a hot, wet Turkish towel around the head several times, to force the oil into the hair and roots. Leave the oil on for at least half an hour. Then shampoo your hair thoroughly. For broken, split ends, occasional singeing or clipping is beneficial.

Marion Shilling, the screen actress who is shown on the first page, believes that the proper care of the hair begins with brushing, and that no woman should be too tired to brush her hair for at least five minutes before retiring. She recommends a moderately stiff brush, and from her own experience, says that the effect is better if the hair is divided into strands which are brushed separately.

Coiffures continue to grow more simple, but that does not mean that heads are all going to look alike. A year or two ago hair was universally bobbed, waved, and parted on the left side, but today women are beginning to realize how much individuality means. The simplicity of coiffure is acquired by a process of thinning and clipping. This process of elimination makes the hair much more manageable. Simple rolls at the nape of the neck are more and more in evidence, but variety is achieved by unusual partings. An asymmetrical parting in the back, with one section parted off at an angle from the other, is very smart. Another arrangement that can be chic for some heads is a part down the middle of the back.

Will you please advise me as to what colors would best suit me? I am 5 feet, 8 inches tall and weigh 128 pounds. I have blond naturally curly hair and blue eyes. I have a fair complexion.—Esther of Gardner, Mass.

A few years ago pastel shades were thought to be the special privilege of blondes. But today blondes have discovered that they can wear bright colors with striking success; likewise brunettes have discovered that they can look well in pastels. And so it seems that there are no definite rules in regard to colors. And it really seems to me that it takes a blonde to wear black with the utmost success.

I have an over-supply of freckles on my face. Can you suggest a cure for them?—E. A. B., Hancock, Mich.

You cannot bleach a heavy crop of freckles or tan overnight. Severe bleaches often contain corrosive sublimate or other dangerous substances that may make the skin even more sensitive to freckles. Mild bleaches are best. Daily conscientious care of the skin and the use of mild whitening creams, such as lemon juice or a mixture of lemon juice and glycerine, are the safest remedies. Another simple bleach consists of sponging the face with a solution of hydrogen peroxide after washing the face with soap and warm water.

So *these* Old Shoes *Were Not* Thrown . . . *at the Wedding*

ColorShine Black Dye let Jane *wear* them to the wedding instead





"I WAS rummaging in the closet the other day," says Jane, "because Tom and I wanted a few old shoes to throw after Harry's car at the wedding. I came across two pairs of shoes that *did* look shabby, yet they weren't so badly worn—a pair of Tom's tan oxfords, and some brown pumps of mine. Oh well, they're no good anyway, I said to myself. But just then I had a thought. I remembered an ad I had seen for ColorShine Black Dye.

"Just the thing! So I went right down to the 10-cent store, and came back with a bottle. It was *so* easy—in less time than it takes to tell I had the smartest pair of black pumps you ever saw. Tom's oxfords, too, had been so shabby I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw how ColorShine Black Dye had transformed them into a handsome, rich-looking pair of black shoes, with lots and lots of wear still in them.

"You can be sure my husband was tickled. He suggested that I tell my friends to throw rice hereafter at weddings, and keep their shoes to be saved by ColorShine."

Get out your old white, tan and colored shoes. Look them over. Then figure out how much you can save by turning them into new-looking black ones with ColorShine Black Dye. It's only 10c a bottle. And it's easy to keep black shoes looking their best with ColorShine Black Creme. In addition to the Black Dye and Black Creme, you can get Neutral Creme for all tan and colored shoes, and White Kid for all smooth white leathers. Special ingredients not only keep the shoes looking bright and smart, but soften and preserve the leather as well.

ColorShine Shoe Polishes are sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada).

It will more than repay you on your next trip to the 10-cent store to get a supply of Color Shine. You'll find it on the hardware counter. The Chieftain Manufacturing Company, Baltimore, Md.



ColorShine Polisher fits the hand—you won't drop it. Cleans around the soles. Ask to see it today—at 10c. stores.



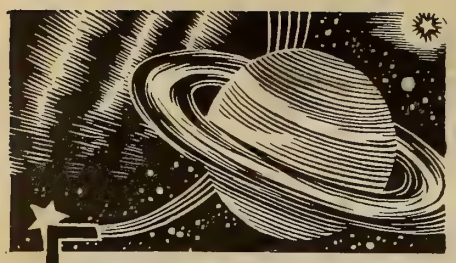
Let ColorShine SHOE POLISHES

Make Your Shoes Look New

15¢ in Far West and Canada

10¢

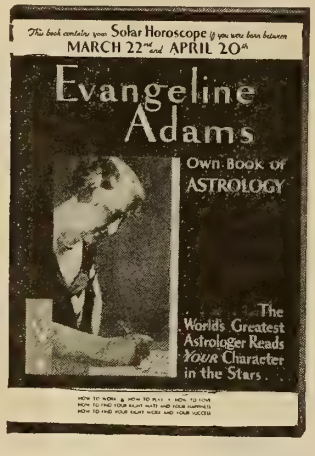
NOVEMBER DECEMBER



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- June 22 and July 23—Cancer ☐
- July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo ☐
- Aug. 24 and Sept. 23—Virgo ☐
- Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra ☐
- Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio ☐
- Nov. 23 and Dec. 22—Sagittarius ☐
- Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn ☐
- Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—Aquarius ☐
- Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces ☐

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Address .....

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How to Read Your Fate in Your Face

(*Continued from page* 34)

If you possess this type do not disdain little things, for every big thing is made up of an infinite variety of little things. Little people, who cross your path to nettle and annoy you, can be of help if you don't anger them.

Richard Dix is of this type and that's the reason for his convincing, natural portrayal of the leading rôle in "Cimarron."

If you have this type of nose, or one approximating it in size and shape, you have great powers of concentration. If the upper part has the ridged hump, educate yourself to leadership, for you will want power and executive authority and you should make a thorough study of human nature. The angular planes at the tip of the nose show love of accurate information and great power of analysis.

The large and long nostril shows love of exercise that has a well-defined objective but not necessarily immediate achievement. The high, well-shaped wing of the nose shows a liking for reason and mature judgment. The effect of the well-defined septrum between the nostrils makes them seem high on the nose and gives it a thoughtful more than an impetuous look. If you have this you love synthesis or putting things together as much as you do analysis or taking them apart.

People with this nose are talented, explorers, leaders, executives, scientists, research workers, and many types of pioneer.

The faults of people with this nose are impatience with delay and very strong dislike for people who in the least interfere with their plans. A positive hatred for people who say *it can't be done.*

They love the natural tints of nature and have a distaste for far-fetched design. Red and green appeal strongly to their love of adventure in the open.

THE nose of the home lover.

Humorous, intuitive, witty, tactful, spontaneous.

If you have this kind of a nose follow your strong hunches, but be sure it is your hunch and not the tactful suggestion of some more calculating personality.

People with this type of nose are found in all lines of human endeavor, but do best where they must cater to a variety of public tastes and their humor, adaptability, and persuasive personality will be properly appreciated. In the motion picture world there are a number of notable examples—Ruth Chatterton for instance.

This nose is a series of graceful curves so there is a distaste for exact and detailed scientific things. Machines are a bother to them, even automobiles and airplanes are a necessary evil, tolerated as a means of going places and seeing things in a hurry, but hated for their clatter and complexity.

If a composite picture were taken of the noses of one hundred "romantic actresses" the final print would resemble this retrousse nose a great deal. Companionship, love, marriage, are the warp and woof, the very fabric of their lives. If you have this type of nose even if you are in the business world, be placed where you meet the public to make contacts. A person with such a nose, in a file room or on a dull routine job, is like a rose wasting its sweetness on the desert air.

If this is your type of nose your faults are "day dreaming," "castles in Spain," or a tendency to find it very hard to keep your mind on routine work. Life is dull indeed when you are not in love—but then you seldom let it get dull. This type usually marry young the first time.

They love yellow, gold, orange and purple, all the warm passionate shades of color. Somberness, coldness in colors or mental attitudes make them feel life is not worth while.

THE business nose. Independent and very resourceful.

You see this type cast for executives and they play these parts convincingly. If this is your type, go where you have to take and give responsibility. The bigger the plan of operation, the better. Your worst fault will be impatience and sometimes lack of tact. Seek new frontiers where you can grow up with the country, as it were.

Lew Fields has this type of nose, and he and his partner, Joe Weber, have used their abundant sense of "business humor" for making life lighter for tired business all over the world. Their humor is full of combat and repartee, which would have meant as much in business as it has on the stage.

If you have this type of nose with a short upper lip you will want a business giving artistic surroundings and a variety of tasks. If you have a long upperlip, you'll want to know business law and have a more austere and dependable line of business. This nose is smaller and more narrow than the explorer type and in the main is more business-like and practical and does better in the busy marts of trade than on too far-flung frontiers.

The worst fault is a desire to go it alone. They have to learn to cooperate with and tolerate others less eager and business-like. Even when artistic they want to make an art of business more than a business of art. Another fault is over-anxiety for business success, a tendency to overdo themselves and to expect the last ounce of energy from those beneath them. They work hard and play hard: when not doing business they talk it. In hours of ease they prefer pinochle to the simpler card games.

NEXT MONTH—Mr. Benton Analyzes Eyes

Argument, competition, and shrewd adjustments make life worth living, though through worry they often exclaim "I wish I were dead."

The favorite colors of this type are the metallic shades of gold and silver, the colors of barter and trade, the motif of commerce.

THE retrousse, convex, or somewhat tip-tilted, wide winged, musical, harmonious, adaptive nose.

This nose is found often on people who can adapt themselves very advantageously to many varied situations. We find many of this type on the stage and screen. Yes, it is the natural nose of the coquette, one who can be the acquaintance and friend of many men, yet be completely possessed or charmed by few. "The toast of the Legion" would be a fitting title to the wearer of such a nose.

Bernice Claire, the subject used to illustrate this type of nose, was well cast in "Top Speed" and the "Toast of the Legion."

If your nose is as wide winged and curved as hers, study music and dancing. It will be the very breath of life to you besides giving you an opportunity to entertain your friends. Although many charming coquettes have this type of nose, matrimony is just as liable to be their object as that of those who possess the more angular and formal types. They will and do make good wives and mothers, as well as emotional actresses. They demand adoration and a firm hand from the object of their love.

One of their faults is a childish wish for constant praise. However, they are always willing to say and do the lovely thing. They are given to the grand gesture and always dramatize a little even in the most serious and tragic situations.

Friendliness and cheerful cooperation are strong characteristics. Many of our most talented of actresses of this type came up from the chorus. Their worst fault is a certain youthful unreasonableness.

If this is your type you'll see this more in others who share this type of nose. Rose color, pink, cozy, comfy soft shades please them best.

THE nose of the worrier.

Combative, emotional, argumentative, direct, with a great appreciation of the elemental vital things of life, great disdain for the superficial, and assuming a sort of leaning backwards to be a self-made man when they associate with men who are flaunting culture.

This type is often proud to a fault, but fundamentally honest and willing to fight to the death for the things they believe to be right.

This does best where there is greatest opportunity to be themselves, as they have not the patience or sublety for sustained affectation. Casting directors often select them for scenes of stirring action.

This nose with the open nostrils, yet narrow easily dilated wings, is very often found on those who excel in outdoor sports, those to whom contest is the very breath of life. They are usually sure of themselves and very proud of their physical prowess. They make a game of life and are usually eager to bet on a turn of a card, a change of the weather, or better than that, their ability to do some quick decisive physical act.

(*Continued on page* 92)



Why Parents should serve KRE-MEL (the new, Delicious Dessert) to the children

KRE-MEL—America's New Dessert—solves the dessert problem! KRE-MEL is not only a smooth, tempting, delicious dessert but a *real health food* as well! KRE-MEL is rich in Dextrose, the food element that gives strength and energy to growing children.

Milk is used to prepare KRE-MEL—a pleasant way to have children consume more milk.

KRE-MEL is prepared in about 5 minutes—and comes in 4 different flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel, Coffee.

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F. W. WOOLWORTH COMPANY
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Lavender
SHAVING CREAM

How to Read Your Fate in Your Face

(*Continued from page* 91)

Their worst fault is impatience with cunning and deceit, or even actions that imply it. They sometimes strike first and explain why afterwards. If you have this type of nose watch your temper and have a life partner or associate who is as thoughtful as you are impulsive.

Any line of highly competitive work where the lines of combat are clearly drawn and manliness, frankness, and honesty are appreciated will give you opportunity to more than make good. The army and navy offer inducements to this type.

Red and warm primitive colors and designs appeal to these natures.

THE thoughtful, considerate, philosophic, scientific nose.

Note the many angles about the nose tip and nostrils. They want to get the proper angle on everything. This type make excellent technical experts in mechanics, chemistry, and general engineering and science. They prefer slow judgments, but generally have so much acquired information that they have a good foundation for snap judgment when necessary. Yes, they are a good judicial type.

John Barrymore has many angles to his finely chisled nose and so brings to his work as an actor, the fine calculating technique of a scientist.

The thing to note is the rather angular and drooping septrum or partition between the nostrils. If you have this, you love synthesis or the putting together of a variety of facts and figures to arrive at a definite scientific conclusion. You don't want to be hurried in your planning and judgments, but when finished they are most complete and generally right from premise to conclusion.

In this highly technical age, those with this type of nose who get the right kind of a thoroughly scientific education usually wind up at the head of a research laboratory. In the business world they are frequently efficiency men and technical experts.

Their worst fault is that their absorption in their work is usually taken for aloofness, and as they are seldom good mixers they are shunned by the back slappers and "yes" men.

If you are of this type study the reactions of men to kindness as you do the reactions of chemicals to heat and cold and you'll go far. The fields open to such people are legion and highly lucrative. Their worst fault is mental snobbishness and lack of salesmanship—unless they put their thorough minds on the job of being friendly.

This type are frequently careless and indifferent dressers, but appreciate natural beauty and the highly evolved technique in the arts. Colors interest them when arranged complementarily.

THE sagacious, priestly nose.

This is a careful, planning, legal and scientific type.

If you have this feature you will love to know things about people,



Here's how the girls acquire a sun tan along the Pacific. It's a swell method—when the girls are as pretty as Ann Devorak and Marjorie King. After donning a coating of petroleum oil, they allow the sun to paint their skins the proper tint of tan.

places, things, just for the joy of knowing. Sometimes this type are tall, slender, and rather frail, and look down on all forms of physical activity, yet they generally need physical culture more than the other types.

Harry Carey has somewhat this type of nose, but he has such a stiff lip and strong chin that he plays a very convincing rough and ready he-man of the Western plains. However, not the talkative, bumptious type, but more the Northwest Mounted, who gets his man by careful planning.

The main characteristics of this nose are straightness, thinness, and general angularity, with a slight sharp dip at the end and a narrow slit-like nostril. If you have it, you care more for book learning and careful planning than quick physical games where impulsive emotional action wins. This is found on men of strategy in conservative lines. With a big chin this type gets into politics. In real or reel life this type is most convincing where conservation of energy and materials is most appreciated.

The worst faults of this type are coldness, aloofness—a lack of humor and human companionship.

Although this type seldom like physical culture, they always need it. Competitive games are usually distasteful to them unless, like Connie Mack, they are planning the actions of others. The more highly specialized and safeguarded the work, the greater the success.

Caution is their watchword, so blue and the soft cool shades please them best. They generally wear grey.

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 16)

their directors, Adrian's gowns (here let me worship at his shrine), their scenery and new stories, which always seem to fit the particular star, I feel sure that she would soon be at the top of the box-office queens, enthroned in America's heart as formerly.

L. W.

A Few Whys

Webster, Mass.

Why doesn't Joan Crawford play with Robert Montgomery any more? They make a superb team. Why—cast Richard Arlen in so many Westerns when he has such an unusual talent for other rôles? Why — doesn't Jean Arthur get bigger rôles? She certainly deserves them. She is a very capable player. Why—not refilm "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" with Will Rogers as Ichabod Crane? Why—don't we have more talkie serials?

Albert Manski,
547 Main St.

Likes "First Aids"

Philadelphia, Pa.

You can't imagine how encouraging the "First Aids to Beauty" page is to the women readers of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Especially those whose beauty needs considerable "aid" and have little time to devote to it; and whose doesn't? Every "aid" is easily understood and one doesn't have to wade through a superfluous amount of chatter to get the meaty part.

Elizabeth M. Butterworth,
2436 W. Columbia Ave.

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● (*Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.*)

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Please send me a free copy of the new 64-page edition of "Baby's Welfare". My baby is____months old.

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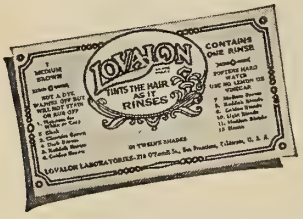
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THERE IS A SHADE FOR YOU

LOVALON
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10c size on sale at 5c and 10c stores
35c size at your beauty shop and druggist

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 41)

"Mr. Thalberg, (or Mr. Warner, as the case may be)—here is 'The Journey's End' of the air, with the love interest of 'The Big Parade' thrown in. Just the story for Mr. Barthelmess (or Mr. Novarro, as the case may be). The result will be something like 'Dawn Patrol' ".

But in stealing your stuff be sure you choose box-office attractions.

Hollywood's Most Successful Writer: My idea of a successful writer is the one who draws two thousand a week, has several pictures to his credit and hasn't written a line. The writer was engaged by a vain young producer who liked a sketch the writer made of him. Not knowing what to do with the sketching writer, the producer assigned him to a director who writes his own scripts. The writer's name appeared on the story the director wrote. Ever since then he has been in demand by producers, and always, luckily, he has been assigned to directors who prefer to write their own stories. Most directors do. Recently, the writer became curious about his own ability and sent one of his scripts to a correspondence school for scenarists. It was promptly returned as "amateurish" and the writer had to laugh because that very day he drew a check for two thousand dollars from one of the Hollywood studios.

Easier Than Life Insurance: Edmund Goulding, most successful of scenario salesmen, once told me it was all in the blab. He can't remember a story five minutes after he has told it to one of the geniuses. But he speaks with a fluent English accent and impresses the magnates. It is a lot easier to sell stories to great minds than to sell insurance to an extra girl. Recently I heard an insurance salesman arguing the points of a policy to a blonde. He had covered just about every point and was perspiring when she gave him a shrewd look and asked: "But what I want to know is, in case I die who gets the money?"

WANTED: New Producers: Stars have dimmed and gone, but the same old producers hang on. One almost believes in miracles seeing them sitting there year after year in their shrines without an original idea in the world. At one of the studios recently I heard a Bolshevik among them shriek out: "We've got to have a new lot of producers. This bunch were all right with the old silent pictures. They could understand a horse race or a ride to the rescue. But now we got language."

France Wins As Usual: I think France the greatest nation in the world. And she deserves to be; she's just signed Jeanette MacDonald at ten thousand a week for concerts. I understand that this was part of the debt settlement. President Hoover promised them Jeanette if they would postpone German debts. "Sure," said France, and takes forty per cent of Jeanette's salary which is more than France probably would get from Germany.

But France really does love Jeanette. I heard her voice reproduced everywhere in Paris last year.

There's no better indictment of the Hollywood geniuses than the way they have handled this gracious, witty, charming voiced girl. May Wall Street gobble them without delay.



All the important Hollywood stars have portable dressing rooms. Here is Joan Crawford, who has a new and increased remuneration contract at Metro-Goldwyn, with her new dressing room. It is shoved up close to the set and in it Miss Crawford can find rest and all the requisites for her next scene.

Philosophic Pause: Why do Fools, Flesh and Madness always appear in Joan Crawford's titles?

Here Too, Baron: Baron Irwin, former Viceroy of India, says, as quoted by *Time*, that the downfall of the white man in the Orient has been due to three causes, among which is: "the influence on the Indian mind of motion pictures, 'particularly with reference to the appearance and activities of white women upon the screen'; i.e., an Indian instinctively scorns a man who does not show mastery of his wife."

His downfall here is due to the same thing, but Clark Gable is retrieving.

Collegiate Gangsters: Two handsome young college boys, Bryson and Thornwell Rogers, brothers of Adela Rogers St. Johns, applied for jobs as extras in a college picture. The casting director told them they were not the type, gave them parts in a gangster picture and used chorus boys in the college film. Yoo-Hoo for Alma Mater!

Making Faces: When I saw Bebe Daniels gone blonde in "The Maltese Falcon," it was too much. I went red. Bebe was the most luscious brunette of all. I would never have recognized her. She has not only colored her hair but pared her nose and fixed up her lips.

These Hollywood beauties seem to sit before their mirrors when not at work figuring ways to improve on God. They fix themselves all right. They look so much alike that seeing one is seeing all.

The men are not much better. When they begin to get old they tape up their faces. One handsome profile has been doing this for years. All he has to do to get into character is yank the tape. One of my yearnings is to be present some night when he pulls the pepsin and lets the old face fall on the chest, ka-umph.

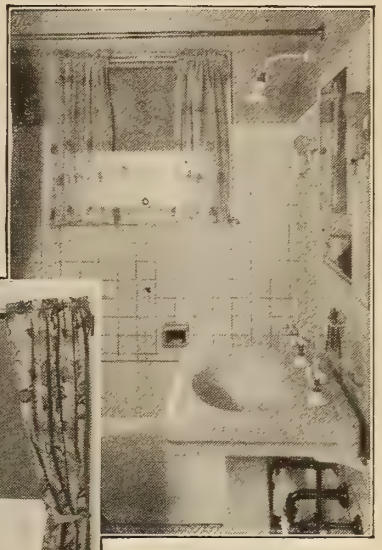
Letters of Appreciation: Will Rogers says he has received only one letter of appreciation since he started writing. That seems incredible in view of all the fine things he has said of public characters. Movie folk are more appreciative or canny. I've received a lot of letters. The best was from Charles Ray when I was doing publicity for a theater yeahs and yeahs ago (Awh theah, Miss Chattahton!). We boosted Charlie into stardom before his company did and Charlie wrote me declaring I helped give Ince the idea.

It used to be considered a good publicity trick for stars to write appreciative letters to critics and interviewers. I suppose some players still express gratitude in anticipation of future favors. But nothing will shake my faith in my little bundle of notes from Garbo.

Fan Letters: There is a snooty supposition that movie magazine readers are less gifted intellectually than the readers of the damnably dull, policy-waltzing old home periodicals. My mail on the whole is rather witty and refreshing. Whenever I step up into a higher field I'm invariably discouraged. Recently I received a note on fashionable stationery from a reader of one of my Alpine efforts. She wanted to know how to pronounce a word I used. As if I knew! My obligation ends with the spelling, and then half the time I'm trusting the proofreader.

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Above: Clopay Shades in chintz patterns add a decorative note to rooms with plain walls. *Left:* Plain green or tan Clopay Shades are effective with cretonne draperies.

DON'T go through the winter with soiled, cracked window shades giving your house a down-at-heels appearance. Dress up your windows with Clopay Shades . . . as smart looking as any shades you ever used . . . and so low priced you'll never notice their cost!

Stop in at your nearest 5 and 10-cent store and examine Clopay Shades carefully . . . see how wonderful this new Clopay art fibre material really is.

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Luxor will blend into your skin, and delicately cling for hours. Make your face smooth and soft as the petal of a flower. And it will brighten your complexion with a fresh, new bloom of beauty . . . brought by Luxor purity.

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LUXOR, LTD.

Secrets of the Melody Makers

(*Continued from page* 65)

each side we make. Royalty payments made too much bookkeeping, especially since only an occasional record was sold after the popularity of a song had died away.

"Careful as we are during the recording, here in New York, it happens sometimes that for one reason or another the executives of the recording company aren't quite satisfied. There may be a mistake in scoring, or the leader's arrangement may differ from the idea of the composer or the company. When we made 'My Missouri Home' I thought of the number as more like a waltz, but the sales executives wanted it in real Hill Billy style. Then they were afraid they wouldn't have a sufficiently wide appeal, and we split it. We spent nearer nine hours than one on that record.

"We're well on our way to breaking the record for sides made in one year by any one orchestra for the Victor company. Paul Whiteman holds it at this moment, but we still have nearly two months to go for our first full year, and we've made forty-one sides—our original contract called for eight! Three more sides will break the record for us, and we're sure to make more than that before the time's up.

I asked Bert if the interval between making the master and hearing it wasn't nerve racking, in view of the tense work involved, and he said it would be, probably, if he weren't too busy to think about it. I can understand that, too, because Bert's working day begins about ten a.m. and lasts until two o'clock or later the next morning.

BERT Lown, you see, is very much more than a musician. In fact, he insists, he isn't a musician at all, and it does happen to be true that he can't read music. Not a note! But how he can play jazz on the piano! You know that yourself, though.

Nine years ago, or ten, Bert was a High School boy in White Plains. He didn't have much money, but he loved to dance. He began picking up a little change by taking the hat check concession for local dances. Gradually he spread out his activities, until he was supplying everything—music, refreshments, attendance. He couldn't play at all at that time, but he was managing two orchestras, sometimes more. And he watched one of his pianists—the best. It was all in the fingers, apparently. It seemed to him that he



The right thing in beach or club porch pajamas, demonstrated by Ruth Selwyn. It's an all-white flannel pajama ensemble with short bolero jacket and wide flared trousers, combined with a frilly knit blouse and beret set off with a red and white braiding. A striped belt gives a swagger finish. French slippers are worn with the pajamas.

could play, if he could read music. So he invented a system of musical notation of his own, numbering the keys of the piano.

FOR him middle C is 1. Everything to the right of that is plus, and everything to the left minus. If a note in a chord goes over into the next octave, he puts brackets around it. Sharps and flats don't exist for him—the black notes have a little circle attached to their numbers. It's all Greek to me, but it works for Bert, and his players soon get to be able to read his notes as easily as they do the regular musical notation. Bert, looking at a piece of music, transcribes the notes into his own musical language at sight. Don't ask me how, but he does it.

Before long Bert, up in Westchester County, was well launched and making money—not big money, but pretty good money for a kid. He saw that there was big money ahead, though, and he wanted it. That called for no particular genius—any boy would have felt as he did.

But Bert saw something else that not one boy in a hundred thousand would have seen—namely that he wasn't qualified yet to go after that big money. He always felt that for him the big rewards lay not in playing the piano, not in leading an orchestra, even, but in selling music. And he knew nothing, he says now, about salesmanship or about business methods. He set out to learn. He got a job selling cash registers, with the Remington Company, and he still wears, with real pride, the gold watch that they gave him for being their best salesman for two consecutive years. Even that didn't satisfy him, though. He was taking correspondence courses in business management all that time.

Then he went back to music, organizing orchestras. That took him, through an association with the Munson Line, to South America. His business was growing.

AND then Rudy Vallee, totally unknown at that time, came to him, seeking a job. Bert had a chance, just at that time, to put an orchestra into the Heigho-Ho club, which Don Dickerman had just opened uptown in New York City and Vallee went there for Lown. After a while Bert got the club and its music on the air. Some singing was needed, he decided, to make the program a real success and he told Vallee to see what he could do. Vallee said he couldn't sing, but Bert made him try. It didn't go so well at first, but Bert got a singing teacher to tell

(*Continued on page* 98)

Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS you will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month



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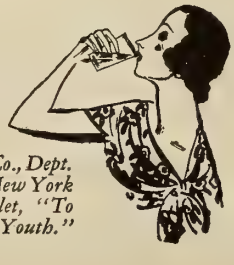
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Secrets of the Melody Makers

(*Continued from page* 97)

Rudy a few things, and the great days of Vallee began.

The orchestra went from Dickerman's place to the Villa Venice, afterward the Villa Vallee in New York. Next came a partnership between Lown and Vallee.

And then—something happened. What? I don't know. Bert doesn't like to talk about it. But Vallee went off by himself. Bert—this much is sure—was left holding an empty, a very empty, bag. He had to organize another orchestra to fulfill the contracts he had made, but Vallee's public wanted Vallee—and Vallee was fulfilling contracts of his own. Queer business? Yes. There are a dozen possible explanations. No doubt it was entirely legal. Probably it was entirely ethical.

But one pretty stark fact stands out. Bert Lown, who had been in a position to give Rudy Vallee a job, to lend him money, and take the first steps in the management that led to Vallee's success, found himself, after a while, fifteen thousand dollars in debt. Bert could go back to the cash register game, but he hated to admit that music had licked him. He was pretty low in his mind, pretty worried. That was not quite two years ago. Bert is an extremely human person, and while I couldn't make him say a thing about Vallee, I could not help imagining how he felt as he pictured all of his hopes about to end in failure.

HE was forced to admit that he had to wind up his musical career. He was through, and he was facing that bitter fact. One afternoon, anxious to be alone for a minute, groping for some way out, he dropped into the Biltmore Hotel in New York City. He was sitting down, dejectedly, when he heard two men talking.

"This orchestra we've got here is terrible," one of them was saying. "It isn't bringing people in. We've got to replace it."

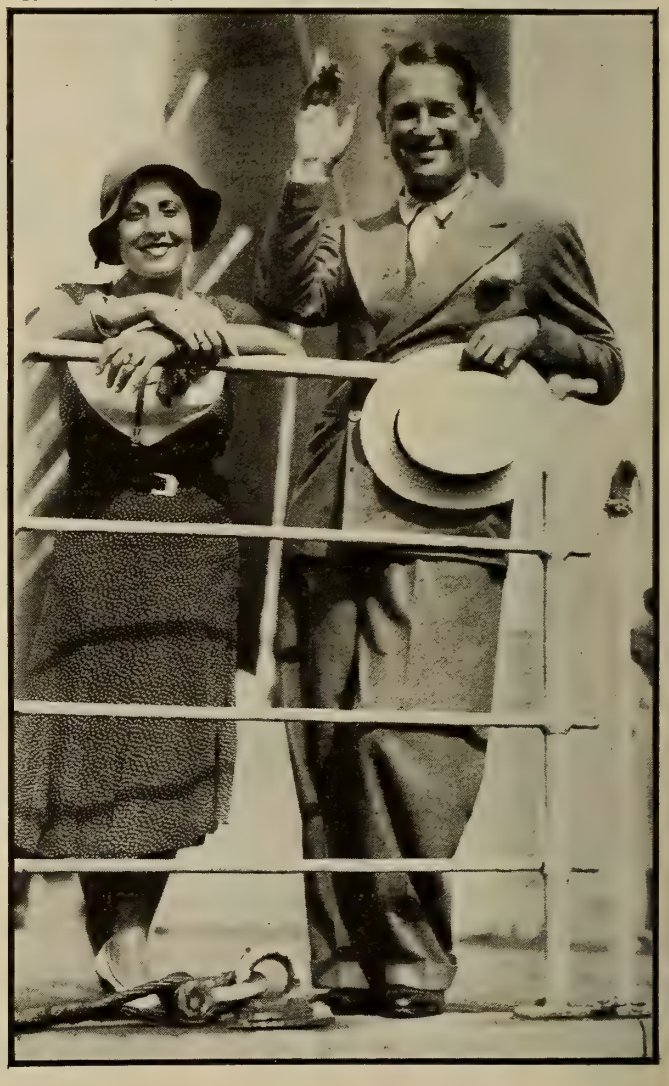
"Uh-huh," the other man agreed.

The words galvanized Bert. They were like an electric shock. He jumped up.

"I don't know who you are," he said, speaking to the two men. "But you're dead right. Your orchestra's no good. Why, I've got a better one myself!"

"Oh, yes?" was the answer. "Well, I happen to be the manager here. Bring your orchestra around tomorrow, if you will, and I'll listen to it."

Cosmo News Photo



Cutting short his radio appearances, Maurice Chevalier sailed away to France for a vacation. When he comes back he will do a Vicki Baum story with Ernst Lubitsch directing. Mrs. Chevalier sailed with her celebrated husband.

"I didn't have an orchestra at all," Bert told me, grinning, as he recalled that fateful day. "But I had one together before midnight. I picked up boys I knew, and I told them the truth—I let them know exactly what a gambling chance we all had to take. I told them I didn't pretend to know much about music, but that I knew they did. Then we started rehearsing and kept it up all night. The next day we got the job."

That first Biltmore orchestra played for tea and supper music thenceforth. Now Bert has a ten-year contract with the hotel, supplies three orchestras instead of one, and is musical director, in full charge. He is a favorite of the radio audience, and is under contract to make Vitaphone short subjects, following his success in the new Claudette Colbert picture, "Secrets of a Secretary," made for Paramount. His success in making records has been phenomenal, as his record-breaking year with Victor fully attests.

BERT LOWN, at twenty-eight, has achieved the success he so carefully and ploddingly prepared himself to attain at a time when most boys wouldn't have had a thought beyond the easy money of the moment. He has done it because he has never for one moment harbored a single illusion about himself. He is almost unique among the professional entertainers I know in his simplicity and in the detachment with which he looks at what he has accomplished.

I don't mean that he isn't pleased with his success. He is, enormously, and he would be a fool if he weren't. But the point is that he knows exactly why he has succeeded. He doesn't attribute his success to the possession of God-given talents, or genius. He knows very well that it's due to a combination of extremely hard work and unfailing readiness to seize an opportunity when it presents itself. He has had his share—rather more than his share, I would say—of bad luck, but he has always written that off immediately.

"I may never make a million dollars," is Bert Lown's philosophy, "But" with a grin, "I think I'll have a million friends!"

I come back, in my own thoughts, to the Vallee episode—which might have broken a good many men in Bert Lown's shoes.

"What's the use of talking about it?" he said. "There's room for all of us. Rudy's doing well, and so am I."

So well that in addition to his Hotel Biltmore engagement and his motion picture, recording, and broadcasting contracts, he has played for eighty-one of the leading college "proms" the past year, including Dartmouth, Yale, Notre Dame, Princeton and Vassar. Which isn't so bad.

I asked Bert about the best selling songs which have appeared in recent years. And he jotted down this list, each of which has sold more than a million copies, to his knowledge. To begin "St. Louis Blues," which has sold about twice as well as any other number. Then come "Whispering," "Smiles," "Margie," "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider," "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," "Singing in the Rain," Bye, Bye Blues," and "Pagan Love Song."

Incidentally "Bye, Bye Blues" is one of his own compositions. But he didn't mention that fact. That is just like Bert.

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The Business of Being a Father

(*Continued from page* 80)

"One of the girls married a boy with too much money, but that wouldn't have made any difference, if he had only wanted to do something besides spend it."

Right here let the writers add that Morton Downey didn't have any money, but he's getting somewhere. Those two little songs every night bring him some $5,000 a week and cigarettes for the family.

"There's only one other thing I ever tell the girls," their father continued. "Don't do anything that is cheap. What I mean by cheap—anything that must be explained to your real friends."

And he went on to say that their breed has a certain luster and tradition for them to maintain. Adrienne Morrison is their mother and her roots are deep in the theater. Her mother, Rose Wood, went on the stage in New Orleans when she was eight years old. Her father—that would be the Bennett sisters' great-grandfather—was William Wood, famous old English pantomimist and the great-great-grandfather was manager of the ancient Drury Lane theater in London. Adrienne Morrison's mother, Rose Wood, became leading woman at the Wallack Stock Company in New York, when that city worshiped her along with Georgiana Drew, Lester Wallack and Rose and Charles Coghlan. There's a lineage for you on one side of a real family of the theater. Of course every old timer remembers their grandfather, Louis Morrison, confrere of Jefferson, James O'Neill, Mojeska, Booth, and Barrett.

FOR a father these three young women possess the subject of this interview. I remember very distinctly the occasion when Miss Maude Adams opened her season at the Empire Theatre in New York in James Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows." The canny Miss Adams had seen the play in London, where a celebrated star was playing the part of John Shand and enhancing his reputation thereby. Miss Adams felt her audiences came to see her and not her leading man, so she selected a comparatively unknown young man named Richard Bennett to play opposite her. She was wonderful in the play. . . . She had to be to keep up with this young man. The audiences came to see her . . . the first time. But their second and third trips to the Empire were to see Richard Bennett.

Since that time he has gone upward. "Beyond the Horizon," "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Barker," and "Jarnegan" have been vivid things because of him. But Richard Bennett's achievement was the production of Brieux's sensational drama, "Damaged Goods." This was no mere production of a play fraught with the usual hindrances and delays. It was a knock-down, drag-out fight. That play tells the truth about what the squeamish delight to term "a social disease."

"So," said Mr. Bennett, "every church and woman's club fought me and they can fight. I had to use every trick I knew and some I invented to get that play open. If I hadn't had the finan-



When Evangeline Adams started writing about the motion picture luminaries for NEW MOVIE she launched an astrological vogue in Hollywood. Now the girls out there are wearing their horoscopes on their sweaters. Anita Page is shown all dressed up in the sign of Leo. She was born August 10th.

cial backing of a famous oil family they'd have licked me."

Personally, I doubt that for I never heard of anybody licking Richard Bennett.

"And I have only one devout wish now." He was becoming warmed to his subject. It's the one closest to his heart. "Will somebody please write me a play like 'Damaged Goods,' on the subject of birth control? That's something we are playing ostrich about in this country and I'd like to be the one to smack out of the minds of our people some of the hypocrisy that is so omnipresent. The theater is the place to do it and now the talking pictures.

"THEY'RE the theater now . . . only the picture producers haven't waked up to that fact yet . . . which seems to me to be the answer to what's the matter with pictures."

"Then you'd have birth control and eugenic matters of common knowledge and discussion in every home?"

"We'd see a better race . . . better breeding," he shot back at me and that naturally brought me back to the Bennett breed.

"I suppose you have given your eventual grandchildren some thought?" I suggested.

"I have," he said. He already possesses two. Miss Joan caused him to wear the appellation of "Grandfather" when she was married to John M. Fox and bore little Adrienne Ralston Fox, now three years old, while Constance has a two-year-old son. I asked him if he wanted the family to go on in the theater and when he said he did I wondered just what sort of fathers he would choose so that the strain would be vigorous and imaginative.

"Give me some men in my family like Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston and we would lick the world. What one has to fear for his progeny is the vanity ponderer."

Such vitality added to the Bennett brains and beauty would make a fearful and wonderful combination, especially as these children possess a big dash of Richard Bennett's deadly wit.

After he had outshone Miss Adams in "What Every Woman Knows" he did not play with her any more, but remained most friendly. I suspect he was more friendly with her than she with him. At any rate, he always sent her a telegram on her opening, not forgetting the night she opened at the Empire in Rostand's play "Chantecler." It was a fantastic drama in which all the characters were the animals and fowls of the barn-yard. Miss Adams played the title rôle of Chantecler, which my dictionary informs me is French for rooster.

On that memorable opening night Miss Adams received the following telegram from Richard Bennett.

"Dear Friend: Congratulations. At last you have achieved the ambition of your life. You are your own leading man."

Perhaps the thing that will longest be remembered by this disdainer of feeble customs was his reading of a chapter from the Holy Bible in Texas Guinan's night club. I recalled it—and asked for its effect—He said: "I believe it was the most dramatic few moments I have ever known in my life—when I read the finish—'and the greatest of these is Charity'—the silence was so overwhelming, it seemed, the course of wants had ceased—then the tumult that broke forth convinced me of just another dramatic moment."





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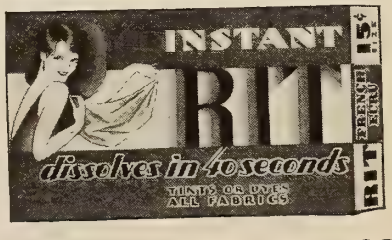
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NOVEMBER DECEMBER

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INEXPENSIVE
SATISFYING

She Learned About Women From Them

(*Continued from page* 55)

the four children are pooled in the mother's care. They have recently moved to a new home, a modest one for Hollywood, and the business of furnishing its seven rooms has been a long and tedious problem. Every member of the family of five has to be satisfied with each article purchased. The carpet was down when we talked about Marian's experiences, but the drapes were not yet in place—nor decided upon. It is an exciting house full of laughter and quarrels and music and fun. Neighbors are not yet aware that the personable young lady in overalls, who sometimes mows the Krauth lawn, is the erstwhile leading lady in four important released and unreleased motion pictures. The whole family hopes the neighbors will never find it out.

In "Five Star Final," a bitterly realistic story of tabloid newspapers and the effect of their scandal stories on involved families, Marian Marsh has a role which calls for highly dramatic, almost hysterical scenes. Her success in these she owes in part, according to her own admission, to the kindly supervision of Edward G. Robinson.

"Mr. Robinson convinced me that a young woman who is desperate, who has seen her life ruined through no fault of her own, a few hours before her wedding would not be hysterical, would not scream her words when she faced the people who had caused her unhappiness, no matter what she planned to do for revenge.

"'A QUIET, outwardly calm woman can be the most dangerous kind of a human being,' he explained. 'After she starts to talk she may let loose, may lose that calmness, may go to pieces, but the tenseness lessens when she does. The average woman will become hysterical over a trifle but over the wreck of her own life she is more apt to be calm—dreadfully calm!'

"Of course I tried to follow his advice. Mr. Robinson is too good an authority for me to question, even about the reactions of a woman to a certain situation. He studies the characters he plays so thoroughly, he seems to know what they would eat and how they would sleep and speak, and everything about them."

Marian's fourth role in this rapid succession of parts was with William Powell and Doris Kenyon in "The Road to Singapore." In that she is not the love interest, but a young and foolish girl, fascinated by the reputation and proximity of a worldly man as portrayed by Powell.

"'What kind of a girl do you think this Rene is?' Mr. Powell asked me," Marian explains.

"I said, 'Well, she's shallow and foolish and insincere and—'

"'Now wait a minute,' Mr. Powell interrupted. 'She's foolish, of course. But not insincere. At seventeen a girl's emotions may not be well directed but they are sincere. Aren't they? You ought to know.'

"I said, 'But she does such foolish things.'

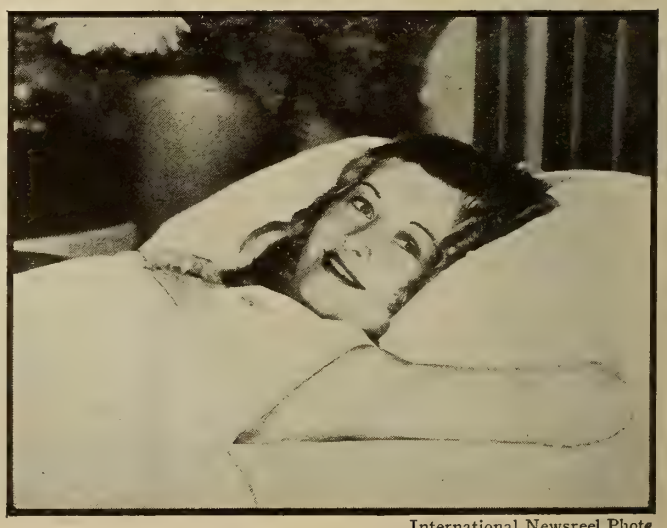
"'Certainly she does', he grinned. 'She thinks she's in love with me. She thinks she's ready for a big adventure with a wicked man. She really believes it herself but at heart she's perfectly normal and very young.'

"SO he seemed to know more about girls of my own age than I did. Anyway I played it that way and Mr. Green, the director, seemed to approve of it. Mr. Powell was very busy while the picture was being made. He was planning his wedding to Miss Lombard and working nights to complete scenes with Miss Kenyon before she left for Europe, but he always found time to help me with the reading of my lines. I didn't know an actor could be so sincere in his work. He wouldn't say a line unless he felt it was the right line and he changed some of mine, too. He is very, very charming."

So, in four important pictures Marian has learned about women from men. How women live and love and lie—these things have been taught to her by three great stars of stage and screen.

A Barrymore taught her the technique of love. Edward G. Robinson showed her the rudiments of drama. William Powell trained her in sincerity in interpreting even flippant roles.

What a lucky girl.



Although she had been confined to a hospital bed for a month, Evalyn Knapp is a happy girl now. She will suffer no permanent injuries from the fall she suffered on a mountain trail while on location recently. Right now she is back at home again, resting up for her return to pictures.

International Newsreel Photo

Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 10)

Donovan's Kid. Jackie Cooper and Richard Dix make a winning team in a sympathetic yarn. *Radio.* Class A.

Three Girls Lost. What do you suppose happens to three girls alone and friendless in Chicago? This picture will tell you. *Fox.* Class C.

Too Young to Marry. Small-town family life depicted in a realistic manner. *Warners.* Class B.

Dude Ranch. Cowboys all rolled up for the edification of wealthy easterners. Jack Oakie is funny. *Paramount.* Class B.

Don't Divorce Him. Typical broad comedy with Clyde Cook in the leading characterization. *Educational.* Class B.

Daybreak. Ramon Navarro is a likable officer in the Austrian army before war interfered with various love affairs. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Doctors' Wives. It appears that the wives of successful physicians are frightfully neglected even when they are pretty, like Joan Bennett. *Fox.* Class B.

The Good Bad Girl. A gangster picture hitting the average grade. *Columbia.* Class C.

Six Cylinder Love. Not much movement but plenty of conversation, some of it not so bad. *Fox.* Class B.

Virtuous Husband. The embarrassment of a well-meaning youth who takes his bride to Niagara Falls but does not know how to kiss her good night. *Warners.* Class B.

Young Sinners. Hot-blooded youth in a mad whirl. A first rate picture of its type. *Fox.* Class B.

Party Husband. The question of marriage as propounded but not solved, by Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie. *First National.* Class B.

Bachelor Apartment. Lessons in love delivered by the expert Lowell Sherman. *Radio.* Class B.

Monsters of the Deep. For those who want true pictures of nature's oddities this deep-sea fishing expedition is just the thing. *Talking Pictures.* Class B.

The Public Enemy. Gangsters vs. the honest public in one of the best of the ever increasing library of studies in crime. *Warners.* Class AA.

The Finger Points. Gangsters shown up by a newspaper reporter. Richard Barthelmess is the reporter. *First National.* Class A.

City Streets. A combination of racketeer and western pictures. *Paramount.* Class B.

Gun Smoke. A western background for the conflict of cowboys and city gangsters. *Paramount.* Class C.

Born to Love. A not unusual love story introducing wounded soldiers and Constance Bennett as a nurse. *R.K.O.-Pathé.* Class B.

Dirigible. The breakup of an aircraft with consequent tragedy provides the material for this thriller. *Columbia.* Class A.

Shipmates. Robert Montgomery sailing to stardom with the admiral's daughter on his arm. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Iron Man. A tale of prize fighters with Lew Ayres taking and giving the punches. *Universal.* Class A.



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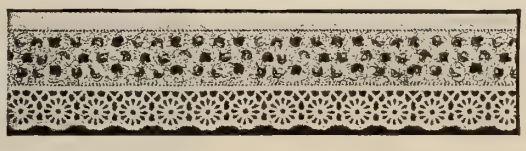
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Black French Dressing
Shines Shoes Without Rubbing
10¢
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Prodigal Daughter Returns

(*Continued from page* 59)

he had read in the magazines that I had lost my money. He asked if he could loan me some. . . ."

"We American boys are like that," I said. "Otherwise there would never have been a Peggy Joyce given the world."

Pola ignored. She's no Peggy Joyce. When once I requested a photograph of her jewels she urged me to be sure to say they were earned by her own efforts.

There ought to be a lot more in her collection very shortly.

She had just made her first vocal test the night I visited her. I knew it had been a triumphant success without Pola's confirmation. The news had spread over the grapevine system of Hollywood via props and technicians. Anyone who has heard Pola's voice could have predicted the result. It has the rich haunting melancholy of a Russian gypsy song. Her recent success on the stage in London was due in part to her singing of one of these songs.

IF I have stressed Pola's prima donna ways it is because I like them. They belong with her black hair, green eyes and pagan temperament.

We have enough masculine women as feminine stars.

Pola is wholly feminine in all her absurd, beguiling inconsistencies. She actually is something of DuBarry, Carmen, the Czarina Catherine. . . .

Pola herself is a character well worth playing, and Pola plays her for all she is worth. When I visited her in her French castle last summer she was sighing like Alexander. It seemed as though everything had been achieved. She was thinking of going to the Riviera and having lung trouble like Camille. But there was the handicap of her great vitality. "I have tremendous determination, tremendous vitality," she mused. "I can accomplish anything I desire." Lung trouble hardly seemed worth accomplishing.

I'm glad she chose the Prodigal Daughter in preference to Camille.

Just as we Americans begin to doubt ourselves through the current depression, Pola returns a hundred per cent Joan d'Amerique.

"America will lead the world out of this crisis," she declares. "You have optimism, and that is right. Americans believe in themselves. That is all that is necessary. What is faith but that?"

Pola is even for Hoover. Pola is always different. "The whole world looks to your president," she says. "He has the most difficult position in the world. Have you considered all the factions he has to please right here among you? Lincoln didn't succeed, and he certainly was a genius."

POLA'S interests are not limited to pictures by any means. The daughter of Chalupez, who was exiled to Siberia for his revolutionary intrigues against the Czar, she has been a political observer from her birth. Her memoirs, which she will one day publish, have her personal observations of the Kaiser, Lenin, Trotsky as well as such artists as Reinhardt and Duse. (Also some whom she asked me not to mention.)

The most sensational change in the changeable Pola is her renouncement forever of love. She herself told me she was through. It was an unexpected shock, for surrounding her as of yore were the red roses, emblematic of Pola and *d'amour*. "Full of slow poison," she once told me as she breathed deep of one.

It seemed to me high time someone put a stop to Pola's re-writing of La Negri. Her overcoming of the inferiority complex was all right. Even her role as The Prodigal Daughter became her since it had the sirenic effect of getting a fat contract. But the idea of turning the Tsaritsa into a nun was too much. It was taking license with history. Ever since I saw "The Czarina" I have believed in reincarnation.

(*Continued on page* 106)



Judge Ben Lindsey, who wrote an interesting article recently for NEW MOVIE, visited the Paramount Studios in Hollywood and saw part of the process of filming Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." Huck, otherwise Junior Durkin, is explaining the secrets of the "magic hairball" to the judge.

Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

(*Continued from page* 12)

utter failure. Marie makes a very rich and very flaky pie crust. She rarely mixes it on the same day the pies are to be baked, but keeps it twenty-four hours in the refrigerator before using.

Her particular pie specialty is a mixed berry dish which may be made either as deep-dish or one-crust pie or as the regulation two-crusted pastry. The filling for this pie consists of equal portions of strawberries, red raspberries, loganberries and tart cherries. Over the fruit Miss Dressler pours a syrup of brown sugar, nutmeg and water. With a generous hand she dots the whole mixture with little pats of butter and covers it with the perforated top crust. Served with whipped cream, it is a dish fit for a king.

One of Miss Dressler's favorite late-evening or Sunday night supper dishes is sausage cakes served with scrambled eggs. Marie mixes her own sausage cakes. In a crockery bowl which has been thoroughly rubbed with a garlic bud, she puts freshly ground sausage, mixed spices, ground onions, celery and a dash of pulverized horseradish root. She broils the cakes until they are covered with a deep brown crust.

In the center of a silver, parsley-lined platter she heaps a mound of creamy yellow scrambled eggs, whipped before cooking until they are frothy and mixed with finely cut parsley. She arranges the sausage cakes around the eggs and serves with hot, buttered toast squares.

ANOTHER dish for which Marie is famed among her friends is her pigeon pie. To serve eight people she uses four squabs, a very rich pastry, one-half cup of butter, three tablespoons of flour, one cup of milk and salt and pepper to taste. She parboils the squabs until they are tender. Then she cuts them in half and fries them until they are brown.

She places the squabs in a deep casserole lined with the pastry. To the stock in which the squabs were parboiled she adds the butter and flour, thoroughly blended, and the milk. She seasons it and pours it over the squabs. The mixture is covered with the top crust and baked in a very hot oven for about forty-five minutes.

No story of the Dressler cookery would be complete without the recipe for her far-famed gumbo soup. To make this Marie uses one small chicken, one pound of beef, one tablespoon of lard, one onion, three pints of water, two dozen oysters, a teaspoonful of sassafras leaves and salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

She cuts the beef in small pieces and cooks it with the whole chicken in the water until the meat is tender and a strong broth has been obtained. She then cuts the chicken into small pieces, removing all the bones. To the broth she adds the chicken, the oysters and their liquor, the onion, the sassafras leaves and the seasoning. This is cooked until the edges of the oysters are curled.

Folks who are fortunate enough to taste the Dressler cooking leave the table to praise and never forget.

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The Prodigal Daughter Returns

(*Continued from page* 104)

I know that Catherine the Great was Appolonia Chalupez (I mean, of course, before she was reformed). That prodigious empress, that *grande amoureuse* who said *je t'aime* when she meant *je m'aime* and failed to see the difference.

As a lover of history I remonstrated with Pola. I even got a little ghoulish declaring I could hear the Great Catherine groaning in her grave at the betrayal. Of voracious mind, Pola is an attentive listener. I spoke, for all my inferiority complex, with the eloquence of Briand and Lloyd George.

"I'm through with love," Pola finally amended, "but not, of course, with men."

The conference had met with what political observers would call "a compromise" preparing the way to future conversations.

Then Destiny entered on my side.

The maid came in with a fresh forest of red roses. Pola reached eagerly for the card, burbling—

"Ah, la fleur! La fleur d'amour! C'est toujours la même chose avec moi!"

"Aw, that's talking, Empress, that's talking," I said, dropping my Briand eloquence for Jack Oakie's.

And when Pola proposed a toast to her success I felt the old Negri was back again, inferiority complex and all.

SCRATCH a Slav and you'll find a Tartar, according to observers. Pola is Slav, and you don't have to scratch her to find the Tiger Cat, according to Berliners.

Aw, that's the inferiority complex again. Pola says the tiger cat is really a titmouse. That's probably what a tiger cat would say if it could.

I'd be doing Pola an injustice if I pretended she has not changed. She has become more philosophical, more tactful, more considerate in every way.

There have been just two women of genius in Hollywood. One was Mabel Normand, the other Pola Negri. They became friends and I refereed some of their quarrels. They had in common an instinctive love of books. Pola used to carry volumes with her on location along with clinking magnums of Chateau Yquem. Mabel and Pola are distinguished among the acting folk I have known by their consuming interest in people.

"I can be the greatest snob," says Pola, "and on the other hand I can be the most humble person when I like."

What she means is that she obeys her instincts. If she's interested she forgets herself and is absorbed. If she is bored she yawns. The pose of Pola is not that of the American. There is nothing hypocritical about it. On the contrary, brazen vanity when so naively voiced is utterly disarming. We Americans are so subtle in our stuff, not? Pola is forthright. She believes with Mussolini that the sword is more powerful than the pen. It cuts, finishes. But she has learned, like Mussolini, how to deal with Americans.

Americans deal in types, in standardized products. But we are changing. It used to be that there were "good" women and "bad" women, and the two could have nothing in common. Foreigners were practically all "bad."

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Turn to the New Movie's Department of Reviews, a popular feature in every issue. It gives you first-hand information about all the important new films, with interesting comments on the stars who appear in them.

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Acting differently than we do they were "posers."

ERNST Lubitsch exclaimed to me over the great change which had come over America in the past five years.

"Americans no longer want Pollyanna stories," he said. "They want the truth. They are ready to face realities."

Of Pola Negri, Lubitsch said: "Pola was arrogant, domineering. But Pola is the greatest actress who ever came to the cinema. Ya, I am sure. She came to America ahead of her time. It is different now. If Garbo, also sophisticated, had come when Pola did first she might not have had her great success. Pola—there is no one like Pola. I fight with her but I think she is greatest. Ya, Pola is greatest."

Pola used to dominate Lubitsch as an Empress her prime minister. But it is different with Pola now. She has become humbler through greater wisdom. Of Lubitsch she said to me in her French chateau last summer, when she hadn't an idea of returning to this country, "The American films have their greatest genius in Lubitsch. There is no director like Ernst. I owe much to him. We fought sometimes, but that is necessary with strong individuals. I respect him, admire him."

In my opinion the greatest combination the film world ever had was Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch. The fact that they fought was a testimony of their individual greatness. If they ever get together again each will be greater through the stimulus of minds understanding one another.

WHEN I saw Pola I was making plans for Europe. She urged me to visit her mother who has a villa "La Pergola," at St. Jean, Cap Ferrat on the Riviera.

"Ah, what good food you will have," said Pola. "I envy you. And what wit! My mother is the wittiest of all women. And so generous, so good. To satisfy her as much as myself, I want to realize my ambition of endowing homes for the old and for orphan children in Warsaw.

"I have learned that happiness can be had only in serving others. That may seem trite. Everyone says it. But I know it from experience. I have had everything I could ask of the world. I have been successful as an actress in Europe and here. I have been a Countess, a Princess. I have had my beautiful castle and parks in France with nothing to do but be the grand chatelaine. And I tell you nothing meant anything to me but work. I must work. I must work through sense of service. I realize that I depend on others for happiness. Personal love is not enough. That is what I mean when I say I am through with love. Every human being must have food, must have the self gratification of love, but above all it is necessary to feel that one is serving the whole. We may scoff at altruism but it is our strongest instinct. I tell you I am not concerned about my contract in dollars. I am grateful now for a chance to do something. That is all."

And so the new Negri is back among the old *fleurs d'amour* and complexes of Hollywood, slimmer, more beautiful as the Prodigal than she was as the Princess.

Ya, here's to Pola the protean and picturesque! May her name and red roses increase!



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Here's a secret—there's a remarkable new preparation that makes it *easy* to have beautiful rippling hair even on the most hectic, hurried morning. It is called VANKAI Wave Set—and it's really marvelous! It takes at least ten minutes off of morning make-up time.

Set your waves with VANKAI at night. Put on a hair net. In the morning—presto!—you have an enchanting wavy coiffure all ready for a perfect day at work or play. VANKAI makes *longer-lasting* finger waves, and adds *weeks* to the beauty of permanents.

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T

The End of the Rainbow

(*Continued from page* 37)

to much better advantage.

George Bancroft, after much arguing and bartering with Paramount during the last year, which kept him off the screen, will make three pictures in the coming year, for $300,000, thus rating fifth.

Norma Shearer also rates fifth class with two pictures, both smashers, to her credit for the year. She is in a fine position to demand more money during the next year, unless her contract is ironclad.

Douglas Fairbanks, for the first time since the formation of United Artists many years ago, received a straight salary for making "Reaching for the Moon." His only picture of the year, he received $300,000 for his services in it. His arrangements prior to this had been as a producer, distributing through United Artists, with his percentage of profits. He does not intend to work again on salary.

Ramon Novarro has had a year involved with foreign versions and directing. For four films he collected $300,000, receiving less for the three foreign versions and more for the English one.

Ina Claire rates the fifth class, drawing $300,000 a year for three pictures with Goldwyn. In spite of the ballyhoo printed to the effect that Goldwyn had offered her triple the salary she had under her contract with Pathe, she is getting just the same amount. Under the Pathe contract two years ago, she was to receive $75,000 for her first picture, $100,000 for the second, and $125,000 for the third. The options were not taken up, and Miss Claire made only "The Awful Truth."

CONSTANCE BENNETT is a star whose earnings are much overstated. In spite of the enormous sums she is supposed to be receiving, the actual facts are not so glowing when she pulls out her bank book. Constance ranks in fifth place, allowing her $280,000 in salary for five pictures, and $20,000 for bonuses. Under her contract to Pathe she receives $2600 a week for fifty-two weeks a year, with ten weeks' paid vacation. With five weeks of the ten of her vacation, she has bargained to make a picture for Warners, for the sum of $150,000. This is Constance's real big money. Next year she makes the second film for Warners, and receives a like sum. Pathe thus gives her a yearly salary of $135,000 and, with the Warners' fee, she nets $280,000 in salaries. Bonuses from her studio for pictures in which she was loaned to other studios (not Warners) amount to $20,000.

In Constance Bennett's contract, she agrees to work six hours a day. One other player has a similar arrangement: George Arliss, due to age.

Bebe Daniels, under her old salary at RKO, earned $280,000. She has not completed her first year with Warners as yet. At Radio, she made four pictures in the course of her last year.

Ann Harding, one of the big successes of the year, has had a notable increase in salary in her new contract. Her old one called for $2,000 a week; her new one calls for $260,000 a year, that is $5,000 a week every week in the year, and $300,000 for the second year at $5,769 a week. No options are allowed until after the end of the second year; the third year, with an option, mentions $400,000.

Ronald Colman, serving the last year of a five-year contract, which terminates in the Fall, draws $250,000 a year, for two pictures, thus rating the seventh class. This salary represents a figure that was increased on several occasions over the terms of the original contract by Samuel Goldwyn. It has been bruited about that Colman does not intend to renew with Goldwyn, though it is well known that he has always expressed himself as completely happy with his destiny in the hands of Goldwyn and would never make pictures for anybody else. Perhaps the terms other players are able to demand —even his pal Bill Powell, made a star long after him—have stampeded Ronnie into the open market. That canny Scot will not leave any golden grains ungarnered. His exceptionally pleasing voice makes him a big talkie bet still on the upgrade of popularity.

Marilyn Miller comes into the seventh class with $250,000 a year for three pictures. (*Continued on page* 110)



How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 57)

Miss Dresser's luncheon guests present, but all of the remainder of the four hundred delegates attending the sorority convention.

The menu for Miss Dresser's luncheon follows:

Melon Ball Cocktail
Chicken Ring with Mushroom Sauce
Green Peas in Carrot Shell
Frozen Cheese Salad—Salted Wafers
Tea—Coffee—Hot or Iced

Following are the Cafe de Paris chef's recipes:

MELON BALL COCKTAIL—Cut melon in half and remove seeds. Scoop out the balls, using a French cutter or the one-half teaspoon in your measuring set for the purpose. Cover with canned grapefruit juice to which a few drops of bottled lime juice have been added. Place in a freezing tray and chill—do not freeze. At serving time arrange in cocktail glasses and garnish with mint.

CHICKEN RING WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE—

1 fowl (about four pounds) cooked until tender
2 cups of bread crumbs
1 cupful of cooked rice
1 teaspoon of salt
½ teaspoon of paprika
¼ cupful chopped pimiento
4 well-beaten eggs
¼ cupful of butter or chicken fat
¾ quart of chicken broth, or half broth and half milk

Remove meat from bones and dice—do not chop—it, combine ingredients in order given, mixing well. Pack into a generous sized, well-buttered ring mold. Place in refrigerator until needed, then bake slowly at 325 degrees for a little over one hour. After baking allow to stand about ten minutes in a warm place when it will leave the mold easily.

If canned whole chicken is used, the jellied broth in the can is excellent; with the addition of canned broth, proceed as with fresh chicken.

GREEN PEAS IN CARROT SHELL—Pod the peas if fresh ones are to be used. Remove the centers from large carrots by slicing about one inch thick and scooping out centers. Place in refrigerator until time to cook them.

FROZEN CHEESE SALAD — SALTED WAFERS—Cream 1½ packages cream cheese with a fork until soft. Add ¼ cupful each chopped pepper and toasted almonds, ⅛ teaspoonful paprika, ⅛ teaspoonful salt and 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice; then add ¼ cupful cream beaten stiff. Pack solidly in a freezing tray and spread until smooth to a thickness of three-quarters of an inch. Chill until firm enough to cut. Cut into small squares and serve on slices of tomato arranged on lettuce; garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6, if three squares are used for each salad.

PLAN YOUR PARTIES AND DINNERS

from "How Hollywood Entertains." Read this unusual service department in NEW MOVIE every month.



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Keep Swansdown Cleaning Powder on a handy shelf. And carry a sample size box in your purse. It's the new way, the safe, simple, sure way to remove spots from dainty silk dresses or heavy suits, from felt hats, fabric shoes, furs, draperies and rugs.

Swansdown Cleaning Powder quickly absorbs all kinds of spots . . . grease spots, beverage and fruit stains, perspiration, water. It has no odor, cannot leave a ring, does not affect any color. Just shake on, rub gently, brush out.

Use Swansdown White on white and all light-colored fabrics . . . Swansdown Black on dark blue and black. In 25c and 50c boxes at leading department stores.

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IT'S TRUE—true and proven. A mascara which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*—that is the new discovery.

It's called the new Liquid Winx. First you use it as a waterproof mascara. It darkens lashes, makes them look soft, delicate and fascinating. Eyes take on new sparkle, new appeal. Yet the effect is natural—in good taste.

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I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.
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The End of the Rainbow

(*Continued from page* 108)

Wallace Beery, now well to the fore in popularity for the third time in his film career, is in seventh class with the comfortable salary of $250,000 a year for four pictures. Even "Butch" could hardly have done better than that!

Lawrence Tibbett, handicapped by inadequate stories and many production difficulties, has not gained the prominence due him; his salary is $200,000 a year for two pictures. He is in eighth place.

Mary Pickford, like Fairbanks, drew her first salary this year; it was $200,000 for "Kiki." This illustrious pair have been suffering from considerable loss of popularity the last two years. It is freely said that the last two pictures of both stars are still "in the red"; this is no doubt due to the departure from their accustomed types of stories.

Marion Davies is hard to rate in a salary class; she draws $200,000 yearly for making two pictures; but her income is much increased by percentages on her films, which are difficult to estimate, and continue from one season into another. Last year, she made the most money of any woman star at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, thus it must have been an income of over $300,000. This would rate her between the fourth and fifth classes.

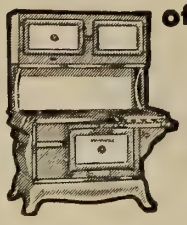
Maurice Chevalier has been advertised by enthusiastic news writers as taking huge sums of gold out of the United States; one even quoted a million dollars as his intake from films in two years. The sad truth is that figures on his actual salary are much less than that; he receives $200,000 a year for two pictures. Bonuses add something to that. He demanded and got $20,000 a week for two weeks of personal appearances in London, with half the gross, which brought him $5,000 a week more, in September, 1930; and he demanded $5,000 for a single night of song in his native Deauville in the same year. Under terms of his contract he must be ready for work eight months a year. Of course his personal appearance work brings him the money, if done in his four months off.

The Marx Brothers belong amongst the biggest earners in films. To date, the accurate sums coming to them on "The Cocoanuts" are undetermined, as the picture is now enjoying many return engagements. Profits run over a million—and the brothers collected half. Their agreement is that they are paid $200,000 for a single film a year, but if the profits run over an equal sum they are to receive fifty per cent of the net. That means each of the four brothers gets $125,000 if it is share and share alike amongst them; and this is for a maximum of ten weeks' work a year. When that family sits down to dinner, what a melon they slice!

There are times when it is safe to disregard Ol' Debbil Box Office, due to a freak success in some specially good rôle. In the long run, the studios are quick to note box-office receipts and reports from exhibitors, and reflect them in higher salaries and bonuses. Often stars are bound by contract at a low figure; fair-minded producers volun-



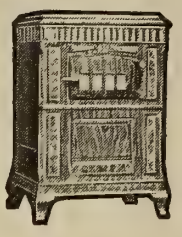
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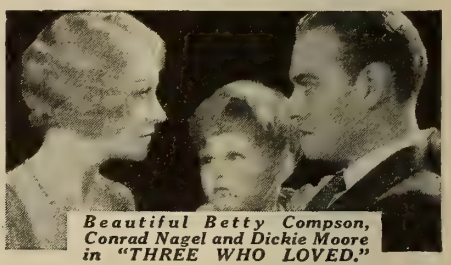
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Amazing Discovery Ends Wrinkles, Lines. Clears and Softens Skin as No Other Creams Ever Have.

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tarily offer to increase such salaries.

When a star takes a box office toboggan, studios are often helpless if contracts are airtight, and often pay out the full terms of the contract and take it as a loss, rather than risk greater losses by producing a picture they feel will flop. This was what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer attempted to do with Jack Gilbert.

Other big money makers in films are the directors. Directors are hired on a much more variable arrangement than stars. It is far more difficult to arrive at accurate figures on a director's salary than on a star's. For instance: Clarence Brown worked on a very complicated arrangement during his three years' contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He got one sum while working, $8,500 a week. Then followed a period when he received $7,500 a week, until he had been idle a certain period; then another salary drop occurred. The three years were planned to net him a round sum of a million dollars. He made two films last year, thus his actual working time was twenty weeks; for this he received the sum of $330,000 which is $165,000 a picture, or $16,500 a week for an actual ten weeks' work on each film.

ERNST LUBITSCH works on even better terms for Paramount, though it is hardly fair to include him with straight directors, as he did executive work during the past year as part of his duties. When he is actually directing a picture, his salary is $10,000 a week, and he is guaranteed ten weeks on a picture. Four pictures are tentatively planned for him for the coming year, which would represent at least $400,000 as his salary, exclusive of possible bonuses or percentages.

The heavy money amongst all directors may well be earned this year by Lewis Milestone, whose fame began with "All Quiet" last year. His agreement with Howard Hughes is fifty per cent of the net profits, on two pictures a year. His first, "Front Page," bids fair to net a million. If his other does as well, Mr. Milestone collects a cool million for two pictures. He is also allowed to make one picture a year outside the Hughes organization, which he can make at whatever terms he can get. It is possible for him to collect thus another half million, making as a possible year's total, one million and a half dollars for a year on three pictures. This would be on the basis of thiry weeks' work, or less, and would mean a salary of $50,000 a week, the biggest money ever paid any director.

In discussing big director money, it is of interest that James Cruze, during the contract he signed with Paramount following his huge success in "The Covered Wagon," got the biggest money for directing to date. His contract called for payment to him of $1,800,000 over a period of three years. He finished the contract six months ahead of schedule, thus earning in thirty months the whole sum, at $60,000 per month, supposing he worked all the thirty months, which was not likely. Dissolving the figures still further, it amounts to $15,000 a week, $2,500 a day, $312.50 an hour. Unfortunately this flow of gold did not stimulate the flow of genius, for Cruze never since has touched his "Wagon." But he still holds the largest and quickest turnover of any director in the business.

Robert Leonard is paid on a weekly basis, with a salary of $5,000 a week

(*Continued on page* 112)



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TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

The End of the Rainbow

(*Continued from page* 111)

for fifty weeks, totaling the goodly sum of $250,000 a year. During the past year he made three pictures, and at an average of ten weeks (which always includes preparation, actual shooting, retakes, and editing) per picture he got $8,333.00 a week, $1,400 a day, and $175 an hour.

George Fitzmaurice holds a joint agreement with M.-G.-M. and United Artists whereby he makes two pictures a year for each, at $75,000 per picture. This totals $300,000 a year for a possible forty weeks' work, possibly less.

Frank Lloyd, under the terms of his contract with Hughes, earns a like sum, $300,000 for four pictures at $75,000 each.

Both Raoul Walsh at Fox's and King Vidor at M.-G.-M. receive respectively $80,000 and $75,000 per picture. In addition to this they have a yearly guarantee and a percentage on films made. At this date it is impossible to calculate a yearly income for either of these two men. Walsh did three pictures in the last twelve months, thus earning not less than $240,000.

Edmund Goulding receives $75,000 per picture since his success with Swanson's "The Trespasser," and for additional weeks over the schedule he receives more money. Four pictures made during the year netted him over $300,000. He makes sizable sums writing stories and selling them for the screen.

Frank Borzage, work or play, gets $5,000 a week. This brings a yearly salary of $260,000 for four pictures.

Edwin Carewe, while he has been freelancing since he ceased being a producer director with United Artists, has slipped somewhat from the earning power he had at that time. This year, he made "The Spoilers" for Paramount at $50,000 salary, plus $50,000 for the story. He did likewise with Universal on "Resurrection." This nets for five weeks' work on "The Spoilers" and seven on "Resurrection" $100,000 for directing, and another hundred thousand for selling two stories that were the property of the public, since the copyrights had long ago run out on both stories. Carewe also gets 30 per cent of the profits on "Resurrection" and 25 per cent on "The Spoilers". He made a third picture, at the sum of $50,000; and as the figures on the two pictures are not yet in, it is impossible to calculate what his income will be.

Incomes of men like Cecil De Mille would be impossible to compute without the aid of an expert accountant to go over their books for at least three years. They do not properly belong in this discussion.

These wage slaves are toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, to the strains of the anvil chorus from critics, directors, producers and the public. Some folks believe that picture stars get to taking dope from overwork. If it isn't bad taste to joke about it, I would say that the poor things find it so hard to realize their fabulous salaries are real, that they have to take dope to believe it. And the same to you some sunny morning, kind reader.



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A Great Old Girl

(*Continued from page* 68)

"No. She's known all over the world for her 'no' which means just that."

And they returned to the studio and the creation of "Oklahoma," the super-epic of the Middle West.

That evening Mrs. Dikes sat in her suite at the Ambassador and watched Elizabeth dress for dinner.

"I wonder if that Terry Grant is a good director," said Mrs. Dikes idly.

"If nerve is essential he should be. The idea of his asking you to appear in his picture." And then Elizabeth laughed. "What would Mary and the earl say if they should go to a movie and there you were as big as life—or bigger—in a land rush or something."

But her mother didn't seem to find the idea so amusing.

"Well," she sniffed, "if there hadn't been the land rush, and I hadn't been there, I don't know where Mary would be now. And I don't know where the earl would be, but I have a very good idea where the historic hall of his ancestors would be."

"I know, mother, dear, but in some ways he is well worth the upkeep. We do have a wonderful time in London, and I love it—and don't forget that in a blaze of glory I'm to be presented at court this time. You haven't forgotten that, have you?"

"No," said Mrs. Dikes, a little bit wearily.

ELIZABETH kissed her and was gone in a flash of perfume and white ermine. Mrs. Dikes sighed, and seated herself in front of the mirror, where strangely enough she began to make faces at herself. She pulled the heavy black eyebrows that failed to turn white with her hair, down in a threatening scowl. She laughed and smirked, she looked haughty, pleading, angry, she snarled and wept. She narrowed her eyes, and made clever, subtle, cruel faces. And then she prepared for bed.

Comfortably ensconced in bed with a book to read until she felt sleepy, Mrs. Dikes found that she could neither read nor was she sleepy. For a long time she considered something. Then she arose and putting on a quilted robe she tiptoed sneakily to her desk. She wrote a note, addressed it, stamped it,

(*Continued on page* 114)

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A Great Old Girl

(*Continued from page* 113)

and called a boy to post it. Then she returned to her bed, snapped out the light, sighed profoundly, and then she was asleep.

The next morning when Terry Grant's mail was brought to him on the set there was among the many letters one that he opened first of all. It was addressed in a large angular scrawl that was in a way reminiscent of someone he had recently met. Inside was a brief message.

Mr. Grant: My daughter is going to Santa Barbara for the week-end. I believe I'd like to watch that land rush scene. Please advise—

Olivia Dikes.

Terry showed the note to Lawrence Curran at luncheon that noon. "We might have some publicity stills made for the newspapers when she visits the set. It'll be something."

Terry sent by a special messenger a note for Mrs. Dikes in which he informed her that the entire company would be greatly honored by her presence, and that a car would come for her at ten o'clock the following Saturday.

Mrs. Dikes never looked more like one of the richest and most distinguished women in the world than she did that Saturday morning as she stepped into the limousine the studio sent for her. She was in grey broadcloth and chinchilla, and her brown aquiline face peered forth arrogantly from beneath the grey felt hat especially created for that face in Paris.

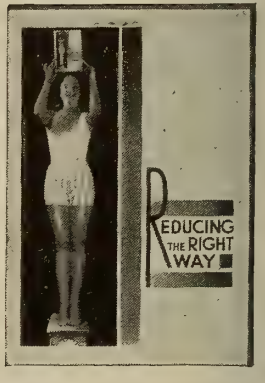
They were filming the land rush some miles from Hollywood on property owned by the studio. A small city had sprung up there. When Mrs. Dikes arrived the place was swarming with children, dogs, horses, cattle, and men and women.

Through it all Terry Grant stalked like a youthful general lining up his forces. He rushed to greet her and conducted her to a special platform where there was a chair waiting for her. He presented her to several executives who were also there to watch the big scene. Though czars in their way they were just a little impressed with Mrs. Dikes and the aura that was hers.

A MEMBER of the publicity department came forward to suggest photographs of Mrs. Dikes and the executives. She refused politely but firmly. Terry Grant looked disappointed, and Mrs. Dikes surprised herself by being especially gracious to him. There was a little-boy look about him that made her sorry she couldn't find an excuse for doing as he asked.

Mrs. Dikes' eyes roved over the scene. Already the riders, thousands of them, it seemed, were in place. Terry was taking a few shots of individuals before the big scene. The leading lady was kissing the leading man who was to ride forth to find a home for them. The executives found it a very touching scene, but Mrs. Dikes smiled rather grimly at their enthusiasm. The heroine was very pretty in her ruffly gown,

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INCORPORATED
55 Fifth Avenue New York

and the young man most nobly proportioned and properly picturesque.

Then Terry started directing another minor scene. A bedraggled woman came through the mass of humanity—pushing her way. She was to pause and look toward the waiting horsemen. There she was to spy the one sought—her husband, already in line, but slumped over in his buggy. She rushes toward him and finds him drunk. In anger and disgust she pushes him from the buggy, and takes his place in the rush. Several times they rehearsed it. Terry was not satisfied. As he put it, "She didn't put any guts in it."

Mrs. Dikes watched this scene with unusual interest, and before anyone noticed her absence Mrs. Dikes had been gone for some minutes from her seat of honor on the high platform.

Again Terry rehearsed the scene. It still wasn't just what he wanted, but the time was getting short. "All right," he ordered, "this is a take."

AND then through the crowd came a woman. A tall raw boned woman, who kicked dogs out of her way, and cuffed small children. From under her dilapidated sunbonnet her hair hung in greasy grey locks, there was a smudge of dirt under her eye, and she was smoking a corn cob pipe. She looked like an avenging wraith.

The extra players were looking at her resentfully as she pushed her way through the crowd. She walked straight to the woman playing the small part. "How much are you being paid for this work?" "Twenty-five dollars," answered the startled woman. "Well, here's a hundred. I've decided to do a part in your picture after all, Mr. Grant." And only then did he recognize Olivia Dikes.

There was only one rehearsal. She was perfect except for one thing. . .what she said when she flung the drunken spouse from the buggy was highly censorable.

They took the scene. The executives high on the platform applauded loudly. Olivia's face was a mask of indifference. She looked only at Terry when she sat grasping the lines of the restive horses as the scene ended.

"All right?"

"All right? You were swell—marvelous. I could love you to death."

Mrs. Dikes made no response as she planted her feet firmly against the front of the buggy.

"And now you can go back to the platform and watch the big scene. Or we'll wait for you to change, if you'd rather. I'm not going to attempt to thank you—but you know how I feel."

"I'm not through," said Mrs. Dikes calmly, "I'm going to drive this buggy."

"What? Of course, you're going to do no such thing. We have doubles for every woman in this scene. We wouldn't let a woman drive a buggy in a scene like this!"

"That's all right for the other women; I'm driving this buggy."

"Mrs. Dikes, what would your daughter say? We take every possible precaution, but in big scenes like this there are often, almost always, in fact, accidents. I'd be criminally liable if anything happened to you."

THE big brown hands closed more tightly over the reins. "Nothing will happen. You should have seen what I drove in '89. Besides, didn't I do the part for you? Now, if you're grateful show it, and go away and let me enjoy myself."

(*Continued on page* 116)

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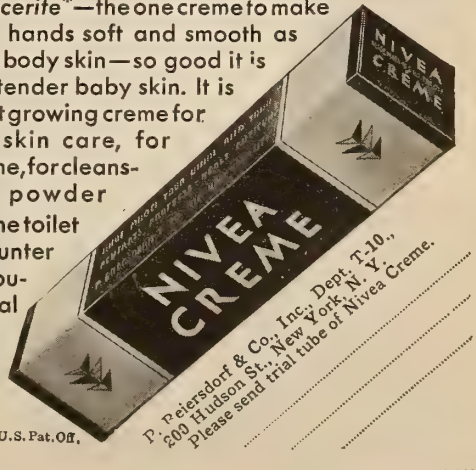


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*Joan Blondell

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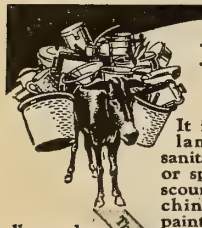
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A Great Old Girl

(*Continued from page* 115)

The great long line of riders and drivers was growing restless. They were eager to be off. They began to whistle and there were cat calls. The horses were nervous and quivering.

"Go away," commanded Mrs. Dikes, "and make your pictures. You seemed to know everything else about me—didn't you know that I'm a stubborn old woman and I always get my own way? Besides, if I do get killed you'll have some real publicity."

The signal was given. . . sound cameras began to grind. Far down the plain a mile and a half away, the signal was given to the waiting cameramen to be ready to catch the riders as they came over the ridge. Sound trucks and cameras prepared to follow the riders from either side. With whoops and cries they were off. Terry's eyes followed a faded sunbonnet and a pair of bay horses until they were lost in the sea of racing and plunging horses and vehicles. Then he got in his car and followed the riders from the side down to where the last cameras were stationed. It was all over when he got there.

"How did it look?" he asked the cameraman.



Ruth Etting is now one of the features of the new Ziegfeld Follies. She is well known to revue audiences and her records have given her an international popularity. She is now making a series of short motion pictures.



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34x4½	3.45	1.45	32x6.00	3.20	1.40
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"Great! The prettiest scene I ever saw. When they came over the ridge there was an old woman away ahead, almost standing up in her buggy, lashing her horses, and yelling like a crazy woman. She drove straight for the cameras. I thought she would ride right over us—she didn't seem to see us at all. We must have got a beautiful shot of her."

"Where is she now?"

"I didn't see her again. Some of the horses are still going."

Terry rushed frantically around, certain of disaster, and then he saw her. She was standing before her team. Their heaving sides were wet. She was feeding them little bunches of grass. She was standing very quietly, and when Terry came close he saw that tears were lying oddly on the brown cheeks. He stood still and watched her. She didn't know that he was there, and he knew that it wouldn't have made any difference if she had.

"I've come to take you back to the tents, Mrs. Dikes."

Silently she accompanied him to his car. They didn't talk all the way back. When he stopped before the dressing tent, he tried to thank her, but she squeezed his hand and shook her head.

THERE were long stories of the escapade of Mrs. Dikes in all the morning papers. In some trepidation Terry 'phoned. He was prepared to be very humble, but he found Mrs. Dikes in high spirits.

"I'm afraid, though, that I spoiled my daughter's week-end. She is coming right home."

"Probably thinks you pulled a fast one," said Terry. "If you want me to I'll attempt to explain what an extemporaneous action it all was."

"No, I don't think that will be necessary."

"Well, I saw the rushes last night, and you're great. They want to put your name in the cast. Do you mind?"

"Am I really good?" asked Mrs. Dikes, and there was an eager note in the question.

"Are you good? Say—if we only had more like you. . . ."

"Well, if you're sure I'm good, put my name in the cast——"

Elizabeth didn't say much when she came home, but her eyes were full of reproachful meaning.

"I hope it was a dignified portrayal, mother. Everyone we know and people we don't know will go to see you. It's been in every paper in the country."

"Well, Terry Grant was more than satisfied, and it's his picture."

"Terry Grant—Terry Grant," scoffed Elizabeth, "I'd like to wring his neck. I'll bet he's afraid to face me. Inveigling you into acting in his old picture."

"Inveigled—I was never inveigled in my life, and you know it. It was the most exhilarating day I've spent in a long while. I feel twenty years younger."

Mrs. Dikes had many mysterious telephone calls. She always had a smug expression on her face after conversations with this mysterious person. But Elizabeth knew whom it was. For days her mother had been calling this odious Grant person to inquire about something called a "preview."

And then one afternoon when Elizabeth had a date she couldn't possibly break, Mrs. Dikes came into the room humming, and she almost never

(*Continued on page* 118)

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A Great Old Girl

(*Continued from page* 117)

hummed. There was a happy sparkle in the clever old eyes.

"I'M dreadfully sorry you have to be at this wedding tonight, Elizabeth. Terry Grant wanted to come with us to the preview of 'Oklahoma.'"

"I wish that I might go—not to see my mother make a spectacle of herself, but to tell Mr. Terry Grant just what I think of him. Mother, promise me, to insist on having your part cut out if it isn't just what you would want it to be. It probably was a fling, mother, and, perhaps, fun, but there's so much to think about, our position—there's Mary and the earl. . . ."

"Oh, I don't know," mused her mother, "I wish the earl was as big a man in London as Terry is in Hollywood."

"Oh—mother."

"And I haven't had a great deal of fun, Elizabeth. Before we struck oil we were so terribly poor, and after the oil came in I had you children to live for and the money to live up to—and as you said, this is fun—you have no idea how much fun."

Elizabeth was sweeping out of the hotel that evening just as Terry entered. He made her a polite bow, but she cut him completely. She was angry at her mother anyhow who had spent several hours in preparation for the advent of Terry Grant. A white velvet evening gown and the wrap that matched it emerged from their wrappings for the first time. The silky white hair was coiffed with expert care, and a treasured necklace hung around her brown and furrowed neck. She looked very much like a great lady.

"I hope," remarked Elizabeth icily as she contemplated her mother's magnificence, "that Mr. Grant will not appear in his dirty white sweater."

Her mother only laughed. "Terry is a great boy. It's a pity you can't appreciate him. In fact, if he weren't going to marry that pretty little actress —I'm afraid I'd try to make him my son-in-law—I know you'd like him if you knew him better."

Elizabeth was, therefore, further annoyed to find Terry Grant very correctly attired, and looking very sleek and successful.

HE was quite bowled over by Mrs. Dikes' appearance. He told her as much.

When they were in his car on their way to the theater Terry kept scrutinizing her. Finally he spoke, "It's a crime and a shame for a woman like you to have so much money."

"Why a crime?" asked Mrs. Dikes. "We came by it honestly, as they say. I've worked in my day, young man. You can see that," and she held the brown hands with their weight of diamonds out to him. "And aren't there Peter Dikes Memorial Hospitals, Schools and Libraries, and Dog Shelters, from one end of the world to the other? So what's so terrible about my money?"

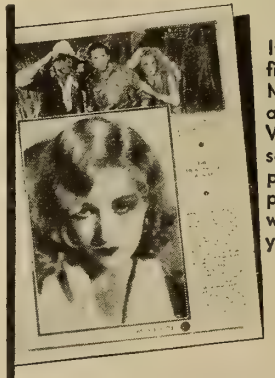
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The other day you were that harassed frontierswoman to perfection, and tonight I'd give anything in the world to find a woman who could look as you do now to play a part in my next picture."

"Is it a good part?" and there was a rather greedy note in her voice.

"About the best in the picture. You could make it the best . . . it's Queen Elizabeth . . . and we're making her mean and cruel, but regal, and under it all a great person. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

They were quiet for a long time. Then Terry spoke. "Mrs. Dikes, there is something I've been wanting to ask you. How did you really happen to ride in the land rush?"

Mrs. Dikes didn't speak right away. "Just the way it happened in the picture. Only I didn't look then as I did the other day. I never was pretty, but I had something."

"You don't have to tell me that," said Terry.

IT was very late when Mrs. Dikes returned to the hotel. Elizabeth had been listening for her for a long time, and when she heard her key scraping at the door she arose and came into the room.

Mrs. Dikes tossed aside her wrap, and with great deliberation chose a high-backed chair. Her eyes were dancing and there was a faint rosy tinge of color through her dark cheeks.

"Elizabeth," she began, "you should have been there. When I came through the crowd smoking that old corn cob pipe and when I jerked your fa—I mean the man who plays my husband out of the buggy—the house burst into spontaneous applause. And when I came racing along—away in front of all the other riders—they whistled! I tell you, Elizabeth—well, I never had such an evening. Would you believe it—I started to cry and Terry Grant kissed me then and there?"

"That," said Elizabeth sternly, "must have been a moving spectacle. Very seriously, mother, have you lost your mind?"

But Mrs. Dikes waved her aside with an airy gesture. "I'm just trying to tell you, Elizabeth, that I was damn good. We, the whole cast—by the way, my name's in the cast, away at the bottom, but it's there, Olivia Dikes—anyhow, we all had a party at Terry's house to celebrate. It's a fine picture, Elizabeth. You should have come with us."

"What we should do—and what we will do—is to leave here at once. We'll start for England right away."

Mrs. Dikes didn't seem to hear her. She sat as one in a trance, while in her ears rang the voluptuous music of handclaps.

"Did you ever hear applause, Elizabeth, and know it was all for you—well, champagne can't compare with it. Even the day the oil came in I didn't get the same thrill."

"I said we'd leave for England right away, mother. Didn't you hear me?"

"Oh, that's all right for you, dear. Of course, I'll miss you, and I wish you wouldn't go, but Terry has a good part for me in his new picture. You'd like this part."

"Mother——"

"Yes, and Elizabeth—this is really funny, while you're being presented at court—I'll be playing a queen right here in Hollywood."

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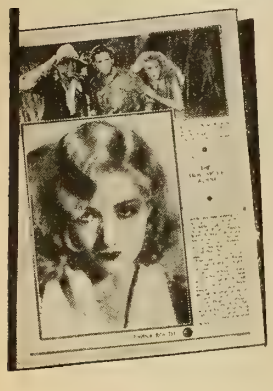


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Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 87)

soul in directing his orchestra. I like your 'Music of the Sound Screen' page. It gives me an idea of the latest and best recordings."

Yours truly,
Gabrielle Boucher,
37 Bowers St.,
Nashua, N. H.

" I play in an orchestra and I believe I know a good recording when I hear it. I believe Duke Ellington's playing of 'Three Little Words' from 'Check and Double Check' is positively a honey. I had the good fortune to see Duke Ellington and his boys in person, and I wasn't disappointed."

Sincerely,
E. Mason Hemphill,
3309 E. 33rd St.,
Kansas City, Missouri.

" 'Broadway Melody' was ace-high. Only Charles King could have sung the songs.

'Puttin' on the Ritz' was excellent and had appropriate songs to fit the dynamic personality of Harry Richman.

'Sunny Side-Up' was better than 'Just Imagine', because the songs played a greater part in the plot of the story.

Personally, I sincerely believe theme songs should mean something to the picture. Everyone has an equal chance to popularize a song. Rudy Vallee is especially capable. If the producers bring back the theme songs, I prefer only one for each picture and sung at intervals to describe the different moods of the characters. After all, that is how the people sing the songs in real life."

Very truly yours,
Harvy Landrath,
1234 Georgia Avenue
Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

The Death Films of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 62)

Hale, Joseph Swickard, John Sainpolis, Nigel de Brulier and Arthur Hoyt. Those very seldom heard of but believed to be still in Hollywood are: Pomeroy Cannon, Virginia Warwick, Mabel Van Buren, Derrick Ghent, Brodwitch (Smoke) Turner and Harry Northrup. Colonel Ford, business manager for the production, is a studio technical adviser. John Seitz, cameraman on the picture, is working in the same capacity at the Fox studios. So, having covered the fate of all the principals who helped make two of the outstanding spectacles in screen history, one can understand that fame and glory is short lived in that peaceful village of Hollywood.



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FINE FOR BABY'S BODY FINE FOR EVERYBODY!

They Called Him a Failure

(*Continued from page* 47)

in the Western city.

"I want you for the part of 'Killer Mears.' You will have to leave at once—we open in two weeks. You had better fly."

Gable consented and hurried to the theater in which the play was showing. He left that night for Los Angeles via airplane. He had appeared in many shows for Macloon, and he was now returning to the most spectacular success that any man was ever to achieve in film history.

Lionel Barrymore, then directing, saw him play the part of "Killer Mears" on the opening night. Within its scope, there was never a greater performance. Dynamic, brutal, terrible in his rage against forces which neither he nor society could control, he was, in this most pitiful and truthful of plays, a defiant man through whose magnificent body the lightning of emotion and passion streaked.

Each man is born for something. Clark Gable, as "Killer Mears", was an actor whom neither Lionel nor Jack Barrymore could surpass.

THE next day Gable was invited by Lionel Barrymore to come to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio for a test.

Barrymore had faith; but not the producers. Gable played on four different studio lots in as many films. No producer thought of giving him a contract.

In one film, "The Painted Desert," he was given a part with Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees.

"Can you ride a horse?" the friendly casting director asked him.

"No," was the answer.

"Well," was the quick and sarcastic return, "it really might be an excellent idea if you learned."

And Gable learned.

An old time cowboy taught him.

"He was a grand fellow," said Gable.

"What became of him since you've made good?"

"He's teaching me to jump," was the answer.

After desultory work here and there he was signed to play in "The Easiest Way" with Constance Bennett.

Then a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Even now his big chance was to arrive by accident.

During the noon hour he was having lunch in the studio cafeteria. Clarence Brown was looking for a leading man to play opposite Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul."

He saw Gable enter.

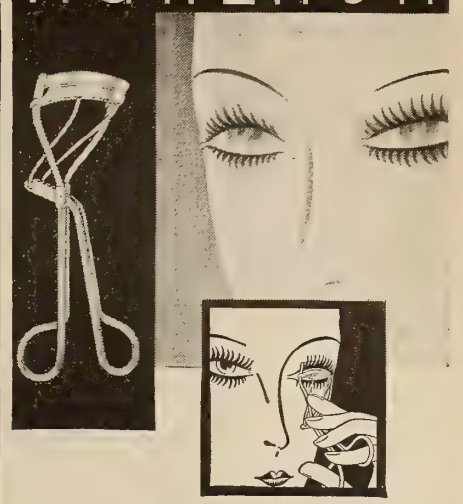
"Who is that man? He's the chap I want for 'A Free Soul.' Is he an actor?"

His assistant director told him that Mr. Gable was not only an actor but that he was also under contract to the company.

(*Continued on page* 122)

In NEW MOVIE Next Month
Jim Tully Tells the Colorful Story of Clarence Brown.

KURLASH

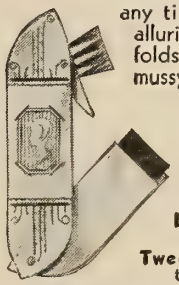


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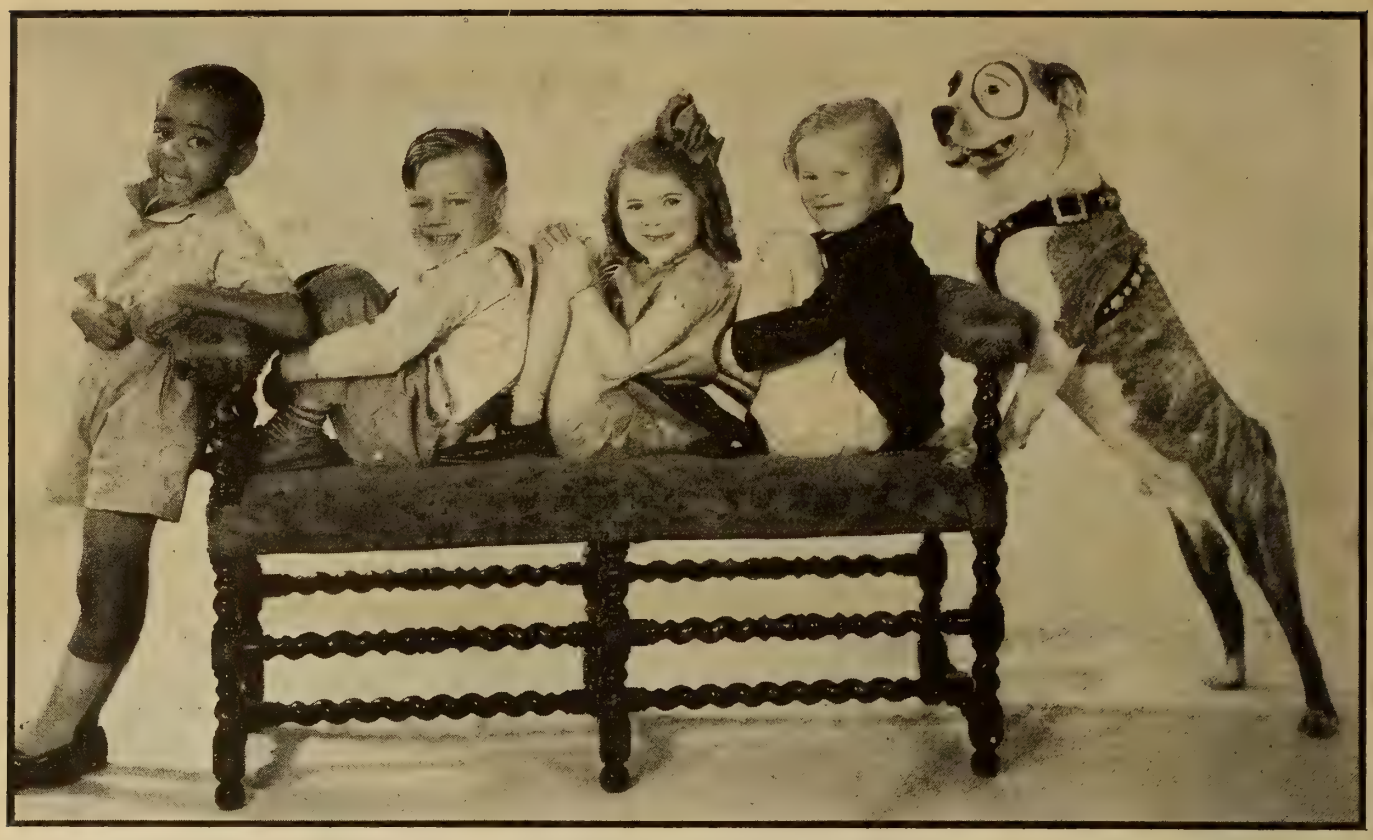
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Here is the famous Hal Roach "Our Gang" with its new member, Sherwood Bailey, Jr., who will be known on the screen as "Spud." Others in the picture are Matthew "Stymie" Beard, Bobby "Wheezer" Hutchins, Dorothy "Echo" De Borba, and of course, Pete the Pup.

They Called Him a Failure

(*Continued from page* 121)

That afternoon Gable was selected for the part.

His work in this film, and the reactions of millions of people, convinced M. G. M. officials that Gable was ready for stardom. His rôle in "A Free Soul" would have been difficult even for a more seasoned screen actor. It is contradictory in the extreme. At first it is highly sympathetic. In the end it becomes incredibly brutal. He handled it in such a manner that none of his following was alienated.

UNLIKE any other man in pictures, he will have become a star by playing "heavies."

In one other essential is Gable similar to Rudolph Valentino. His ears are quite large. The late Emperor of Cinema Romance used four different colors of make-up to keep his ears from appearing too large.

A shrewd director like Clarence Brown does not photograph Gable full face, but always in profile or three-quarters. His ears must not show.

After his work in "A Free Soul" he was cast in "The Secret Six." From this film he went to "Susan Lenox," in which he plays opposite Garbo. In this bungling adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel, Gable for the first time plays that of leading man instead of a heavy.

Gable's popularity with directors is one of the yearly miracles of Hollywood. Even the indomitable Von Stroheim regrets his late appearance in films.

"Lord, what a McTeague he would have made," and the Austrian returned in revery to the period when he spent a million in cash and time filing every possible item in the Frank Norris novel.

Shooting schedules are now arranged in advance so that the man who a short time ago was considered not a type can appear in as many films as possible.

Why he was promoted from a heavy to a leading man is now quite simple. . . . Vast numbers of women film lovers wondered how any girl in a picture could give him up for a mere film hero.

If God is said to be on the other side of the heaviest battalions, surely a producer is not to be blamed if he studies in which direction the bullets of popular approval are speeding.

NOT only has Gable survived one heavy rôle after another—he has arrived in spite of bad direction and a film wardrobe that would turn a Menjou into a bandit.

With a figure lithe as a leopard's, he was dressed in "Dance, Fools, Dance" like Abraham Lincoln in 1858. In one scene he seemed ashamed of his derby, as well he might have been. It is a moot question whether his violent end in several films was not brought about by his rivals, less for the crimes he had committed than for the clothes he wore. If Clark Gable is accidentally shot when he becomes a star, the murder might easily be traced to a tailor gone insane.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe officials are facing a great responsibility.

IN "Susan Lenox" his clothes look quite respectable. As he alternates between "Horseflesh" and the Garbo film, daily, he might wear the same costume in each, not having time to change. A man so much in public favor can always find too much work to do.

Clark Gable is by nature quite frank. He has little of the shallow conceit of the professional actor. Neither has he the grandeur of illusion so common to fortunate young men. He says, "I hung around Hollywood a long time before getting a job in pictures. My face wasn't my fortune then. It was a lucky break, that's all. Sometimes I think I'll wake up and find it's all been a dream."

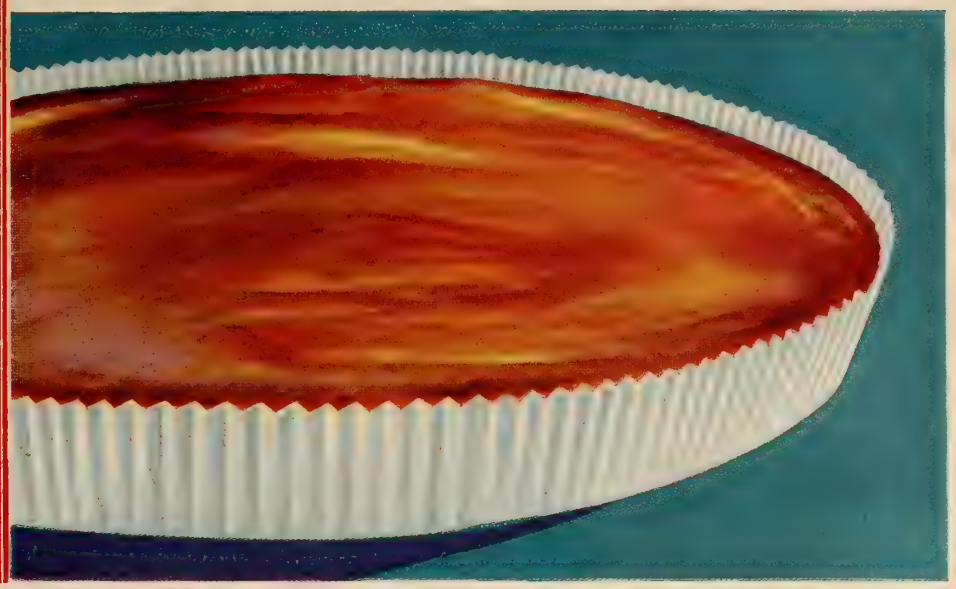
It has all been real enough for him, of course. It would be a wise proceeding, however, for him to save his money.

For popularity is often like Bobby Burns' snowflake in the river — a moment white, then gone forever.

Remember— that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month

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NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*



Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Eve started it and the daughters of Eve inherited it. Eve gave Adam the apple, and it seems that Adam must have passed it on. For every man and every woman has an Adam's Apple. It is your larynx—your voice box—containing your vocal chords—Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Be careful in your choice of cigarettes.

Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

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Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

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NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

NOVEMBER 1931



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A. Wilson

Charlie Chaplin's LOVE GHOSTS

Secret Shams of HOLLYWOOD

DECEMBER

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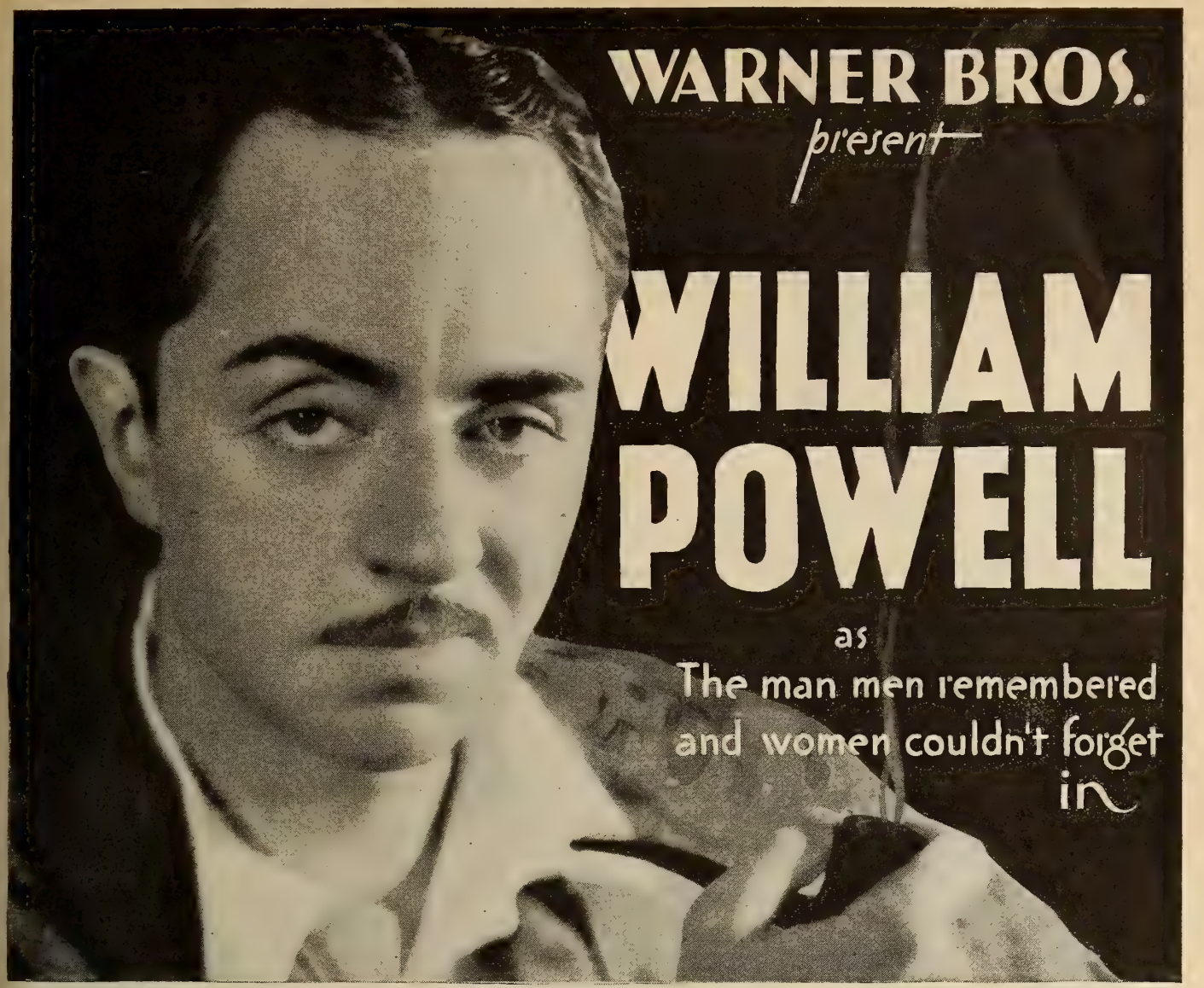
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Directed by
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A greater William Powell—more intriguing than ever before . . . See him as Warner Bros. present him: Suave gentleman! Debonair lover!... See him at the glamorous height of his dramatic power, in a story of tropic nights; of love under a languorous moon; and of a key given but not used . . . See him experiment with love in The Road to Singapore—the finest screen play of his career—a great Warner Bros. production worthy of William Powell's talents . . .

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One of the Tower Magazines

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Vol. IV, No. 5 November, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

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MARJORIE RAMBEAU. A recent photograph of this lovely stage favorite, who has become a popular screen star. She is appearing currently in *The Secret Six.*

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

DECEMBER

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

JOHN McCORMACK is placing in his repertoire two new songs by Ernest Torrence. "God Gave Me Flowers" and "Smiling Kitty O'Day." Indications are that they will go over as big as the McCormack song written by Torrence last year, "What an Irishman Means by Machree."

The music for Gloria Swanson's newest release, "Indiscreet," was the product of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson and is in their best vein.

Sam Coslow has written two new songs for Ruth Chatterton. In her new picture, Sam's "Just One More Chance" is featured.

Arthur Freed is the composer of "Island of Love," heard in the MGM feature picture "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

Another gigolo picture, this time, "Dance, Gigolo, Dance." Ricardo Cortez is to be featured by RKO.

In First National's "Men of the Sky," the musical numbers are the work of Jerome Kern.

A record was established by RKO when ten thousand feet of music were recorded by Max Steiner, the musical director, in six hours.

ONCE more we hear from a new band and this time they seem to hail from the sunny isle of good old Cuba, which should be a good climate for raising musicians, and these boys seem to prove it. You would naturally expect them to record something on the order of a rumba or a tango, but here they fool us, and come forth with the new popular success, "I'm All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart." I'm pretty sure that you will enjoy this record. The boys pep up the tune with a good lazy rhythm chorus, and the number features Arthur Tracy, "The Street Singer," who does his part very well indeed.

The other side, also by Manolo Castro, "There's No Other Girl," is done just as efficiently as the first. Although it has almost the same rhythm, it is played in a nice manner and goes to make two good sides for one record. Arthur Tracy also does the vocal refrain. (This is a Victor record.)

"I Love You in the Same Sweet Way" is next on the list and also a good one. Ted Black and his orchestra do the honors and you're sure to like them. Their execution is almost identical with Guy Lombardo with the same easy swing. In some ways this band might almost be classed as better than the famous Royal Canadians. There is a vocal chorus by Tom Brown. And strangely enough he sounds to me like Rudy Vallee. (This is a Victor record.)

Now we get around to the dark end of the business and we hear some good hot music, none other than our old friend, "Minnie the Moocher." The Blue Rhythm Boys do the mooching and how they can do it! As you know, this is Cab Galloway's number and it's hard for a strange band to put over a number after it has made such a conspicuous success, but the Blue Rhythm Boys do just as good a job as Cab, and that's saying a lot. Perhaps you know that this band is filling Galloway's place at the Cotton Club while Cab is on tour, and that means we will hear more from

(*Please turn to page* 77)

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"I'm All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart," fox trot—played by Manolo Castro and his Havana Yacht Club Orchestra (Victor)

"Little Girl," fox trot—played by Joe Venuti's Rhythm Boys (Columbia)

"Black Rhythm," fox trot—played by Cab Galloway and his orchestra (Brunswick)

"I Love You in the Same Sweet Way," fox trot—played by Ted Black and his orchestra (Victor)

"Minnie the Moocher," slow fox trot—played by Mills' Blue Rhythm Band (Victor)



John McCormack, the popular Irish tenor, is singing some new songs by the veteran Scotch actor, Ernest Torrence. Torrence has written several song hits.

Follow the Popular Song Hits in This Unique NEW MOVIE Department Every Month



Best paid young woman in his office today

... yet once he nearly let her go because of 'B.O.' (Body Odor)

"FROM the very first we could see she had *brains*. But she hadn't been here a week before others were complaining.

"If she'd been 'just average', we probably would have dropped her fast. But so clever and willing a girl was worth making an effort to keep. So the office nurse had a frank talk with her . . . Pretty soon there was no more 'B.O.'—*body odor*—to trouble those about her. And she has forged ahead ever since."

Everyone not so fortunate

Lucky girl—to be *told* about her fault! So many times the "B.O." offender is simply allowed to take the consequences—lose friends, jobs, opportunities, without knowing why. For people shrink from mentioning an intimate matter like *body odor*—even by its popular name, "B.O."

Don't take chances. Remember, pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. Make *sure* of not offending. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, purifying lather penetrates and *deodorizes* pores—ends "B.O." dangers. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're cleaner, *safer* with Lifebuoy!

New complexion beauty

Make Lifebuoy "facials" part of your daily complexion care. Watch dull skins grow clear and lovely. Work the bland, deep-cleansing lather well into the pores. Then rinse. Clogged impurities gently loosen. Complexions glow with fresh, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROS. CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

Try the new **LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream**



soothes lubricates and protects

GET IT TODAY AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

DECEMBER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



One of the big box-office hits of the year is RKO-Pathé's filming of Robert Chambers' novel, "The Common Law." Constance Bennett is delightful as the model and Joel McCrea is excellent as the artist.

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You can't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S *AA or A award of merit.*

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Bought. Constance Bennett, who is becoming one of the most important stars of the day, gives a smart performance in this interesting adaptation of a story that makes good picture material. *Warner.* Class A.

The Common Law. Once again Constance Bennett reveals her superiority, appearing in a famous drama by Robert W. Chambers. Richard Bennett, father of Constance, also contributes an enjoyable performance. *RKO-Pathé.* Class A.

Young As You Feel. Good clean comedy with America's favorite cowboy humorist leading the laughs. You will also like Fifi Dorsay as a chic French singer responsible for Rogers' rejuvenation. *Fox.* Class B.

Sporting Blood. A story of the track developed with considerable skill and profiting by plenty of human as well as equine interest. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

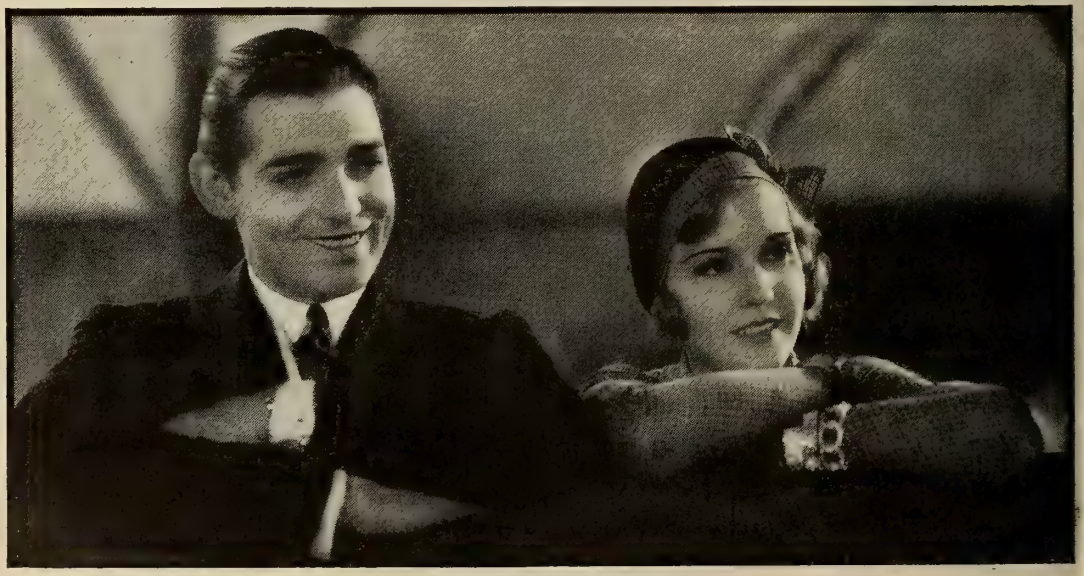
Son of India. The racial clash between East and West in a romance colored with Oriental glamour. Ramon Novarro, as a handsome Arab, is ably supported by Madge Evans. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

An American Tragedy. The much discussed version of Theodore Dreiser's famous work as adapted by Josef von Sternberg. Without holding any brief for the novelist, it may be observed that the screen production lacks the warmth and the solid substance of the original work. Phillips Holmes is well cast as the boy. *Paramount.* Class B.

Rebound. A smart comedy, perhaps a bit too smart, with Ina Claire portraying the methods of a modern woman out to get her man. *Pathé.* Class B.

The Woman Between. Without the engaging personality of Lily Damita this would be thin entertainment, indeed. The French actress gives a touch of bloom to a pale story. *RKO.* Class B.

The Black Camel. Another in the series of Charlie Chan adventures with Warner Oland giving one of his smooth portrayals of an Oriental. *Fox.* Class B. (*Please turn to page* 10)



"Sporting Blood" is a remarkable and exciting motion picture saga of a race horse, but there are plenty of opportunities for humans in it, too, notably Clark Gable and Madge Evans.

THE ONE AND ONLY GRETA GARBO IN THE ARMS OF FASCINATING CLARK GABLE! WHAT A PAIR OF SCREEN LOVERS THEY MAKE!



GARBO



Sold by her father, she runs away.



The circus owner shows his true colors!

magnificently thrilling in David Graham Phillips classic love story—

SUSAN LENOX

(HER FALL AND RISE)

with an all-star cast including

CLARK GABLE Jean HERSHOLT John MILJAN

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Get ready for the supreme, exotic thrill of your picture-going days! Here truly is gorgeous Greta Garbo in the picture that will make you forget all her previous triumphs. Come and be thrilled!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

DECEMBER

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(*Continued from page* 8)



Constance Bennett gives a corking performance as the heroine of "Bought," the new Warner film, with Ben Lyon opposite. This is emotionally compelling. Constance's dad, Richard Bennett, plays in this picture, too.

Maciste in Hell. A silent Italian film suggesting the spectacles of a decade ago. Nothing to brag about from any angle. *Excelsior.* Class D.

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour. A well contrived Sherlock Holmes episode turned out by an English studio with English actors. It is a pleasant variation after an abundance of impolite gangsters. *Warner.* Class B.

Enemies of the Law. Our friends the gangsters again, with Lou Tellegen and Johnny Walker heading opposing factions. A fairly entertaining film. *Warner.* Class C.

Women Men Marry. The old problem of modern marriage, extravagance and threatened disaster. Sally Blaine is the unsophisticated bride from the South who nearly comes to grief. *Headline Productions.* Class C.

Women Love Once. Highly dramatic and utilizing effective methods for extracting tears from a sympathetic audience. A picture of marital infelicities. *Paramount.* Class B.

Gentleman's Fate. John Gilbert is the gentleman in question and we trust that his fate may not be decided by this racketeering story. He deserves at least another chance. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Sweepstakes. If you like horse racing you will enjoy this simple yarn of thoroughbreds. Eddie Quillan is the jockey and James Gleason a comic trainer. *RKO.* Class C.

The Man in Possession. Robert Montgomery brings a light touch to an interpretation of a young Englishman assigned to occupy the house of an insolvent debtor who happens to be a charming lady. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Broadminded. Extravagant farce with Joe E. Brown stretching his mouth to its widest capacity, which is considerable. A silly picture, but easy to laugh at. *First National.* Class B.

First Aid. Here we find all the conventional ingredients of gangster pictures rolled into one strip of film. The result may leave an audience unmoved because of the too obviously contrived situations. *World Wide.* Class C.

Politics. Admirers of Marie Dressler will find this comedy, interspersed with a few serious moments, to be much to their liking. Needless to say Miss Dressler is entertaining. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Donovan's Kid. Sympathetic acting by Jackie Cooper and Richard Dix in a nicely fashioned drama. *Radio.* Class A.

Three Girls Lost. These wandering maidens find themselves alone and astray in Chicago. They are not alone for long. *Fox.* Class C.

Too Young to Marry. The bickerings and misunderstandings in a small town are shown with considerable fidelity. *Warner.* Class B.

Dude Ranch. Jack Oakie as a dolled up cowboy on a dude ranch will satisfy his admirers. *Paramount.* Class B.

Don't Divorce Him. Rough and tumble farce with Clyde Cook leading the funmakers. *Educational.* Class B.

Daybreak. The more glamorous side of army life with Ramon Novarro as a dashing Austrian officer. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Doctors' Wives. Seemingly, it is more fun to be a patient of a popular physician than it is to be his neglected wife, even if pretty, like Joan Bennett. *Fox.* Class B.

Virtuous Husbands. The extreme modesty of a young bridegroom almost proves to be the ruination of a pleasant romance. He learns better, however. *Warner.* Class B.

Young Sinners. One of the best of the many pictures dealing with the taming of hot-blood youth. *Fox.* Class B.

Party Husband. Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie tackle the marriage problem and make it interesting. *First National.* Class B.

Bachelor Apartment. This pleasantly furnished apartment is used for lessons in love as taught by the experienced Lowell Sherman. *Radio.* Class B.

The Public Enemy. Likely to live longer than the average run of crime pictures. Genuinely dramatic throughout. *Warner.* Class AA. (*Please turn to page* 106)

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1020 Why I am an Infidel. Luther Burbank
1021 Italian Self Taught
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1056 Devil's Dictionary. Ambrose Bierce
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1111 Prostitution in the Medieval World
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1122 Degradation of Women
1123 Facts About Puritan Morals
1124 On the Bum
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1130 The Dark Ages. McCabe
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1349 Life of Lindbergh
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1371 Sins of Good People
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1385 Defense of Devil
1388 Are the Clergy Honest?
1389 Tobacco Habit
1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
1395 Instantaneous Personal Magnetism
1412 Stories of Tramp Life
1413 My Prison Days
1419 Unusual Deaths
1420 Why Wives Leave Home
1421 How to Get a Divorce
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
1426 Unusual Love Affairs
1430 Shorthand Self Taught
1434 How to Think Clearly
1436 Strange Marriage Customs
1437 Curiosities of the Law
1439 Intelligence: How to Test It
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1445 Wild Women of Broadway
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1450 Do We Live Forever?
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1459 Psychology of Criminal
1460 American Statistics
1471 How to Become Mentally Superior
1475 Best Jokes of 1928
1476 What You Should Know About Your Sensations
1477 How Glands Affect Personality
1480 Causes of World War
1481 The New Immorality
1484 Why Preachers Go Wrong
1491 Power of Women
1493 Wine, Women and Song
1496 Sexual Factor in Dicorce
1497 Companionate Divorce
1498 M. U. Sex Questionnaire
1500 Why I am an Agnostic. Clarence Darrow
1501 Mussolini and the Pope
1503 Effective English in Speech
1504 Overcome Self-Consciousness
1508 Facts About Poisons
1513 Statistics: How to Understand Them
1514 Edison's Inventions
1516 Facts about Gonorrhea
1523 How to Avoid Catching Venereal Diseases
1531 Can We Follow Jesus Today?
1532 Don Quixote
1534 How to Test Urine
1535 How to Throw a Party
1536 Facing Death Fearlessly
1538 Rational Sex Code
1542 Who Started World War?
1543 Is War Inevitable?
1544 Against Capital Punishment
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
1554 Exercises for the Heart
1555 Rules for Success in Business
1556 How Sun Gives Health
1559 Can We Change Human Nature?
1563 Marvels of Sunlight
1565 Catholicism and the Public Schools
1566 How to Conduct Love Affair
1568 Full Text Edison's Scholarship Questionnaire
1569 Boccaccio—Lover of Love

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DECEMBER

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

From a School-Teacher

Seattle, Wash.

The films have taught me to be more artistic in the arrangement of my home; more sophisticated in my manners; and more particular in the selection of my clothes. They have even taught me to replace plain gingham frocks and lingerie with dainty garments. The complete result? A lingering, self-satisfied feeling. And the movies aren't a good influence? Well, I'm still a respectable school-teacher!

Kay Matthews,
6300—14th N. W.

Praise for Una Merkel

Chicago, Ill.

It seems to me that producers are overlooking a great comedienne in Una Merkel. Her brand of comedy is appealingly funny. I don't think I shall ever forget her as Tallula in the picture, "Don't Bet On Women." I saw the picture twice on her account.



She has but a stingy part in "Daddy Longlegs", but she does that well.

I trust some enterprising producer will give her a nice, fat part and then watch her run away with the picture.

Joseph Goraber,
3447 Sunnyside Ave.

There's Only One Pola

Sacramento, Calif.

It was with the greatest of pleasure that I read of Pola Negri's anticipated return to the screen. Her unique, outstanding personality has been sorely missed these few years that she has been off the American screen, and I can hardly wait until the first talkie under her new contract is completed and released.

Garbo may be great, Dietrich just dandy, and Landi simply luscious, but there will always be just one Negri —Pola, the pulchritudinous Pole.

Freda Richardson,
524—40th Street.

Praise from Germany

Braunsberg, Ostpreussen, Germany.

I get your splendid magazine from one of my American friends. Both my friends who have read it, too, and I are very enthusiastic about it. THE NEW MOVIE is by far the most interesting and finest magazine we ever encountered. We wish we could read it every month. You see, we are all very eager friends of the talkies, and this magazine tells us all about the life and activity of our favorite stars. I say, everybody ought to read THE NEW MOVIE!

Erich Schwarz,
2 Wasserstrasse.

Cheers for Leslie Howard

Winchendon, Mass.

The Hollywood producers ought to give Leslie Howard major parts. Why should an artist of his experience and ability be relegated to inferior rôles like that of Dwight Winship in "A Free Soul"? It is true, after seeing that dramatic vehicle, I cannot imagine any other players than Barrymore, Gable and Shearer in the characters of Ashe, Ace and Jan, but Mr. Howard's was a part for a secondary actor and, although he played it sympathetically (as always), he is a superior actor. As such the plums in the cinematic pie are for his fingers.

Adele Thane,
55 Highland Street.

Times Square in '16

Revere, Mass.

The talkies be praised. At last Richard Dix has been rescued from the former insipid rôles allotted to him and given rôles worthy of his splendid talent. I missed "Cimarron" but recently I saw "Donovan's Kid"—a splendid picture with noteworthy performances. There was a brief scene in the first part of the picture, of Times Square with Roxy's theater showing in the rear. The year was 1916. How come?

Beatrice L. Chyet,
74 Centennial Avenue.

"Lucky Old Devil"

Canton, Ohio.

Here's to the sweet old girl who styles herself "Lucky Old Devil."



We are the "Lucky Old Devils" to be able to see and hear her. I would walk ten miles every night and twice on Sunday for a glimpse of that beaming countenance. She radiates love no matter what rôle she is cast in. Even as hard old Min, I wanted to snuggle right up to that drunken old breast and try to console her. To me she is the greatest and grandest star in Hollywood.

Down with so many "Flaming Youth" and "Sex Appeal" pictures and let's have more true-to-form pictures in which our beloved Marie stars.

Mrs. J. Loper,
114 E. Tusc.

More Cheers for Marie

Centralia, Washington

Nearly everyone has a few favorites among the film stars. I could name more than a dozen, but Marie Dressler stands alone in her work as a comedienne. More than fifteen years ago, in the days of silent pictures when comedy and drama were as pleasing and popular as the talking pictures are now, I saw Marie in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with Charlie Chaplin, to which she refers when interviewed by Jim Tully.

Her acting was just about perfect and I've never seen a better comedy since. I believe her success has been largely due to her personality, and because she has used her gift of comedy to bring

(*Please turn to page* 14)

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

In your family, too

MEN PAY TOO MUCH FOR GARTERS

(—*and get too little*)



You know how it is when a man needs new garters. The old ones give out and commence to slip down. Every night for a week he grumbles because he has forgotten again to buy new ones. Finally he does remember...and that's that till the next time!

Where does he buy them? Anywhere...wherever he is when he thinks of it. How much does he pay? Any price... *and it's probably too much.*

It's up to you to change all that. Tomorrow. At Woolworth's. Bring each of your menfolks a pair of the new Milford Rotary garters. Show them the clever new rotary grip that does away with all binding and pulling. Show them the strong fresh webbing. (Extra fresh, every time, because goods don't stay long on the shelves in a busy Woolworth's store.)

Then tell them the price. Ten cents a garter. Much less than half of what they've probably been paying. And a more comfortable and longer wearing garter at that.

Do that. And from tomorrow on for the rest of their lives, you'll know right where to find your men on garter-buying days. They'll be at Woolworth's—getting better garters for less money.

IT MOVES AS *YOU* MOVE

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ROTARY GARTER
10c EACH GARTER

Sold exclusively by
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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 12)

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

pleasure and enjoyment to thousands of people. I was much interested in Mr. Tully's story of her life and work in the July issue of the NEW MOVIE.

Mrs. Harries W. Holmes,
313 S. Gold St.

Wants Musical Films

Wilmington, California

I don't mean to be too critical, but why when one picture of a new type goes over big, are we deluged with that type? When we protest they are cut off entirely. Take musical comedies, for instance. I think there is no type so restful as a musical comedy but too much is sufficient. Still, why can't we have just a few? I think a little sifting of types together would be advisable, don't you?

Elda M. Heines,
1303 Lagoon Avenue.

Step This Way, Isaiah

Washington, D. C.

Every so often in a picture there is a small part that flashes like a meteor across the screen. It is often remembered after other characters in the picture are forgotten. Such a part was taken by a colored boy in "Cimarron." It was the part of Isaiah. The acting was genuine and true, and the pathetic ending of his young life during the bandit raid was superbly acted. Let us have more of him where colored boys are needed. It is the human touch in pictures that makes them popular.

J. H. Allen,
2544 17th Street

We Like Her, Too

Marlboro, Mass.

While most everyone is talking about Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, I have seen a new actress who I think is even better than Garbo and Dietrich. The actress is Elissa Landi of "Body and Soul." She is a talented actress whose eyes are as mysterious as Garbo's or Dietrich's, and whose laugh is as gay as Nancy Carroll's.

Myrtle Larbour,
39 Maplewood Avenue.

The Film Great

Boston, Mass.

I'm fed up on pediculus pictures, with only a few really good ones thrown in for good measure, so I've made a movie budget and now I attend only such talkies as those rating a "rave" by such capable critics as those on your staff.

Here are a few that were included in my budget, and they weren't in the least disappointing. "Skippy," "The Millionaire," "The Front Page," "Cimarron," "A Free Soul," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "Young Donovan's Kid," "Smart Money" and "Daddy Long Legs." They aren't all 100 per cent perfect, but they're grand entertainment and you can promise yourself they won't be disappointing in the least.

Gladys M. Connaughton,
159 W. Newton St.

Tribute to George Arliss



New York, N. Y.

Let's pay a tribute to that superb actor, the greatest of them all—George Arliss. He has never failed to put a picture over to the audience. His convincing performances in "Disraeli," "Old English," "The Green Goddess" and "Millionaire" make us all look forward with eager expectation to "Alexander Hamilton."

His great public wish him his usual success in the future. And let's see his sweet wife with him again.

Betty Fulless,
277 Park Ave.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Old-Fashioned Romance

Washington, D. C.

I have just had the pleasure of seeing Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs" and to say that I enjoyed it is but putting it mildly. What a relief from the sordid, sexy and gangster stories of the past year.



Do let's have more pictures based on old-fashioned romances, and the crowded theater must be proof enough that I am not the only one who would welcome a return to clean, wholesome stories.

Dora C. Herbert,
3413—13th St. N. W.

Take a Bow, Herb

Springfield, Mass.

Of all the movie magazines that I have read (which is saying quite a lot), I have never found a more interesting, witty and humorous writer than Herb Howe. NEW MOVIE ought to be proud that they have him in their possession.

Won't the Herb Howe fans be jealous when I tell them that I have a picture of Herb? He looks just as I imagined he would, which was quite all right, thank you.

Sally Carlin,
184 Marion St.

For Scientific Films

Indianapolis, Ind.

The film companies have practically ignored one of the richest and most fertile fields upon which to base their pictures—the field of science. Of course, there have been a few rare exceptions, such as "The Last World," "The Mysterious Island," "Metropolis" and "Just Imagine." But these worthwhile efforts have been virtually buried in the deluge of Western, love, and crime pictures.

I wonder if the indifference of movie producers to science pictures is due to a mistaken idea on their part that the public doesn't care for science fiction. I suppose they are afraid to venture, not knowing their changing public. The fact is, however, that this popular type of literature was never more popular than it is today; the public is alert to scientific progress, and has received enthusiastically the few science pictures which have appeared.

Henry Hasse,
1126 Trowbridge St.

And What About Yancey's Son

Jersey City, N. J.

Richard Dix was at his best in "Cimarron." It was a highly interesting picture from beginning to end. But what I want to know is this—the land rush started in 1889, at which Yancey's young son must have been two or three years of age; and in 1929, when the mother of the boy is appointed to Congress, the same son grown logically should (*Please turn to page* 100)


CREATORS OF IMMORTAL "CIMARRON"
BRING YOU THE FABULOUS STORY OF MODERN YOUTH.....A MOTION PICTURE WHICH LIFTS A CLARION VOICE TO WARN A GODLESS GENERATION!
PUT IT IMMEDIATELY ON YOUR CURRENT MOVIE LIST
Super-drama that strides boldly from out the ranks of routine productions and lays bare the amazing story of many of today's young moderns . . .
The growing boy and girl . . . lashed to the Twentieth Century Juggernaut of Mad Ideals . . . are the most dramatic figures of our whirlwind civilization.
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT THAT STRIKES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEART . . . and assuredly not a gang picture!
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
From a story by Howard Estabrook
The cast includes:
Eric Linder, Ben Alexander, Arline Judge, Roberta Gale, Rochelle Hudson, Beryl Mercer
YOUTHS ON TRIAL
COURT
"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
RKO RADIO PICTURE

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



Mae Clarke loves deviled crabs—and she has two splendid ways of preparing them, described on this page, as well as other shell food dishes.

DEVILED CRAB doesn't sound a bit like Mae Clarke, but it's her favorite dish none the less. And she has not just one but two recipes for making it. Recipes that have been handed down in her family along with others for unusual lobster and shrimp dishes and the ultra in the way of soups—terrapin.

But of them all, it's the deviled crab, just as it is made by the old darky peddlers that haunt the Atlantic sea coast towns to shout their wares, that brings a sparkle into her brown eyes just at the mention of it and sends her into the kitchen with a ready-made appetite.

For years Mae lived in Atlantic City and her favorite shell fish dishes recall to her school days and the sound of the surf luring her away to go fishing and crabbing, clam bakes and oyster roasts in the shelter of the coves along the ocean.

Here are her own recipes:

Deviled Crabs

1 quart crab meat
1½ pints milk
Let milk come to a boil
1 tablespoon of flour rubbed into 3 tablespoons of butter
Yolk of 1 egg

Pour on boiling milk. Put on fire and let thicken. Take off fire and season to taste with cayenne pepper, mustard, Worcestershire sauce and salt.

Put into crab shells and cover tops with fine bread crumbs. Put in oven to brown lightly.

Deviled Crabs

2 cups crab meat
¼ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon mace
2 cloves
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 egg, separated
Salt and pepper (red and black)
½ cup wine or sherry flavoring
Cracker or bread crumbs

Add the seasoning to the crab meat, stir in the melted butter and the beaten egg yolk. Add the cooking sherry and season to taste with salt, cayenne pepper and black pepper. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Fill the crab backs (or put into a buttered baking dish, if canned crab meat has been used), sprinkle with cracker crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for half an hour. Decorate the dish with claws of the crab as well as parsley, lettuce, lemon, etc. It is appetizing to behold.

No girl from the East or the West either would consider her education in the culinary art complete without a good recipe for lobster. Mae Clarke gives this one, which she has been most successful in preparing:

Lobster à la Newburgh

2 boiled lobsters
2 tablespoons fresh butter
2 small truffles
½ cup sherry
3 yolks of eggs
1 cup cream
¼ teaspoon onion, grated
Cayenne pepper and salt to taste

Cut lobster in one-inch pieces. Place butter, salt, pepper, grated onion and truffles cut in small pieces into sauce pan and cook for five (*Please turn to page* 104)

Movieland's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYERS
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Leo Carrillo	Revolt	Roland V. Lee	Drama	Constance Cummings, Leslie Fenton
Charles Bickford	Men in Her Life	William Beaudine	Drama	Lois Moran
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Dorothy Mackaill	Safe in Hell	William Wellman	South Sea Drama	Donald Cook
Marilyn Miller	Her Majesty, Love	Wilhelm Dieterle	Musical Romance	Ben Lyon
FOX STUDIO				
Elissa Landi	Yellow Ticket	Raoul Walsh	Drama	Lionel Barrymore
James Dunn	Sob Sister	Alfred Santell	Drama	Linda Watkins, Minna Gombel
Will Rogers	Ambassador Bill	Sam Taylor	Comedy Drama	Marguerite Churchill, Greta Nissen
Janet Gaynor	Delicious	David Butler	Musical Drama	El Brendell, Edward Crandall
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Charlotte Greenwood	Flying High	Charles Reisner	Musical Comedy	Kathryn Crawford, Pat O'Brien, Bert Lahr
Lawrence Tibbett	The Cuban	W. S. Van Dyke	Musical Drama	Lupe Velez, Karen Morley
Wallace Beery	The Champ	King Vidor	Drama	Jackie Cooper, Irene Rich
Joan Crawford	The Mirage	Clarence Brown	Drama	Clark Gable
Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro	Mata Hari	George Fitzmaurice	Drama	Co-stars
Norma Shearer	Private Lives	Sidney Franklin	Drama	Robert Montgomery
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Ruth Chatterton	Once a Lady	Guthrie McClintic	Drama	Ivor Novello, Regis Toomey
Richard Arlen	Touchdown	Norman McLeod	Comedy	Jack Oakie, Charles Starrett
Paul Lukas	The Beloved Bachelor	Lloyd Corrigan	Drama	Dorothy Jordan
Fredric March	Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde	Rouben Mamoulian	Drama	Miriam Hopkins
Phillips Holmes	The Man I Killed	Ernst Lubitsch	Drama	Not chosen
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Gary Cooper	Blind Cargo	Edward Sloman	Drama	Claudette Colbert
PATHE STUDIO				
Bill Boyd	Suicide Fleet	Albert Rogell	Drama	Robert Armstrong, James Gleason, Ginger Rogers
Eddie Quillan	The Big Shot	Ralph Murphy	Drama	Maureen O'Sullivan, Mary Nolan
R K O STUDIO				
Eric Linden	Are These Our Children?	Wesley Ruggles	Drama	Rochelle Hudson, Arlene Judge, Ben Alexander, Beryl Mercer
Phillip Lord	Other People's Business	William Seiter	Drama	Anita Louise
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Colin Clive	Frankenstein	James Whale	Drama	Edward Van Sloan, Dwight Frye
Walter Huston	Heart and Hand	Wm. Wyler	Drama	Kent Douglass, Helen Chandler
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Marian Marsh	Poor Little Ritz Girl	Archie Mayo	Drama	David Manners
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Ronald Colman	Arrowsmith	John Ford	Drama	Helen Hayes
Ina Claire, Madge Evans, Joan Blondell	The Greeks Had a Word for It	Lowell Sherman	Comedy	Lowell Sherman
Gloria Swanson	Tonight or Never	Mervyn LeRoy	Drama	Melvin Douglas
Billie Dove	Cock o' the Air	Tom Buckingham	Drama	Chester Morris

DECEMBER

Sob sister

He didn't believe in marriage but she believed in *him!* Reckless, seeking the flower of life in barren thrills. A girl and a boy, rival reporters—till the girl is taken for a ride—a dynamic modern drama with a tremendous climax. With lovely Linda Watkins and the brilliant young star, James Dunn, who recently made a sensational picture debut in the most popular picture of the year, Bad Girl.





THE CISCO KID

O. Henry's lovable bandit at his old tricks again—pursued and thwarted by the happy warrior of the law, Sergeant Micky Dunn. A picture as exciting and romantic as that well-remembered FOX epic, In Old Arizona—the first all-talking outdoor sound picture ever made. In The Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are re-united in a wild, free action-thriller of the outdoors—another screen masterpiece by

FOX



KAY FRANCIS

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk



JAMES CAGNEY



BILLIE DOVE



Photograph by Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY



Photograph by Otto Dyar

SYLVIA SIDNEY



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DAVID MANNERS



Photograph by William E. Thomas

ANN HARDING



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. IV NOVEMBER, 1931 No. 5

Gossip of the Studios

HOLLYWOOD approves of Clara Bow's latest boy friend, Rex Bell. Rex is very genuine. He is one of the few people who have been able to chase off the chiselers that have made Clara's life miserable. He has never tried to capitalize Clara's fame for his own benefit.



Barbara Stanwyck: At odds with her film bosses because of a $200 doctor bill.

Recently he was offered a big stage contract on the strength of being Clara's sweetie, but refused.

On his cattle ranch Clara is winning her way back to health out of the welter of worry she was in a few months ago. Rex had courage enough to go to the district attorney when he decided Daisy DeVoe was stealing money from Clara. Daisy was convicted and is in jail. Clara would never have gone of her own accord.

* * *

FREDRIC MARCH is making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but Jesse Lasky has forbidden him to look at the silent version made by John Barrymore.

March admits he hasn't seen the other version and doesn't want to see it until he has his own finished. He is afraid there might be an unconscious imitation. So the talkie should be vastly different from the old version.

* * *

Wallace Beery took a crack at some of his cutter friends at the studio the other day.

He was on a hunting trip and sent them the following postcard:

"Game," he messaged, "is as scarce as close-ups in my last picture."

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON has returned to Hollywood and will seek a come-back in pictures after being off the screen for more than three years because of a broken hip, received when she fell off a horse.

THERE is an interesting yarn about Paul Lukas. He was an actor in Hungary, working as an extra under Michael Curtiz, when he stepped forward and demanded a "bit" that no one else wanted, which was going through a snowstorm (real), stripped to the waist. He got the part and since has been rising.

Curtiz is noted as a fiend for realism, and several people have been killed in his productions, it is said. Surely the list of injured on "Noah's Ark" was imposing. But he never asks anyone to do anything he wouldn't do.

He wanted an extra to jump off a high wall. The player refused, saying, "You wouldn't do it, why should I?"

So Curtiz climbed the 35-foot wall and jumped. He broke his ankle!



Mary Nolan: Trying a comeback to pay off debts despite bankruptcy release.

* * *

WHILE working in Universal's football picture, "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Lew Ayres expressed surprise when he learned that so many of the famous pigskin stars were already married, including the Four Horsemen.



In fact, Adam Walsh, captain of the team, has two sons whom he proudly boasts will some day be football players, while Harry Stuhldreher, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley and Don Miller brought their wives with them for a sort of supplemental honeymoon, and John O'Brien, a newlywed, brought his on their real honeymoon.

The announcement of Frank Carideo's engagement to a New Orleans beauty brought the conversation around to Lew and his prospects of joining the benedict class.

Lew shook his head. "I don't know. Maybe it's a good idea to get married — maybe it's not," said he.

"Well," said Adam Walsh, "we

HOLLYWOOD LIKES REX BELL, CLARA'S BOY FRIEND

The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Clark Gable: Used to flash a sporty red car but now, facing stardom, he uses a conservative Ford coupe.

all recommend it. That ought to help some."

"That's not the point," said Lew. "Do you guarantee it?" And not even the Four Horsemen could answer that one.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Lew Cody was once a drug clerk in Waterville, Maine?

Neil Hamilton started out to be a minister?

Anthony Bushell studied to be a minister?

Zelma O'Neal was a telephone operator, then a dancer?

William Beaudine sold newspapers in the Bronx and raised chickens to get his pocket money?

Edward H. Griffith was a police reporter for years?

James Gleason stopped school when eleven years old?

Lawrence Grant studied for law and graduated into it?

Edmund Breese was a choir boy in Brooklyn?

Ann Harding started out as a stenographer?

Claude Allister was a broker's clerk in London?

Helen Chandler learned "Alice in Wonderland" by heart when small and became an actress because she wanted to play that rôle?

Irene Rich sold real estate?

Natalie Moorhead trimmed hats?

Ken Maynard graduated as an engineer at Virginia Institute?

C. Henry Gordon was an inspector with the Erie Railroad?

Roland Young was an apprentice in his father's hospital architectural office in London?

Ursula Parrott, the young novelist, once wrote fashion copy for the advertising department of a New York department store?

Frances Starr made fudge, sold it to the neighbors? She says her profit was small because on the long treks from house to house she would become fearfully hungry and keep nibbling—

* * *

WHEN the crew working on any picture declares that an actor or an actress is "swell," it usually means a lot, and that tribute is being paid Sidney Fox.

"Yes, and she's game, too," the assistant cameraman declared.

Sidney started work on a big picture and two days after it went into production she came down with "flu." Instead of weeping over her hard luck, she fought with the doctor to let her get out of bed and go to work. Finally, she was permitted to start and continued her performance only by the aid of a nurse who swabbed her throat out after every set-up of the camera. One day she fainted and had to be carried off the set, but she rested up in her dressing room and came back to work.

Not a word would she allow written about all this and finally, when the picture got under way, she was feeling great. Running off the set one evening she stubbed her toe on a cable in the dark part of the sound stage, sprained her ankle and was again helped from the set. For the remainder of the picture she had to go to the Universal hospital every day for light-ray treatments.

"I never could have gone through had it not been for the men in the crew. They were tireless in their efforts to help me and it is wonderful to know there are so many kind people in the world," said the little player.

And just to show that she really *did* appreciate it, on the last day of the picture she gave a perfectly grand party and on a huge cake in the center of the table were large letters—in icing—

TO THE CREW

Everyone came. The watchman at the door, the grips, prop boys, electricians, cameramen, sound technicians—all—the guests of honor!

* * *

WARNER BROTHERS are out to give Marian Marsh the ultimate in publicity to carry out their present plans of elevating the young actress to stardom. They dispatched the young girl to New York, accompanied by her mother, in order that she might meet the members of the press and while here they were established in a luxurious suite, which later became crowded with cameramen and newspaper reporters.

The crowd became so heavy that many of them were forced to stand in the hallway to wait their opportunity of seeing and talking to the new Warner star. One of the cameramen waiting to get a picture, remarked, "We ought to shift this to Madison Square Garden." Marian's mother replied, "Yes, she looks and photographs beautifully in a garden."

* * *

PARAMOUNT has finally settled with Carman Barnes with a cash consideration for the balance of her contract, which had six more months to go. Miss Barnes was discovered by Jesse L. Lasky in New York, after he was attracted to her ability as the author of a sensational book on boarding-school life. She was later sent to Hollywood where the studio applied every trick known in photography to bring out that certain screen magnetism so necessary to establish popularity, but the young girl would not respond to that mysterious element of camera lens with the result that Paramount decided it was cheaper to relieve themselves of the charge by making a cash settlement.



Meanwhile, Miss Barnes is said to be writing a novel about Hollywood in which, rumor has it, she'll tell tales.

* * *

Vaudeville trips once took

WARNERS HAVE BIG PLANS FOR MARIAN MARSH

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

Louise Fazenda and Lew Cody into the same town down south. They worked in different theaters for the week, and took the same train on to the next town. As they walked down the platform, the chimney of the engine fell off, and rolled at Louise's feet.

"I see that the old Mack Sennett personality follows you," remarked Cody.

* * *

SOMETHING we never knew until now:

Lilyan Tashman is the seventh and youngest daughter in her family. And there are also some brothers in her family making quite a set-up. They live in New York.

Seventh daughters are supposed to be favorites of fortune. Apparently true in this case.

* * *

SYLVIA SIDNEY has two vacations at once, or rather, one at two times.

Like this: She finished "Street Scene" and went to New York. She had no sooner arrived than she had to return to Hollywood for one day of retakes. This time she waited for an okay and then dashed back to New York where she now is.

* * *

TROUBLE, trouble, trouble. Nancy Carroll had Paramount officials on the West coast tearing their hair because she refused to be co-starred with Phillips Holmes in the new Lubitsch picture, "The Man I Killed."

Nancy made a flying trip to New York, went into conference and returned to the coast as tame as a lamb all ready to start work on the picture. Somebody must have done some fast talking. Nancy has dropped several pounds since her marriage and it is becoming.

* * *

There are dozens of animals whose movie pay checks mean a good living for their owners. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty persons in Hollywood have pets working for them regularly, besides many extras.

In the early days, Louise Fazenda owned a duck, "Waddles," which appeared in all the Mack Sennett comedies, and drew a regular salary for Louise.

The story about the goose that laid the golden egg is not so fabulous as it once seemed. A certain goose commands $35.00 a day in Hollywood.

One police dog, with a good "mike" growl, draws $200 a day.

There is a cat which earns $35 a day.

Parrots, canaries, love birds, even snakes all have their place among the many financiers of filmdom.

* * *

LEWIS (ALL QUIET) MILESTONE put over what he considered a good deal this Summer. He wanted to live in Matt Moore's beach home, but it hadn't a pool. So he made Matt a sporting offer. . . . He'd build a pool and Matt should rule out the rent. Matt liked the idea, and everybody's happy.

* * *



TALLULAH BANKHEAD spent a grand vacation on Hope Williams' dude ranch in Wyoming and is back now at Paramount's Eastern studio. Gary Cooper is to be her leading man, and he and Tallulah have been doing the Broad White Way together waiting for the picture to start. Gary is quite the social lion since his return from Europe. When questioned as to Lupe, he told reporters that she "gave him the air."



Thelma Todd: Wants to be known as Alison Loyd for numerology reasons, but Hal Roach is against it.

* * *

REPORTS from London bring forth the news that Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, her very handsome husband, have decided to settle there for the time being. Corinne has danced with the Prince of Wales, which is the only right and proper introduction to London society. Walter has signed with Paramount's foreign distributing office and Corinne plans to continue her singing lessons. Perhaps we'll be seeing her in the movies again before long.

* * *

HERE and There!

Mary Pickford has taken up painting—now she has something to do when Doug goes off to golf.

Peggy Shannon, the white hope of Paramount, has a husband who is in vaudeville.

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost have patched up their difficulties, and are seen together again, on the sands of Malibu.

The Claudette Colbert-Norman Foster rumored separation is denied hotly by both parties.

Bill Haines' contract with M.-G.-M. expires in November and the option has not been renewed.

* * *

Charlie Murray bought a big new car. He drives it himself. Recently a friend, knowing Charlie's opulence, said: "Charlie, why don't you get a chauffeur?" "I don't need a chauffeur," said Charlie. "When I needed a chauffeur was when I had that old flivver and had to get out and crank." Charlie's old flivver was one of the Hollywood landmarks.

* * *

ALTHOUGH it has long been suspected that Jack Oakie and Charles "Buddy" Rogers were losing their star rating, it is now official that they are relegated to feature player billing.

Paul Lukas has stepped into the higher bracket and his first is "The Beloved Bachelor."

* * *

BERT LAHR, stage comedian, is a little peeved at the talkies.

CORINNE GRIFFITH DECIDES TO LIVE IN LONDON

DECEMBER

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Charles Bickford: Hard luck when his chicken ranch is flooded, speed boat wrecked and price of hogs drops.

Seems Lahr is a golf nut, and when he came to M.-G.-M. to make "Flying High," he visioned lovely California days on various links, here and there.

"And," he wails, "they've kept me so blinking busy that I am not going to have time to even look at a course."

"Why, I can't even dream golf and get away with it. I was polishing off a nice 68 the other night . . . when Assistant Director Sandy Roth phoned to remind me I had to be at the studio in something like half an hour."

* * *

ESTHER RALSTON'S long expected baby has arrived, weighing eight pounds, four ounces and is perfect. She has been named Mary Esther.

* * *

ANOTHER star *vs.* studio riot. James Cagney and Warner Brothers are the latest to start making faces at each other.

In spite of ironbound contracts held by the studios some players will insist on becoming dissatisfied with their contracts and demanding more money. It is not at all unusual for the player to win the argument, so let's stand by and see what happens in this case. It seems to be the Hollywood fever.

Cagney went all the way to New York, where things appear to have been adjusted. So he's back at work again.

* * *

GEORGE BANCROFT is viewing the future with alarm.

"With the flappers dictating the styles in men, what will the next generation be like?" demands George. "The girls are strong for the tomboy tenors.

"What kind of men will your boys be? Those growing up are sure to be impressed by this key to flapper hearts.

"We don't want a race of sissies. We want masculine men."

* * *

WHILE Warners are looking for a suitable story to serve as Dick Barthelmess' next starring vehicle, the actor is devoting his spare time to personally supervising the construction of his new home at Malibu. This will serve as Barthelmess' permanent and only home while on the coast.

* * *

M.-G.-M. is quite a place for "holiday" birthdays. William Haines, Marion Davies and Charles Bickford were born on New Year's Day. Lew Cody and Robert Young first saw the light on Washington's Birthday. Roland Young was born on November 11th, Armistice Day. Wallace Beery is an "April Fools Day" baby; Catherine Moylan was born on July 4th.

And now comes Pat O'Brien with a whole family of birthdays. O'Brien was born on November 11th, Armistice Day; his father on Oct. 12th, Columbus Day, and his mother on Feb. 14th, St. Valentine's Day.

* * *

REGINALD DENNY had a funny idea as to how to spend a vacation he took recently at his mountain lodge near Lake Arrowhead, California.

His daily schedule during this "rest" period, included a one-mile swim, a ten-mile horseback ride . . . and a couple hours chopping wood.

* * *

CHARLES BICKFORD, Hollywood's red-headed heavy, has been having a run of bad luck.

The recent floods in central California flooded his chicken ranch, ruining his equipment and killing most of his prize birds. He has sold his whaling vessels, due primarily to slow conditions in the ancient activity. A new speed-boat with which he has been experimenting was badly damaged in the heavy seas off Catalina Island and his Eastern hog ranch is suffering from the low market price of bacon on the hoof.

True to red-head fighting spirit, he is re-stocking his chicken ranch, re-building his speed-boat, and holding the hogs for better prices. He is, however, letting the whales take care of themselves.

* * *

NAVY blue tailored suit ensembles will be the rage this fall if Greta Garbo's sartorial previews are adopted by her feminine fans. The exotic Swedish star blossomed out in the new outfit, a semi-sport creation, with a lighter tinted beret and brown oxfords on one of her infrequent appearances at the Ambassador Hotel luncheons recently.

* * *

Jean Harlow is still wondering if she should feel complimented, or hire a brace of expert and willing gunmen. A critic . . . and the name is deleted because Jean might decide to hire the gunmen . . . was asked this simple question:

"What do you think of Jean Harlow on the screen?"

And the critic answered:

"When I see her on the screen, I can't think."

* * *

WHEN Clark Gable first came to Hollywood, he purchased a long, black, shiny, eight-cylinder roadster with striking dashes of brilliant red. Pipe in mouth, soft hat on one side of his head, the good-looking car and Clark were quite a feature to be seen in town.

Now, with approaching stardom and sudden popularity, Clark has discarded the roadster for a conservative black Ford coupe. He still has the pipe and the hat, however, and continues to cut a dashing figure, even when he isn't recognized.



JAMES CAGNEY MAKES FACES AT HIS FILM BOSSES

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is secretly working on a travelogue picture, which he obtained during his last jaunt around the world. Though very few people know the exact contents of this new picture, it has leaked out that one of the novel touches to be incorporated is Doug's international golf course. By some trick employed, he will be seen in the finished picture driving a ball from a tee in Japan and landing it on number one hole in Russia, the game is concluded at the eighteenth hole in Hollywood after making the rounds of the important countries and cities of the world.

* * *

GROUCHO MARX, fourth member of the four Marx Brothers, is now relaxing in his Long Island home from the heavy job of participating in the Marx Boys' last Paramount picture, and during heavy breathing spells is writing a new book, which he will list in an encyclopedia of "Practical Jokes," mostly discovered during his stay in Hollywood. Groucho's last literary effort, under the title of "Beds," has reached the 25,000 copy mark.

* * *

AFTER hearing about Robert Louis Stevenson getting the inspiration of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" from a dream, numerous Hollywood scenario writers are installing dictaphone machines by their bedsides to record worth-while ideas from dreams. All the writer needs to do when he comes out of the fog is to roll over, speak quietly into the mouthpiece and presto! the idea is recorded for posterity.

* * *

A prominent director has many business interests, including a share in a large garbage incinerator. We see, you anticipate the tag.

Well, anyway, once upon a time this director was in the midst of rehearsing a big scene. An hour before he had been killing time by dictating business letters to his script girl secretary. But now he was the soul of artistry. He rehearsed and rehearsed the players until they were ready to drop.

"Put more feeling into the part. Hold her closely to you . . . look into her eyes . . . speak your line. . . ."

Then the great one turned to his secretary. "Miss Blank," he said, "what is that new dialogue I gave you just before lunch?"

The script girl searched through her notes. "Oh, here it is," she said. "Two carloads of garbage incinerators to Detroit."

* * *

MARIE DRESSLER probably receives as many begging letters as any other star in Hollywood. It is due to two things, no doubt, her age and her general motherliness. People write and ask her for things they would not dare to mention to the younger players.

The requests in her daily mail have ranged from new roofs to college educations and for sums of money, from ten dollars to eight thousand.

The climax was reached when she was summoned to the long-distance phone the other afternoon. Chicago was calling. Marie answered, thinking it was from one of her Chicago friends, to be answered by a tearful and frantic voice, begging Marie for five thousand dollars immediately to save the unknown Chicagoan's house and furniture.



* * *

AL JOLSON has closed his $10,000-a-year apartment at the Town House in Los Angeles, leaving it in charge of his chauffeur who, aside from being his personal confidant, is acting as his local housekeeper and secretary. Al and his chauffeur have been life-long friends, having started in grammar school days when both used to be in the same classes and played truant together.



Nancy Carroll: Has cross-country argument with her employers about co-starring with Phillips Holmes.

* * *

HAL ROACH and Thelma Todd are still squabbling over the latter's determination to be known from now on as Alison Loyd. Miss Todd signed a contract with Roach under the name of Thelma Todd and she will be known in this series under this name as far as Roach is concerned. As for Miss Todd, she was prompted to change her professional name to Alison Loyd and because of her staunch belief in numerology will insist on its use whenever or whoever she signs a new contract with.

* * *

OUTBOARD motoring has become the popular sport among the feminine members of the picture colony, who organize and participate in week-end regattas and races at the various outlying bay districts around Los Angeles. The rage is anticipated to grow to such limits that a club is now in preliminary formation for the purpose of staging an annual race within the picture circle to determine a championship. Mae Clarke, who herself is quite an ardent fan and capable driver of the outboard motor, is heading this movement.

* * *

MARY PHILBIN has crawled out of her retirement shell and is looking seriously upon the outlook for a possible screen come-back. The young actress is taking vocal lessons from a prominent voice coach and is being seen in the very best places frequented by the picture set in the company of Milton Golden, young State Assemblyman from Hollywood.

* * *

Carl Laemmle is the only film executive to have had his biography written by the pen of John Drinkwater. It seems that Mr. Drinkwater also wrote the biography of a man by the name of Abraham Lincoln. The other night at (*Please turn to page* 76)

DOUG FAIRBANKS IS MAKING SECRET TRAVEL PICTURE



Charlie Chaplin's romances have cost him great fortunes. He paid over $100,000 for his freedom from Mildred Harris. His divorce from Lita Grey ran a cost of over a million. No wonder Chaplin exclaims bitterly: "I shall never marry again."

Chaplin Buries his LOVE

Past Middle Age, Possessing a Great Fortune, the Famous Comedian Says There Will Be No More Romance in His Life

By A. L. WOOLDRIDGE

ONE year ago, in September, Charlie Chaplin in his studio office signed his name to a check for $50,000, glanced at it briefly, then tossed it into the basket along with other letters to be mailed.

Fifty thousand dollars, the last of a $625,000 cash alimony payment to Lita Grey! There remained two more years during which he must place to her credit $1,000 a month. Next year he will establish a trust fund of $200,000 for the two sons Lita bore him and the slate will be clean. Eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a wife of less than two years; more than a million, counting costs, for a mistake he will remember the rest of his life.

"I shall never marry again," he said to me one day when the settlement with Lita had been adjusted. "This is the finish."

It wasn't the loss of the million which hurt. He had other millions at his command. It was the feeling that he was alone in the world, rich, yet unloved by any wholesome, honest young woman to whom he could turn with pride. His marriages to Mildred Harris and Lita Grey had left him miserable—hating the fate and circumstances which brought them together. "I shall never marry again!" he said.

I believe he meant it. I believe he means it still. The story coming recently from France that he was enamoured of Mizzi Muller, a Czecho-Slovakian girl, was totally unwarranted. She was his secretary-interpreter, nothing more.

TWICE—and only twice, I happen to know—has Charlie been really in love. One occasion is only a memory, yet it is to that memory he oftenest turns now in hours of retrospection. He never has and never will forget little Hetty Kelly, the girl he knew in London streets during the days when both were poor. Whenever he goes to London, he still takes time to



The children of Charlie Chaplin and Lita Grey Chaplin: Charles and Spencer. Chaplin seldom sees his children now. He provides for them handsomely but there is naught of the love which centered about "The Little Mouse," child of his first marriage.

Pacific and Atlantic Photos

THREE WOMEN WHO PLAYED A VITAL PART IN CHAPLIN'S LIFE



Top (left) Myrna Kennedy; top right, Georgia Hale; center, Pola Negri. Chaplin's greatest friendship has been and is with Miss Hale, who played with him in "The Gold Rush." She understands his moods and temperament.

visit the places where he and Hetty, hardly more than children, dreamed their dreams of love and envisioned the time when they could earn enough to be married. No woman ever has displaced the image of her which Chaplin still holds in his heart. No one ever will. Yet he never mentions her name. Once in his book, "My Trip Abroad," written in 1922, he told the story of Hetty—told it frankly, honestly, then closed the chapter forever, so far as its recital to the outside world is concerned.

"The taxi is going up Kennington Road, along Kennington Park," he wrote. "Kennington Park! How depressing Kennington Park is. How depressing to me are all parks. The loneliness of them. One never goes to a park unless one is lonesome. And lonesomeness is sad. The symbol of sadness, that's a park.

"But I am fascinated with it now. I am lonesome and want to be. I want to commune with myself and the years that are gone. The years that were passed in the shadow of this same Kennington Park. I want to sit on its benches again in spite of their treacherous bleakness, in spite of the drabness.

"Kennington Gate. That has its memories. Sad, sweet, rapidly recurring memories. 'Twas here, my first appointment with Hetty. How I was dolled up in my little tight-fitting frock coat, hat and cane! I was quite the dude as I watched every street car until four o'clock, waiting for Hetty to step off, smiling as she saw me waiting.

"I get out and stand there for a few moments at Kennington Gate. . . .

I am seeing a lad of nineteen, dressed in the pink, with fluttering heart, waiting, waiting for the moment of the day when he and happiness walked along the road.

"The road is so alluring now. It beckons for another walk, and as I hear a street car approaching I turn eagerly, for the moment almost expecting to see the same trim Hetty step off, smiling.

"The car stops. A couple of men get off. An old woman. Some children. But no Hetty.

"Hetty is gone. So is the lad with the tight-fitting frock coat and the little cane."

THERE Charlie lets the story of Hetty end. The ensuing tragedy, he omits. What he might have added was that when he came to America in 1909 to appear in the burlesque skit, "A Night in a London Music Hall," Hetty was dancing in the chorus of a revue. When he prepared to board the boat, she tearfully placed her arms about his neck and bade him goodbye and godspeed and they again plighted their troth, as both of their hearts ached.

"I'll be back for you!" Charlie said.

Thereafter Hetty's sister, Edith, married Frank Gould, the son of the American multi-millionaire, Jay Gould, and Hetty soon was clothed in silks and her fingers bejeweled. When Charlie's New York engagement ended two years later he hurried back to London, his purse containing more than it ever had held in all his life. He was going right back to his Hetty, the girl in little cheap dresses, unsophisticated, unspoiled, and still obscure.

"My Hetty!" he said in his eagerness.

Alas for his illusions! Time and circumstance had made a change just as time and circumstance always make a change. The little dancing chorus girl in her almost shabby dresses had been transformed into a

(*Please turn to page* 82)



"The Little Mouse," tragic child of Chaplin's union with Mildred Harris, lies buried in Inglewood Cemetery. The little grave is by the side of a pool shaded by the boughs of pepper trees.

The Talkies and Their

The Celebrated Astrologer Casts the Horoscope of the Sound Pictures—and Predicts that Five Years Hence Some Radical Things Will Happen to Your Favorite Form of Entertainment



The horoscope of the old silent films, based on their birth on April 23, 1896. Saturn was rising, indicating a slow and tedious progress. The position of Uranus indicated that the movies would be subject throughout their career to the workings of the unexpected. The Moon, governing dealings with the public, was favorably placed.

CERTAINLY, the Movies have a horoscope.

And the Talkies, too.

Same as people.

All businesses have. And movements. Yes, even nations! For example, the United States was born in Philadelphia at 3:03 in the morning, July 4, 1776, the moment when the signers of the Declaration of Independence reached a positive decision to declare to the world their independence of England. Mars, the planet which gives ambition, initiative, courage and aggressiveness, was rising when the United States was born. So was Uranus, the planet which discards worn-out customs and forms of government, and has dominion over inventions in general and electrical inventions in particular, fields in which American genius has set a new pace for the world. So was Jupiter, the most powerful and the most American of all the planets, because it gives honor, glory, wealth and the most sought-after thing in America, success.

IT was the same way with the Movies. On the evening of April 23, 1896, when the first motion picture program was shown at the old Koster and Bial's Music Hall in New York, the astrological heavens presented a picture not at all like that presented when the United States was born, but similar to it in the strength of its influence on the infant movement's subsequent history.

When that crude instrument, the Vitascope, billed flamboyantly in true showman fashion as "Thomas A. Edison's Latest Model," sputtered and flickered in the smoky old theater in Herald Square, two of the planets which were rising over the Eastern horizon were Saturn and Uranus, both destined to play a featured role in the unfolding drama of the silent screen. People born with Saturn in this position achieve success slowly, with much labor and travail, almost never reaching the heights of which they are capable during the first thirty years of their existence. And those of us who are old enough to have followed the painfully slow, frequently halting progress of the motion picture from the flickering "chases" of the nickelodeon era up to those magnificent last productions of the silent screen of, say, 1926—the Movies' thirtieth anniversary—need no further evidence of how Saturn's influence has been felt in the cinema world.

Uranus, besides indicating that the new device would profit by the continued efforts of inventive genius, as indeed it did, indicated that it would be subject throughout its career to the workings of the unexpected. This latter influence was further intensified by the fact that Neptune, the planet which not only rules the Shadow Stage, but presides over shadow things in general, was in that part of the heavens which is unfavorable to partnerships and contracts, indicating that there would be much strife and legal difficulty over patents, licenses, and business dealings generally. Mars, the God of War, was also so placed when the Movies were born as to further strife and dissension among those participating in their exploitations, especially at the end.

I WOULDN'T have you think that all of the planets in the Movies' chart are unfavorable. The moon, most influential of all the heavenly bodies in dealing with the public, was in the mid-heaven that night in 1896; and both the Sun and Mercury were so placed as to lend power to dealings with the masses. Moreover, Venus, the planet which governs not only our love affairs but good times and entertainments of every variety, was in the House of Pleasure.

There is one indication in the horoscope of the silent screen which is particularly interesting to an astrologer. Jupiter, ruling prosperity and success, was in a part of the heavens when the first Movie was born which would indicate that its greatest achievements would be won by moving far away from the place of its birth, particularly to the South or Southwest. This indication is further strengthened by the fact that Saturn and Uranus, being in the Eastern part of the chart, promised only delays and unexpected happenings so long as the principal activities of the new art remained in the East. In short, according to astrology, the silent Movie had to move from New York South-Southwest along the Apache Trail to California to achieve its highest destiny.

If you have had no previous experience with astrology, it may surprise you that the horoscope indicates in such minute detail the destiny of the individual or enterprise for which it is cast; but to an astrologer the experience is in no sense an unusual one. In this connection, I am reminded of the story which I have told many times before of the manager of a well-known tourist agency

FATE

THE FAMOUS ASTROLOGER CONSIDERS THE FUTURE OF THE SOUND FILMS

By
EVANGELINE ADAMS

who came to me and said that he had chartered the *Mauretania* for a Winter cruise and would like to have me read the horoscope of the ship.

After consulting the launching date and the proposed sailing date, I wrote this man that the cruise promised to be "more of a social success than a financial one." It interested me, too, that the moment when the *Mauretania* was launched would have been most propitious for phenomenal speed in an individual, but with a tendency to weakness in the legs, or "propelling machinery!" As a matter of fact, the voyage was an extremely successful one from the standpoint of the passengers—but the tourist agency came out so badly that it had to beg for a reduction in the rental price of the big ship. I was reminded, too, of the other phases of the reading when I saw, not many months later, that the *Mauretania* limped into port after an accident to her "propelling machinery"; and again when she sailed proudly into New York harbor after placing to her credit the speediest crossing in the history of transatlantic travel.



The Talkies were born on August 6, 1926, and this is their horoscope, as prepared by Evangeline Adams. Pisces, ruled by Neptune, was rising and hence their progress was very rapid. This horoscope should confound the sceptics, who look upon the Talkies as a fad, for six of the nine planets are in what is called fixed positions.

BUT I must be getting on to the horoscope of the talking picture. On the night of August 6, 1926, when the first talking picture program, featuring John Barrymore in "Don Juan," was shown at the Warner Theater, New York City, Uranus, the God of the Unexpected, was rising, just as it was thirty years before when the silent picture blossomed forth as a form of public entertainment, but it was not accompanied, as on the previous occasion, by the delay-causing Saturn. Instead, the facile Pisces, Neptune's sign, was rising, indicating that the progress of the Talkies—as has indeed been the case—would be as rapid as the progress of the silent Movies was slow. Saturn, on the other hand, is in the House of Death, indicating that the new art would profit—as indeed it has—by death, presumably the death of the old art.

Not only is Venus, the Goddess of Entertainment, in the House of Pleasure in the Talkies' chart but also the Moon, which governs relations with the masses. This planetary combination may be regarded as a double-barreled guarantee of the Talkies' popularity with the public. Incidentally, Mars, the planet which rules mechanical devices, was in the sign of Taurus ruling the throat; and Jupiter, the God of Success, was in the Eastern portion of the Talkies' chart, indicating that their greatest achievements may be attained in the once abandoned motion picture studios of the East.

There are significant features about this most interesting chart which would seem to indicate the birth of a new and higher type of entertainment coincident with the birth of the talking picture. Jupiter, the most influential of all the planets, is rising in the sign Aquarius, suggesting that the new art will find its greatest success when it is used to forward humanitarian, educational, perhaps even scientific endeavor. There are other powerful astrological factors; the Sun, Mercury and Neptune are in the noble sign of Leo, which has dominion over entertainment, especially entertainments on the higher plane. Under the influence of such vibrations it is impossible, astrologically speaking, that the talking picture, whatever its state at the present may be, should not ultimately be more ethical and less sordid than its silent predecessor.

The death of the talkies, says Evangeline Adams, will come quickly when it does come. There is a suggestion that, about five years from now, when the Sun will be in conjunction with Neptune, something radical may happen that will affect drastically the form of entertainment which the new art will be called upon to offer to the public. This may mean that television at that time will come into its own, or more likely some combination of sight and sound which will constitute a new step forward in the history of the screen.

THERE is an indication in the Talkies' chart that the death of the Talkies, when it does come, will come quickly; and there is a suggestion that, about five years from now, when the Sun will be in conjunction with Neptune, something radical may happen that will affect drastically the form of entertainment which the new art will be called upon to offer to the public. This may mean, although there is nothing in the chart that specifically indicates it, that television at that time will come into its own, or more likely some combination of sight and sound which will constitute a new step forward (*Please turn to page* 115)



The pose of recluse started with Lillian Gish and has been perfected by Greta Garbo. In neither case was it a false pose. With both stars it grew out of their unusual shyness. But in both cases it added to their fame.

The POSE Pays

By HARRY CARR

NOW that Legs Diamond is in the Big House and Al Capone has tearfully confessed, all of the rest of us might as well walk up to the Amen Bench.

I never did much with beer. The racket I knew was making movie stars like something they were not.

It's still going on—the Trappist-monk-like silence and taciturnity of Greta Garbo—the Latin volatility of Dolores del Rio—the intense marriedness of Joan Crawford . . . the good-old-palishness of Hedda Hopper—the J. Pierpont Morganness of Corinne Griffith. . . .

The newest "act" to come pecking out of the shell here just happened. It was invented by Herb Howe and Pola Negri. It is terrible. It just ain't fair to the other girls. If it proves catching, all the little stars will drag you behind a corner of the set and tell you the secret diplomatic intentions of Briand—how the German admiralty scooped the world with the new cruisers—the secret war plans of the French air service—what is behind the mechanization of the American cavalry. Gosh! Gosh! Gosh!!

THIS thing started—largely through my evil machinations in the days of the Mack Sennett beauties.

One day I got an unfortunate hunch to show the domestic and softer side of Hollywood and its queens by telling all about a lovely new bungalow belonging to one of our beauties. As I remember it, the young lady selected was the delectable Mary Thurman. Mary happened to be sharing a shabby apartment with another girl—Juanita Hansen. That wouldn't do at all. So we decided gracefully to give Mary a house. This was done by the simple process of planting her in the driveway of the first good-looking house we saw; rigging her up in a sun bonnet with her apron filled with near-roses and—well, there you were—Mary and her nice new house. . . .

What we hadn't figured on was the jealousy of the other beautiful young ladies. They all demanded new houses and the stars gave us plainly to understand that we couldn't get by with the bungalows that we gave the girls who were just in stock.

Big and better houses became the Valkyrie cry.

In desperation we went on and on.

In the end I gave Phyllis Haver the castled towers of the magnificent Southwest Museum in Los Angeles as her Hollywood cottage. Straightway I found myself in hot water with Gloria Swanson. I squared myself as well as I could my making her a present of the $50,000,000 Huntington Library in Pasadena as her little homey nook. Then I struck before some other lady could demand the Grand Central Terminal.

STRANGE to say, the next publicity racket had to do with Lillian Gish—who does not fit into rackets.

Lillian had been made a star and, in the opinion of many critics, she made the best job of the acting part of any girl who ever showed on a screen. But she wasn't getting the necessary fame. Fame makes cash customers. It was not a question of vanity. It was a question of selling the goods. Other girls of lesser ability were driving Lillian right off the front pages.

We tried to make her talk to reporters—to do stunts. She just couldn't. She was a very timid, shy girl. She almost passed out with the prospect of meeting reporters; the idea of making a public appearance left her in a fainting condition.

All that was left for us was to make the best of a bad matter. To our surprise, our desperate device made a sensational success. We planted Lillian as the recluse—the little "she" monk who remained alone with her thoughts. We would like to let the reporters talk to her, y' understand, but Lillian was cast for the part of a French peasant girl and—during this period of spiritual preparation—she ate only French food; thought French thoughts—read French books—associated only with French people. Gosh, man! What cha wanta do—just jar her out of her art by posing for a picture laying the cornerstone of the Old Ladies' Rest Home?

It worked, but more has been done with the idea since. Garbo has given it the Tiffany finish.



The monastic seclusion of Ramon Novarro was built by his press agent advisers. So picturesque a background had been created for him that the press men feared he couldn't live up to the act. Hence the seclusion. The pose paid, as you know.

EVERYTHING has to start out in a crude way. Even Robert Fulton didn't launch the *Ile de France* when he invented the

The Hollywood Racket of Making Movie Stars Into Something They Are Not Goes Merrily On

steamboat. So it was left to years and to others to work this gag up to the Garbo point of efficiency.

The truth about Garbo is that—like Lillian Gish—she is very timid and frightened. And there is also another compelling reason.

Greta was brought to the United States by Stiller, the great Swedish director. He was more than just a director. He was a near diety in Europe. When a print of a Stiller picture came out, all the other studios grabbed it. The other great directors stopped work and rushed to the projection rooms—with stenographers. They took down breathless bulletins—"he showed a close in silhouette," "he panned down from the sixth story over the front of the hotel," etc., etc.

You can imagine what it meant to Garbo to be the pupil and protégée of such a man. He told her how to act; how to eat; what to say—like "Tommy Atkins" in the old song—"how to walk and where to place his feet." Life was filtered down to Garbo through Maurice Stiller. In the United States, a movie miracle happened. Stiller, the great director, flopped; Garbo, the little protégée and pupil, became a great star. He died of a broken heart. Without him Garbo was not sure what to do. She was a ship without a rudder. As a cautious Swede, she solved the problem by keeping out of sight and saying nothing.



The best-dressed-woman-in-Hollywood racket has been worked by many stars of stage and screen. But no one ever brought it to the state of perfection won by Gloria Swanson. Miss Swanson hates to dress up for the films—but it is the only sure way to success.





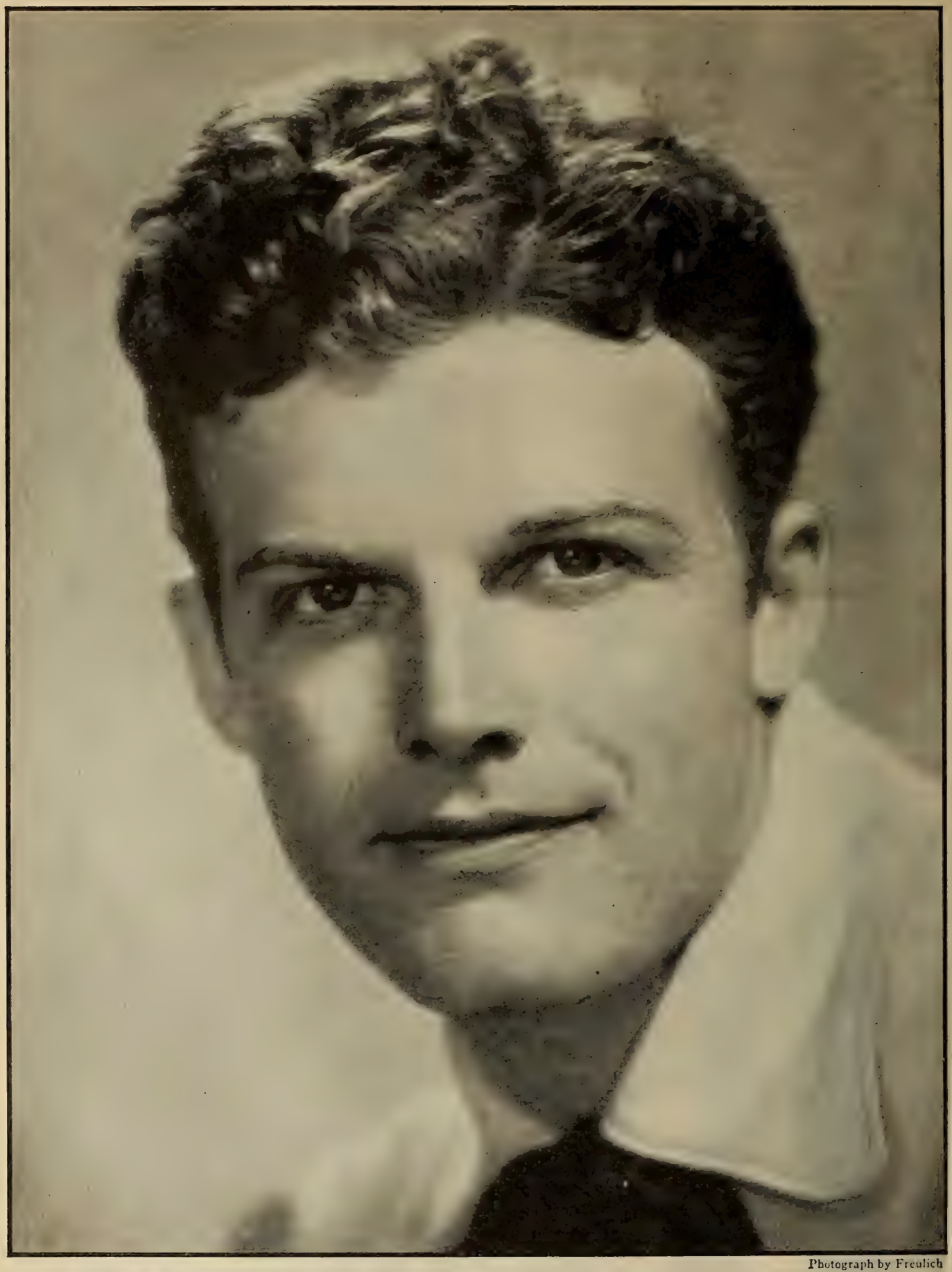
There is the "wild-and-tempestuous" racket and the "hot youth" racket, personified by Lupe Velez and Clara Bow. These brought instant results, but the final effect isn't so good.

She probably knows what to say now, but keeps up the act for two reasons. It is a good commercial gag and if she started in to talk now—after so much thought and studied silence—she would have to say something at least equal in importance to Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. So no reporter can see her; she will not go to parties; she mingles not at all.

NOT so very long ago a great publisher was giving a party to some Big Shots. He wanted Garbo there. He issued an invitation that was a royal command. Greta refused. She said she was too tired. The studio publicity men pleaded to no avail. Mary Pickford was delegated to herd her in. No go. At last Garbo told the real truth. To a last appeal she whispered pathetically, "I can't go. I'm afraid."

To one party of girls she was inveigled. She came in boys' shoes and a boy's coat. Nobody saw her after she got there. The hostess found her at last sitting on the fence of the horse corral looking at the sunset. "Oh," she gasped in ecstasy. "I tell you what I love. I love to smell horses and look at sunsets."

The monastic seclusion of Ramon Novarro was built on the same pattern. Herb (*Please turn to page* 77)



Photograph by Freulich

CLARA BOW'S BOY FRIEND—REX BELL. Also her business manager and severest critic. You can see him in Universal's "Battling With Buffalo Bill" if you want to. Bell was born in Chicago in 1906 and migrated to Hollywood with his parents when he was a small boy. Attended Hollywood High School. Started in motion pictures with Buck Jones and later played with Tom Mix. Those two stars gave him an all round training in the old fashioned school of Western melodrama. Everybody who knows Bell says he is a swell chap. And so does Clara Bow.

He Sold Lunch WAGONS

James Dunn Tried His Luck at a Lot of Things, from Wall Street to Movie Acting

By PETER ANDERSON



James Dunn, the hit of "Bad Girl," was born in New York City. He went to school in New Rochelle. After that he was a stock broker for three years. Then a salesman for motor lunch wagons. After that Broadway, Hollywood—and motion pictures.

TWO o'clock in the morning. The Greenwich, Connecticut, jail. Stretched on his back on a cot in an unlocked cell, feet cocked up on the convenient bars, smoking a cigarette, reading a copy of the *New Yorker*, is a smiling, personable, friendly young man.

He lights a fresh smoke from the butt of the old one and throws the stub in the corner. Suddenly he chucks the magazine aside and starts to sing. Sings at the top of his voice. And the echoes, bouncing back and forth between the steel and concrete walls, make a veritable prisoners' chorus of sound.

The young man pauses to laugh and then sings all the louder. Down the corridor a door opens. A sleepy policeman sticks his head inside.

"Hey, Jim, lay off, will y'u? You shouldn't be makin' noise like that at this time of night. Folks'll complain."

"All right, Philo. Tell the judge to let me out and I'll quit," shouts the singer—and sings on.

SINGING in jail, losing his last dime of a ten-thousand-dollar "fortune" in the stock market, driving a seventeen-ton behemoth of a motorized lunch car down a slippery hill in a thunderstorm, the car out of control and the innocent town of Pelham in his way at the foot of the hill; getting an official greeting from the Hollywood police two days after his arrival in town; bluffing his way into a Broadway show as a piano player on the strength of three noisy chords (all he knew) banged out on the manager's piano; being signed by a rival motion picture company as the direct result of a test made for another; watching the sunrise from the top of the Empire State Building as the climaxing gesture of a night-long round of Broadway resorts, made in twosome company with New York's favorite songstress whose birthday it was; winning a neat golf match by a score a professional might envy; telling a story; having a laugh—these are the moments that make up the life of James H. Dunn.

James H. Dunn, in case you haven't heard of him till now, is the twenty-six-year-old young man, who helped make "Sweet Adeline" one of the most tasty musical shows ever to enjoy a Broadway run, and who recently was placed under contract by the Fox Film Corporation, tucked the motion picture "Bad Girl" under his arm to walk away with it and became—literally overnight (Hollywood nights proverbially are short)—one of the most-in-demand young leading men of the screen.

He's due for a ride and a rise, is James Dunn.



A scene from "Bad Girl," with James Dunn and Sally Eilers. "Bad Girl" is one of the best pictures of 1931, thanks to Mr. Dunn and Miss Eilers and Frank Borzage's direction.

HE has that old-fashioned quality once called "It," now called "That," or "Those." He exudes personality. Personality of the same breezy, nervous magnetic sort that has made favorites of Jimmy Walker, Jack Oakie, Al Smith, Ted Husing, Ted Lewis, Damon

(*Please turn to page* 107)

Hollywood Needs a



Herb Howe says that the movie theaters are a great place to study nature these days, what with the art exhibitions given by such stars as Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford. Herb says he wouldn't be surprised if the South Seas began sending over missionaries with a batch of Mother Hubbards.

The Hollywood Boulevardier Talks About the Danger of the Town's Spotless Reputation and Pleads for a Little More Glamour and a Little Less Sanctity

By HERB HOWE

Hollywood, Cal.

IF Hollywood doesn't have a sizzling front page scandal pretty soon its reputation will be permanently ruined. The public mind is being steadily poisoned by propaganda about its civic virtue. The plot appears to be of English origin. During the past few months several prominent Britishers have issued statements declaring there is no wild life in Hollywood.

George Arliss was the first to declare us pure as the driven snow, knowing full well we have never seen snow and hence couldn't possibly emulate its purity. Mr. Arliss declares he has found nothing hot in Hollywood. Mr. Arliss is sixty. But that doesn't excuse him. Many lads and lassies of his age have found hot romance in our tropic clime. Ma Kennedy landed in the headlines everywhere. Indeed, the evangelists are doing more for Los Angeles than the film stars in keeping its glamour glowing like a bright beacon for the world. The Wampas (publicity men) honored Aimee at a dinner out of respect for the publicity she has given the place. And recently the Hollywood American Legion made her chaplain for a day.

The Chamber of Commerce on the other hand, is beguiled into endorsing Mr. Arliss' statement, and wishes more "honest men" would come to Hollywood. If they do, Hollywood will become just another of those ghost towns of the West. As it is, tourists are dropping off at Reno. As yet Reno hasn't boasted of its "happy homes," though Lord knows it has as much right as Hollywood.

The Wrong Gang: "Hollywood is terribly respectable and duller than Bloomsbury," says J. B. Priestley, the English author. "Everybody gets up at 6 A. M. They do exercises before starting a heavy day's work. They all seem to go to bed at 10 P. M. I, personally, saw no 'wild parties'; perhaps because I was not invited."

Perhaps, perhaps. You have to get inside to find if a party is on. Dark windows do not mean a thing. As for those who go to bed at 10 P. M., I'm afraid Mr. Priestley got in with that gang headed by Jackie Cooper and Bobbie Coogan.

Plea For a Shadier Hollywood: Stars themselves are always telling of the simple lives they lead but their statements do not harm the town. The English, however, have a reputation for honesty. When recently I said that Hollywood cut its throat in cutting down its ancient shade trees, the town promptly got busy and is planting palms along all the main thoroughfares. I hope that my lecture this month will stimulate a few first-rate scandals such as we had in the old palmy days. The Chamber of Commerce sobbed over them, but Mary Pickford declared they would make the town. Her prediction was fulfilled by a hundred-thousand leap in population the ensuing three years. Hollywood might learn a lesson from its own movies, to wit: Virtue triumphs in the end—but that's the end.

Hollywood Goes Native: The English gentlemen inspected Hollwood at the wrong time of year. They should have pushed on to Malibu. This has been the hottest season we've ever had, and we've had some hot ones. Everyone has gone native. Malibu is the new Tahiti with tanned hides and South Sea styles minus the hay. Even the ocean, usually chill, caught the tropic fever. Scientists blame the rising temperature on the approach of the Japanese current. Professors Freud and Howe know better. It's Malibu that warmed the current.

The Return of Mother Hubbards: But you don't have to go Malibooing to study stellar nature. That's where you have it on the Japanese current. All you have to do is patronize some of the recent art exhibitions of the Misses Bennett, Dietrich, Crawford, et al. I wonder what the girls in Pango-Pango think when they view our native ladies on the screen. It wouldn't surprise me to hear any day that they have sent over missionaries with a batch of mother hubbards. The heathen! In this they would have the backing of our cloth manufacturers who became so alarmed by the growing nudity that in order to dispose of material they smartly devised the pajama style. Pajamas take more cloth than skirts, and whereas ladies refuse to wear any long skirts they are ready for long pants.

High Cost of Nothing: Clothes economy has bank-

Good Scandal

SAYS HERB HOWE



The furious resentment of Marlene Dietrich on the part of many females, says Herb Howe, is due not so much to her likeness to Garbo as to her skirtless dissimilarity. Her Follies' assets have proven screen liabilities. Miss Dietrich, says Herb, will not prove herself until she stands the test of a skirt and a new director.

rupted sirens in the past. When Theda Bara appeared as the chemiseless Cleopatra she went the way of all flesh as surely as that Queen when she applied the bug to an unbrassiered bosom. And when Betty Blythe did Sheba dressed for the show or bath her day ended where it should have begun. Both ladies were given the tabu by women patrons, apparently fearful lest their men folk go the way of Caesar and Solomon.

Pearl of Modesty: Neither Miss Bara nor Miss Blythe were exhibitionists. On the contrary, they both are uncommonly circumspect ladies who sacrificed garments on the altar of art alone. Miss Blythe was so devoid of flesh-consciousness that she did not require her set walled-in. Only on one point did she experience the twinge of a rising blush. Her wardrobe provided pearls for the waist but none for the territory immediately to the north. Going to Mr. Director Edwards she said:

"Mr. Edwards, I don't want to seem temperamental, but have you ever appeared publicly without so much as a pearl on your abdomen?"

Mr. Edwards admitted he never had.

"Well then, do you mind if I wear one?"

Tolerant, Mr. Edwards said Betty might wear one where Sheba didn't. Even this compromise was not sufficient to appease the femme-fans, and Betty joined Sheba in ancient history.

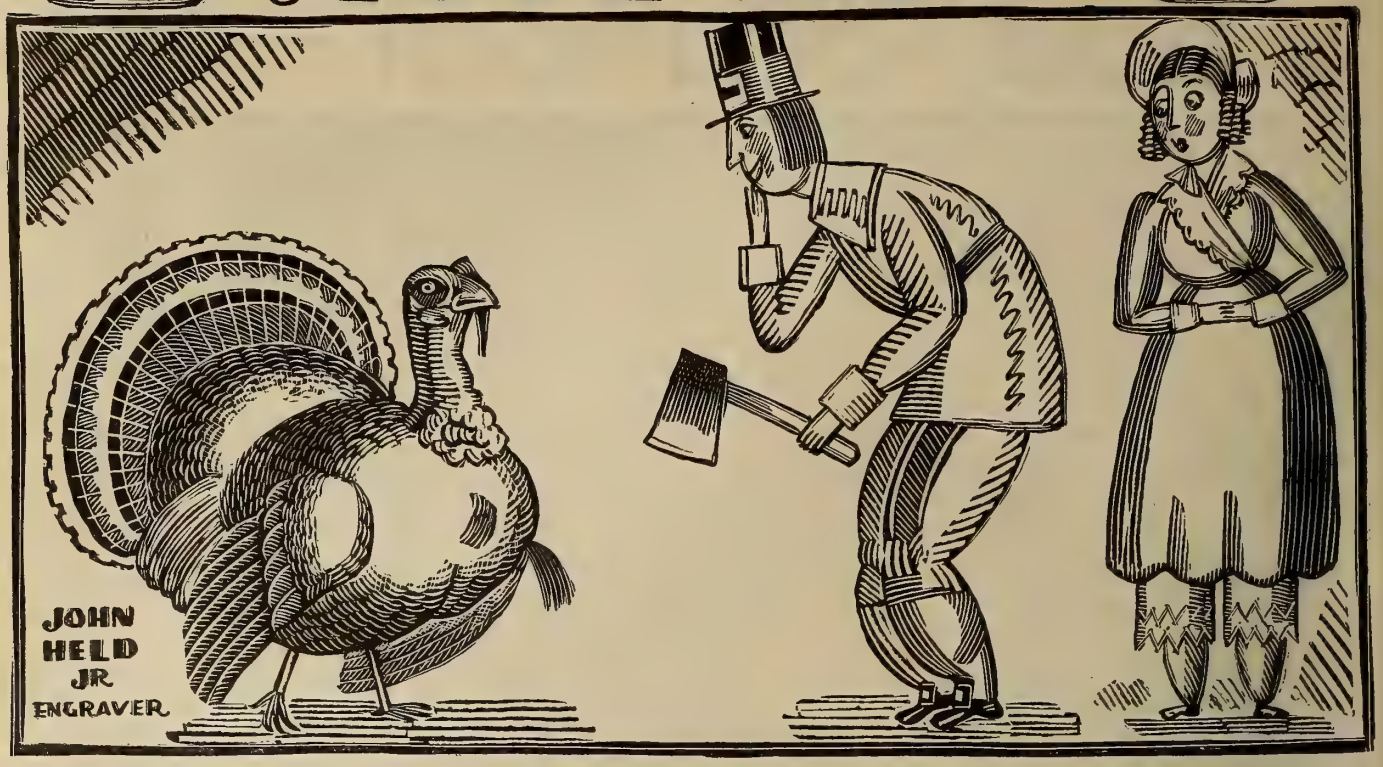
Leg Liability: The furious resentment of Marlene Dietrich on the part of many females is due not so much to her likeness to Garbo as to her skirtless dissimilarity. Her Follies' assets have proved (*Please turn to page* 92)

The great lovers of the screen today are forthright lads with a wallop. Hence the film popularity of (left to right) Clark Gable, Edward Robinson, James Cagney and James Dunn. These boys can sock and they also can make love.



DECEMBER

NOVEMBER



THANKSGIVING

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Sun.	1904: Laura La Plante born at St. Louis.
2	Mon.	Birthday of Dennis King.
3	Tues.	1891: Edison orders 27 rolls of 50-foot film from Eastman, this being the first movie order. Moon in last quarter tonight.
4	Wed.	1879: Will Rogers born at Oolayah, Indian Territory. 1904: Don Alvarado born at Albuquerque, New Mexico.
5	Thurs.	1905: Joel McCrea born at South Pasadena, Calif. Also birthday of Percy Marmont and Hugh Allen.
6	Fri.	1898: Marie Prevost born at Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.
7	Sat.	Birthday of Leatrice Joy and Mona Maris.
8	Sun.	How is that home-made wine coming along in the cellar?
9	Mon.	Marie Dressler born at Coburg, Canada, year date a secret. 1918: Kaiser Wilhelm II abdicates. New moon tonight.
10	Tues.	1799: Napoleon declared First Counsel of France. 1897: Mabel Normand born.
11	Wed.	1908: Raquel Torres born at Hormosillo, Mexico. 1918: Armistice ends World War; close to 7,000,000 dead.
12	Thurs.	1903: Jack Oakie (Lewis Offield) born at Sedalia, Missouri.
13	Fri.	1902: Jacqueline Logan born at San Antonio, Texas.
14	Sat.	1888: Eugene O'Brien born. 1901: Morton Downey, radio star, born at Wallingford, Conn.
15	Sun.	1879: Lewis Stone born at Worcester, Mass.
16	Mon.	Birthday of Lawrence Tibbett. Moon in first quarter tonight.
17	Tues.	1800: U. S. Capital moved to Washington. 1869: Opening of Suez Canal. Birthdays of Betty Bronson, Edna Murphy and Frank Fay.
18	Wed.	Birthday of Frances Marion, scenarist.
19	Thurs.	1863: Lincoln makes his Gettysburg address. 1906: Nancy Carroll born at New York.
20	Fri.	1896: Robert Armstrong born at Saginaw, Mich.
21	Sat.	1800: First meeting of Congress at Washington.
22	Sun.	Get ready for Thanksgiving.
23	Mon.	1875: Fannie Ward born.
24	Tues.	1897: Corinne Griffith born at Corsicana, Texas.
25	Wed.	1896: Priscilla Dean born at New York. 1928: John Barrymore and Dolores Costello married. Full moon tonight.
26	Thurs.	Thanksgiving Day. 1881: Lou Tellegen born at Athens, Greece.
27	Fri.	How about that indigestion?
28	Sat.	1914: Adolph Zukor announces signing of Mary Pickford at salary of $104,000. Bankruptcy of picture business freely predicted.
29	Sun.	1898: Rod La Rocque born at Chicago. 1904: Genevieve Tobin born at New York.
30	Mon.	Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) born at Florida, Missouri. 1926: Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky married.

This Feature Ends with This Issue

Birthstone for November: Modern, Bloodstone; Ancient, Ruby. The bloodstone is said to endow wearers born in November with courage and truthfulness. The ruby brings a contented mind.



An interesting dance pose of Joan Crawford who will be seen next in "The Mirage," originally a stage drama written and produced by Edgar Selwyn. That favorite young man of Hollywood, Clark Gable, will be Miss Crawford's leading man.

Photograph by Hurrell

DECEMBER



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ANITA PAGE

Miss Page next will be seen as the pretty comedy foil of Buster Keaton in his new comedy, "The Sidewalks of New York."



Photograph by Russell Ball

GRETA NISSEN

The beautiful Norwegian scored a decided hit as the dancer of the exciting melodrama, "Transatlantic." She was born in Oslo, Norway, and danced as a child on the stage. Coming to America, she scored a hit as the dream dancer in "Beggar on Horseback." Since that she has played in films at various times. You next will see her with Will Rogers in his new picture, "Ambassador Bill."

The GIRL Who Came Back

By IVAN ST. JOHNS



Madge Evans was a baby star in the old days of pictures. Then she reached the gangling age of girlhood—and had to quit. At fifteen she tried a come-back, as leading woman for Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." She was too shy and awkward—and flopped. So she turned to the stage and worked hard. Officials of Metro-Goldwyn watched her—and gave her a brand new chance.

SOME day soon this Hollywood, that accepts sensation with a phlegmatic shrug, is going to stop, stare, and step cautiously off its collective curb at the sight of a very beautiful blonde girl excitedly jumping out of her town car to throw her arms around a dignified, white-haired man, who has the spirit of a Parisian and the smile of a saint.

The girl will be Madge Evans.

The man will be Emil Chautard.

It will be a reunion that takes no heed of gaping Hollywood or the fact that fate and motion-picture producers play strange pranks.

There was a time, back in the hectic days of the silents, when Emile Chautard was monarch of all he surveyed at the old World Film Studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey. He was the most important director in the studio.

And at that same time Madge Evans was a child, lost in the vastness of the big plant. From her point of view, which at the age of six or seven had an altitude of only about three feet from the floor, that studio was a looming vault filled with great, tall people. And the greatest and tallest and most god-like was the director. He was unapproachable to all, to all except one frightened little girl, who looked upon him without any sense of awe.

FROM his great height he reached down a hand to that little girl. She put her chubby fingers in it, and he lifted her upward, not only into the world of his affections but into a magic world of motion pictures. He made her a baby star, a real one, and one of the very first.

Her name was in electric lights shortly after she appeared with Robert Warwick in the Chautard production, "Sudden Riches."

Of course she didn't realize what that meant then. She didn't even know what the whole story was about. Chautard put her through scenes by making them appear real to her, and she laughed or cried accordingly. The rest of the story didn't register on her comprehension.

She doesn't remember anything about those early pictures. She can't even remember whether she saw them when they were completed and shown, although it was probable that she did, for what fond mother could help taking her child to see a moving picture in which she actually appeared.

Now we will rewrite the old one about water under the bridges and say that since that time a great deal of celluloid has slid through the projecting machines in the world. The World Film Company has gone . . . silent pictures have passed. . . . Robert Warwick is no longer a star. . . . Emil Chautard is no longer a director, but has become one of the finest character actors in Hollywood . . . and the amazed and frightened little girl of those Fort Lee days has emerged in the new world of talking pictures as a lustrous creature with a long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn and stardom, real stardom, not mere baby stardom, within her grasp.

There is no vestige of that wee tot left in the beautiful girl of today, but there is one tangible memory.

Madge Evans Was a Child Star. She Tried One Come-Back and Failed. Then She Started Back at the Beginning—and Now She's Hollywood's Newest Favorite

It comes in the form of a check every month.

WHEN she was a baby star she became so well known and so adored by the public that a manufacturer approached her mother with the proposition to lend Madge Evans' name to a type of hat for little girls. The hats swept the world of small girldom like wildfire and have kept on sweeping it. Even after she left the screen her fame went on under cover of these hats, and not a month has passed from that day to this without a royalty check coming in the mail from their sale. Yes, they're still popular today.

Of course children do grow up. And producers, as each year adds an inch or so or changes facial and bodily characteristics, seek different stories, a bit more grown up in tone each time.

But then there comes the awkward age, that period of adolescence when children sprout up and become all gangling arms and legs and hands and feet. Nobody on stage or screen has been able to do much with a child at that age. And eventually Madge came to it. And that, for the time being, marked the end of her screen career.

But not alone is Madge Evans remembered by the baby hats. There is another phase of her career which has stalked her like a ghost, which she would willingly have everyone forget or at least stop talking about, although she knows they never will.

Do you recall the ignominy you experienced and the throbbing anger you felt when your devoted mother used to bring out the family album and show your friends all those cute and darling little pictures of your bare baby body emerging from a wash bowl or kicking gleefully on a shawl? Do you recollect how devoutly you wished to rifle the album, seize and destroy those photographic records of infantile nudity? Madge Evans has (*Please turn to page* 96)



Glancing at this portrait of beautiful, grown-up Madge Evans, you would never guess that she was the original of the little child in those famous soap advertisements: "Have you a little Fairy in your home?" Miss Evans hopes you won't guess, too.

Then and Now



Top, Robert Montgomery's present home on Palm Drive, Beverly Hills. Right, the house in which he lived up Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, back in 1928 when he first came to movieland. Montgomery took a bus to work in those days.





Left, the house where Joan Crawford first lived in Hollywood. It is on Argyle Drive. Below, the present residence of Joan Crawford and her husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in Brentwood Heights, near Santa Monica. Quite a contrast!

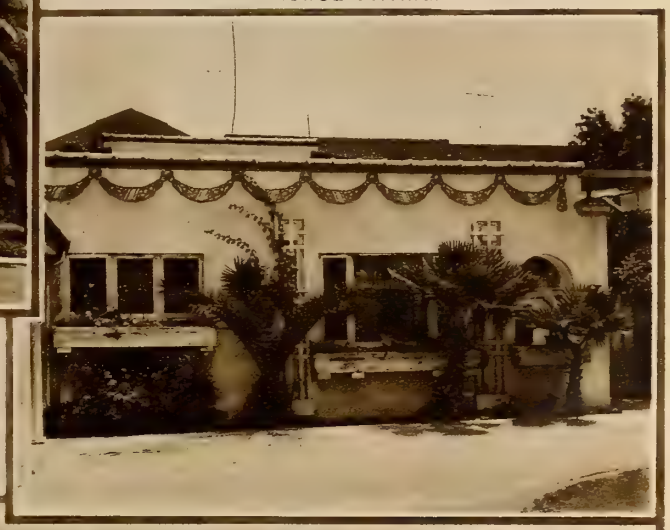


The Stars Lived in Humble Dwellings When They First Arrived in Hollywood. Then Success Lifted Them to Luxury and Comfort. Here are Their First Homes and Their Present Ones





Above, the residence on Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills, where Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg lived until opening their new home at Santa Monica Beach. Left, at Highland and Franklin Avenue, where Herb Howe first interviewed Norma.



Below, Pickfair, the home of Doug and Mary. Right, one of Mary Pickford's earliest Hollywood homes, a bungalow at 5218 Sunset Boulevard, where she lived with her mother, Sister Lottie and Brother Jack.



HERE IS A STUDY IN HOLLYWOOD-CONTRASTS





Some contrast here! Left, the first home of Tom Mix, at Newhall, Calif. Note the ice-box and dresser on the porch. Above, the luxurious present home of Tom in Beverly Hills. This is a massive estate, with elaborate stables, swimming pools and tennis courts.



Below, the present home of Dick Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, at Toluca Lake. Right, where Dick first lived at 1310 North New Hampshire Drive, Hollywood. He had a room here without a bath.



HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



June Collyer and Stuart Erwin had a quiet wedding. Only June's brothers, Bud (left) and Dick (right), accompanied the bridal couple. Bud was best man.

Weddings and Parties Hold Hollywood's Interest

WHEN a celebrated couple marries you usually picture the wedding featured by truckloads of orange blossoms and gardenias . . . yards and yards of floating, shimmering white wedding veil . . . at least five or six lorgnettes with large ladies to go with them . . . oodles of distinguished guests drifting about the wedding breakfast table . . . the bride cutting the wedding cake with a sword . . . perhaps a vicar or two milling about in the background to lend prestige to the occasion. . . .

You usually think that, now don't you?

But when June Collyer, lovely daughter of the Clayton Heermances of New York . . . débutante . . . member of the 400 . . . married Stuart Erwin, the comedian, what do you suppose their wedding breakfast was like?

In the first place, June,

(*Please turn to page* 109)



"IT'S A BOY!"

The famous star, celebrated for his suavity and poise, loses his pose in the hospital waiting room.

An original drawing by Everett Shinn





"IT'S A BOY!"

The famous star, celebrated for his suavity and poise, loses his pose in the hospital waiting room.

An original drawing by Everett Shinn





That GIRL from Pine Bluff

By
PETER ANDERSON

THIS is one on Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and the Shannon family hasn't stopped laughing yet. Neither has their favorite daughter, Peggy, who perpetrated the joke and is going back there one day to indulge personally in a long, slow, cool smile.

The chances are that you haven't the slightest idea what it means to be the mother of a growing daughter in a small town in Arkansas . . . or California, or Wisconsin, or New Hampshire, for that matter.

It's the neighbors, principally, who make the whole thing a harrowing trial, what with their caustic comparisons with their own daughters and the nice sweetly told little stories about *your* daughter; her preference for straw rides over studies and her obvious interest in "the Smith boy" or "the Jones boy." Yes, it's the neighbors mostly and they talked plenty about Peggy.

And Peggy played pretty much into their hands. In spite of her mother's pleadings she would go barefooted. How the neighbors could shrug their shoulders about that! They thought it indicated snobbishness when Peggy was sent off to a convent. They smiled when Peggy came back from the convent. Then, when Peggy entered the Pine Bluff High School, such mothers as

Peggy Shannon was born in Arkansas. She represents a mixture of Irish, Austrian and English blood. The first thing this red-headed girl did in the old home town was to startle folks by going barefoot. Then Mamma Shannon moved to New York with her daughter—and Peggy landed in the Ziegfeld Follies by a sheer stroke of good luck.



Peggy Shannon gave up a career as a glorified chorus girl to learn how to act in drama. She had a remarkable run of bad luck behind the footlights. Before it turned, she had been in fifteen consecutive failures. Then Paramount, hunting for new faces, signed her.

possessed sons began to feel apprehensive.

In a way this was Peggy's mother's fault, too, although Pa Shannon insisted on taking part of the blame. You see, Peggy was beautiul. She represents a mixture of Irish, Austrian and English stock. From the latter she has her deliberative mind. In Pine Bluff this quality is termed "horse sense." I should say the Austrian strain is responsible for her gaiety and, if you have not already guessed it, her Irish blood has bestowed upon her a type of red-headed, blue-eyed beauty, which every daughter's mother in Pine Bluff envied and every mother's son admired.

The Arkansas Ugly Duckling Played a Great Joke on Her Home Town by Becoming a Famous Movie Actress

PINE BLUFF averred that Mrs. Shannon was spoiling her daughter when that good lady took Peggy on a forty-mile trek just to go to one of those sink holes of iniquity, a theater. It was a road company of "The Garden of Allah" and it gave Peggy ideas.

Now the debutantes of Pine Bluff do not have swanky coming-out parties. They all start from scratch. Graduation from the High School, with whatever attending honors the wit, beauty or studiousness of the pupils may bestow, marks the entry of the sweet girl graduates into the turmoil of life. It is their starting gun in the great matrimonial race, where the first prize is probably the banker's, or the butcher's or the baker's son and the prospect of thirty or forty years of monotonous marriage in Pine Bluff.

Right there was where the Pine Bluff mothers got even with Peggy for her previous raids on the affections of their sons and her superiority over their daughters. All the principal could or would say about her as he handed her her diploma was: "Peggy Shannon, proficient in basketball." It was a triumph for the parents of the ugly ducklings of that section of Arkansas. And (*Please turn to page* 98)



Photograph by Hurrell

LOIS MORAN

The popular actress next will be seen opposite John Gilbert in "West of Broadway." She had a leading rôle in "The Spider," too, with Edmund Lowe.

He Wants to MARRY an Actress

And William Bakewell Always Wanted to be an Actor, Even as a Schoolboy

By PETER ANDERSON



William Bakewell was born in Hollywood. He is twenty-three and yet he is a veteran of pictures, having been in films for six years. His pals are Johnny Mack Brown, Lew Ayres and Russell Gleason. He loves parties and is one of the most sought after youths in the movie colony.

HE was born in Hollywood when it was orange groves and hay ranches and was called Colegrove.

He has tremendous enthusiasm for his business—that of being an actor.

While he doesn't believe in Santa Claus, he does believe that the girl of today is much nicer than she used to be. She's so frank and athletic—so interesting and companionable.

He says, if you talk too much about things you intend to do, you end up by just talking about them. That's why he didn't tell me he hopes some day to be a really great character actor.

And when he falls in love and marries, he hopes she will be an actress—one with sincerity of purpose and great ambition—so they can both grow and achieve together.

This young philosopher—he is just twenty-three is Billy Bakewell—happened to be born in Hollywood, so he grew up to be an actor.

IF he had been born in some other place, he might have grown up to be—well, anything, a broker, a doctor, a lawyer.

But wherever he was born or whatever he was doing, this Bakewell boy would have thrown into the job the same tremendous enthusiasm he is giving to acting.

Billy—no one can talk to him five minutes and think of him as William—is made that way. He is like a bundle of high-tension wires. You feel the intensity the minute you meet him.

He is the most seriously enthusiastic young man in Hollywood. But the best part of Billy is that he is serious about everything except himself. In that way he is utterly unlike so many young men of twenty-three who have not yet learned how much they don't know.

"I discovered how unimportant I was and how little I knew during the five months I spent making 'All Quiet on the Western Front,'" Billy explained. "I think I grew up then. All of us did."

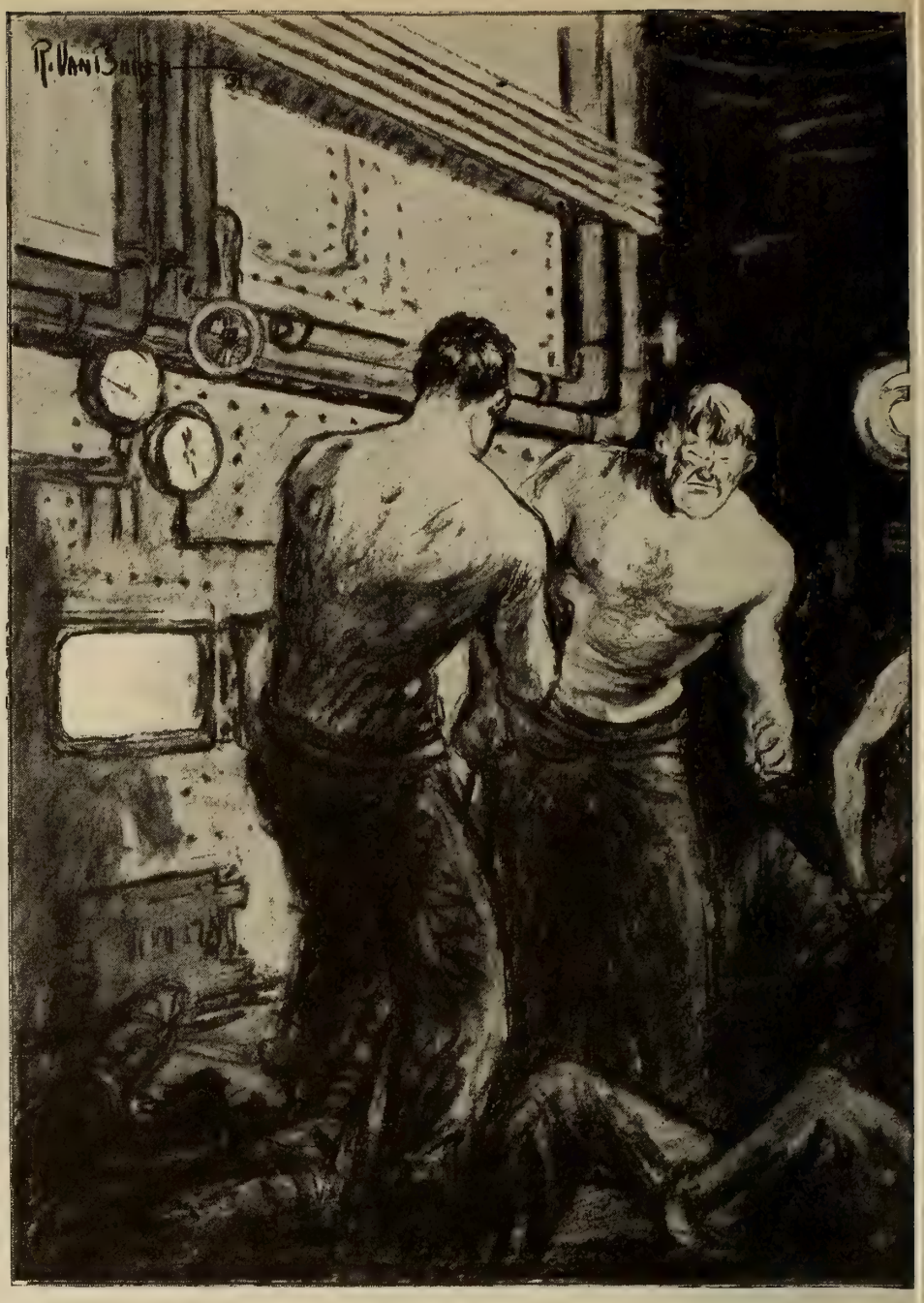
That picture was a great school for all the youngsters who fought its almost real battles in its very real mud and gunfire and exploding shells. It changed them from happy-go-lucky boys into men.

WHEN I first met Billy Bakewell he was playing the dual role of the two princes in "The Iron Mask." That was almost three years ago. At that time he was rather appalling in the vehemence of his emotions. He was so young and so eager to make good and so tense. He rather wore you out with the force of his vitality. He was so youthfully sure of himself with that absolute surety which goes only with twenty.

Now, after three years and "All Quiet," he is an entirely different person. He has the same pep and vigor, but it is schooled and tamed. It is fun to talk to him now. You can relax and listen instead of sitting on the edge of your chair while you wonder how soon he is going to explode.

Billy has been acting on the screen for six years which makes him a real (*Please turn to page* 111)

One look at Two Bits Garrity's Face and They Gave Him the Right Change in Any Night Club. Read What Happened When Garrity Aspired to be Champion of Hollywood



"You dirty, double-crossing dummies!" growled Garrity. "Trying to gang me, hey? You couldn't swing a towel for a real fighter like me!" After absorbing their last concerted battering, he floored the sullen young men with a real ferocity. It was apparent that an epic had been enacted for the cameras amid the clangs of splintered shovels and flying lumps of synthetic coal. The whole thing was part of a new Hollywood super-picture, the fight being staged in the boiler-room of a steamer.

Drawing by
Ray Van Buren

Faith, Hope &

A MAN, Shakespeare is reported to have written, in his time plays many parts, and if Bill the Bard could have seen a lumpy, shock-headed Goliath wrecking the interior of a Cuban saloon, he would doubtless have added a footnote to the effect that Mr. Two Bits Garrity, villain *de luxe* for Cinemagical Pictures, was distinctly above par in his performances.

For homicide in Havana was a mere detail for the quarrelsome Two Bits, accustomed as he was to strangling tribesmen in India, lashing the slaves in a Roman galley or bullying the troops of the Foreign Legion, duties he executed with an evil intelligence which made it hard to believe that, away from the studio, he was the kind of person who began squeezing new tubes of toothpaste at the top. In other words, Mr. Garrity had not been issued his full quota of brains, and although it never had occurred to him to fall in line for a second helping, that fact made little difference in the impression he created upon certain female hearts.

"Isn't he marvelous!" whispered Faith Meriweather, Cinemagical's one best bet as an old-fashioned girl, her soft brown eyes shining with admiration. Worldly ladies usually looked upon Mr. Garrity as perpetually offside in the game of love, but the sweeter, gentler, more mignonette-and-lavender the type, the faster they fell for his simian charms. "And to think I'm engaged to him," continued Miss Meriweather, flashing a baguette diamond. "Oh, Oswald, look at those muscles; isn't he just like a piece of statuary?"

Mr. Oswald Stooge, genius at producing everything but a respectable moustache, eyed her askance. "Not a bit of difference," he wheezed. "Save the surface and you save all, baby; there's nothing inside that turret



GARRITY

By STEWART ROBERTSON

he's using for a head. But can he sock—rowdy dow!"

"Sh-h-h-hh; you'll spoil the scene, you envious half-pint."

"I SHOULD be envious of a guy whose lips move when he's reading to himself? But aside from that," said Mr. Stooge hurriedly, as he glimpsed the old-fashioned girl stepping out of character, "I'm here to wise him up on the juiciest slice of personal publicity ever conceived in Hollywood, and a nice little profit in the bargain. No, don't tell me *I'm* marvelous; I know it."

Before the indignant Faith could toss him an adequate insult, the director, greatly pleased with the damage committed, signaled for the recording to cease, whereupon Two Bits lumbered toward his girl friend, flexing all the biceps, triceps and tendons that protruded from his artistically torn and spattered shirt.

"Am I there?" he demanded. "'J'you see me put the blocks to those two contortionists they hired to play the gendarmes? I picks up the first one and trun him—"

"Threw him, dear," smiled Faith.

"Have it your own way, sugar," said Mr. Garrity affably. "Threw him acrost the bar into all them bottles. Wow—what a part!"

"We saw you," chuckled Mr. Stooge, "but listen, Two Bits, you were much too rough when you were crowning the juvenile. Those birds don't grow as thick as pansies, though you might think so to look at some of them."

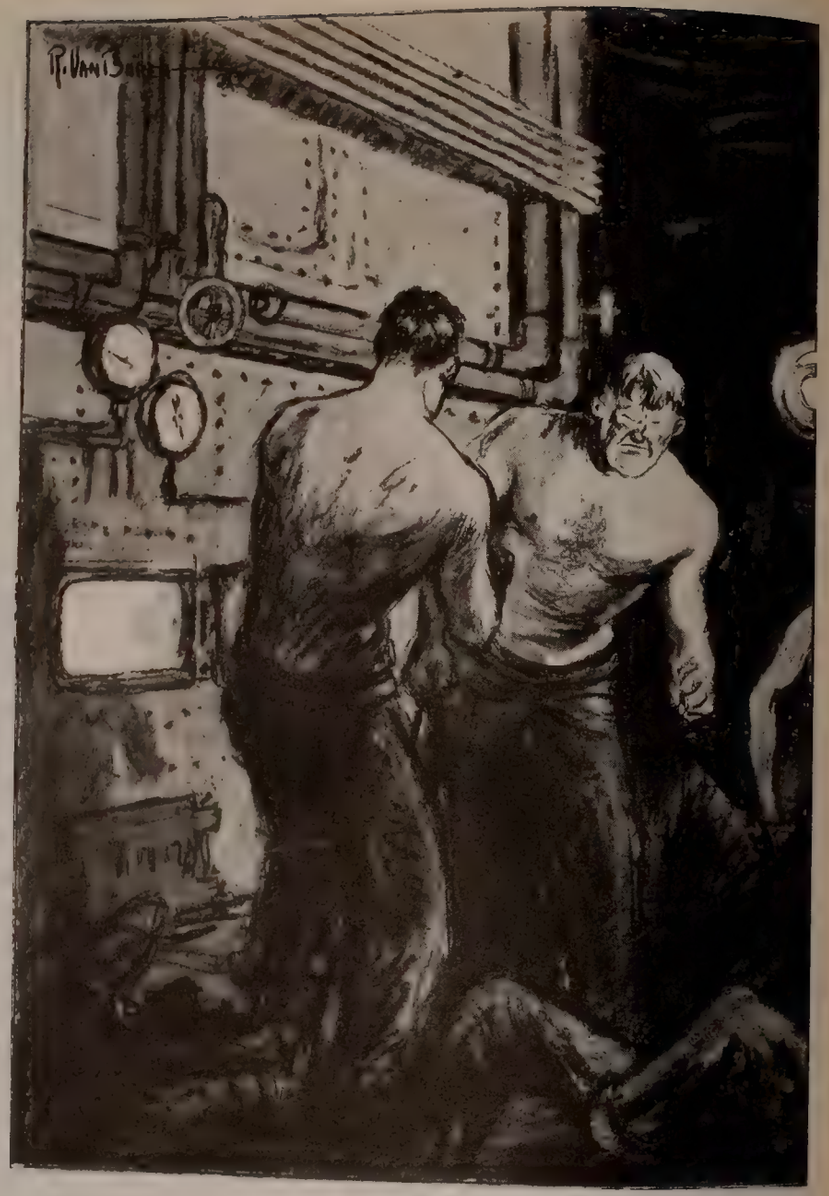
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DECEMBER

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Faith, Hope & GARRITY

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"Maybe I was," mumbled the battler, "but I s'pose I like to do all the harm I can on account of having to take a slap from the hero in the last reel. Huh!

It's getting to be a laugh, me drawing the wages of sin from a paymaster who's thirty pounds lighter. I see by the papers that the critics are complaining them scenes don't carry conviction, as the Chicago judge says to the hoodlums."

"I guess it does look a bit queer," said Mr. Stooge craftily, "because it's plain as day that you're a real scrapper."

"One look at my mug, and they give me the right change in any night club," admitted Mr. Garrity.

"You wouldn't have much trouble trimming a lot of genuine prizefighters?" suggested the producer, while Miss Meriweather watched him suspiciously.

"I could lay 'em like linoleum, Oswald. There ain't no more good fighters no more and—"

"In that case a mere actor would be soft?"

"JUST a minute," protested Faith. "Are you trying to inveigle my Two Bits into a brawl with a fellow artist? The shame of it!"

"Glory, you mean," grinned Mr. Stooge. "Listen, baby, the ruffians are drawing the crowds these days, not the teacup jugglers, and we're going to cash in on it. Next to our brutal friend, who's the biggest box office magnet?"

"Why, that vulgar Battleship Bullock over at Galaxy, I suppose."

"Absolutely. He's as hard as Two Bits and just about as terrible an actor, so a fight between 'em at the Hollywood Stadium for supremacy of the movies would be sure-fire publicity. Receipts go to the Community Chest and we'll make the front page of every newspaper in the country—providing Two Bits thinks he can win."

"I'll hand him a sock he can use for a nightcap," chirped Mr. Garrity, who was even more reckless than his roles. "Name the round and I'll knock him into your lap, but say, how do you know he'll fall for it?"

"He's not as modest as you are," said the brazen Oswald. "He's been swanking around the Galaxy studios calling himself the uncrowned champion of Hollywood, and as much as says that all the other heavies are only tough from nine to five."

"It's funny the way some actors get swelled up," mused Two Bits. "So he's sold on himself, hey? Well, I've got a week's wages that says he can't leave the ring under his own steam."

"Now you're talking," cried Mr. Stooge excitedly. "Why, your mind positively keeps in step with mine! We tick off the Battleship, we grab his money, not to mention most of Galaxy's loose change, and we stagger the public all in one swoop. Two Bits, you're a prince, and as a reward I'll tell you all about your next picture."

"And I tell you to stay out of this," wailed Miss Meriweather. "Don't you see, you idiot, that you take all the risk? Oswald and his 'we' stuff! Is it Oswald's nose that's going to get punched? Do Oswald's eyes run a chance of being cocked any worse than they are already? Does—"

"DOLLING," said Mr. Garrity, giving her the smugly fatuous eye of the male in his engaged state, "when two gents are discussing business it ain't nice for a little girl to interrupt. Be practical, honeybunch, and think of the three thousand dollars I'm going to bet for you. Spend the winnings on backgammon lessons, for all I care, which proves my love with a capital L, if you ask me."

Faith's triple A patent leather pumps began to tap out a warning. "What about my feelings? I don't mind you being a grand villain at the studio, Two Bits, but you know that I'm trying to develop your dignity as a public character. You're big and strong, b-but so is that horrid Battleship Bullock, and anyhow, you haven't any grudge against him."

"What about the night they pulled the cork on a new picture at the Chinese Theatre? There I was, memorizing my speech all the way from Palos Verdes, and when we hit the lobby who was in front of the mike but the Battleship. 'Hello, folks,' he bawls, 'it certainly is a wonderful evening, lights and everything. All the stars ain't in the sky, folks, and I wisht you was here. Well, g'night, people; over the river.' The very words I'd thought up myself! I just stood there with my mouth open, and that sissy master of ceremonies bats for me. 'Mr. Garrity is struck dumb with amazement—hee-hee-hee!' he giggles, and eases me through the door. No grudge, hey? But now, give me the lowdown on my next part."

"It's what you always wanted," enthused Mr. Stooge. "Believe it or not, you lead a mutiny!"

"Up from the fo'castle with a knife in my teeth? Mad struggles with the twenty-four year old captain on the poop deck and finally get washed overboard by a ton of water?"

"How'd you guess it?"

"With maybe a chase up the yardarm to topple off a couple of stunt men?"

"You said it, Two Bits, and your big scene is a battle royal with the boiler-room crew. Some of them will be the Bounding Maloneys, specially hired from the Pantages Circuit, who'll leap on you from all angles, and you throw two of 'em into the flames."

"That's drama," conceded Faith reluctantly. "I can appreciate that, Oswald, and it looks like a chance for Two Bits to steal another picture. His conception of the part should be marvelous, as always, so I'd like you to know I'm grateful."

Two Bits Garrity was the menace of all Hollywood films. Make-believe homicide was a mere detail for the quarrelsome ex-prizefighter, accustomed as he was to strangling tribesmen in India, lashing slaves in a Roman galley or bullying the troops of the Foreign Legion. He executed these duties with an evil intelligence which made it hard to believe that, away from the studio, he was the kind of person who began squeezing new tubes of toothpaste at the top. Read the startling trick that Hollywood played on Two Bits.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he outdoes himself," said Mr. Stooge, "seeing that for the first time in his career he'll be playing opposite Hope Rondeau." He pretended not to hear Miss Meriweather's little gasp of dismay. "She's going to lure Two Bits to destruction—in the picture."

"And outside of it, if she gets the chance, the deceitful, slinking vamp! Why, her chief boast is that she makes a fool out of any man she works with, and then she spurns him just for a laugh. Oh, Two Bits, you're in danger!"

"Don't worry," said Mr. Garrity, a shade wistfully. "She's never paid no attention to me the two years she's been out here, and, anyhow, you know what I think of brunettes. Maybe I'll have a chance to strangle her, hey, Oswald?"

"I've seen her dazzle a dozen leading men just to keep in practice," lamented Faith, "and they were mere gigolos, not stalwart manhood like you. Why did you have to do this to me, Oswald?"

"Because there'll be no cornfed simpletons in a clinch at the end of this film," stated Mr. Stooge. "Vamp and villain split the billing; Two Bits gets drowned and Hope is necked by an octopus, leaving the fadeout a closeup of the Pacific Ocean. I'm going to pull a little symbolical stuff, like a string of bubbles and a powder puff floating nearby, and the audience goes home impressed with the futility of vice."

"You can't do without love at the end!"

"I can do without you in the cast, if you don't quit this jealousy gag. I'm surprised at you, especially when I visualize you in the tear-jerking role of a forsaken wife. Come on, baby, (*Please turn to page* 114)



Outside of motion pictures, flying is Clarence Brown's chief interest in life. He owns a thirty-thousand-dollar plane.

The Highest Paid Director

He's Clarence Brown and he earns $6,000 Every Week, Rain or Shine, Because He Never Wastes a Producer's Money

By JIM TULLY

ABOUT forty years of age, hair gray at the temples, as handsome as the stars whom he directs, Clarence Brown, at six thousand per week, has long been the highest salaried director in the world.

He is as methodical as a pawnbroker counting money. A one-time mechanical engineer with a mathematical mind, he divides it shrewdly in sections of drama, emotion, and the sentimental hokum so dear to the hearts of millions to whom life is a childish recess and eternity a long vacation in the Mansions of the Blessed.

I have long been close to Clarence Brown. As a man, he's as clean as the wind on a May morning. His chief interests in life are his films, a thirty-thousand-dollar airplane, and a glance now and then at one of the beautiful girls who make of Hollywood such a lovely—and dangerous paradise.

BROWN is so reticent that the unobserving might call him phlegmatic.

He is really a man of strong impulse under intense control. Neither has he any illusions about his work. "I'm in pictures to make a lot of money. To do that I've got to make pictures that people want to see."

He sees reality, emotion, and sentimentality as problems in algebra. He stresses those ingredients that have proven popular. His mind is not static: he knows that life is in turbulent and continual fluctuation. He varies his direction and mixes his ingredients accordingly.

The deeply logical mind is apt to be too cautious. Brown's mind is no exception. It is, in my opinion, his chief drawback.

He can admire and praise, as much as any man, the work of a Milestone. As an engineer, however, he would scan the road too closely for the detours which a Milestone would ignore.

Clarence Brown is one of the few college men directing films. He graduated from the University of Tennessee as a mechanical and electrical engineer.

Of good appearance, he was soon a demonstrator of high-class cars among the wealthier people. In a short time he was earning nearly a thousand dollars a month, a large sum for so young a man.

His work took him to different parts of the nation.

To while away lonely evenings in strange towns, he spent hours at cinema shows.

He became fascinated with possibilities of the films. He was at this time about twenty-five.

Clarence Brown never wastes film. Seldom, if ever, have a thousand feet of film been cut from any of the threescore pictures he has directed.

He never uses a megaphone.

He studied to be a mechanical engineer—and, at heart, he is still an engineer.

ONE man's work stood out above the rest. It was that of Maurice Tourneur, a French director, who was perhaps too subtle and civilized for the rowdy business of moronic entertainment manufactured at that period.

(*Please turn to page* 78)

READ Your FATE in Your FACE

"The Eyes Are the Windows of the Soul" and Here Is How You Can Read Your Own Eyes and Those of Your Friends

BY WILLIAM E. BENTON

"THE eyes are the windows of the soul" is an expression of fact both trite and true. Your eyes, whatever their color, size or shape, reveal better than any other feature your every fleeting emotion and thought or you by your will pretend or act out feelings and thoughts that are far from your real ones, of course. But unless there were accepted real expressions there could be no imitations of them. So whether you are an actor or actress on the stage or screen, or meeting the public in real life, your eyes can be and probably are, your best feature in carrying conviction to your every statement.

There is the language of the eyes, most eloquent and appealing. Think of the universal mischievous quality of the wink. Certainly, the three primal emotions of love, hate, and fear, can be most eloquently and convincingly transmitted in instantaneous expressions of the eyes.

The secondary emotions of pity, contempt, jealousy, and all the others made up from different proportions of the primal three can be most convincingly expressed at will by the good actress or actor. Shakespeare has said, "All the world's a stage and men and women merely actors on it!"

Well, whether in reel or real life it's a most important thing to hold the eyes of the one you wish to impress. Your eyes reveal your prevailing emotions and therefore the transitory thoughts and emotions they most convincingly express.

THERE are few actors like that supreme master of pantomime, Charles Chaplin, who can express with just his eyes all the human emotions with equal ease. Most eyes by their shape are either rather intense, serious, and a bit antagonistic, or high-arched, credulous and friendly, or the eyes and brows are pale and sloping so as to give a perpetual fearful or tragic effect.

The average eye is not strongly accentuated by any of the three primal emotions, but all eyes reveal our prevailing mental attitude, ideality, or personality to all who look into the windows of our souls. You cannot hate long or hard without altering your eyes to best express that feeling.

Fear gives the eyes a haunted, tragic look that is the product of perhaps years of fear as a prevailing feeling. Love gives the eyes more personality or appeal than any other feeling, but those people with the large, open, candid, well-spaced eyes with high arched brows can most easily convey this, their most natural and prevailing thought and feeling. Casting directors in working to get the greatest amount of personality and convincing naturalness into a play or picture, deliberately or instinctively pay particular attention to the types of eyes selected for villain, heroine, and hero.

In order to be a most convincing villain, one has to be able to look thoroughly hateful in off-side revealing moments at least. Intense dark eyes with strong high lights in them, heavy brows that meet in the center and lids that suggest the oriental slant of the ancient Tartars or Huns, make a most convincing villain type.

All eyes can relax, smile, and look lovely to those who love them, but the love type of eye is universal in its ability to express the tender emotions.

There is an ancient Chinese saying, "Show me a man's eyes and I'll tell you what he might have been, show me his mouth and I'll tell you what he has been."

SIGHT being the swiftest and most accurate of the senses and the eye its receptive organ, it is natural to tell by the shape of the eye the sights most acceptable to the various types. Because it was through looking at the sights they liked best that all types were evolved. To the person with the extreme type of hateful eye, there is no scene so stimulating, pleasing, and altogether engrossing, as one of carnage and slaughter. Such an eye had Ivan the Terrible of Russia. To the person with the eye of tragedy, no scene is quite so soul satisfying as one that moves them to tears. A good cry now and then is a surcease to millions. This is as true as saying the hypochondriac enjoys poor health, and their favorite ride is to a funeral.

Now the high-arched alert, colorful, lover type of eye is found most often on the people whose vocation and avocation in life is to depict most convincingly life's most tender emotion, love. With people who can most conscientiously and constantly feel and reveal this emotion — actresses who play the heroine in motion pictures—you will find the love type of eye. We might cite a list as long as this article, but will (*Please turn to page* 76)



RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Heavy, bushy, straight brows, over clear eyes with many little angles about the eyes, show an intense, positive character—one who has a judge's delight in things that can be demonstrated and proved, but who has little sympathy for fine-spun theories about this life or the next, if any, as they would say. They dramatize the real more than the fanciful things of life. They find the real facts of nature more wonderful than folklore or fairy-tales. They, or you, if you have such brows, have a tendency to become matter-of-fact.



MARLENE DIETRICH

Large, heavy lidded, clear eyes, with brows highest at outer corners. This gives the face an exotic look, as though ordinary things were not half wonderful enough. They excel in writing and speaking along lines of creativeness quite beyond the ordinary work-a-day world. To those intimates who understand and sympathize with their mental creations, they can be charming, indeed. When repressed or misunderstood in childhood they are liable to become erratic, and go from great elation to deep despair.



GLORIA SWANSON

Keen light eyes, greenish gray, with eyes and brow tip-tilted, are found on keen, alert people, more alive by night than day. They are usually sophisticated, cool, and can appear most indifferent even when most jealous, and personally ill at ease. Their keen observation makes it almost impossible to hide anything from them, and they can keep or reveal the secrets they revel in, at will. Their worst fault is duplicity, but they have a genius for getting out of difficulties and a great delight in gay mischief.



JOAN CRAWFORD

Large, prominent, somewhat protruding or staring eyes like Joan Crawford's, are found on talkative, eager people who generally have a genius for language and music.

The owners of such eyes find people more interesting than places or things and can pick up a language by a short association with people who speak it well. Travel and adventure are so pleasing to them that many of this type are found in the diplomatic service everywhere. Such eyes usually accompany large full-lipped mouths.



GEORGE BANCROFT

Narrow, rather small eyes, with heavy brows, close to the eyes, slightly depressed in the center. These are found on personalities who are keen observers, but who pay more attention to form than color, so life is a keen, accurate series of pictured events to them and facts more interesting than fiction. The half-closed sharp eyes show the delight in accuracy and capacity for minute detail. These eyes far apart give breadth of view; close set, a love of the minute. Many aviators have these eyes.



ZASU PITTS

Brows and eyes that tip down at the outer corners, have a tragic look and their owners can play tragic parts in life, in fact tragedy interests them more than comedy. Work that is intense, serious, earnest, but where every bit of effort counts and is recompensed in good pay, is the natural field of such natures. Many prophets and people with prescience or second sight, have such tragic eyes. However, they may foresee more evil than good. There are several pairs of such eyes in the motion picture world.



EUGENE PALLETTE

Smiling eyes, peeping out from almost closed full lids, with heavy tip-tilted brows, are found on humorous, entertaining, jovial souls. They don't believe in spoiling a story by making it too literal. Wit and repartee are the spice of life to them even if they do make it very personal and point out the things their victims would gladly cover up. However, they love wit and humor so much that whether one is laughing with or at them makes little difference. If you have such eyes, get where you meet all types of humanity.

DECEMBER

How Johnny Mack Brown Brought Football Glory to His Home Town of Dothan, Alabama



John Mack Brown was born in Poplar Head, now Dothan, Alabama, in 1904. He was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Brown. Johnny Mack first attracted attention as a football player on his High School eleven.

"WE could write a book on his excellences and shortcomings, we might write a paper, but we won't write a solitary thing. For everybody knows Johnny Mack. During the athletic season he is the mainstay in more things than Eleanor's swing. A jolly good fellow who is sure to star in the football world."

The seniors of the class of 1922 of the Dothan High School, as well as other members of the school, will remember the above quotation. Such was said of him in *The Gargoyle*, the year book of the school. The prediction was fulfilled on New Year's Day, 1926, with the following headline: "JOHNNY MACK BROWN STARS IN UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA'S TRIUMPHANT DEFEAT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON." Thus ended a great day for Johnny Mack Brown, the South and Dothan, Alabama, his home town. But we are getting ahead of our story.

In September, 1904, at Poplar Head, Ala. (this was the name of Dothan at that time), a second son was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Brown. He was christened John Mack Brown. Little did his parents realize that in 22 short years he would return to his native city to be met at the station with the town band in celebration of his success. No one, with the possible exception of Brown himself, knows more about his early childhood than his mother, a quiet and unassuming woman. She began by telling of a very serious illness which nearly cost young Brown his life when he was only three years old. She recounted his early youth, "Harry and Johnny Mack (Harry was his elder brother) were very near the same age and during their childhood were inseparable. Johnny had an early craving for adventure. It was a hard matter for me to keep up with him, so to speak, as his one great fault was running away from home.

"I can recall," continued Mrs. Brown, "that just about the time he was to enter first grade school or a little before, the first automobile made its appearance in Dothan. This attracted him considerably and he was not content until he had thoroughly inspected this car. A friend of ours had purchased one of these cars and Johnny had learned where he kept it. He disappeared at lunch time. A search was instituted. After several hours Johnny Mack was found in the improvised garage, dismantling the car bit by bit."

JOHNNY MACK was a leader even in early youth. All of his little friends in the neighborhood would look to him for guidance in everything. He would even do their fighting for them. He was a good boxer and could usually lick any two boys of his own age. During his high school days he fell in love with a pretty schoolmate. It was her swing that was referred to in the first paragraph of this story. He was apparently very bashful and shy among the girls, some of his friends say. It is said, however, that this particular girl received a rose almost every day.

To be a football player was one of his greatest ambitions in life. He would watch the larger boys play and would say to his friends, "Some day I'll be a big football star, too." He showed promise at an early age and played on the school team.

He was never considered an honor-roll student either in High School or in college. However, he earned high enough marks to pass.

During his first few years at football he was rather slow in learning the signals. His great ambition was just to get hold of that ball and run down the field. "I can remember," related the quarterback on his High School team, "in Johnny Mack's first year, instead of calling the signal for his play, I would have to tell him that I was going to give him the ball and wanted him to run like blazes with it."



Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown and their little daughter, Jane Harriet. Mrs. Brown was Cornelia Foster, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry Bacon Foster, of Tuscaloosa, Ala.

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

BY WALTER D. SAMUEL, Jr. of The Tuscaloosa News

After considerable practice he was finally given the position as fullback on the Dothan High School football team. He was very proud and with great dignity told his mother and father of his achievement. They did not, at first, approve of his playing football and offered all forms of discouragement, without avail. He became the star of his team. G. T. Cooper, his teammate and quarterback, says of him: "He was the best High School player ever graduated from Dothan and possibly the best in the South. He was clumsy at first, but developed into the fastest man in Southern high school football at that time."



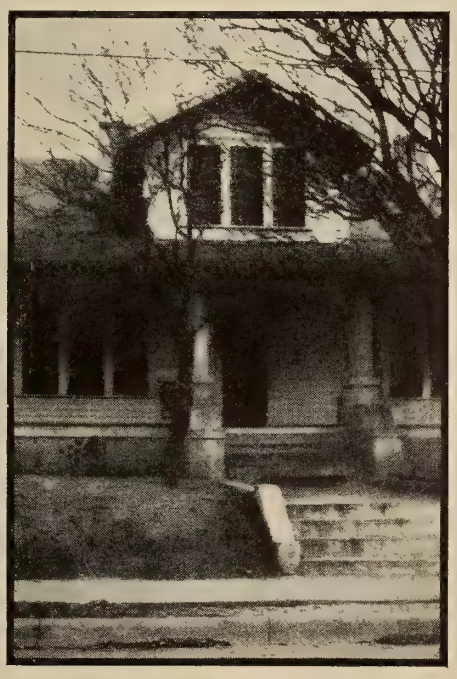
Johnny Mack Brown, when he was a senior at the Dothan High School. At that time he was voted the best-looking boy of his class.

THE last two years in high school he was voted the handsomest boy in school. He was very popular and a very good dancer. He never gave any serious thought to dramatics while in High School or showed any marked degree of talent. However, he did take part in two plays, "What Happened to Jones" and "Sprigg's Trip to Europe." He could do buck and wing dances and he also played the mandolin and sang. This was the only form of entertainment he ever presented during his High School and college careers until his last year in the university, when fate intervened, and the "break" came which has taken him far into the cinema world, and which I will deal with later on in the story.

During the following Summer, after leaving High School, his thoughts centered on college. Johnny Mack had made up his mind to go to Auburn and told his father, "Dad, I want to go to Auburn and help them beat Georgia Tech." His mother and father had chosen the University of Alabama and requested that he enroll there. It was not until about a week before the university opened that Mack Brown made his decision in favor of Alabama. His mother was taken ill at about this time and lay in the hospital. Brown paid her a visit and during the conversation said, "Mother, is it really your wish that I go to Alabama?" She replied, "It is, Johnny. I feel that you can accomplish great things there." Leaving the hospital he wired the university authorities.

A few months prior to this Wallace Malone, a prominent Dothan banker, was attracted to Johnny Mack when he witnessed a football game between Dothan and Enterprise. These two schools always had been great rivals and this time the interest had become very tense. The game ended in a fight. Mr. Malone relates here in his own words the part he played in Johnny Mack's success.

"After that game there remained a great deal of feeling." Mr. Malone says in telling of the incident. "I felt that the Enterprise boys were our guests and that they should be treated as such. When I reached the hotel I heard an apologetic voice talking to our visitors. It was Johnny Mack Brown making an apology for the action of his teammates—all alone. It struck me as being a most manly thing to do. When I heard next Summer that Johnny Mack was going to college I realized that it was quite a financial responsibility on his father, who had to educate six boys and three girls. I offered to lend him the necessary money until Johnny Mack could secure a position. I wrote to the Alabama authorities to see if they could not secure him a position and they did. You might never have heard of him if he had not gone to Alabama."



The Brown home at No. 519 South St. Andrews Street, Dothan, where Johnny Mack was born and raised. This is a typical American home of a typical American family.

Mr. Malone went on: "He was a clean sportsman and a good moral boy. Dothan is proud of him and he is proud of Dothan."

WHEN Johnny Mack departed for Tuscaloosa, his father told him, "Johnny, the eyes of Dothan are watching you. Go up there, study hard, and bring home the bacon." A tall, curly-haired, handsome youth stepped upon the train as it pulled out of the station, waving his hand and saying, "I'll do my best." His departure was quite different from his return, four years later, when he was met at that same station by a mob of citizens and (*Please turn to page* 86)

Ask MA, She Knows

What Stories Mothers Could Tell of the Baby Days of the Now Famous Stars



You'd never guess the identity of the chubby lad just above, unless we told you. He's smiling Regis Toomey, popular right now in the films. Below is Edwina Booth, the courageous heroine of "Trader Horn," at the tender age of three. And right is Phillips Holmes just back from military school for the holidays, with no thought of a screen career.



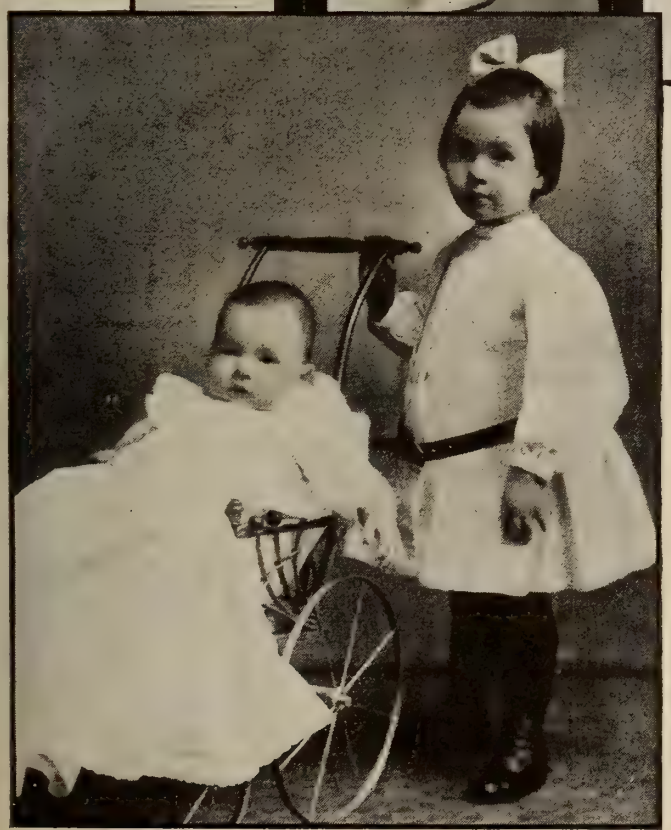


More famous folk as kiddies. Right, Lois Moran at the age of fourteen months. Wasn't she pretty —and isn't she beautiful right now? Just below, Mary Brian at four years, snapped down in Texas. Lower right, Bessie Love, long before she tried films. And, at the lower left, Charles Rogers being given an airing by his sister. Buddy was just four months old and even then was the pride of Olathe, Kansas. Nobody thought he would ever be a screen actor in those days. He was just "another baby" over at the Rogers' house.









She Tried to Stay Out of the MOVIES

Then D. W. Griffith selected Zita Johann For the Leading Role in His New Talking Picture

BY DENA REED



Zita Johann is a Magyar, born in the Southern part of Hungary. When she was seven, her family migrated to America. Her biggest stage successes were won in "Machinal" and in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." In D. W. Griffith's production of "The Struggle" Miss Johann plays the wife of an American working man.

"SHE has brains—that girl!" said D. W. Griffith of Zita Johann as he wandered into her dressing room while she was giving me her first movie interview. It was during the making of "The Struggle." We had had about seven interruptions before—just when I would get Zita talking, some one else would amble in—and I was ready to swear at D. W. himself, but I forgave him on the spot when he gave me my lead sentence.

Yes, Zita has brains—plus. The plus is such a breath-taking personality that you want to sit in analytic contemplation rather than go into "What Every Good Interviewer Should Ask."

I expected a successful stage star making her motion picture debut under Griffith's wing to be different, but I wasn't prepared for Zita. To begin with, she is tiny (the costume director said I must be sure to tell you she wears a size eleven dress, so you'll know just how tiny she is), but sitting talking with her you would never think it. So great is the impression she gives of mental and spiritual strength, that you imagine she must be much taller, so that, when she stands, her height—less than five feet—comes as something of a shock. But I'd be willing to wager that she isn't the sort of little woman that men want to protect—they wouldn't dare! Zita Johann is strong—there are no half-way measures about her—she knows what she wants and can take care of herself.

NO photograph of her can do her justice, for though it may catch her large brown eyes that seem to have been looking long at the sea, her intelligence, her simplicity, there is still her voice that is one of the chief factors of her personality. Deep yet not husky, it has its strangely-moving inflections that can probably be traced to her racial heritage.

Zita Johann is a Magyar, born in the southern part of Hungary. She began school at four because she was ambitious, she will tell you. Even at that early age she began to assert herself. When she was seven, her father, an artist, brought his family to New York. In due time she attended Bryant High School and joined the Kittredge Club for Girls. Every Kittredge Club member points proudly to Zita Johann today, for it was at the club that she developed the dramatic department and played the lead in most of the plays. Both in school and at the club she drifted naturally to dramatics.

"As a child," she said, "I wanted to be either a nun or an actress. Now I know it was the dramatic in religion that appealed to me. (*Please turn to page* 102)



The House You'd Like to Build

WHAT sort of house would you like to build? Would you choose a New England type of Colonial house, painted white with green shutters and a small front porch, or a Colonial house of the Southern sort, with rambling, roomy verandas, shaded with honeysuckle? Would you build a house of Spanish design made of stucco with a red tile roof, or would you prefer something on the French Provincial order or a house of authentic English design?

Unless you have made a closer study of architecture than most of us, you may have only a vague idea of the differences between the sort of Colonial houses that are characteristic of New England and those of the Southern type, and yet you can tell at a glance which you like best.

You may prefer the French Provincial type of house to one of the Spanish description without knowing the fine architectural distinctions—just as you prefer roses to chrysanthemums without bothering your head about their botanical classifications.

The important thing to remember is that the soundness of your judgment and the excellence of your taste in this matter of houses need not depend on your technical knowledge of architecture, though the architect's knowledge and experience are absolutely essential to produce the sort of house that you would like to live in.

Drive or walk through a residential section anywhere you like, and as you look at this house or that you are pretty sure to say to yourself or your companion, "I like that house." "I don't like this." "I'd like that house for some one else but this is the sort of house I should like to live in." Or you may go further and say: "I'd like that stucco house if it had a different sort of roof," or "That house is attractive but it has no veranda—I should never want to live in a house without one."

Architects have done wonderful things within recent years in this business of designing smaller houses. And builders have done their share in making it possible for us to have houses that are really beautiful and comfortable even though we may not have a large amount of money to invest in them.

They have devised new styles of houses, but more often they have gone back to earlier periods and have got their inspiration from houses built in other days. They have studied the old-fashioned houses built in this country in Colonial days—built a little differently in different sections of the country. And taking these old models for inspiration they have designed and built houses that are not only more comfortable, but actually more attractive than the old Colonial originals.

Then they have gone back to old world countries—notably to France, England and Spain—to find moderate-sized houses that might offer suggestions for homes of the modern American sort. Sometimes they have borrowed very lightly from the old world originals—merely making use of certain attractive features, the slant of a roof or the design of a window or the pattern of a cornice.

In this way there are innumerable sorts of houses for us to consider when it comes to choosing the sort of a home you would like for yourself.

So keep your eyes wide open. Visit the residential sections of your own and nearby towns and suburbs. Remember what you like and what you don't like and try to find out the reason for your preference or prejudice.

This is all part of a plan we have under way, full details of which will be announced later on. So think it over and next month you will find in this magazine sketches and plans of four practical houses of the sort that we consider most suitable for the average American family. They have been chosen for us by a committee of well-known architects and we want you to look at the sketches carefully and study the plans with a critical eye so that you can choose which of the four houses you would like best—that is which house you would choose if you were to build one for yourself.

We Want You to Decide

In the next issue of this magazine you will find sketches and plans of four houses, chosen for you from hundreds of buildable, livable, moderate-size houses. Each is architecturally a perfect example of its type and is practically adapted to the needs of the modern American family. We want you to decide which of the houses shown next month you like the best, so that as we go forward with our house planning we can know precisely the type of home that appeals to the majority of our readers.

DECEMBER

REVIEWS



William Collier, Jr., and Sylvia Sidney are the tenement lovers buffeted by fate in Elmer Rice's Pulitzer prize drama, "Street Scene," superbly filmed by Director King Vidor.

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

A REMARKABLE movie month! Remarkable because it brought forward two such fine films as King Vidor's "Street Scene" and Frank Borzage's "Bad Girl." Remarkable, too, in that it had such excellent pictures as Dick Barthelmess' new vehicle, "The Last Flight," the first film appearance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman," the presentation of George Arliss as one of his two favorite characters of history, Alexander Hamilton, and a swell melodrama, "The Spider."

The new season will have to travel some to beat those six striking photoplays.

Let us consider "Street Scene" first. This is the Pulitzer prize play by Elmer Rice. Samuel Goldwyn bought the screen rights, engaged Mr. Rice himself to supervise the film adaptation and selected Mr. Vidor, who is easily our best American director, to make it into celluloid. The result is a faithful and understanding presentation of the play, tenderly and sympathetically directed. And very well acted, too.

Rice's drama was a cross-section of life in a drab brownstone tenement in the West 60's of Manhattan. The stage play showed the front of the building, the events transpiring as you might see and overhear them from the sidewalk in front. The film follows this. Never once does the camera enter the house.

YOU see enacted the petty tragedies of the tenement's variegated dwellers. Babies are born, tenants are dispossessed, quarrels and gossip threaten its existence—but the chief drama centers about lonesome Mrs. Maurrant on the second floor front. Her husband comes home to surprise her with the milk collector —and he kills them both. In the end you see the tenement settling back to its old life, as the police, the newspaper reporters and the ambulances move on to a new sensation somewhere else.

Estelle Taylor is Mrs. Maurrant and Sylvia Sidney is her daughter. The best performances, to my way of thinking, are given by David Landau, as the vengeful husband, and William Collier, Jr., as a sensitive young Jewish boy who dwells in the tenement.

"Bad Girl," Vina Delmar's novel, is superbly translated to the screen by Frank Borzage, the man who made "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel." This is a story of an every-day boy and girl who meet, fall in love and marry—and it follows them on through the tragic problems of the first baby. The film retains all the direct, unadulterated dialogue of Miss Delmar's novel and, moreover, it is sanely, sincerely and movingly directed.

"Bad Girl" has lifted James Dunn, who plays the boy, to instant fame and it will do a great deal for Sally Eilers, who is sympathetic and human as the girl.

I recommend either of these films without a single reservation.

MR. BARTHELMESS' "The Last Flight" (First National) is adapted from John Monk Saunders' widely discussed short stories, "Nikki and her War Birds." Here, with brittle and unconventional dialogue, Mr. Saunders painted a picture of a crowd of young aviators, grounded by the Armistice, trying to forget before the Paris bars. Broken, embittered, nerves shattered, there is no future for these young chaps, trained to the science of killing. The boys encounter

Two Fine Films, "Street Scene" and "Bad Girl," Head the Productions of an Interesting Month—Comments Upon the New Pictures

a girl, Nikki, as mad and as irresponsible as themselves, and their subsequent adventures as they seek to forget, formed a series of yarns at once touching, amusing and sad.

Mr. Barthelmess has developed an unusual and decidedly out of the ordinary film from these Nikki stories. The star himself is excellent and there are admirable performances by Helen Chandler as Nikki and by David Manners as one of the war birds, Shep.

George Arliss' "Alexander Hamilton" (Warners) is a sincere, dignified and interesting film built about the life of the first Secretary of the Treasury. Through it move such historic figures as Washington, Jefferson, John Jay, Monroe and Talleyrand. With all these mighty men of the past as its chief figures, the film can not help being a little grandiloquent and stiff. But Mr. Arliss is as delightful as ever as Hamilton. And June Collyer will surprise you in the rôle of Mrs. Reynolds, the minx who almost eliminated Hamilton from his future pedestal in American history. The picture shows how Hamilton rides over this scandal to political success and domestic happiness.

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne stand at the forefront of the American-speaking stage, or rather what is left of the footlight theater. They are stars of the Theater Guild and among their successes is Franz Molnar's "The Guardsman," a rich and racy comedy of the Continental school. This has now been filmed by Metro-Goldwyn. They play two idols of the Viennese theater, married but now drifting upon the matrimonial rocks. The actor is violently jealous and, to test the fidelity of his wife, he masquerades as a Russian guardsman, thus making love to his own wife. He conquers her, too. Thus he is both happy and broken-hearted. I will not tell you the neat twist Molnar gives the lively plot at the finish. Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne play admirably together and both of them give the fine performances expected of them.

"The Guardsman" is smart, sophistical entertainment.



In "Alexander Hamilton," George Arliss gives one of his characteristically fine performances of the first Secretary of our Treasury. This picture is done with sincerity and unwavering good taste.



"Waterloo Bridge" (Universal) is the work of Robert Sherwood, motion-picture critic and playwright. It was a stage play of fair success. Transferred to the screen by Universal it becomes better entertainment, largely because of the able direction of James Whale, the man who made "Journey's End." Also because of two grand performances, one of a London street girl by Mae Clarke and the other of a British soldier by Kent Douglass, right now the best young actor in Hollywood. There is a brief romance between the boy and the girl of the pavements, a romance that can end only in heartbreak. You will find this one of those little pictures that are sincerely done and hard to forget.

(*Please turn to page* 80)

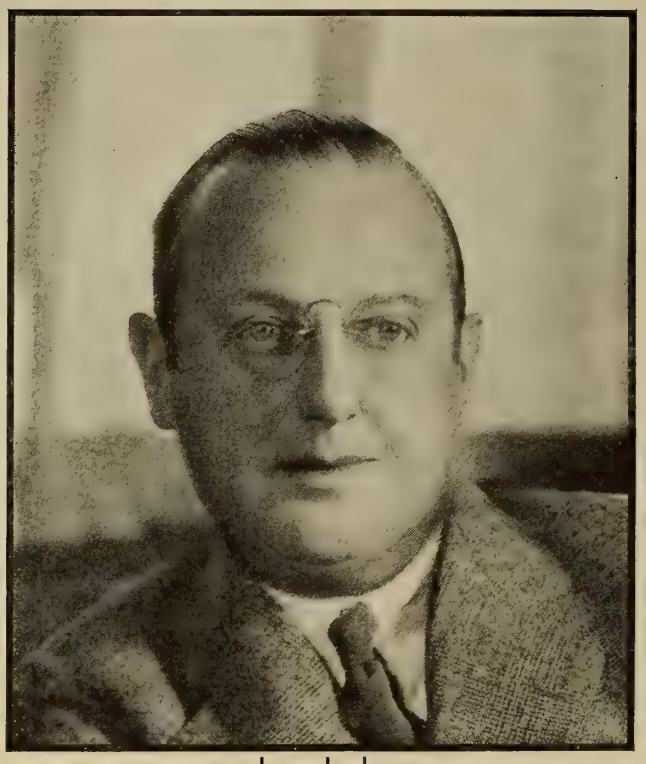
Vina Delmar's popular novel, "Bad Girl," has been filmed into a moving and sympathetic screen story by Director Frank Borzage. This film lifts James Dunn to fame and will do a great deal for Sally Eilers, too.

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Jesse Lasky

BY LYNDE DENIG

IF you pass Jesse L. Lasky striding down Fifth Avenue, as may happen almost any day that he is not making pictures in Hollywood, you are likely to mistake him for a banker, a broker, or, perhaps, the president of a life insurance company. Aggressive, energetic, always smartly dressed, he belongs on the Avenue quite as appropriately as he belongs on the high throne of power at the Paramount studios in California or Brooklyn. There is no Hollywoodian pose, no eccentric pretense about this exceedingly keen and forward-looking showman.



Jesse Lasky

Vitally interested in the job at hand, Mr. Lasky does not bother to recall a colorful background. But behind the cool decision of a disciplined executive, there lies a bold nature, prone to seek adventure, or so the record indicates. He has crammed several volumes of activity into the first fifty years of his life and appears to have retained enough pep to carry him through another fifty years at the same pace. His expression challenges an old proverb by placing a question mark before the dubious statement, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." He has done a deal of rolling, yet gathered enough moss to assure a soft bed to lie upon when he feels so disposed.

The career of Jesse Lasky, great grandson of Bernard Lasky, who came from Germany to New York in 1810, started in the editorial rooms of *The San Francisco Post*, immediately following graduation from the local high school. At that time Jesse's dominant interests were drama and sport, which he covered for *The Post*. All went well until he heard tall tales of gold in Alaska. They made him restless. He broke loose in the gold rush of 1900, told the boss that he was leaving *The Post* flat and set forth on the long, long trail to Nome.

In so far as Jesse was concerned, the trail led nowhere in particular. In lieu of gold, he found an unbroken sequence of weary days and dull nights, which might have been charged off as a total loss, save for one mitigating circumstance. The uneventful evenings offered ample time for music. Fortunately, the boy prospector was something of a musician with leanings toward the cornet. He practised to such good purpose that at the close of a bleak year in Alaska he was prepared to call himself a professional. He left the gold just where he didn't find it and hit upon the Hawaiian Islands as a suitable place to thaw the Alaskan chill out of his bones.

For six months, he enjoyed a merry time as leader of the Royal Hawaiian Band of Honolulu, after which he returned to San Francisco, but not to the office of *The Post*. Vaudeville was going big in those days, and high-class musical acts were in demand. Jesse talked the matter over with his sister, Blanche, a musically gifted young woman, and together they arranged a vaudeville number that clicked very nicely in Pacific Coast cities.

The rising young musician, however, not content with a future blown out of a cornet, headed for New York and a fresh start. He found Herman the Great, world-famous magician, in need of a manager. Herman must have detected a latent executive ability in the personable young Californian. Overlooking a lack of experience in dealing with the sharp minds of vaudeville, the renowned magician made Jesse his manager, a relationship that lasted up to the day of Herman's death. By that time, Jesse was well acquainted with the devious ways of vaudeville.

After a bit of serious thinking, he concluded that there were enough jugglers, plenty of singers, dancers, acrobats, or what have you. "There is a place in vaudeville," he remarked to Harry B. Harris, stage producer, "for a miniature musical comedy strong enough to headline." If you are old enough (it is just as well if you are not) you may remember the Lasky musical comedies, backed in part by Mr. Harris. The recorder of these incidents recalls the Lasky numbers as the brightest spots on the bill at the Old Poli Theater in Springfield, Mass., but that was twenty years ago.

By the year 1914, the year that "The Birth of a Nation" brought a new dignity to screen entertainment, motion pictures were seriously tapping the money-bags of vaudeville. Mr. Lasky read the handwriting on the screen, so did Samuel Goldfish (now Goldwyn) and together they organized the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play company dedicated to the art of the motion picture with the reproduction of David Belasco's stage plays as an immediate objective. There was a loud tooting of publicity horns over Belasco's seeming capitulation to the screen. But the capitulation, even to the day of the stage producer's death, never was complete, in regard, that is, to personal activity in the studio. With his favorite collaborator, Cecil B. De Mille, it was different. Mr. De Mille hung his coat on a studio peg, donned a pair of puttees and helped Mr. Lasky to turn out pictures good enough to rival the product of Mr. Zukor's Famous Players Company. "The Rose of the Rancho" was one of the first.

Within a short time, Messrs. Zukor and Lasky came together in a distributing organization known as Paramount, the most extensively advertised name in the field of motion pictures. Literally, millions of dollars have been expended in advising (*Please turn to page* 95)

Can BROADWAY Do Without Him?

He Has Been a Part of the "Main Stem" for Years but Now He is Going to Try His Luck in Hollywood.

BY SALLY BENSON



Jimmie Durante has long been a part of the night life of New York. His comedy has been a feature of many of the leading night clubs. Durante was born on the East Side of New York. He is an Italian. He actually talks the way outsiders think all New Yorkers talk. And his comedy is just on the border line of lunacy.

IT was Clayton, Jackson and Durante at the Club Durante, the Club Dover, the Parody Club, the Silver Slipper. It was Clayton, Jackson and Durante on the RKO Circuit, at the Paramount Theatres, and in that pleasantest and wildest of all revues, "The New Yorkers." But now Jimmie Durante is on his own again, headed for Hollywood, Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton have retired, and that incomparable and half-mad orchestra of theirs is resting.

And what will the little boys and girls in the back room do now, poor things, when midnight approaches and the craving for some of Jimmie Durante's classic insanity comes over them? It will be the river for most of us.

For instance, there was the Club Dover, one of those night clubs in the Fifties in New York. By daylight, it looked like any other small, shabby building on the street. But at night, with its sign, "Club Dover—Clayton, Jackson and Durante," blazing in electric lights it was, for three or four hours or as long as you could stand its fiendish din, the home of wild and harmless lunacy. They didn't have a girl show, although there was a chorus of sorts and several night club beauties came out every now and then to put over a song and dance. But the girls never seemed to get on very well with their work. Because no sooner did one of them get going good, than the wild figures of Clayton, Jackson and Durante came tearing out on the floor. Of course, there was Mademoiselle Fifi who was introduced by Jimmie Durante in this way: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not going to introduce you to Texas Guinan. I am not going to introduce you to Belle Baker. I am not going to introduce you to Sophie Tucker. BUT, I AM going to introduce you to MADAMMASELLE FIH-FIH!!"

And the amazement and wonder of having obtained any such prize as Mademoiselle Fifi was so plain in his voice, that Mademoiselle Fifi resigned each night when the applause was not deafening. She used to walk off the floor, saying definitely and audibly, "I queet." And each time she was coaxed back on again by Jimmie who finally built her up so that the applause was deafening. Then at the end of the week, she struck him for a raise. According to Jimmie, she chiseled him out of a two-dollar raise every week, until, from a start of twenty-five dollars, she was drawing down the princely sum of seventy-five.

SHE used to go from table to table asking the customers (we were customers at Jimmie's, not patrons) to tell him that we really came to the Club Dover to see her. And all of us obligingly did, the line usually being, "Say, Jimmie, you've got a great little find in Mademoiselle Fifi." But, unfortunately, she had one fault. At every table she ordered ham and eggs and ate them, too. So she got too fat and had to be fired. I haven't heard of her since.

There was a substitute Mademoiselle Fifi at the Parody Club, but she never approached the original. The only woman who has played with Jimmie and who took the place of Mademoiselle Fifi was Hope Williams who played with him in the New Yorkers. He seemed to inspire them both so that they appeared to be slightly cracked. And I hope Miss Williams won't be offended by the comparison. (*Please turn to page* 94)

DECEMBER

Read Your Fate in Your Face

(*Continued from page* 65)

cite Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Pickford, as the first three that come to mind. This does not mean that you cannot love to desperation with any type of eye, but it does mean that if you have the latter type your main concern in life could all too easily be romance. Is it any wonder that those whom nature has fashioned to play the lover most convincingly should play it on and off the screen and so be accused by their critics as being inconstant?

Probably the most important, wonderful and valuable pair of eyes in all the world are your own. How much would you charge were you compelled to sell them and get no others in exchange? Your eyes by their physical make-up tell a story of your age-long evolvement, the scenes most acceptable to your ancestors, and therefore most acceptable, stimulating, and helpful to you. No one else can see with your eyes, nor you with theirs.

The greatest step in personality development is to "know thyself." There is no better insight to that inner self than through these twin portals, twixt the outer and inner worlds of light and enlightenment. For an insight and more light on your natural personality, study the different types of eyes and their meanings and the nearer you can come to getting into the line of human endeavor where you can be yourself the happier you'll be.

EYES have a wide color range from the light, almost pink eyes of the Albino, down through the grey and grey-blues of most Northern races, then through the green and hazel to the browns and finally to the extreme black eyes of many tropical peoples. The colors are tempered or changed by climatic or light conditions.

The rare light pink eye of the Albino is best suited to seeing in the soft light and shadows, being blinded by direct sunlight. The other extreme, black and brown-eyed people, are frequently sun worshippers, or at least luxuriate in the strong intense direct sun rays near the equator. People of the temperate zones have eyes of the greatest variety of colors, conditioned by centuries of natural selection on the part of their ancestors. The color of the eyes is as indicative of character as the general shape. For instance, the hazel eye which is a sort of cross between the brown or black-eyed person and the greenish blue type. We can reason by the law of averages that the hazel eyed person has great powers of adaptability to different climates, or degrees of sunlight, therefore could probably live comfortably in various countries and get on equally well with either the dark-eyed, very clannish and personal people, or the light-eyed Northern and more casual people. The following are the characteristics attributed to the different colors. Find yours and your friends, to check and double check.

LIGHT PINK, or Albino. Shy, fearful, sensitive to light and strange situations. Usually have poor color sense.

LIGHT GREY, quiet disposition, reserved, shrewd, sometimes tricky on short acquaintance, but frank and matter-of-fact to those they love.

DARK GRAY, very willful and determined, quick-tempered, but easily reconciled, practical in all things, for the head rules the heart.

GREEN, keen, shrewd, jealous, but so diplomatic that they are much sought after for their entertaining ability.

LIGHT BLUE, jolly, humorous, original and changeable, quick to take in the atmosphere or personality of people, places, things.

DARK BLUE, strong character, talented, deep, reserved emotions, talk more cold-bloodedly than they really are.

HAZEL, loving, easily led and love to entertain, understand people and to cooperate.

LIGHT BROWN, changeable, coquettish, love the great thrills, crave diversion, make friends easily.

DARK BROWN, sincere, persuasive, roving emotional, romantic, must instinctively believe in their life work.

BLACK, intense, magnetic, strong passions, strong intuitive feelings, positive in their friendships and enmities.

Next month Mr. Benton contributes another remarkable article on facial analysis. If you follow this sensational series you will know how to read your future from your features—and how to read the features of your friends and acquaintances.

Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 31)

the Writers' Club a member was asked whom he thought was the greater man, Lincoln or Laemmle. Looking about to see if there were any Laemmle present, he whispered, "Lincoln."

WHILE Sidney Fox was confined to her home from a sprained ankle recently she disclosed a secret to one of the correspondents for NEW MOVIE. This secret hangs on a real carved jade set of necklace and bracelet, which she claims is an omen of good luck and is always upon her person while she is performing in a picture or on the stage. In the event the wearing of it interferes with her costume, she puts it into a little bag and ties the bag around her waist. It was given to her as a token of appreciation from a friend right after she made her first appearance in the Johnstown Stock Company.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., and Joan Crawford have returned to their Beverly Hills home after domiciling at the Ambassador Hotel for eight weeks, during which time the Fairbanks' house was undergoing a complete renovation. The old-new home was opened with a pretentious housewarming reception with the elite of Hollywood-Beverly Hills society attending.

AFTER struggling here for more than two years trying to gain recognition as a screen actress, Virginia Bruce decided to play a new field and went to New York, where she became engaged by Florenz Ziegfeld. She worked in the "Follies" for a year and then returned to Hollywood, where with a Broadway reputation, she walked into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and was immediately signed to a long-term contract. The actress is only seventeen years old.

ADD one more to the list of broken romances in Hollywood. When her Director Husband Joe Kaufman died, Ethel Clayton was a star possessed of everything to make a woman happy; position, wealth, ability, personality, and, as they go in Hollywood, friends. Then she married Ian Keith, an actor who tried to dress like John Barrymore . . . the low, long-tabbed collars and that sort of thing. Now she is going to get a divorce and the folks out here are wondering about it all.

ANYONE looking for traces of the old West will soon have to ring the bell at Universal's gates. Out there they have just made "Battling with Buffalo Bill" with real Indians. Rex Bell and Tom Mix are riding and roping long-horned steers for a series of pictures that ought to bring a wallop to the box-office. It's "Last Stand of the Old West."

Jim Tully is to be included in a book by George Jean Nathan titled, "Friends of Mine." It is to be released this fall.

LORETTA YOUNG admits getting a thrill every time she is asked for her autograph. Apparently Loretta has yet to develop what constitutes an artistic temperament.

IRVING PICHEL, the district attorney of "An American Tragedy," refused for years to become an actor, preferring to direct stage plays, because he said all actors are too egotistical.

But he's acting now and trying to keep "straight."

NED SPARKS, RKO comedian, is noted for the fact that no human emotion has ever been known to distort his sober features. In stage circles he is what is technically called a "dead pan" comedian. This, no doubt accounts for the fact that, since last October he has been married to Mercedes Caballero, the sister of one of the Fox executives, without his closest friends suspecting he was happy.

The Pose Pays

(*Continued from page* 37)

Howe and I had evolved an imaginary character that we called Ramon Novarro. We gave him so picturesque a background and such an intricate personality that both Ramon and ourselves were a little nervous for fear he couldn't remember always to do the act. Hence the seclusion. He has dropped all that now and is his gay lively self—around at all the parties.

Mabel Normand unconsciously started one of the Hollywood publicity rackets. It didn't last long. Nobody could spell the names of the authors. Anyhow it came about because Mabel was really a girl with a great deal of intellectual curiosity. She read heavy German philosophy. All the other girls grabbed at it—especially Betty Compson. For a while, it was an awful nuisance for a movie girl to be interviewed. She had to scatter philosophical tomes all over the house—one thrown carelessly on the big armchair under the reading light—another by the lavender bedside—one propped up on the table in the breakfast nook. At first, the ladies approached this gag with alarm. By golly, what if some fan writer really knew about German philosophy! They discovered that they could safely read extracts from the delinquent tax list and get away with it. But the whole thing was a bore.

THE men also suffered. Doug Fairbanks started a jumping gag. There was a time when the only way to enter a Hollywood drawing-room was through the window; then a leap over the grand piano and finally settle yourself to rest and quietude by chinning yourself a couple of times from the chandelier. It was too tough on the back muscles and the parlor furniture.

There was another racket instituted by accident by Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore. This was the Big Business gag. Corinne really did make a lot of investments. So did Ruth Roland and Colleen. This started all the girls in synthetic Big Business careers.

Then there was the dining-at-the-White-House gag.

I think that Mary and Doug started this one when they went to talk to President Woodrow Wilson about the campaign to sell the Liberty Bonds. It caught on like wild fire. For a time, the President had to eat breakfast off the sideboard, not being able to push in through the gang of movie ladies at his breakfast table. This was wrecked when the producers horned in. They wanted to eat corn pone at the White House too. Before their ravaging advance the stars respectfully retired. Now Louis B. Mayer is the sole guest.

A gag that bobs up every once in a while is the Indian-princess gag. Every time the gent in the war bonnet stops for breath in the course of selling Kikapoo Indian Sagwa—In-di-ann Pain Killer—In-di-ann Corn Cure—some movie star horns in and they have to make her a princess. Marion Davies must be a princess in nearly all the tribes. They photograph her and the other girls holding tomahawks and wearing war bonnets of eagle feathers. I don't know whether this has any bearing on the case in point; but the truth and the facts are that never in the history of the American Indians was there, nor has there ever been any such critter as a princess. All Indian tribes were pure democracies.

Among the best rackets were:

Clara Bow's "Unrestrained Youth" . . . "Hot Babies."

Lupe Velez' "Wild and Tempestuous Hot Heart."

THE Good Girl one was developed by Betty Bronson, Mary Brian and others who went around with their mothers; presumably read Little Rollo books and never went out at night.

Clara's "Modern Youth" went great; but the press agents found that it wasn't as easy to get her off the front pages as on the front pages. Damage suits, blackmail cases, etc. Like many an anxious parent, the publicity men found that flappers have a lot of speed but do not always answer the rein.

They loved Lupe in her unrestraint; she smashed all over the front pages. But the temperamental Guadalupe got too enthusiastic. When she poured a pitcher of cream down the back of a very temperamental leading man and smashed all Cecil de Mille's best imported Chinese vases when the secretary kept her waiting too long, they decided it was time for Lupe to pipe down—and then she wouldn't pipe.

The Best-Dressed one had been worked by just about every well-known star on stage and screen. This one will last forever. Norma Talmadge's pictures began to go down hill from the minute she rebelled at being a clothes horse. The same is true of Gloria Swanson. You will notice that Gloria has never failed when she came out with a lot of nifty clothes. She hates the idea, but every time she has kicked over the traces the exhibitor boys have filled the land with their piteous wails.

POLA'S is the latest and toughest of imitation. I don't know how catching it will be. It is the Secrets-of-Diplomacy gag. She talks about the peril that confronts the white races—the rise of Oriental philosophy . . . the reason why Dutch colonies are successful—the Locarno Treaty—the fall of Briand—the reason why German treaty cruisers carry eleven-inch guns as against the six-inch pop guns of the Allies—the problems of the Polish diplomatic corridor . . . the destiny of America—the ancient prophecies of the Hindus . . . the use of cavalry in the next war . . . the secret plans of the French air force. . . .

I often talk to Pola about these things. I can readily understand some of it—all the words like "is" and "was" and "this" and "here."

For Pola it has proved to be a great gag. I don't know how much of it she really understands, but she makes the most intelligent noises in these directions.

The other girls look yearningly at Pola's publicity.

Do they dare?

Can they maybe get away with it?

To which I answer mournfully through my sympathetic tears. Not a chance. This is much worse than German philosophy. You have to read something in the morning paper besides Hollywood chatter.

Joan Crawford instituted the happily married and connubial bliss idea. Like most of the really good ones, it was an accidental inspiration—and still, I am happy to say, is an unconscious effect on her part.

Joan and Doug Jr. are really terrifically in love; but their obvious bliss has proved to be such a rapturously successful act that all the other Hollywood married couples are trying to do their best to copy it. All rolling pins are now hurled in strict privacy.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 6)

them in the future. The famous vocal refrain for this number is done by Chick Bullock and chorus.

The other side is also by the same band—a red-hot stomp—"Heebie-Jeebies" is the title and that's about right, too. You'll hear a poo-poo-pa-doop chorus by George Morton. (This is a Victor record.)

THIS time we hear from the Pacific Coast, "At Your Command," by that prime favorite, Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. This aggregation always turns out good records, and this is no exception. If I recall correctly, this tune was written by some California boys and maybe that's why they play it so well. I expected this would have the vocal done by Bing Crosby, but they fooled me and it's Donald Novis who does the honors.

The other side, also by Gus and the boys, "Just One More Chance," and it's good. Donald Novis again sings for you, so go out and buy it. (This is a Victor record.)

As long as the depression still seems to be on (for me, anyway) why not drop around and get a good twenty-five cent record? "Basin Street Blues," is the name of it and it's played by none other than Cab Calloway and his Cotton Club Orchestra. This is a number that Louis Armstrong recorded some time ago, and I think you'll like Cab's arrangement. This has that famous trumpet solo, which Louis Armstrong featured, and let me say right now that Louis had better watch out, for the boy with Cab is going to give him a run for his money. Of course, Cab does the vocal end.

The other side is also by Cab Galloway, "It Must Be Susie," which is just one more tune. The high spot on this side is the trumpet work. (This is a Perfect Record.)

Here are two Louis Armstrong records that I happened to pick up, and if you are an Armstrong fan, don't miss them. "Little Joe," and "Them There Eyes" on one record, and "Blue Again" and "When Your Lover Has Gone" on the other. They are Louis at his best. (These are Okey Records.)

DECEMBER

The Highest Paid Director

(*Continued from page 63*)

Learning that Tourneur's films were made at Fort Lee, New Jersey, the young mechanical engineer made the supreme decision of his life. Giving up a salary bigger than a senator's and perhaps more honestly earned, he bravely burned all bridges behind him, to ward off his own retreat, and started for Fort Lee, New Jersey.

It reads like fiction but it's fact.

The great director consented to see him. Brown landed a job as his assistant director.

"Have you had any experience in pictures?" Tourneur asked.

"No, sir," replied Brown.

"Well, you have a lot of nerve," suggested Tourneur.

"Yes, sir, I have," replied Brown.

That was sixteen years ago. Tourneur a compassionate and kindly man, has long since passed from the American scene. His young assistant has long since become a power among directors with a half dozen years as Tourneur's assistant, he has been consistently placed among the country's leading directors for the past five.

It was long an axiom in the film world that an assistant could never become a high class director. His head had too much detail for the vast currents of emotion that were supposed to roar in the often shell-like emptiness of his superior's dome. Brown was later to prove that the axiom had no more logic than that a man could not become a writer because he had first learned to spell.

Of infinite, even tenacious patience, Brown is a close observer of actualities. The people in his films are constantly moving. Well he knows that restrained and subtle acting attracts only the attention of a few sophisticated people. A shrewd executive, he has the psychology of an American army officer. He allows none of his subordinates to get too close to him. His reticence is heavily covered with the protective armor of reserve. It allows him plenty of time to formulate his own decisions without being disturbed by the meanderings of lesser minds.

THE mechanical engineer does no work by guess. Cutters have little trouble in arranging for his film the proper continuity. A man like Chaplin will waste four hundred thousand feet of film in order to get a program picture of ten thousand feet. Seldom, if ever, has a thousand feet of film been cut from any of the three score pictures that Brown has directed.

Tourneur—and Brown is the first to admit it—was in many respects a bigger man than his brilliant pupil. The failure of the sad and bewildered Frenchman was a magnificent object lesson to his shrewd and practical assistant. A master of photography, a conjurer of beautiful screen illusion, Tourneur's mind was too big for the medium in which he was doomed to work. He tried to bring beauty and complexity to millions whose minds were only developed slightly above the primitive, who see life in terms of action.

YEARS later, after Tourneur and Brown had gone their different ways, a film company asked Brown to complete a picture upon which his one-time master had failed. Brown, the gentleman, refused. Hearing this, I asked the pupil about his master. "He's God to me," said Brown tersely, "he taught me all I know." This, of course, from the amazingly accurate Brown, is not quite accurate. Tourneur did not teach the pupil how to get six thousand a week. The Frenchman was too vast with the hurts of life to be shrewd.

One might look in vain for the director while Brown is handling a picture. An assistant wields the megaphone in forming all large backgrounds and even lesser groups. Brown's voice cannot be heard four feet away. He instructs his players quietly. His instructions are never general, but always to the individual concerned.



Turn to page 56 and read all about lovely Peggy Shannon and her adventurous career from Pine Bluff, Ark., to Broadway. It's one of the really human stories of Hollywood.

To the most petulant women star he is as gentle as a priest. No one must know when the general is irritated by the many important details of his campaign.

He has been more successful with Garbo than any other director.

Many consider Miss Garbo's work in "Anna Christie" the best of her career. More than any other director, Brown keeps the work of his players in conformity with the film. A player is allowed to perform to the full measure of his or her ability, but not to "steal" the picture at the expense of all concerned. In "Anna Christie" Marie Dressler was allowed complete liberty as an accomplished artiste. Her work in this film, under Brown's direction, gave her the immense vogue which she now enjoys.

Brown frankly admits that he fought against putting Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie." He did not doubt her stage ability. As a screen actress, she was, to him, an untried source.

BROWN was instrumental in giving Louise Dresser her big chance when he directed "The Goose Woman." He wanted that sterling player for the part which was to make Miss Dressler world-known. He was, and many consider rightly, overruled.

He still contends that Louise Dresser would have rendered as excellent a performance as Marie Dressler's, however different. He next will direct Marie Dressler in her first starring vehicle, "Emma."

Brown's technical crew has remained with him for a long time. His assistant director, Charles Dorian, has been with him eight years, his chief camera man, William Daniels, as long.

His reserve is likewise a shield for deep humanity. When a confidential employee became ill for months Brown paid his salary regularly the entire period, and sent him a message each day to relieve him of worry.

This reserve, along with his success, has made Brown many enemies in Hollywood.

Like most animosity, it is based on misunderstanding. He simply cannot pretend. He is without pretense in any form. He never comments on a fellow director disparagingly. He is generous in praise. After seeing Lewis Milestone's "All Quiet on the Western Front," his taciturn equilibrium was shaken. "It made me feel like never wanting to direct another picture, it's so fine."

Recently, a young director failed with his first picture. It was, in the parlance of Hollywood, put "on the shelf." Finally Brown was asked to make "retakes" and salvage a film considered too terrible for the public taste.

This, of course, would indicate that the film was quite terrible. The director refused.

Louis B. Mayer sent for him and justly said, "We are giving you six thousand dollars a week, Clarence, on the assumption that you are a better director than——whom we only give five hundred. If we thought otherwise, we'd give him a thousand dollars a day

(*Please turn to page 93*)

Your Best THANKSGIVING DINNER

Foods are better than they ever were before, so your Thanksgiving dinner should be the best you ever served.



Our New Circular contains Recipes for 100 Favorite Thanksing dishes and five dinner menus.

BE content this Thanksgiving Day with nothing less than the best dinner you ever had in your life. There really are ever so many reasons why this year's feast should be better than any that has gone before.

Knowledge of food, and the art and science of cookery, have advanced enormously within the past few years.

Foods are better because more time and effort and intelligence have been spent to make them good. Improved methods of production, transportation and distribution have brought you a variety and wealth of food materials such as you have never had to choose from before. Delicacies that were once luxuries for the few are now within the reach of many.

And kitchen utensils, stoves and other cooking equipment have improved so greatly that the Thanksgiving feast which would once have taken many anxious hours to prepare may now be prepared in half the time with perfect assurance of success.

Of course we all like to sentimentalize a little about old-fashioned cooking. As we grow older we may even think that the flavor of cranberry sauce is not so tantalizing now as it was when we were young; that turkey, roasting in the oven on Thanksgiving morning, had a more delicious aroma and that pumpkin pies were more luscious in the good old days.

But the truth of the matter is that cranberry sauce, roast turkey, pumpkin pie and all the other traditional dishes of Thanksgiving dinner are generally better now than they ever were, because so much effort and knowledge have been spent to perfect their quality and flavor.

And so whether you have much or little to spend for the feast—whether you are making preparations for a large family reunion or intend only to serve a simple dinner for your own immediate family—we want you to join with us in making this year's Thanksgiving dinner the best you ever served.

MENU

Celery Olives

Original Assorted Canapes

Roast Turkey with Favorite Stuffing

Candied Sweet Potatoes Mashed Turnips

Jellied Vegetable Salad

Pumpkin Pie

Nuts and Raisins

Coffee

To help you carry out this plan we have prepared a new food circular which includes the following helps for the Perfect Thanksgiving Dinner:

Menus for five dinners—ranging from one that may be prepared for a very moderate amount of money to an elaborate bill of fare suitable for a really lavish feast.

A collection of our best Thanksgiving recipes, including:

Twenty of the most appetizing new canapes to serve as the first course.

Our special recipe for preparing and roasting the turkey.

Our six most savory stuffings.

Six substitutes for roast turkey, so delicious that you'd never suspect they cost so little.

A new and special sort of candied sweet potato with ten other choice sweet potato dishes.

Twenty vegetable dishes suitable for the Thanksgiving dinner.

A new and extraordinarily delicious jellied vegetable salad with suggestions for eleven other appropriate dinner salads.

Our favorite cranberry sauce with eleven other ways of using cranberries.

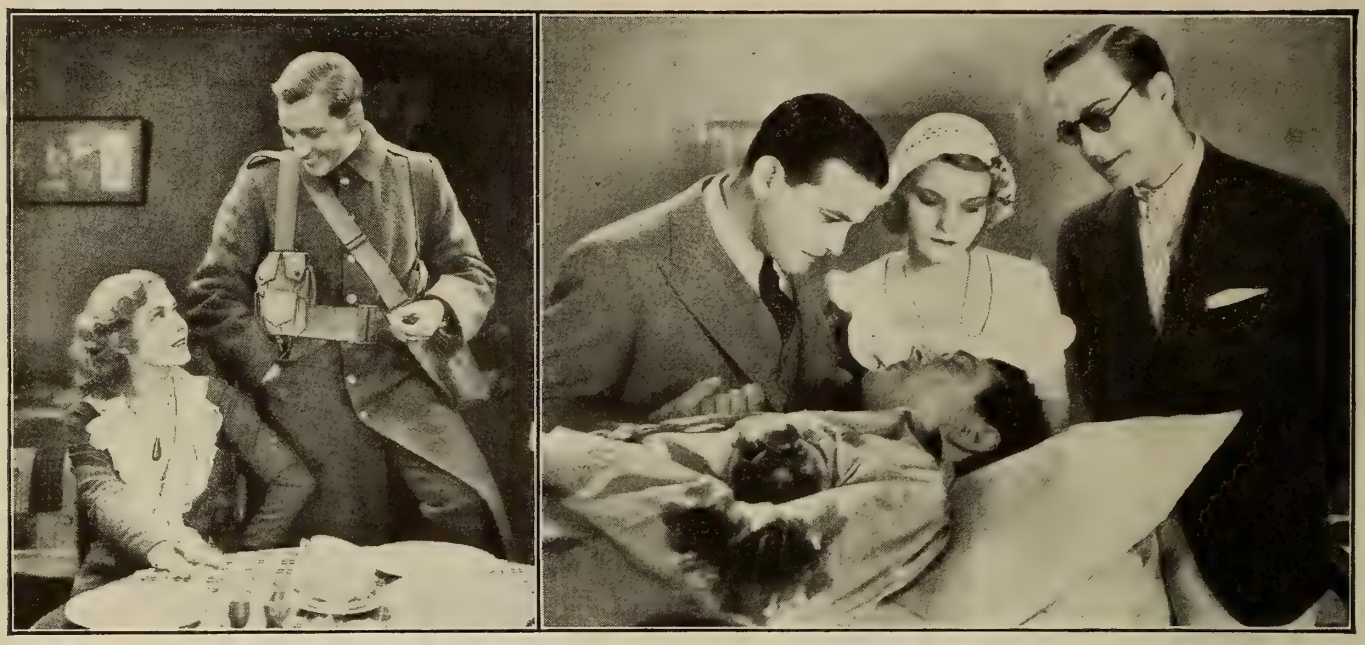
Our best pumpkin pie with eleven other popular pumpkin, squash and mince pies.

We have chosen recipes for dishes that have proved exceptionally popular and that may be prepared without difficulty by the average cook. You will find them useful not only in preparing Thanksgiving dinner but for many other occasions.

The circular also contains directions for making amusing favors from dates, figs, raisins, and other sweetmeats; suggestions for making a number of other favors and for decorating the Thanksgiving dinner table as well as suggestions for timely stunts and games that will make your Thanksgiving dinner a great success.

To secure your copy of our Best Thanksgiving Dinner Circular, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of this magazine, and it will be sent to you.

REVIEWS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73



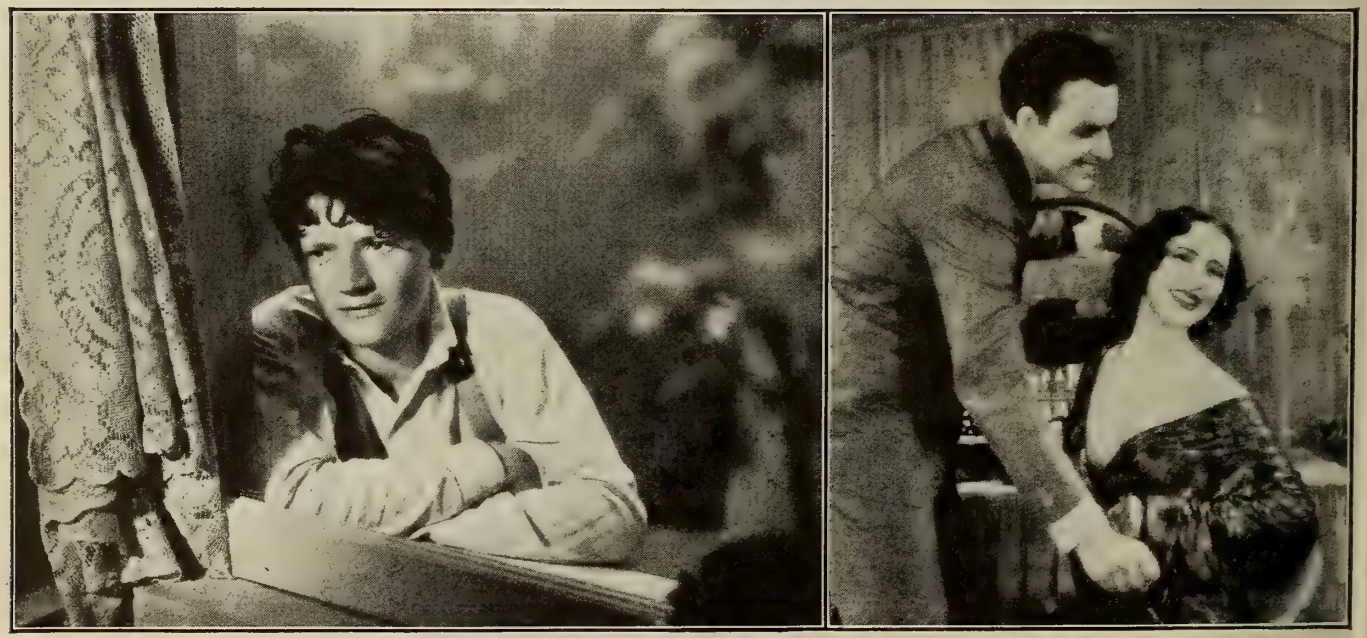
Left: A touching scene between Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass in the story of London in war time, "Waterloo Bridge." Right: The death of one of the war birds outside the Lisbon bull ring in Richard Barthelmess' new film, "The Last Flight."

"THE SPIDER," as a stage melodrama by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, was a gorgeous thriller. In making this exciting yarn into a picture, the Fox forces retained most of the kick. A magician-hypnotist is at the height of a performance when a man is killed mysteriously in the audience. By hypnotism and the various tricks of magic, the Great Chatrand solves the crime and picks the murderer from the audience. All this is tense and novel, with Edmund Lowe making an effective hypnotist.

I feel sure that you will like Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid," based on Grace Perkins' highly successful novel. I say that even with recollections of Miss Carroll's last film, "Night Angel." Here she plays one of those higher employees in a home of wealth, hired to smooth out all the wrinkles and all the difficulties confronting the mistress of the house. This offers an interesting picture of the inside machinery of a great house. It is an interesting motion picture with the star giving an appealing performance.

I WAS disappointed in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount's filming of that immortal novel of a boy by Mark Twain. This company did well with his earlier—and lesser—story, "Tom Sawyer," but the heart of "Huckleberry Finn" is gone. You will be surprised to find Tom Sawyer accompanying Huck on all his adventures and you will be startled (*Please turn to page* 88)

Below, left: Junior Durkin as Mark Twain's immortal hero, Huck Finn. Right, below: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the racy and piquant farce, "The Guardsman."

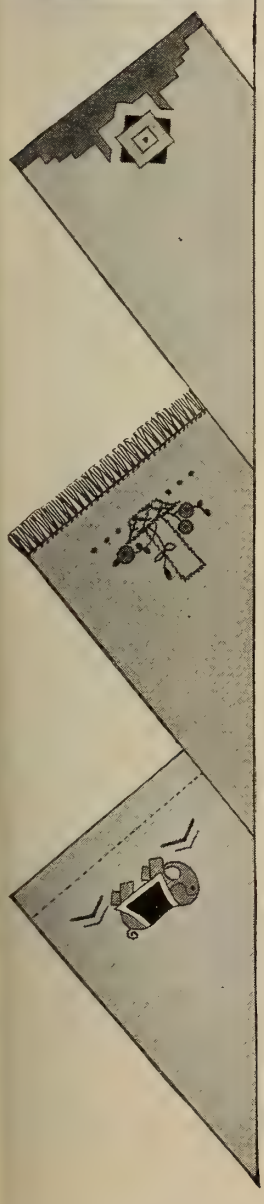


Christmas presents

Here are gifts that you can make at small cost with the complete and simple directions given in our New Method circulars



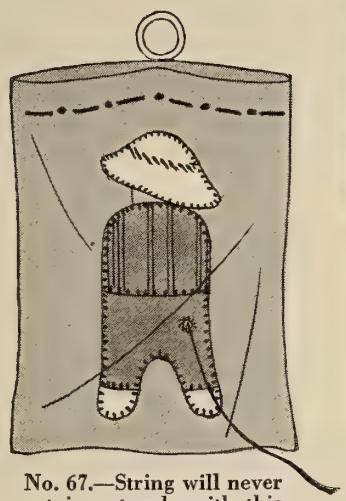
No. 64.—A tiny baby doll all dressed up in crocheted bootees, bonnet, and pinafore will please any little girl. Full directions for making two sets are given in the circular.



No. 66. — Tiny finger towels in three dainty patterns will help you with many of your Christmas problems, and the circular will assist you in making them.



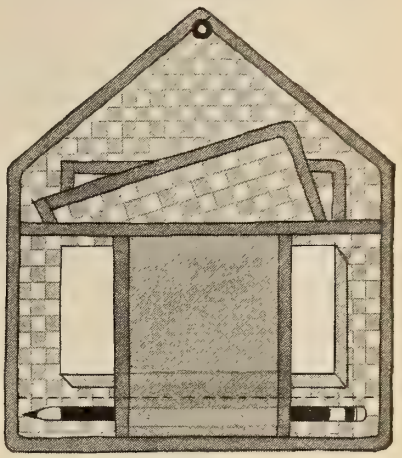
No. 65. — Give this crocheted thimble holder to one of your sewing companions and help her end the game of hunt the thimble. Directions are given in the circular.



No. 67.—String will never get in a tangle with this handy appliquéd bag easy to make according to directions given.

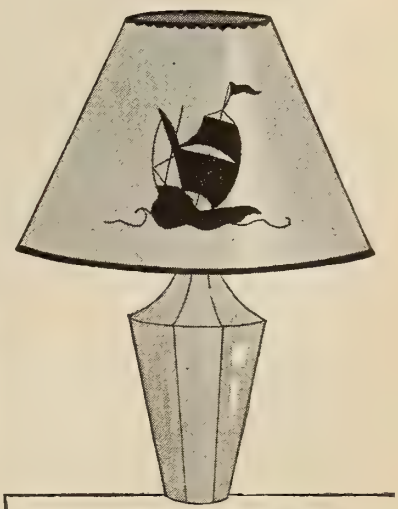
No. 68.—Decorate this tin or paper wastebasket according to directions given in the circular — a gift suitable for almost anyone on your list.





No. 69.—Hot pads in a hanging case fitted for a pad and pencil, too, will make a kitchen gift. Full directions are given in the circular.

No. 70.—A lampshade that is easy to decorate, with the directions given in the circular, will be a suitable gift for either a man or a woman.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or 20 cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate the circular you wish by number.



The four Marx Brothers: Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo. They're stars on the musical comedy stage and they have won a considerable place for themselves in film comedy. You'll see them soon in a new film comedy.

Chaplin Buries His Love

(*Continued from page* 33)

London beauty, exquisitely gowned, beautifully coiffed and taught to carry herself with queenly grace and poise. There was nought of the little Hetty of Kennington Park, nothing about this exquisite creature to recall happy days when they dreamed dreams on barren park benches, and dared the chill winter winds. A barrier had come between them, invisible but certain and try as they would, the threads of their old love could not be picked up where they were left off.

Charlie Chaplin was hurt.

"That isn't Hetty!" he sobbed to Syd, his brother, who was with him in London that night. "That isn't the girl I loved with all my heart when I went away. I wanted my Hetty Kelly who was poor. But this—this——!"

The tears fell, uncontrolled. It possibly was the bitterest moment of Charlie Chaplin's life. Gone were his hopes and his dreams and an ideal. His little poor girl had been transformed into a little rich girl and all he had to offer now save his heart, could mean little to her.

Unutterably sad, he turned his back upon London to return to America and amass a fortune. Hetty Kelly married an army officer who was killed in France. Upon his death, she cabled to Charlie who rushed to her side. But just as he neared her home, six men came out of the door carrying a casket. Hetty Kelly was dead.

I HAVE always said and I still believe that Charlie Chaplin gets many of his most effective screen episodes from events which have happened in his life. Do you remember that scene in "The Gold Rush" where he gives a Christmas dinner, to which his dance-hall girl, (Georgia Hale) is invited as the guest of honor? How he prepares a wonderful feast, dolls up the one-room shack for all he is worth then waits and waits amid the growing shadows for her to arrive? And finally, how he sits alone without her, trying to hide his bitter disappointment?

And again in "City Lights," how he takes money from an inebriated man to give to the little blind girl, (Virginia Cherrill)? How he goes ragged and is peppered with spit-balls by street gamins—all so he can provide her with funds to obtain eye treatments? And how, at the last, she sees and recognizes him and hands him a flower as he passes on into obscurity? In these incidents I see reflected the end of his romance with the little Hetty Kelly, his bitter disappointments and disillusionments. Happiness always is snatched from him just as he reaches it.

This fact probably is better depicted through his marriage to Mildred Harris and his subsequent filming of "The Kid," the picture which brought Jackie Coogan into the limelight. I believe the basis of the whole story of "The Kid" was the advent of Charlie's and Mildred's baby into the world and its untimely death.

Most everyone in Hollywood knows that Charlie was one of the most excited and upset of prospective fathers when the child was about to be born. He was happier, it appeared, than ever during his residence in filmland. Painters and decorators were called in to prepare a wonderful nursery at the Chaplin home where the sunlight would fall in correct proportions. Beautiful layettes, a crib and infants' playthings were supplied in endless variety. Nursery characters were painted on the walls and footboards and Mildred asked that little groups of mice be among them so that their baby would not be afraid of mice as it grew up.

"These will be for *our* 'Little Mouse'," Charlie suggested.

Visitors in the house saw the nursery with its scampering mice and were amused by the idea. In time, close friends began referring to the coming baby as "The Little Mouse," too, and the appellation gradually grew.

Then there came the day at the hospital where Charlie walked the corridor outside of a white room as doc-

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tors and nurses came and went. Each time the door opened, he started forward eagerly. One of his great wishes was coming true. And when, after what seemed ages, a finger beckoned for him to come in, he entered quickly and looked down into the face of a son, a wee bit of humanity, snuggled closely to Mildred's arms.

"The Little Mouse!" he said, tenderly.

Radiantly happy, plans were made to christen the infant Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr. It would be taken to the sunny nursery with the funny little figures on the wall and the scampering mice. There would be weeks and months and years watching the little fellow grow.

BUT again, as usual, the hopes and plans of the comedian were rudely dashed to bits, his dreams shattered. The tiny figure of the child writhed convulsively a moment or two and a sheet was carefully thrown over the body. The soul had fled.

At Inglewood cemetery visitors today come across a small mound with a stone slab over its top. On this slab is carved, simply:

THE LITTLE MOUSE
July 7—July 10
1919

Few know that beneath it lies buried the body of the Charlie Chaplin-Mildred Harris baby. The little mound is by the side of a pool which is shaded by the boughs of pepper trees.

Remember Chaplin's picture, "The Kid"? How he picked up an urchin, cared for him, looked after his needs, only in the end to have him rudely snatched away? And can't you see in it a fragment of the pathos and tragedy which surrounded the advent of "The Little Mouse" into the world and its subsequent withdrawal just as his arms were outstretched to hold and keep it? And the tears that came into Chaplin's eyes?

The utter loneliness that pervaded the comedian's home after the death of the child, the hollowness of the house, got upon the nerves of Charlie and Mildred and their paths divided. Chaplin paid $107,500 for his freedom.

I think that right there ended for all time the loves of the king of comedians. Friendships he has had, lots of them since those days. He was an admirer of and was greatly admired by Pola Negri in 1923 and the rumor spread that they were engaged. They played around together at Del Monte and Chaplin let the gossips talk as they pleased about the probable forthcoming marriage. But his principal comment as to any definite date for the nuptials, was:

"It will depend upon our temperaments when we will get married."

And their temperaments never said "when."

PROBABLY his greatest friendship has been and is with Georgia Hale, who played the leading feminine role in "The Gold Rush." Georgia understands him—his moods and temperament. She is a charming companion who knows when to talk and when to keep still and she never is annoying with idle chatter.

"What am I to do?" Charlie remarked not so very long ago. "I can't go out with a girl without everyone saying I am about to slip a wedding ring on her finger. It's unfair to the girl and it's unfair to me. Never again will I marry."

"We are just—good friends," commented Georgia, who is a very beautiful Missouri girl.

Of his marriage to Lita Grey, Chaplin seldom speaks. In it, I do not believe there was a single spark of love. No two could have been more mismated. Chaplin's associates were men and women of arts and letters. Lita was in the grade schools when they wed and kept up her studies under direction of the Los Angeles Board of Education even after she became a bride. Charlie is a tireless reader of classics and converses fluently on most any topic. Figuratively, Lita "could not speak his language." As a companion, she was impossible. She admitted this when her divorce suit was in the courts.

"It is impossible to live with a great artist like Chaplin," she told reporters.

Yet when she was in Paris last March, she intimated that a reconciliation was possible. "You never can tell," she said. "The kiddies might bring us together."

To which Charlie promptly and vociferously replied: "There is absolutely no truth to reports that the former Mrs. Chaplin and I will become reconciled." And he meant it.

For the two sons borne by Lita, Chaplin exhibits moderate interest. He provides for them handsomely but there is naught of the love which centered about "The Little Mouse," which crept into his life and flitted so quickly out when he was married to Mildred Harris. At their divorce trial, Charlie permitted Lita to demand and receive custody of both the boys. He seldom sees them now. He looks back on the whole episode with bitterness—the hurried trip to Mexico in 1924, the marriage in Empalme at 4 o'clock in the morning by a Justice of the Peace, his spending most of that day alone fishing in the bay at Guayamas, then the trip home which ended in his fleeing through a barley field to escape cameramen and reporters. It all was a bitter pill for him to swallow.

Now, with his hair rapidly graying, well past middle age, possessed of more money than he ever can spend and with everything material at his beck and call, he will live the remainder of his life amid friendships. He, himself, says he will. There will be no more romances, no calls from the love god, no deliriums of passion. He is enthralled with his work. He lives in his great house with a retinue of servants free to give rein to his moods and temperaments and be unmolested. Young women glory in his companionship at the theater, at the exclusive parties and at dinners. He is a charming host in his own home where he can choose the guests that he likes. The idea of a Mizzi Muller, Czecho-Slovakian girl, or any other woman coming now to disrupt his mode of living, is unthinkable.

CHAPLIN sits for hours, playing the great pipe organ built into his residence. There are times, no doubt, when he pours from its depths some sad, sweet melodies directed to little Hetty Kelly. There probably are times when he plays a paternal remembrance to "The Little Mouse," his first-born who lingered so briefly, then scampered away like other little mice scamper away. But there are few other pieces into which he puts his heart, except for the beauty of the music and the cadence they contain.

"I shall never marry," he said.

That pathetic little smile which has characterized his impersonations on the screen, played momentarily about the corners of his mouth and eyes as he spoke and he seemed torn between feelings of wistfulness and regret. He has loved—and lost.

The book is closed.



The tribulations of a film actress on a warm afternoon. Wynne Gibson spends her afternoons in her swimming pool in Beverly Hills. You next will see Miss Wynne in "The Road to Reno"—but not in this costume.

DECEMBER



Claudia Dell demonstrates correct beauty first-aids. Top left, how to apply eye shadow with your finger. You can't beat this natural method. Do not use more than will make your eyes bright. Second: Miss Dell shows how to touch up the lips on their natural line. Give the lips more curve, if necessary, by extending the rouge area. Also bring the rouge well into the inside; rouge and teeth set each other off. Third: Powder carefully. Do not daub it on, and be sure to blend out all the marks. Fourth: Always brush a bit of rouge lightly under the chin if your face is full.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The Essential Points About Facial Make-Up —The Demands of the New Empire Mode—Lipsticks Are Dangerous Implements

By ANN BOYD

LET'S kiss and make up. Or maybe we'd better make up first—and be ready for anything. This is our chance to prove our artistry. Maybe we can't paint a landscape or sculpt in marble, but how we can create new faces and carmine the lily cheeks!

We can make up our face to suit ourselves. But be sure it suits. Of course, even then we have a good deal of leeway. Only one face, true; but so many selves, so many moods to express! If nature made our face entirely different than our personality or personalities we can do something about it these days. Of course, there are certain essentials of feature and contour that must always be considered before embarking on a new makeup personality.

Nowadays hair may be dyed safely and easily, but should never be done thoughtlessly. Eyes that are dull and pale may be brought into the limelight with a little judicious use of mascara and eye shadow. If our face is too long, we can disguise it by careful hair arrangement and studied placing of rouge—or better still make a point of it by emphasizing it. The makeup box and its attendant aids are fast becoming the art school of the modern maid and matron.

IT'S wisest usually to see if we haven't neglected a few of our best points before deciding to make radical changes in our face to the world. Consider accenting your unsophisticated charms before deciding to go sleek haired, ochre powdered and heavily carmined in a big way. The Empire mode demands curly hair for its best expression and plenty of it. And that doesn't wear well with the more artificial types of makeup.

There's Ellen, brown eyed and blonde, with unaccountably fair skin meant for her blue eyed sisters. She doesn't hesitate to go in for a golden shade of powder so that she can harmonize better with the rusty browns so popular this fall. She uses a warm tone of red both for lips and cheeks, and brown eye shadow.

Mary's hair was light brown, but she exchanged it for platinum blonde. Her skin is fair and her eyes are blue, so she wears a light natural powder and is very careful in selecting her rouge, because she knows that a harsh shade—or too much of any tone for that matter—would add years to her age. She wears blue eye shadow, but only at night, because even the faintest touch shows up on her fair skin under daylight.

Then Arlene, with her medium brown hair, her in-between skin. She realized finally that her green eyes ought to be played up and found just the shade of blue-green eye shadow. She pays particular attention to her lashes and brows, too, and mixes the tiniest bit of green in her face powder.

But sometimes it isn't what you do that counts so much as how you do it. Lipsticks are dangerous implements in the hands of many women. The best effect of lip coloring will always be achieved if the natural line of the mouth is followed. Large mouths are decidedly in style, so there is no necessity for applying lip rouge at the center only. If the mouth is really unusual in size, rouge should be applied more heavily in the center and sparingly toward the ends, but they should never be left entirely unrouged. Care should be taken, too, to do the inside of the mouth.

Artificial cupid's bows are never successful if they are made by rouging into the skin over the upper lip. Leaving a tiny line uncolored at the center of the lip is much the better way.

And rouge—at night the shade may vary considerably; in addition to your own coloring consider the shade of your costume. Have three or four or more tones of rouge to select from. But in daylight makeup, the tone that matches the flush on your cheeks obtained from energetic exercise is usually the best for you.

The method of applying it depends on the effect desired. Spread it with a circular movement starting just under the cheek bones and fading as the circle widens if you wish a natural effect. And cover a good deal of territory. Never, for any effect except a masquerade, just have a small circle of bright color in the center.

FOR evening, or a more artificial look, an off-shade used high on the cheek bone and spread right to the outer edge of the eye and into the eyelid will give the desired result. And a little (*Please turn to page* 105)

"Pink Tooth Brush"—I really can't laugh *that* off!



"PINK"—on your tooth brush—seemingly innocent, isn't it? Yet "pink tooth brush" is an indication of a gum condition which may cause you no end of trouble before you're through with it!

It means that your gums are lazy, flabby, and becoming more and more tender with every day. You've eaten soft foods ever since you ate anything at all. And your gums, lacking the exercise that is absolutely necessary to their health, have gradually lost the vigorous hardness they had when you were a child. That's why they tend to bleed—that's why you had better do something at once about this "pink tooth brush" business!

If you don't, your teeth are going to look dull and grayish. But far more serious than the good-looks of your teeth is any one of a number of gum troubles that "pink tooth brush" makes you susceptible to. Gingivitis, for instance. Or Vincent's disease. And you wouldn't ever *choose* to have pyorrhea, would you?—though that's far more rare.

If you ignore "pink tooth brush", you may even be risking the soundness of good teeth through infection at the roots!

To check "pink tooth brush" isn't complicated or expensive. All you have to do is to get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Brush your teeth with it in the usual way. Then put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and lightly massage it into those inactive, touchy gums of yours.

You'll like the way it makes your gums feel, and the way it brings back almost at once a nice sparkle to your teeth. Keep on using it—regularly—with massage—and you won't be bothered for long with "pink tooth brush"! Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage! He'll explain *why* it checks "pink tooth brush" so summarily!



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Home Town Stories of the Stars

(*Continued from page 67*)

a brass band. He was welcomed back to Dothan as a famous football player.

On his arival at the Capstone, which the campus of the University of Alabama is called, he was accepted as just another student. Of course, the football coaches and their staff accepted him differently, for they knew about his High School football prowess.

Towards the close of his freshman year he was employed by the Charles Black Company, a smart haberdashery shop downtown, catering especially to the university boys, as well as to the town people. He worked here during each Summer he was in college. This provided an income which carried him through the University of Alabama. Lee Black, the proprietor of the store, says that Johnny Mack was "very popular with the ladies, and every time one would enter the store, she would ask for Johnny Mack." The two brothers of John Mack also have been employed by this firm; namely, Tolbert and Billy.

Aside from his football career at the university there is little to tell of his early life. He was of a very quiet nature, differing from his capricious childhood. He was most popular on the campus and socially prominent. He was a member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, Beta Chapter, and his fraternity brothers say he was "one of the most popular members of the fraternity during his college days." He was initiated into two of the most popular clubs, the "A" Club and the Arch Club.



Johnny Mack Brown at the age of sixteen, when he was a football star on the Dothan High School team. This early gridiron fame led to his success later at the University of Alabama.

COACH Wallace Wade has said of Brown, "Alabama has given to football fame two of the greatest players of all time, 'Pooley' Hubert and Johnny Mack Brown. Mack Brown, the fastest man in Dixie, has fought with glory and distinction, he is nationally known as one of the greatest and most popular backs in the United States." Walter J. Eckersall, the referee of the Rose Bowl game and a prominent authority on football, once said, "No player has ever delighted a football crowd in all history as did Johnny Mack Brown, of Alabama, in the Rose Bowl New Year's Day, 1926."

During his last year in college Johnny Mack was asked to take part in an open air pageant that was being put on as a benefit. There was a scene to be enacted entitled "Sleeping Beauty" and the director began to look around for a handsome young prince to play opposite the princess. Naturally, when the word handsome was mentioned they all said, "Get John Mack Brown." Maybe this taste of dramatic success shaped his career in the direction of the movies.



This snapshot was made at a gathering of the Brown family. Mrs. Brown, Johnny Mack's mother, is at the left and his brother and sisters are also shown.

It is a matter of football history how Brown starred in the Tournament of Roses Game at Pasadena on January 1, 1926. The opposing team was the University of Washington. While in Hollywood Brown was given a movie test, but little came of it then. Johnny Mack returned to Tuscaloosa with the team. He left college that January and married, within a few months, Cornelia Foster, the attractive and popular daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry Bacon Foster of Tuscaloosa. He then went into the insurance business at both Dothan and Tuscaloosa, dividing his time between the two cities. He was quite successful in his chosen profession, but it did not seem to suit him. He was restless and of a more adventurous nature.

IN 1927 Alabama was again asked to represent the South in the Rose Bowl game. Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown were invited to go along with the team. His movie try-out this time was a success and his career on the screen since then speaks for itself.

During the making of "Billy the Kid," which is, by the way, Johnny Mack's favorite picture to date, Brown was called back to Dothan. No brass band met him at the station, no gala decorations were evident. His father lay critically ill in the hospital. It was a sad day for Johnny Mack, yet a triumphant day for the father. Just before he died the older Brown smiled at his recollection of his son's promise and how, after all, he had been able to say, "Dad, I have brought home the bacon."

GANGSTER FILMS

GANGSTERS are a significant as well as a lively phenomenon of current American life—therefore, the industry produces gangster films. Such was Carl Laemmle's retort to an editorial appearing in a group of newspapers, entitled "Stop Gangster Films." The Universal chief declared:

"Why not issue an order to your editors to stop printing gangster news? If you answer that the activities of gangsters are real live news, I shall agree with you, but at the same time I call your attention to the fact that gangsters are an important part of contemporary affairs, and as such they are bound to figure on the screen and on the stage as well as in newspapers.

"All three of these mediums reflect the life of today, and just as the stage and newspaper since their inception have mirrored contemporary life in all its phases, so does the screen."

8 Great Beauty Editors of the World praise this Nail Make-up

for its lasting lustre, gleaming beauty . . . and romance



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CHOSEN by lovely ladies in the fashion centers of three continents, praised by famous beauty experts in eight world capitals . . . Cutex Liquid Polish is today, by actual count, the outstanding international favorite.

"The newest aid to romance," says Maribel, beauty editor of Spain's *Cosmópolis*. Martine Renier, fashion editress of the great Parisian magazine, *Femina*, declares: "This nail make-up is essential to French chic."

Cutex has five very definite advantages. Madge Garland, fashion editress of London, speaks for all beauty-wise women when she says . . .

"Its brilliant lustre is unequalled. It goes on simply, quickly and smoothly. Stays brilliant and unmarred for days . . . and does not turn yellow, crack, or peel." And . . . Cutex is economical. It gives fingertips the lovely sparkle of romance at a fascinatingly thrifty price!

And now there is instant snowy whiteness for nail tips with the new Cutex Nail White Pencil. Keep one always in your purse—it doubles the allure of Cutex Liquid Polish!

• • •

Follow the easy Cutex manicure method described in the booklet.

After this quick manicure once a week a few minutes each day will keep your nails lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

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Over each oval nail brush a crystal film of Cutex Liquid Polish . . . brilliant and enduring. A single application keeps your nails twinkling for one whole week. And you may choose your tint from this popular color range . . . Natural, Rose and Coral.

Cutex Liquid Polish

DECEMBER

Reviews

(*Continued from page* 80)

by the ultimate capitulation of both Huck and Tom before the blandishments of two girls.

This isn't Mark Twain, I regret to report.

Will Rogers' "Young As You Feel" (Fox) is a modernized version of George Ade's old play, "Father and the Boys." Will plays an old meat packer who just can't get his boys to do any sort of work. So he cuts loose with a little French singer and the boys, horrified, have to plunge into business in order to save the family fortune. It develops that there is nothing wrong about old Lemuel Morehouse's visits to night clubs and race tracks with the lively Flourette. It was merely to teach the boys a lesson.

Fifi Dorsay is Flourette. The comedy packs quite a few laughs.

"The Miracle Woman" (Columbia) offers the personable Barbara Stanwyck in the rôle of a fake evangelist out to make a financial killing. She stages her religion in hippodrome fashion and the money rolls in. Then she falls in love with a blind man who believes in her. What is the poor girl to do? This is above the average.

Universal's "The Homicide Squad" is another gangster drama, revolving about the police efforts to trap a crafty racketeer master-mind who poses as a candy manufacturer. Leo Carrillo is the lad who outsmarts the police until his single weakness gets him. This is a gory melodrama. Still, if you can stand underworld stuff, it is rather good.

CAN a perfect murder be plotted by an intelligent man in such a way that he escapes? That is the idea behind Bayard Veiller's melodrama, "Guilty Hands" (Metro-Goldwyn). Lionel Barrymore is the man who conceives the crime and he gives an exciting performance of the ex-district attorney of New York who cold-bloodedly sets out to do murder.

"Daughter of the Dragon" (Paramount) presents another escapade of the sinister Fu Manchu. Warner Oland is Fu and the film gains interest from the appearance of Anna May Wong as his daughter and Sessue Hayakawa as a Chinese detective. This has a lot of artificial excitement but little reality.

I admire Joan Crawford very much but I am not strong for her newest picture, "This Modern Age," in which the ex-stage star, Pauline Frederick, plays her mother. Can a girl have an indiscreet mother and yet marry into one of those strait-laced New England families? That's the plot and it is not worked out in a way to hold your interest, I am afraid. In fact, it is just so-so.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Dreyfus Case — *Columbia* — Although the passing years have cooled the emotional interest in this most famous of army scandals, it continues to be good material for screen presentation. Dreyfus, it will be recalled, was the French army officer found guilty of high treason and sentenced to Devil's Island. During the nineties the case assumed international importance and continued to be a matter of public concern until a long-delayed pardon was granted. This pictorial version of the trials and the anguish suffered by the officer and his family appears to run true to the historic record. The central character is portrayed with dignity and restraint.

The Sky Spider—*Action Films*—This picture moves, but it lacks life. It is played at a languid tempo that serves to retard whatever thrills might be expected from a story of heroic aviators molested by gangsters of the air intent on filching Uncle Sam's mailbags. The stunt flying is genuine enough and there is one realistic crash; but there is a quantity of dreary movement and uninteresting conversation before the boys take to the air. The plot suggests the old stagecoach melodrama—bad men bent on capturing shipments of gold—except that in this instance "all the coaches got wings." Glenn Tryon and Beryl Mercer are in the cast.

The Cannonball — *Educational* — A snappy Mack Sennett comedy with Andy Clyde leading the way for the funmakers. From first to last it is undisguised nonsense; but there are plenty of laughs for those who like their humor served in a simple and obvious manner. Andy plays an eccentric inventor whose masterpiece is a rocket designed to revolutionize transportation. Instead of turning out to be a dud, as at first appears, the rocket is Andy's salvation at a critical moment. Some of the best comedy in the film results from a race between a bus and a decrepit train. The dialogue is subordinate to the action, which is well in a farce of this type.

The White Devil—*UFA*—Based on a novel by Tolstoy, this drama, laid in Russia, for the most part lacks the illusion necessary for the enjoyment of screen entertainment. The story deals with a Caucasian rebellion in 1853 and offers an abundance of heavily emotional acting in situations that too frequently fail to carry conviction. Artificiality pervades the production, even to the raging blizzard wherein the studio snow is quite obviously just that and nothing more. Realistic war pictures may have spoiled us for gallant officers on white horses dashing about with drawn swords. The elusive spirit of love and sacrifice is not re-captured: at least not here.

Football For the Fan—*Tiffany:*—The first of a series of football pictures designed to give the average spectator a more intelligent appreciation of the game. Each issue will feature some famous college coach. Here we have Howard H. Jones of the California Trojans putting some of the boys through their paces and explaining the theory of the plays. There are occasional shots from big games. Looks like good material for the football months.

Women Go On Forever — *Tiffany:* — There is a certain grim reality about this picture of rooming-house life: a quality of drab ugliness that makes it impressive. One feels that it comes nearer to the truth than do the more glamorous films of the same type. Its very crudeness is commendable. The story is laid within the walls of a cheap lodging-house where dim lives grow dimmer and crime breeds in the dark hallways. The plot, though not unusual, suffices and the players, headed by Clara Kimball Young, are well cast. Marian Nixon, Yola D'Avril, Paul Page and Thomas Jackson contribute to the production.

Men Are Like That—*Columbia:*—You might not suspect it, but this is the latest version of Augustus Thomas' famous old play, "Arizona," long a favorite with stock companies. The reconstruction to which the drama has been subjected has left precious little of the original, which would be all right enough if the modern story proved to be effective. Unfortunately it does not, despite the best efforts of an able cast. Even the personable blonde, Laura La Plante, fails to win sympathy in the emotional dilemma that throws her into the arms of the upright Colonel Bonham after she has been dropped by a younger officer. The Army-Navy football game, with which the picture opens, gives the production a certain timeliness.

The Runaround—*Radio:*—A couple of young ladies of the ensemble set about trapping a rich but honest youth belonging to one of the better families. With a tippling character actor impersonating the father of the prospective bride, all goes well until the actor, in his cups, talks unwisely and almost prevents the fashionable wedding at St. Thomas' Church, New York. Incidentally, the director slipped in presenting the wedding ritual. Incense is not used at St. Thomas'. Geoffrey Kerr, Mary Brian, Joseph Cawthorne and our old friend Johnny Hines help to make the picture mildly amusing. It is in color.

Traveling Husbands — *R. K. O.:* — These traveling salesmen are only one degree removed from gangsters, if we are to credit their behavior in this piece of commercial Americana. Their week-end parties are highly profitable to bootleggers, and when it comes to the cuties engaged to model the new fashions—well, they may be found around the hotel after business hours. This picture is loaded with action, spiced with hard-boiled humor, tears and gunplay. Moreover, it profits by a first rate cast, including Constance Cummings, Evelyn Brent and Frank Albertson. Because the picture escapes dullness, it may be forgiven certain exaggerations.

The Reckless Hour— *First National:* —Dorothy Mackaill, cast as a spirited, high-minded and nicely proportioned mannequin, walks gracefully through this none too inspiring chapter in the existence of an ill-assorted family. The father, acted by H. B. Warner, is a cultured book-dealer in Jersey City. He alone is in sympathy with his beautiful daughter, who, in the end, is prepared to sacrifice her good name for a paltry $5000 that she may aid her kindly parent. Naturally, the sacrifice proves to be unnecessary. A mod-

(*Please turn to page* 90)

Chat About the Movie Stars

BERT WHEELER and Robert Woolsey report they had a great time in England, Ireland and Scotland. They were dined and feted by royalty, but in Scotland, they were given the runaround. A big banquet was arranged in their honor and imagine their embarrassment when, checking out of the hotel, they were presented with a bill for the entire expenses of the party.

LILA LEE has left for Tahiti, in the South Seas, "to rest and recuperate," the publicity said, but Hollywood is wondering if it isn't because of a broken heart.

Lila has been engaged to John Farrow, the Australian scenario writer. The romance developed after Farrow had gotten over his crush on Maureen O'Sullivan. Lila was wildly in love with Farrow when she went to an Arizona sanitarium to fight off the illness which threatened her life.

After she left for Arizona Farrow was very devoted. Wrote her every day and sent flowers.

He also let all the Hollywood chatterers know of his kindness, and obtained much publicity thereby. He announced that when Lila was well they would be married.

Lila was gone nearly a year, but when she returned it was quickly rumored that Farrow's love had cooled. He recently sailed for Australia, and admitted to reporters that "the marriage might not take place." It is reported that Lila, who had looked forward to complete happiness in marriage as soon as her health returned, is broken hearted and has gone to faraway Tahiti "to forget."

JACK OAKIE and Joan Marsh are reported to be looking for a place to hang a "God Bless Our Home" sign. Maybe Hollywood will have another wedding.

THERE'S a house in the motion-picture colony that is getting the reputation of being "bad medicine" for happy marriages.

Charley Mack, larger and more talkative member of the "Two Black Crows," owns it and lived in it for a time.

He and his wife, Marian, (not the Marion Mack of Buster Keaton's early pictures) have flown apart.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG is again a single man. The romance had its beginning in London, the wedding in New York and the ending in Judge Stafford's court in Los Angeles.

Armstrong told the court that his wife had refused to make a home for him. Preferring to travel.

By a property settlement, Jeanne Kent Armstrong was given $7,500 in cash, division of stocks and bonds, value not disclosed, personal effects and motor cars.

ANY producer who starts discussing stories with Ginger Rogers and figures her mother manager is a stranger to pictures will find out his mistake. Ginger's mother made a reputation among the writers of Hollywood, as Leila LeBrand long before Ginger had hair enough to bob.

Ginger knew the movies as a kiddie.



Bobby gained 8 pounds in 2 months

. . . after we began giving him milk this new way

"OUR little boy has always been delicate and underweight. He was growing fast but getting thinner all the time. Then I began giving him Cocomalt instead of plain milk, and he liked it so much he drank five glasses a day. This extra nourishment put a pound on him the first week, and his father was so delighted he promised him a dollar for every new pound he gained.

"Bobby's been a winner all around! He loves Cocomalt, begs for it many times a day. And he not only won eight dollars from his dad—he's eight pounds heavier and looks marvelous!"

Even more remarkable accounts than this come from mothers everywhere.

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Cocomalt is a delicious chocolate flavor food drink which provides, in concentrated form, the elements every child needs for sturdy growth. By adding 70% more nourishment to milk—by supplying *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals—Cocomalt helps to bring about astonishing changes in thin, underdeveloped children.

Cocomalt is easily digested, even by invalids. It contains malt enzymes which help to digest starches in other foods.

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Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size at all grocers. Also a generous sized 10c can at stores featuring 10c packages. Or send for a Free Trial Size.



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Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing.

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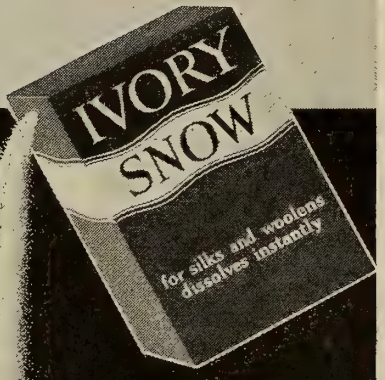
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Now—no waiting for hot water. No guessing at temperatures. No beating up suds. Every tiny Ivory Snow pearl pops into rich Ivory suds—not one is left undissolved to stick to delicate wool or silk.

P. S.—About that happy finish? Well, Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. So your precious clothes come out of Ivory Snow suds looking like new! A box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢—a big box too—big enough to protect hundreds of dollars worth of lovely clothes.

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Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

Reviews

(*Continued from page* 88)

erately diverting picture to follow, even if it is easily forgotten. Conrad Nagel plays the successful lover.

Honeymoon Lane—*Paramount:*—The sweetest picture of the week, of the month, perhaps the sweetest picture of the year. Just good clean fun for Pa and Ma and the youngsters. Gamblers, jailbirds, thugs, all melt when exposed to its sweetness. They become as maple trees tapped in the spring and flowing syrup. Eddie Dowling is to be thanked for his consistency in the preparation of the story as well as its performance. It is all baked in the same oven, like Mother Murphy's cherry pies that assume such importance in the reformation of sinners. From first to last, it is childishly amusing, amiable and sunshiny. Dowling, Ray Dooley and Mary Carr are the cheer leaders.

The Brat—*Fox:*—One of those pictures in which a popular novelist seeks first-hand material as inspiration for his characters. He picks up a waif at a night court and takes her to the luxurious home of his fashionable and snobbish mother where he may analyze the girl's emotions. Most of the customary things happen, except that the impulsive little gamin, played by Sally O'Neil, runs off with the younger brother instead of the novelist. The story falls short of suggesting reality; but most of the way it escapes being dull. In manner and appearance, Miss O'Neil follows the traditions of stage gamins.

The Public Defender—*R.K.O.:*—As a brave gentleman who takes the law into his own hands in order to lead blind justice, Richard Dix carries through melodramatic situations in a manly fashion. If you fail to believe it all, or even in part, you won't blame the actors. There are three rascals making a scapegoat of one of their innocent associates when bank funds are misappropriated. Calling himself The Reckoner, Dix sets about catching the financial thieves while the Police Department is revealing its inefficiency.

Secrets of a Secretary—*Paramount:*—Claudette Colbert is one of the most interesting of the younger group of actresses. This time she plays the pleasure-mad daughter of a millionaire. In a particularly reckless moment after an all-night party, she marries a gigolo. When the family fortune flops, she becomes a social secretary and wins the love of an English lord; but her gigolo messes things up rather badly. Theft, blackmail and sudden death, all have their place in the tempestuous proceedings.

East of Borneo—*Universal:*—If you are subject to nightmares, look out. Wild animals in this jungle picture are as plentiful as mosquitoes on the flats of New Jersey and as hungry. Worst of all are the crocodiles to whom the Rajah of Marudu feeds the bodies of those who incur his displeasure. If the crocodiles don't get you something else will in this beast-infested jungle. The story is trite, that of a white woman who traces her runaway husband to the estate of a cruel Rajah; but it suffices to introduce the acting menagerie. The closing sequences, showing the eruption of a volcano, are particularly well contrived.

News of the Movie Studios

WESLEY RUGGLES, Charles Ruggles and Al Hall, known as the Three Musketeers of Malibu, go in swimming every morning at seven-thirty regardless of what time they get in the night before. And this time of year the water, even in California, is getting rather cool.

"WHERE did you get those springy knees?" someone asked James Gleason the other day when he was racing around Hollywood.

"From pumping a pipe organ in my childhood," Gleason replied seriously.

And the truth of the matter is that Jim earned his first money when he was a small boy in Sacramento by pumping a pipe organ in a church. As a result he is a member in good standing of the national organization of pipe-organ pumpers, who meet each year in New York City to compare the size of muscles started when they were pumpers.

Some things that are hard to understand in Hollywood. . . . Why a certain actor drawing a salary of $2,000 a week is being sued for a $38 cleaning bill? . . . Why Mary Pickford doesn't admit that she will make no more pictures? . . . Why the very delicate and refined motion-picture actresses in Hollywood's higher social circles are going in for smoking long black cigars? . . . Why so many people mistake the chef at Armstrong's Beverly Hills restaurant for the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, although he is not an exact dead ringer for him? . . . Why Miriam Hopkins declared to the press when publicly admitting a trial separation with her husband that there was no other man in her life, only to be seen later and often in the company of Dudley Murphy, writer and director? . . . and why the stars are always flattered and willing to sign autograph books from the score or more of tourists that linger around the entrance to every studio?

RESIDENTS of the hills near Hollywood were amazed to see Helen Chandler flying down a path, clad in pajamas and a bathrobe recently. Investigation proved that her pet duck had run away, and there was no one but Helen to catch him, so she started out, clad as she was.

"Ducks take a terribly inconvenient time to start exploring," Helen apologized.

Eddie Quillan was motoring to San Francisco one night when he encountered a heavy fog bank going over a treacherous stretch of mountain road. He saw the red tail light of a truck ahead and decided to follow it. He did and after hours the truck stopped and the driver came back and asked the actor what he was doing.

"I'm on my way to San Francisco and following your red tail light," answered Eddie.

"You better drive back that way for twenty miles and get on the main road because you're in my back yard now," was the driver's helpful advice.



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The **MOST EXPENSIVE** hat in the world, *courtesy of Kurzman,* New York. The quiet luxury of its materials is mated with *Mado's* genius into a *dernier cri* still too new, too smart for every woman to wear.

For a Higher Type of Intelligence

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That "something" is the expensive ingredient comprising 40% of every tube. Although vital in dental health, this ingredient is in no other dentifrice.

At first Pebeco may seem to have an unfriendly taste. You may not like it, for it is not doctored with pleasant, meaningless flavors or loaded with foamy soap...But soon you will learn to love Pebeco's refreshing tang; soon you will enjoy the "bite" which is its signature. And when you stop to think about it you will realize that all the advertising claims in the world cannot help your teeth—that *it is what is in the tooth paste that counts.*

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Wherever people do the intelligent thing naturally—*and not at someone else's dictation—you will find Pebeco preferred. Is* your *choice of a tooth paste the result of your own thinking?*

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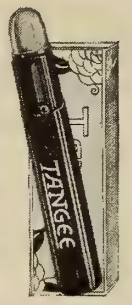
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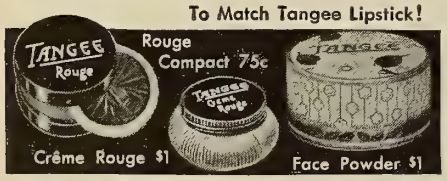
"Natural color is the mode of the moment," says HARPER'S BAZAAR. "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the* TANGEE *preparations do.*"

"Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble," says LE JARDIN DES MODES of PARIS. "The fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE *well answers these requirements because it blends with your individual, natural coloring.*" ©

"Vivid, artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony," says SKETCH. *"Tangee suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or Titian."* And TATLER adds, *"Tangee gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth . . . so rich in color and yet so natural!"*

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Hollywood Needs a Good Scandal

(*Continued from page* 41)

screen liabilities. It is not her fault that the camera can't seem to take its eye off them. She is an actress of talent and charm (this will get me more booing letters), who will not prove herself until she has stood the test of a skirt and a new director.

Decline of the West: Coming events cast their shadows on the screen. With the return of Hayakawa, the rise of Anna May Wong, the signing of one Butterfly, Wu, the announcement from Mary Pickford that she will produce "Madam Butterfly" in Japan with a Japanese star, the financial ascent of Warner Oland as Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan, it would appear that Spengler is right about the decline of the West in favor of the East. If you want further proof of the Oriental influence regard the pajamed female.

Gigolos Arrive: The screen again proves a harbinger with its gigolo pictures. The radio announcer of the Beverly Hills station proclaims the arrival of gigolos at a local hotel. "All a lady guest has to do," announced the announcer, "is call the desk and one will be sent right up." The importation of gigs is a good business move. Heretofore Europe has held a monopoly on them. Indeed, they seem to have been one of the advantages of foreign travel for lonely women. Their introduction on this side will do more than any slogan to persuade such ladies to See America First.

Pursuing Females: For some time now the screen has been presenting romances in which women are the pursuers. In one picture a gentleman was compelled to lock himself in his room. Taking the screen as a reflector of life it is apparent that women are exercising equal rights. The gigolo picture, on the other hand, shows that men are likewise exercising. They claim the right to enter the taxi-dancing profession shoulder-to-shoulder with women. Since there are lady gangsters why not gentlemen gold-diggers? Probably this equality is healthier on the whole than the old convention. In the lavender and old lace romances the women always paid and paid in honor whereas they can now pay in cash. Romance has been put on a gold basis like everything else.

Heavies for Heroes: Women no longer want hand-kissing heroes, they want slapum-down heavies. The pale youths who thrummed guitars in the moonlight are *passé*. The great lovers of the screen today are forthright lads with a wallop—such screen rascals as James Cagney, Ricardo Cortez, Paul Lukas, Edward Robinson, Clark Gable, who know when to sock as well as caress. (On the screen, I mean . . . off, they may be timid souls, but why expose them?) This is another healthy sign of the times. In the past only a woman had the right to slap for honor, but in "Public Enemy" Mr. Cagney struck out when he realized he'd been compromised.

Clark Gable: Not since Gilbert has there been a male match for Garbo, but now we have Gable. The G's seem to have it.

Happy-go-lucky is the best description for Clark. He has none of the exoticism of the Latin lover or the histrionicism of the Hollywood kind. He's a six-foot, pipe-smoking male. In spirit and size and congeniality he resembles Wally Reid more than any of the other casanovas. His sex-attraction is news to him and he takes it with a grin. A happy nonchalance and a what-the-'ll make him agreeable to me. The studio gives his age as thirty, but he's thirty-two. Studios must have their percentage. He has trouped in stock and was turned down seven times as an extra. They gave him a test for "Never the Twain Shall Meet" because he has a good physique. They curled his hair and hung him with South Sea flowers. He says he felt like a pansy but the studio thought he looked gangster, so he didn't get the part. Considered for a role in "The Painted Desert," he asked if he could ride a horse. "Born to the saddle," he said, then went to a riding academy to spend five days and nights getting acquainted with one. The horses liked him. Men all like him. And women seem satisfied. So it looks as if Gable were elected.

Greta vs. Joan: At the M.-G.-M. studio they tell me Joan Crawford surpasses Garbo as a box-office attraction. If this be heresy don't hold me responsible. One of my artistic shortcomings is a failure to appreciate Joan, just as I fail to respond to the screen art of Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett. My critic of critics tells me I have no feeling for style. She says Gloria, Joan and Connie know how to wear clothes. I said they knew how to shed them, too, but this was ignored. I'm now vigorously studying the *Delineator* in the hope of broadening my appreciation of art.

Greta Imitates Marlene: Greta is about to do Mata Hari, the spy, which was performed anonymously by Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored." This gives the Dietrich fans a chance to shout "imitating!" But the Garbo bleachers can yah-yah back by recalling that Marlene was imitating Alice Terry who did Mata Hari in "Mare Nostrum." Personally, I'm neutral. I mean to say I prefer the Terry Hari.

Economy Hits Hollywood: With the Wall Street bankers moving into Hollywood there has been a move to economize. Supervisors are now allowed only four relatives on the pay-roll. But this miser policy didn't affect Carman Barnes. She was on the Paramount pay-roll for six months without doing a part. When finally a bit was found for her she screamed: "But when do I get a vacation?"

Successor to Clara Bow: Paramount is now busily engaged in looking for a successor to Clara Bow. In case they haven't thought of her, I'd like to suggest Clara Bow.

The Highest Paid Director

(*Continued from page* 78)

and you five hundred a week. Now if you don't make the retakes we'll get a director who will."

Brown, greatly worried, consented to make the retakes. Feeling that the young director's career was ruined, he begged writers to withhold the news from their papers. The reporters kindly did so, notwithstanding the fact that gossip of the young director's failure had seeped through the labyrinths of Hollywood.

Before Brown had finished making the retakes the young director was given a five year contract by the M-G-M studios, thus proving that pity for another, even by a thousand-dollar-a-day director, can easily be wasted.

THE average film directed by the ex-automobile demonstrator costs in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars. Its return to the company is about two million. Those figures would indicate that the thousand-dollar-a-day director is a valuable asset to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The brand of the master, Tourneur, is still on his highly successful pupil. The Frenchman was literally a great painter with a camera. It has been claimed by cinema critics, with dime novel backgrounds, that he sacrificed dramatic interest for Corot efforts.

With sad irony it must be written: the best in Clarence Brown was the best in Tourneur. They are both sentimentalists. Brown hides his sentimentality in daily life by a reserve that would puzzle Freud. It shows in his pictures. Tourneur, on the set and off, was the same. His face was seamed with lines of human pity. There is this difference in master and pupil—Brown is strictly an American, with the materialistic background of his successful kind. That which makes him so highly successful is his shrewd blending of all the ingredients that make box office appeal.

The softness, the appeal in such films as "Wonder of Women" and "Romance" might have been ladled by Tourneur. But that which made these films box office was the shrewd Brown touch. He knows his fellow Americans. Tourneur was an artist in a stock exchange.

With the exception of "The Trail of '98," all of Brown's pictures have been highly successful.

His last film, "A Free Soul," was tawdry but commercial. It contained an idea, clothed in cheap glamour. Its leading players were Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, and Lionel Barrymore. The latter dies in the court room after dramatically pleading for the honor of someone in the film—or perhaps it was the director. When I suggested to Mr. Brown that mayhap Mr. Lionel Barrymore had died from over-acting, he replied, "That may be, you've got to watch them all." Then came a smile which proved that he had not quit demonstrating automobiles for nothing.

Clarence Brown will also bear watching. A shrewd and a penetrating man, not burdened with the non-essentials of an artistic background—he is on his way to far valleys, where the money grows on bushes, and the skies rain gold like dew.

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Saves millions of women money and embarrassment. You're waited on by women clerks only.



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5 With the oval ends—Lotus Sanitary Napkins are close-fitting, comfortable and cool.

6 Because of our large volume, we are able to produce this high quality Sanitary Napkin to sell 6 for 10c.

The modern woman demands just two things of a sanitary protection. It must be inconspicuous and cool under the filmiest gowns, and it must offer adequate protection at all times ♦ Lotus fulfills both of these requirements perfectly, and in addition, Lotus is the most economical sanitary protection that can be bought. That is why nine million women now buy Lotus. They appreciate the fact that when they buy Lotus they are getting fine quality at a remarkably low price.

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It should not form a habit. It should not gripe. It should not shock the nervous system.

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Can Broadway Do Without Him?

(*Continued from page 77*)

And then there was Joe. I think his name was Joe. Although it might have been Scipio or Roger or George or any one of those names that little people like Joe are called. One man I knew seemed to think his name was Persia and engaged him in endless discussions about the rug business. He was a Greek or an Armenian or something. Every night he was dragged out on the floor to do his stuff. He was four feet tall and broad in proportion and he may have been fourteen or he may have been forty, and he was the hat check boy at the Club Dover. He always sang, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," with a Greek or Armenian accent and I really believe he thought he was a wow. And with Jimmie Durante, he was a wow. He was a pretty good coat-room boy, too. Jimmie had him for years. And I wonder, now that Clayton, Jackson and Durante have disbanded, where he is. Checking hats and coats in some refined joint is going to be pretty dull for him after the Club Dover.

What will Izzie do now? Izzie who played the banjo and who threw hats harder than anybody? And the piano player who was beaten to a pulp nightly at the height of the excitement? The funny hats were parked on top of the piano so he came in for more than his share of the rough stuff.

THEY had a wonderful song at the Club Dover. I remember it began, "D is for the doormats as you enter, O is for the omelets nice and rare." And it ended, "Put them all together, they spell DOVER, a name that means the world to me."

It was at the Club Dover where they first sang "The Americans Are Coming." The words didn't matter. I think they varied from time to time. But at the end of each verse, everyone shouted, "The Americans are coming!" And the curtains of a small stage were pulled back on tableaux. What tableaux! They might have been historical, but they weren't. It was as though every tableau given by every high school, amateur theatrical group or cheap theater had been jumbled together and someone had thumbed his nose at them. They were too funny to describe.

At the time of the Club Dover, Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York had just returned from a trip abroad. It was then that Jimmie Durante sang his famous song, "I'm Jimmie the well-dressed man. Deny it if you can." The song that began, "I just stepped off the *Mauretania*," which he pronounced "Muretania."

Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson were what Jimmie called his "Builder Uppers." That is to say, they were his breach leapers and when Jimmie got winded, although he has a voice like a mad bull, they would leap into the breach, Eddie singing loudly wearing a high silk hat that had been kicked around for quite a while and Lou dancing beautifully and madly in circles.

It is hard to describe the type of songs they sang. I am going to quote one to show that this sort of thing won't get you anywhere. Lou thinks Jimmie is looking worried and Jimmie sings the lyric that ends:

"Why, there's Jimmie, the well-dressed man!
So you know darn well I can do widout Broadway,
But can Broadway do widout me?"

And then there was the song he sang about bumping into a "westerner, a tough hombre," and Jimmie apologizes saying, " 'Pardon me stranger a stone got in my shoe. I didn't mean to do anything to you.' Reckonizin' the drawl in my voice, he asks me where I hails from. And when I says, 'Bag Z Ranch, Phoenix, Arizona,' he hits me with his leather boot, knocks me down, blackens my eye, and says, 'O. K. I just wanted to see if you could take it.' "

The Club Dover was finally closed. Yet it netted him just exactly $36,000 in one year.

But enough of this reminiscing or I'll break down.

JIMMIE Durante is an Italian, born on the East Side of New York. He says that his most famous relative is a New York cop. I doubt if he has been to school much and his accent when he talks is like Al Smith's, multiplied by fifty. He actually does talk the way outsiders think New Yorkers talk. He says "verse" for "voice," and "jernt" for "joint." And in his lifetime he has had plenty of chances to say "jernt," because until comparatively recently, he played the piano in every joint from Chatham Square to Harlem. The joints on the little streets around Chatham Square have had a good many famous piano players. There was quite a bright little boy in one of them who turned out to be Irving Berlin. Jimmie Durante took his place at the same piano six years later. He played in the famous Chuck Connors' place. Chuck Connors was the white boss of Chinatown and Chinatown was not the whitewashed spot it is today. Above the place where Jimmie worked, Connors had fixed up an elegant den of vice to show to visitors from uptown who came down slumming and shuddering with horror. He had a perfect peach of an opium den rigged up with beautiful white girls and sinister looking Chinese, all doing their stuff.

Jimmie played in these places for years, starting when he was less than eighteen, playing and singing from eight in the evening until six in the morning. In twenty years, until a few days ago, he has worked in night clubs all night and every night. He has played at the worst dives in Harlem where every sort of iniquity was practiced and every sort of dope and liquor sold. And yet I don't think I ever met a nicer man. He is as naive as a child.

I have met stage and movie people who have tried to forget how and where they started. Some of them have done a good job of it, too, and that, I suppose, is commendable. But Jimmie Durante doesn't have to forget because it doesn't seem to have made much difference in him. The other day when I saw him, he had just come back from a four-day trip to Bermuda. He had gone there for a rest, but on his way to the boat he had run into his press agent, the drummer in his orchestra and a few other people. He took them all along although none of them had a pair of extra socks with them. "Say,

we didn't get no rest," he told me. "But we owned the boat."

DURANTE made one picture in the East a few years ago called "Roadhouse Nights" with Helen Morgan. He thinks Ben Hecht is a great writer because he gave Jimmie what he considers a great line. It is, "Boys, it's the gallows!" And they use it when the going gets tough.

He thinks the day of the night club is over for a while. People have no money to spend and he thinks the years from 1924 to 1928 were the nicest and the wildest. He blames the fall of the night clubs on the "Hello, Sucker," type of hostess and hates overcharging. "Any guy that asks a $3.00 to $5.00 cover charge is a burglar. Al Jolson ain't worth that."

Maybe when he gets to Hollywood they will make him take elocution lessons and we'll find him talking like Clive Brook. But maybe not. He says he is coming back and would never think of breaking up his team for good. I would give almost anything to see him at a Hollywood beach party in a funny hat or all dressed up for an opening, because in spite of his song, he is not the well-dressed man.

But if he doesn't come back soon, as he promised, I'm going to send him a wire. It will say, "Jimmie, come back. I can do widout Broadway, but I can't do widout you." And I'll sign it by my right name.

Men Who Make the Movies

(*Continued from page* 74)

the public to see Paramount Pictures. The next move was a formal alliance between the Famous Players and the Lasky companies with Mr. Zukor as president and Mr. Lasky as vice-president, in charge of production, positions retained in the recent merger with Publix Theaters.

Mr. Lasky is forever shooting back and forth across the continent: Directers, authors, actors, salesmen, theater managers, bankers; when life threatens to become just a series of conferences with no time out for play, he goes fishing. A more direct throwback to his Alaskan adventure is a boyish liking for exploring. In the woods, seated before a campfire, Mr. Lasky threatens to gag any one who talks shop. At all events he has found plenty of gold in "them thar pictures."

A Striking and Colorful
Story About
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
In Next Month's
NEW MOVIE



Swansdown
CLEANING POWDER

FOR FABRICS FELTS AND FURS

An ugly spot on dress or suit? Sprinkle it with Swansdown and see it disappear!

Swansdown Cleaning Powder absorbs grease or water marks, beverage and fruit stains, perspiration. It's the new way, the safe, simple, sure way to remove spots from silks and heavier materials, felt hats, fabric shoes, furs, draperies and rugs. Just shake it on, rub gently, brush out.

Use Black Swansdown for dark blue and black; dark colors of Fall. Use White Swansdown for all light colored fabrics. In 25c and 50c boxes at leading department stores. Or send first for the sample sizes . . . you can carry them in your handbag for emergencies. See coupon below.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN

Marshall Field - - - - - - - Chicago
Joseph Horne - - - - - - - Pittsburgh
Woodward & Lothrop - Washington, D. C.
Kresge Department Store - Newark, N. J.
Arnold Constable - - - - - New York
Gimbel Brothers - - - - - New York



Send 10¢ for Generous Sample Box or 20¢ for Both Black and White (in coins, not stamps)

Swansales Corporation

101 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

DECEMBER

10¢
ACTUAL SIZE
Lavender
Shaving
Cream
CRAIG-MARTIN CHICAGO U.S.A.
50¢ Quality
50¢ Quantity

LAVENDER Shaving Cream saves you money, too, as you use it. Its microscopic-bubble lather softens the beard more completely than any other, giving you 1 to 3 more comfort shaves per blade. Possesses only the finest and purest ingredients; leaves the skin smooth and soothed.

For greater shaving satisfaction at less cost, and more shaves per blade, start using Lavender Shaving Cream without delay.

Sold Exclusively At Many
F. W. WOOLWORTH COMPANY
5c and 10c Stores

Lavender
SHAVING CREAM

The Girl Who Came Back

(*Continued from page* 49)

long been the victim of all these feelings, intensified a thousandfold, for the whole world has seen such pictures of her.

DO you remember a picture of a cake of soap atop of which perched a tiny mite of a girl, to whom had been added a set of dragon-fly wings, and who, from her snowy perch, looked out into this matter-of-fact world with the perpetual inquiry:

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

Have you ever seen the modern maid blush? Madge does, when you mention that advertisement.

"I posed for various other ads," she says, "but that seems to be the one which everyone remembers me by! Why, just for a change I wish they'd recall that Anheuser-Busch brewery ad I posed for with Anita Stewart!

"Of course, I'm not really ashamed of having posed for those ads, but—well, I'd like to be remembered for something else. The pictures I made as a child actress have long since been forgotten, and many of the people who were in them. Also, many others I knew in those childhood days have become famous.

"I remember John Gilbert when he was a script clerk. Clarence Brown was then an assistant director, herding extras about, and today he is one of the biggest directors in pictures. Josef von Sternberg, was then plain Joe Stern—and a film cutter. And Evelyn Brent was Betty Riggs."

After pictures came to an end because of that gangling age which no growing child can avoid, Madge's mother decided to concentrate on education. Madge had never been able to go regularly to school. She had had to have tutors during her film career, and so found it impossible to fit into the standardized class instruction of the public schools.

Although her parents were not stage people, her mother firmly believed that Madge's destiny lay in acting, and she wisely decided to give her the finest possible education which would fit her for such a career.

TOGETHER they went to Europe, where Madge studied assiduously, not only the conventional things which every high school student learns, but also dancing and music, voice culture and the history and traditions of the stage from the earliest days. She gorged herself on the finest plays of the most noted continental authors. Part of her work included rehearsing noted rôles. It was a wonderful basis for the success which later was to come to her. It was during this period that she posed, while on her vacations in the United States, for various artists, Gibson among them.

Naturally, she was restless to get back into the movies. Once it gets into the blood, the movie bug is there.



Step by step, like a baby learning to walk, Evalyn Knapp is slowly regaining the use of her legs after being confined to her bed for two months. Miss Knapp was injured on June 21st when she fell down a cliff while on location in the Hollywood mountains.

International News Reel Photo

When Richard Barthelmess was casting "Classmates," Madge Evans, then a girl of about fifteen, applied for the job of leading lady. She had just emerged from the gangling period of adolescence into the first flush of being a grown-up.

She got the rôle and played opposite him. But she did not score. She was shy, bashful, stiff in her acting. Where she had obeyed implicitly as a child, calling upon make-believe emotions after her directors had talked to her, she now found herself on her own. She was in that first grown-up stage when a young girl becomes self-conscious and formal, and is terribly afraid that she will do something wrong, or something not entirely correct.

She was a considerable flop, and quickly disappeared from the cinema lists. She decided to grow up right then. Her failure at a screen comeback roused the fighting spirit in her.

So she turned to the stage. The folks from Fort Lee who knew and remembered her came over to give this little girl a great, big hand, and they have been doing it ever since. Among the New York plays in which she appeared were "Conquering Male," "Dread," "Our Betters," "The Marquis," "Daisy Mayme," and her last, "Philip Goes Forth."

She scored a decided hit in this last play and then Metro-Goldwyn officials signed her up and sent her to Hollywood. During her whole career, which went back to the days of Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love and the late Holbrook Blinn, she had never been to Hollywood.

NOW she is firmly launched on her third career. In her first three months she has played the leading feminine rôles in four pictures, including "Son of India," Ramon Novarro's picture, "Guilty Hands," with Lionel Barrymore, "Sporting Blood" and "West of Broadway."

It is characteristic of Lionel Barrymore's courtesy and helpfulness that, when she appeared on the set to play in "Guilty Hands" with him, he said:

"Why, of course I remember you, Madge. You played with John and myself in 'Peter Ibbetson' when you were a child."

"Of course he didn't recognize me," said Madge with a laugh. "He couldn't have, I've changed so since then. But he had been told, or recalled the name, and it was his way of making me feel entirely at home on the set."

Out in Hollywood they're already talking stardom for Madge Evans. But perhaps it would be a good idea, ladies and gentlemen, to turn the microphone over to Miss Evans herself.

"Stardom? Yes, of course I would like that. Do you know any young woman who wouldn't? The fact that I was a child star has nothing whatever to do with my present ambitions. I believe I would be doing exactly as I am now if I had never before seen the inside of a movie studio.

"One thing, I would like to do, however, is to avoid too much responsibility at the start. I don't want to be forced ahead. Since I have been out here I have played in four pictures and I'm afraid audiences will tire of seeing me on the screen too much until they get to know me.

"I don't think a rapid zooming to stardom is a good thing. You are apt to land on top only to find yourself incapable of keeping a balance. The

(*Please turn to page* 101)



Again ... RIT TO THE RESCUE! And when Tom returned home that evening he found a radiant wife who had learned what miracles can be performed for only 15c with New Instant RIT on table linens, curtains, dresses, lingerie, . . . everything!

AMAZING New Discovery!

No Streaking . . . No Spotting when you tint or fast-dye with NEW Instant RIT

At last tinting and dyeing has become as simple as rinsing . . . and as safe! When you use this marvelously improved New Instant Rit you can be sure of perfect results. And any one of Rit's very smart Paris colors will last through 3 months' sun and at least 30 washings.

New Instant Rit is* NOT *a soap

You may have used Rit time and time again . . . but this New Instant Rit is absolutely different. There's nothing quite like it! Just dip to tint . . . and the tint will last like a fast-dye!

Rit requires* NO *rubbing

The New Instant Rit dissolves *completely* in 40 seconds. Therefore, it *can't* spot or streak. There are 33 lovely new colors for tinting and dyeing everything. And White Rit, the *Original* color remover that removes all colors, even black, as well as spots and stains . . . harmless as boiling water. But beware of harmful substitutes. Insist on this wonderful new product. Ask for New Instant Rit at your druggist or notion counter. Only 15c.

ORANGE PACKET tints or fast-dyes all fabrics perfectly.

GREEN PACKET tints silks but leaves lace white.

WHITE RIT . *Original* Color Remover.



RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1425 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago



HANDS
that Rival the Lily's Whiteness

White hands—smooth hands—youthful hands—they are yours with a little care!

Housework, office work and weather will do much to take the beauty out of your hands unless you do something to counteract. Always, when making your toilet, and especially after doing dishes, rub a little Pacquin's Hand Cream into your hands. This amazing cream does more than soothe—it actually beautifies. It restores what work and weather take out of the hands and makes them exquisitely white and smooth.

Three days with Pacquin's will see that aged, withered look disappear and a youthful freshness and suppleness take its place. It is absorbed readily by the hands and does not leave them sticky or greasy.



At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at $1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing creams in 10c size at all 5&10c Stores.

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM

That Girl From Pine Bluff

(*Continued from page* 57)

there was many an arched eyebrow and plenty of grim satisfaction when Mrs. Shannon announced she was going to New York with her two daughters.

Not very much news about Peggy filtered back from New York to Pine Bluff until one day she had her picture in the papers and then the town seethed. There she was, little Peggy Shannon, standing right up there beside that bold bad man, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., producer of a pretty girl form of entertainment called "The Follies." And under this picture was the startling announcement that the same devilish Mr. Ziegfeld had selected Peggy as one of his "beauties." Pine Bluff shook its head over Peggy.

Then the real story of that picture came back to Arkansas. It seems that Peggy and her sister and mother lived in a tiny flat in New York that was adjacent to one occupied by the great Florenz' secretary. One day this same secretary, with whom the Shannons had become acquainted, took Peggy down to show her what happened back stage at the Follies. There, a press agent . . . and he is the mysterious unknown of this story . . . got her to pose with the great glorifier of the American girl. Next day the papers carried that picture and the story of Flo having picked another Queen. The point being, as the story was told, that Flo didn't know anything about the story until he read it.

Maybe Pine Bluff didn't laugh at that one.

They stopped their chortles, however, when it was learned that Ziegfeld had taken the P. A.'s story seriously and Peggy had really gone into the Follies. Maybe Flo didn't want to make a liar out of his press agent. All that season they kept listening for rumbles from Manhattan and heard that Peggy had come into her own, as a beauty . . . so much so that, next season, when Earl Carroll was stealing all of Flo's best girls, one of his first thefts was Peggy. But, after a season in the "Vanities," Peggy dropped out of sight.

How were they, in Pine Bluff, to know that she had quit the musical shows because she didn't care for that line about being "beautiful but dumb" which is impersonally applied to all of Flo's and Earl's beauties?

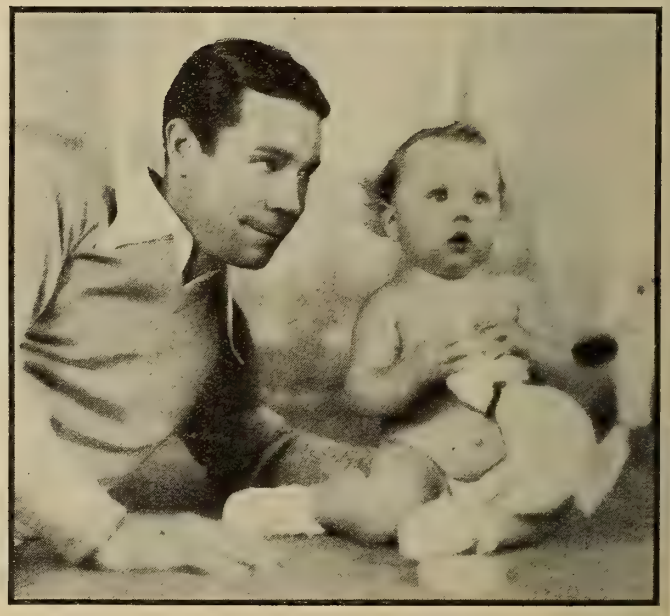
Then Pine Bluff got a bigger laugh.

PEGGY had gone into the legitimate theater . . . to be an actress. Nature had made her beautiful, but Peggy was going to see that she didn't stay dumb. She played the ingenue part in a show . . . a failure. That was funny. When they heard she had gone into a stock company somewhere up in New York State that was funnier. It wasn't so funny for Peggy. She played a whole season with the stock company and any stock actor will tell you it is brutally hard work; playing one play, rehearsing another and memorizing lines for still a third. But she stuck at it . . . the English ancestry . . . and was rewarded by a part in a production that was scheduled the next season for Broadway.

That next season Pine Bluff literally "fell out of their seats" and Peggy almost broke her heart.

She began a theatrical career that is unique. Before her bad luck "was out," as they say in Pine Bluff, she had been in fifteen consecutive failures. On fifteen occasions she rehearsed for three weeks, for nothing, and then played for a week, only to see the play close; a flop. It was benumbing misfortune, only Peggy isn't the kind of a girl who gets benumbed or gives up. . . .

I am not sure if Paramount shouldn't be given part credit for the joke Peggy played on the scoffers of Pine Bluff. Here's what happened, then you can judge for yourself. What with the Warner Brothers raiding Paramount's list of stars, and exhibitors giving mouth to their perpetual cry of "Give us new faces on the screen," the Paramount officials decided to sign up some new talent. They had seen Peggy in



Joe E. Brown isn't the star of the Brown family and he admits it himself. The star is his daughter, Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown. Cute, eh?

some one of the fifteen failures. So they dipped a pen and gave it to her and told her to sign her name at the bottom of a long piece of paper, after which she was presented with a longer railroad ticket on which the destination was marked "Hollywood."

We will also credit Clara Bow with an "assist." Perhaps the scandal mongers should really get the credit, for they had heaped their viciousness on Clara Bow until she broke; collapsed just after Peggy arrived in Hollywood; just as Clara was ready to start a picture called "The Secret Call." Everything was ready to go with that picture, the cast engaged, the sets built, the director, Stuart Walker, champing at the bit.

When word came that Miss Bow had been taken to a sanitarium, pandemonium reigned at Paramount. Who'd play Bow's part?

The answer was as devastating to Pine Bluff's scoffers as one of their own tornadoes.

THE answer was Peggy Shannon. We don't know whether it was panic of perspicacity on the part of B. P. Schulberg, general production manager, but anyway, he called little Peggy into his office and told her she was It. She went out dizzy . . . and she stayed dizzy while a swarm of dressmakers and makeup artists and camera men wanting tests and sound men wanting sound tests milled around her. This pandemonium lasted three hectic days . . . that was all the time she had to learn her lines . . . and I suspect Peggy thanked her own private Deity for those gruelling weeks in stock, where she learned to memorize quickly.

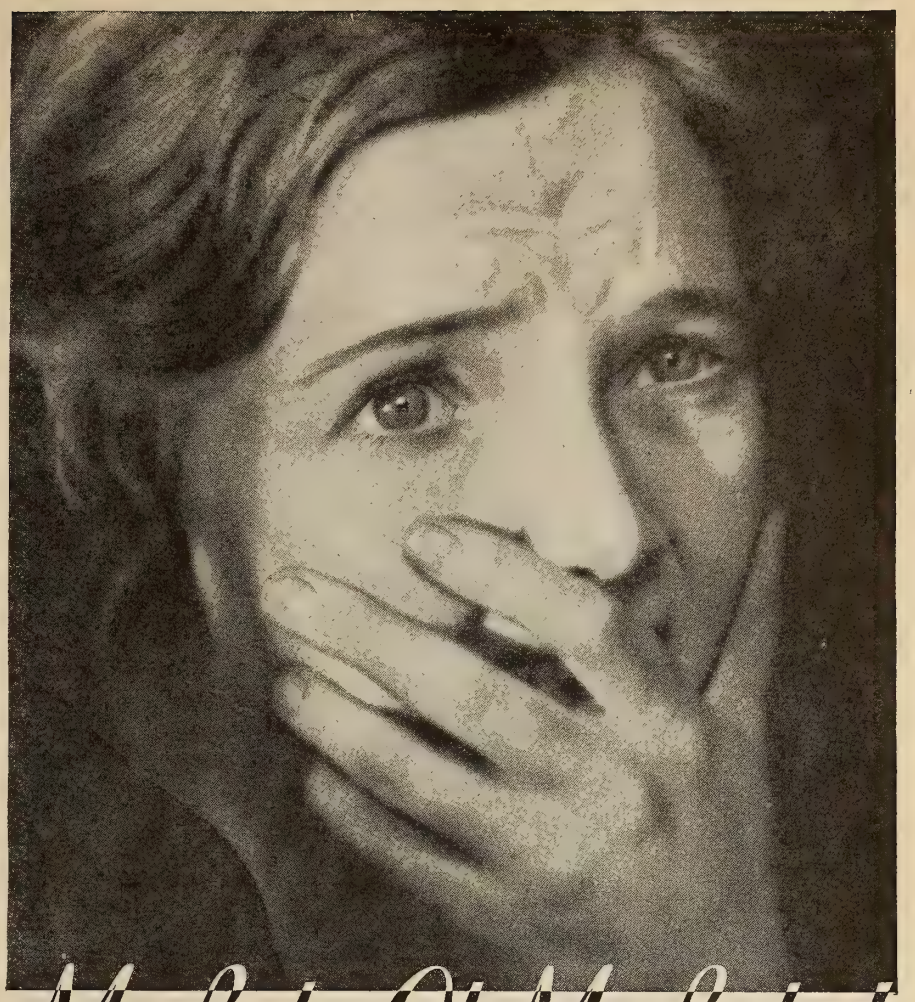
Then came the morning when shooting started . . . quiet discipline took the place of the pandemonium and Peggy "pinned back her ears," as they say in Arkansas, and gave a swell performance in Clara Bow's place. She didn't imitate Clara . . . she was too smart for that. She played the part as Peggy Shannon would have played it. And Mr. Schulberg took another bow for his sagacity as a picker. "Silence" was the next picture they put her in . . . just a few days after she was through with "The Secret Call"—and again she dealt the scoffers in Pine Bluff a body blow . . . she was better than before. Then came "The Road to Reno" and now, if you approach any of those proud Paramount executives and mention Peggy Shannon, they swell up and devoutly murmur: "Star material."

Such is the joke Peggy played on Pine Bluff. Go back there now; ask any of those eye-brow-arching mamas about Peggy and they'll say: "Why, I knew the darling child when . . ." and they'll go on by the hour, which only goes to show that a lot of folks never realize when a joke's been played on 'em.

For the statisticians; Peggy is a slender girl whose one hundred and eighteen pounds extend some five feet four inches up in the air. Her hair is long and red and her eyes are blue-gray. Her favorite sport, pastime and relaxation is, WORK. And she is married to an actor who is not in Hollywood with her.

For the Romeos, see last lines above.

For the astrologers, Peggy was born on the 10th of January. If you will write to her at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, she will probably tell you what year. She isn't ashamed of it.



My Baby-Oh My Baby!

AT THAT fearful moment when the Fangs of Fire strike one of *your* little ones—will you be able to stop the pain *quickly*? Or must your child suffer while you rush to the drug store?

Thousands of women to-day are eternally thankful that they had Unguentine on hand in the moment of emergency. For instance, this letter from Mrs. R. A. H., of Yonkers, N. Y. . . . (one of thousands of unbought letters from grateful mothers who've used Unguentine).

"When my baby was eighteen months old, he got hold of a can of acid. He got it on his hand, and when it began to smart he rubbed it right across his face and mouth! His face was like fire and little holes began to pit his cheeks. I literally smeared it with Unguentine. The baby's face is perfect to-day. Not a scar!"

Unguentine stops the pain—quickly! It helps Nature to heal more rapidly. Rarely ever is a scar left. And, being a *true antiseptic*—Unguentine guards against the danger of blood poisoning.

It is a duty you owe your family to have Unguentine on hand—ready to apply *immediately*. Be sure to get a tube from your druggist—to-day!

UNGUENTINE • *Quick!*

Norwich

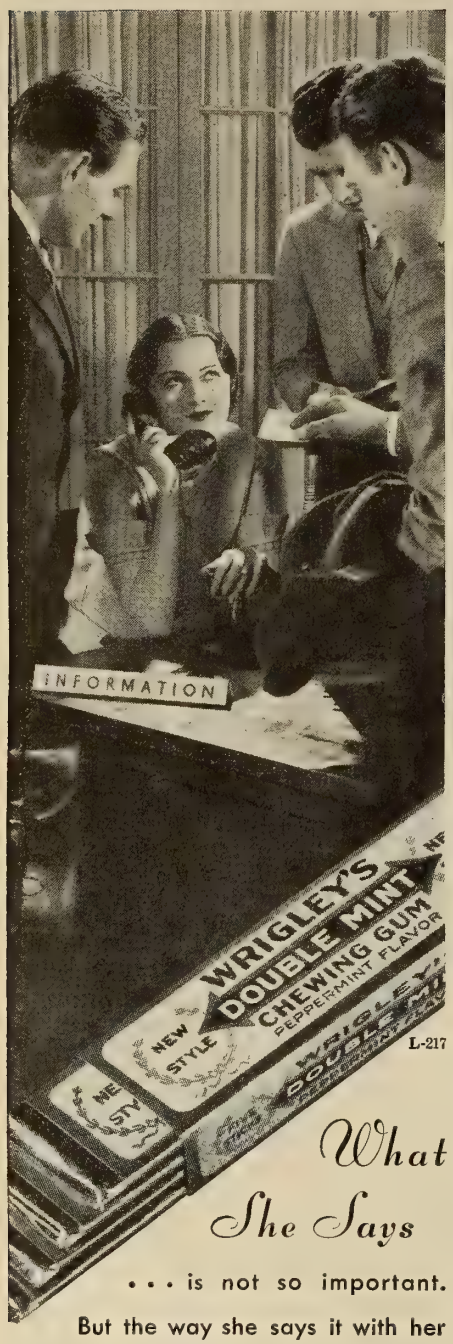
THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.,
Dept. A, Norwich, N. Y.
(In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto)

FREE SAMPLE—Please send me sample tube of Unguentine, and Dr. M. W. Stofer's booklet on household emergencies—"What to Do".

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T.M. 11-31

THE CHARM OF LOVELY LIPS



What She Says

. . . is not so important.

But the way she says it with her smiling, well shaped mouth, is responsible for her business success and her personal conquests. Enjoy DOUBLE MINT daily. It keeps lips charming in shape.

INEXPENSIVE
SATISFYING

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 14)

have been over forty—1889 to 1929 is forty years. Yet this boy appears in the last scene to be a youth in his twenties.

How come?

Ethel Bruce,
74 Boyd Avenue.

Welcoming Madge Evans

Danbury, Conn.

Three Cheers! for bringing back Madge Evans to the screen. In the picture "Sporting Blood" she showed marvelous acting as well as being very attractive. We would like to see more pictures like "Sporting Blood" and more acting like that of Clark Gable and Madge Evans. I think the two together make a very interesting pair.

Shirley Lawrence,
35 Main Street.

What Joan Crawford Needs

Park Ridge, Ill.

Will someone please give Joan Crawford just two things, a square meal and a story with a kick to it. I have been a Joan Crawford fan for ages and I don't think any other actress has half her charm. But not even the most enthusiastic admirer is going to spend money to see her favorite actress in a punk picture.

"Paid" was marvelous and it gave Joan her big chance to show her fans that she could act as well as dance. But why, oh why give her "Laughing Sinners" to struggle through? Even the splendid cast couldn't make it seem sincere. Well, Joan, we're all for you, but a few extra potatoes wouldn't hurt you. I hope "This Modern Age" is more what you deserve.

Peggy Sweet,
101 Cedar Street.

Liked "East Lynne"

San Francisco, Calif.

At last the Worm has Turned! After a surfeit of war, crime, gangster, underworld and similar pictures, Hollywood has given us an old-fashioned story.

A few years ago, perhaps, "East Lynne" would have been laughed at, if some producer had announced having the temerity to attempt to show it. Today it is a HIT! And a distinct relief from the many featureless pictures with which we are being regaled. True, "East Lynne" probably owes its greatness to Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel and the capable supporting cast, but nevertheless the story itself is of the heart-throbbing, interest-compelling type.

Incidentally it's one of Ann Harding's best portrayals.

Jasper B. Sinclair,
318-20th Avenue.

More About "East Lynne"

Washington, D. C.

Amid the pandemonium raised by fans anent Garbo *versus* Dietrich and the Bow situation, and while Hollywood itself has been made blatant by stars trying to outshine and outdo one another, a quiet young lady has come upon us unobtrusively with a display of genuine histrionics deserving of ovation. We liked her in "Holiday", knew she must be a lovely person by "The Girl of the Golden West," but it took "East Lynne" to make us realize that an Ann Harding is what we have needed to stimulate our too little used deepest emotions.

George Wilton, Jr.,
1620-R Street N. W., Apt. 324.

Wants News in Newsreels

Seattle, Wash.

You all know what a newsreel is. It's that part of the program which is stuck in between the feature and the comedy. It's supposed to be "the ears and eyes of the world's activities." Maybe so, but I'd appreciate it more if we'd see less ship-launching, foreign potentates saying nothing, school-children learning national anthems, and riot acts. If the newsreel is supposed to be the newspaper of the universe, why can't we have moving pictures of the people involved in outstanding scandals?

Is it any worse seeing them than reading about them?

Samela Kay Parkhurst,
1146 West 63rd Street.

Praise for Lionel Barrymore

Wilson, N. C.

You can rave about your Novarros and Gables and Montgomerys, but give me Lionel Barrymore any old time. There's a man who really can act. He knows the finer subtle points that few on the screen have acquired. Witness his performances in "A Free Soul" and "Guilty Hands." Splendid, superb, and all the other nice adjectives available.

E. B. Walters,
300 N. Pine Street.

SETH PARKER LOOKS AT HOLLYWOOD

Of course you have heard Seth Parker and the Jonesport folks on the radio. Seth and his friends now are in Hollywood making a motion picture. You will be highly interested in his impressions of Hollywood, presented exclusively next month

in

NEW MOVIE



Nestle SUPERSET



The Secret of GLORIOUS WAVES

LOOK to the waving lotion. That is what most successful beauticians are most particular about whenever they give a finger wave or water wave. And more than 25,000 of these beauty authorities use and endorse Nestle SuperSet.

It sets the hair quickly and easily. It assures a long lasting wave—a wave that is soft, fluffy and lustrous. And there is no after-deposit or sediment.

SuperSet is fast drying and completely free from grease. Use it once and you will use it always. Made by the originators of the permanent wave—the Nestle-LeMur Company, 10 East 49th Street, New York City.

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores large size at your beauty parlor.

The Girl Who Came Back

(*Continued from page 97*)

slide down is faster than any skyrocketing up.

"I hope to build myself up by easy stages. This is all very new to me. What I remember of the old way of making pictures is entirely different from talkies. If I can drift along until I feel confident of what I am doing I will be satisfied. Any rôles they give me will do. I am almost afraid my rôles have been too good for a beginner.

"FIRST I worked with Ramon Novarro. He is a charming chap and his assistance was invaluable to me. Never have I been placed at ease so completely as I was when he realized I was new to the business. My next picture, 'Sporting Blood,' was with Clark Gable. What an enthusiast! He was right in the midst of a whirlwind of acclaim that is making him one of the most popular men in pictures. Clark is an easy-going, unworried vagabond. He isn't going to allow himself to be swept off his feet. I couldn't help but think how many girls would have liked to trade places with me as his leading lady.

"After that I played with Lionel Barrymore. The last time I had seen him was when I played with him and his brother John in 'Peter Ibbetson.' No two people could be so utterly alike, and yet so different. John is a madcap clown. Lionel is intensely serious, and yet he is a good deal of a clown at times, too. He often had us all in hysterics. Lionel is very patient and considerate with newcomers, and is always apologizing for mistakes he knows darned well you made.

"Hollywood is so new to me that I'm as bad as an Iowa tourist. Everyone I pass on the street looks like a star to me.

"I was having my hair waved in the dressing room soon after I started work, and I heard one of the hair-dressers calling: 'Bring another hot iron to Miss Garbo's room.' It gave me the thrill of my life and I couldn't get out of the chair fast enough. I got out just in time to see the Great Garbo coming down the stairway, in make-up and costume, and enter a waiting car.

"Marriage? Now, how can you ask a question like that? Show me a nice sensible boy who isn't too good-looking and who is through sowing his wild oats and is ready to settle down and then—well, maybe I can think of a good answer!"

Herb Howe Writes a Fascinating Article in Next Month's NEW MOVIE.

THE LOWDOWN ON HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIFE

Watch for it. It is done with all this brilliant author's cleverness and sparkle.



FOR CAKES THAT MAKE A HOSTESS FAMOUS



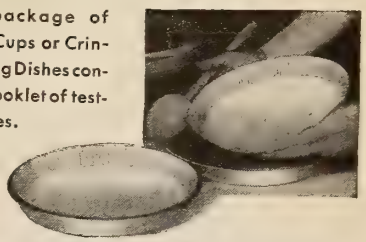
Crinkle Baking Dishes and Crinkle Cups



Perfect rounds of fresh-baked layer cake, or dainty little cakes, even-textured, delicately browned! Good hostesses take pride in serving delicious home-made cakes. You can make them better and easier now. Use Crinkle Cups for small cakes and muffins, Crinkle Baking Dishes to line your layer cake pans . . . and do away with greasing, sticking, burning, pan-washing.

Sold at F. W. Woolworth Co 5 and 10 Cent Stores

Every package of Crinkle Cups or Crinkle Baking Dishes contains a booklet of tested recipes.



THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU EASIER, BETTER BAKING

Oldmill Paper Products Corp.
Linden St., cor. Prospect Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose 10¢ for which please send me introductory package of Crinkle Baking Dishes for layer cakes. To fit ☐ 8 in. or ☐ 9 in. pans.

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CHIEFTAIN

Black French Dressing



Shines Shoes Without Rubbing

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She Tried to Stay Out of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 70)

After all, they are related for the theater began in the church."

By the time she graduated from High School, she knew she wanted to go on the stage. Her parents did not like the idea but no one could hold out against Zita's determination. She attended the Alvienne School of the Theater and then, after five weeks of pavement pounding, she got her first job with the Theater Guild, when she played in "Peer Gynt," "The Devil's Disciple" and "He Who Gets Slapped." Later she appeared with the Civic Repertory Theater in "Dawn" and "The Cradle Song."

"Machinal," the next step in her career, is stage history, for it was widely acclaimed and in it Zita Johann became famous overnight. In it, too, Clark Gable first attracted public notice. "Machinal" dealt in broad strokes with love, birth and death. It told the story of a girl who, to get away from office routine and her nagging mother, married her rich and older employer whom she did not love. Even motherhood did not change the bleakness of her life. Then, in a speakeasy, she fell in love with a handsome blackguard. It was the first time she had known love, and life suddenly became joyous and simple. Persuaded by her lover, she murdered her husband because she wanted to be free, and so she eventually died in the electric chair. The last scene of the play just before her death, where the bewildered girl cried out in her anguish for "Somebody!"—someone to unravel the tangle of life—was a moment that thousands of play-goers could not forget, and since the throbbing voice of Zita Johann made that moment, Zita Johann was made.

It was a juicy part and one can imagine the many already famous actresses who coveted it. But the producer, Arthur Hopkins, noted for his foresight, had seen Zita's work. He sent for her for a try-out and the part was hers.

ON opening night, there was a moment of intense silence after the curtain—so greatly was the audience moved—and Zita, mistaking that silence, ran to Arthur Hopkins and said she had failed and he must get someone else for the part.

"I wish I could remember that night more vividly," she says, "I'm always dazed at openings and I was especially so that time because it was my first big chance. I only remember Hopkins pushing me on the stage and hearing applause after the silence. The part was so strenuous, it took every ounce of energy and I had absolutely no relaxation during the run of the play. So I got to feel that I was that girl in prison. Although I cried when the play closed, it was a relief, for by that time it seemed to hang over me like a shadow."

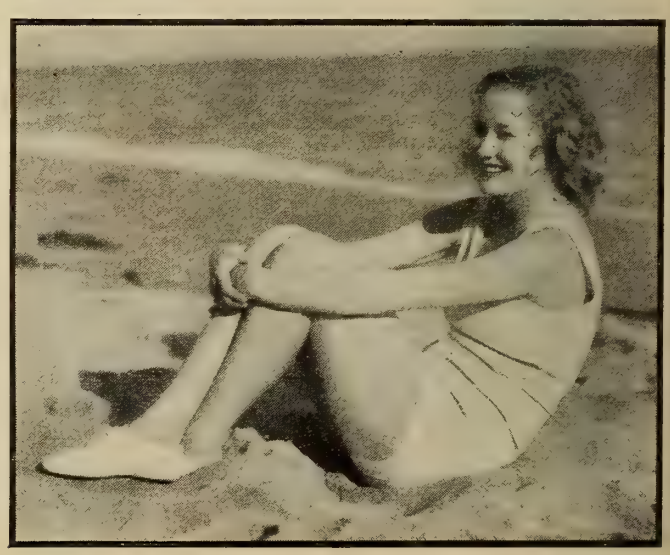
After some minor engagements, Miss Johann scored another big success last season in Philip Barry's play, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." But the technique of this was much more subtle, although again dealing with love and birth and death. It is in the portrayal of fundamental emotions that she has attained success. She has no formula other than "to try to do everything as simply as possible."

"Griffith's picture, 'The Struggle,' falls between 'Machinal' and 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow,'" she explained. "It is a simple story of a girl's struggle to hold her husband. She is beaten by nothing, falters only once and finally triumphs through her inherent strength."

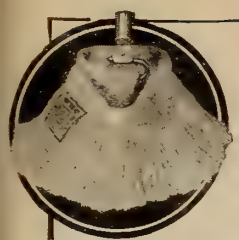
"Do you like acting in the movies?" I asked.

"I do now," she replied, a twinkle in her eyes. "Working with Mr. Griffith has been wonderful. Like Mr. Hopkins, he lets me interpret my own way but is extremely sensitive and if I do something that does not satisfy me, he knows immediately and orders a retake. You know there are two kinds of acting—interpretive, where you follow the director's interpretation, and creative, where you create the character as you think it should be done. I can only do creative acting—anything else hampers me. That's why I tried so hard to stay out of the movies."

"Stay *out!*"



Miriam Hopkins on the sands of Malibu. Miss Hopkins, who scored in "The Smiling Lieutenant," will have a featured rôle in "24 Hours."



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"Yes. My mother wanted me to go into the movies a long time ago and I always turned down offers because I wanted to wait until I was in a position to choose the sort of roles I know I can best portray. I was in Hollywood for five months for Metro-Goldwyn without doing a single thing, because I would only sign a contract that said I could approve my picture and I didn't want to do anything they wanted to give me. I want to play parts of universal appeal with true, universal emotions, not manufactured ones. If I do not feel the kernel of the story, I know I can never act it.

"TO please mother, I tried out for Paramount too, in their Long Island studio. The picture was Maurice Chevalier's 'Love Parade.' They wanted me to play the queen. I couldn't see myself as a queen and so in the chinchilla and royal robes they gave me for the test, I acted the speakeasy scene from 'Machinal.' Naturally it was terrible and I was happy when they turned me down."

"How did you happen to go into 'The Struggle'?"

"Well, John Emerson, who wrote it with his wife, Anita Loos, came around to my dressing room one evening last season and asked how I'd like to go into the movies. I said I wouldn't. Then he told me Mr. Griffith was going to direct and related something of the story. It was the sort of thing I liked—and who wouldn't like the idea of being launched under Griffith? So here I am and I hope the public likes *me!*"

When asked if she missed audiences, as many stage stars do, Miss Johann replied, "Not at all! The electricians and carpenters are audience enough—and they're very hard-boiled. Even on the stage I have to get used to an audience. For when I get a part, I usually take it to the country and study it to music—Chopin, Beethoven and Bach. I'm introspective in my work, you see—I sort of keep it to myself. So that when I work before an audience I have to get used to it."

Miss Johann wants to portray every sort of emotion when she "grows into them" and although she has always appeared in serious drama she would like to do comedy.

More than anything else she loves freedom in both work and play. She would rather do the native peasant dances of Hungary than the modern dances of today. "I find going around the room with one person cramping. Perhaps that's my Dalcroze or Duncan training. I studied both. My sister is an Albertina Rasch dancer, but will appear on the legitimate stage this season. I'm crazy about dancing and wish I'd studied more of it. I like riding too, only I was thrown badly while I was playing in 'Machinal' and I'm still running to the doctor to have my spine fixed up. It's very painful."

Once again I studied Zita's face, without a line or shadow of either pain or weariness.

"Didn't it interfere with your work?"

"I wouldn't let it!" she said, her eyes widening with determination.

And that is Zita Johann—but not quite all. Griffith says of her, "She hasn't yet found a role worthy of her talents."

That from "the master," after "Machinal," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "The Struggle," is saying something and gives motion-picture fans something to look forward to!



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Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

(*Continued from page 16*)

minutes—add wine and cook for three more. Have yolks of eggs in a bowl. Add cream, beat well together and add lobster. Gently shuffle all over the fire for two minutes. Serve hot.

Spiced Oysters

Put oysters on the stove and let come to a boil in their own liquor. Add salt and cayenne pepper to taste, then take from stove and drain. Carefully wipe each oyster with a dry cloth, then judge the amount needed to cover the oysters and use half oyster juice and half vinegar. Put spices into mixture—use mace, cloves, cinnamon bark—and let all come to a boil. Then add the oysters that have been dried and let cook about ten minutes.

Oysters in Bread Cases

2 doz. oysters
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon mace
⅛ teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
2 anchovies
6 rolls
1 cup cream
1 egg yolk

Cook oysters in their own liquor until the edges curl. Remove them and to the liquor add the butter, flour—well blended—and the mace, thyme, parsley and anchovies. Simmer all gently for five minutes. Scoop the inside of the rolls out, leaving only the cases, which should be sauté in butter until a little brown on each side. Add the cream to the oyster liquor. Return the oysters to it and add the beaten egg yolk, taking care that the mixture does not curdle. Cook for a minute more, add a couple teaspoons lemon juice. Serve in the rolls at once. Sufficient for six.

Shrimp Pie

2 cups peeled shrimp
4 slices stale bread
1 tablespoon butter
2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs
1 can No. 2 tomatoes
1 green pepper, chopped fine
1 small onion, chopped
Salt, pepper and cayenne to taste

Fry onions gently in butter until brown. Break up bread in little pieces and mix with the tomatoes. Then add to the butter and onion the green pepper, shrimp and seasonings and cook about 20 minutes. Add eggs, chopped. Turn all into a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with toasted bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes. (This will serve six.)

Terrapin Soup

1 large (fresh water) terrapin
2 quarts water
1 slice of bacon
2 dozen cloves
5 dozen allspice
Salt, cayenne and black pepper
Browned flour
½ cup sherry or sherry flavoring
½ grated nutmeg

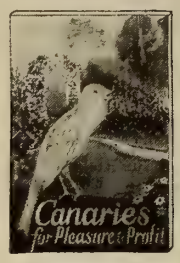
Clean terrapin and put into a large kettle. Add water, bacon, spices, salt and pepper and boil slowly for three or four hours. Then thicken with browned flour. Just before serving add wine in which the nutmeg has been grated.

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First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 84)

rouge used under the chin is a good camouflage for incipient double chin.

Eye shadow should always be applied sparingly, even for evening events and one's most extreme gown. Otherwise the comment will not be "What beautiful eyes she has," but, "How much eye shadow she uses."

EYEBROW shaping is the first step in making up the eyebrows. We can affect the Greta Garbo long line, saying good-bye to most of our original eyebrow, but it isn't guaranteed to make us look like La Garbo. Generally the thinned eyebrow that still retains some of its personality is most acceptable. Pencils should be used with care so that only the hairs and not the skin will be darkened. Only the darkest haired women can look their best with a jet-black pencil—and they don't need it. Tones of brown can be used instead.

But before we ever start with our make-up box, we'll want something to start on. All the powders and rouges in the world won't completely hide a sallow skin or one with large pores or blemishes. Diet and exercise, regular hours, creams and massages must build up our foundation first. And a good vanishing cream or liquid is the basis for our operations. Then we can go to work and improve on nature, expecting not medals for our artistry but a chance to kiss and make up.

I am only 24 but I have deep wrinkles in my forehead and a number of little wrinkles around my eyes. What can I do to get rid of these?—Alice, St. Paul, Minnesota.

First you should make certain that your eyes are not the source of those frown wrinkles. Perhaps you need glasses. If that is not so watch yourself and smooth your forehead whenever a tendency to frown comes over you. To lose the creases and wrinkles you already have try face masks and home facials. If you will send me a stamped self-addressed envelope I will mail you complete directions for giving yourself a facial at home.

My eyebrows are straggly and won't stay down. Should I have them plucked out?—Grace, Denver, Colorado.

By all means pluck the stragglers, but don't make the mistake of leaving yourself only a thin line of eyebrow. The hairs that misbehave can be smoothed down with frequent applications of vaseline and repeated brushings. This will also help you secure a good eyebrow line.

How can I make my brown hair blond? Many girls are becoming blondes. How is it done? Does it injure the hair?—B. of Marion, Illinois.

There are several methods of lightening hair, but I would advise you to go to a reputable beauty shop for your first treatment. If proper materials are used in dyeing, your hair will not be injured. The beauty parlor will test your hair and advise the best treatment for the type. Have them give the first dye and watch closely so you can

(*Please turn to page* 115)



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INSTEAD of having to rouge lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock—for 12 full hours! Its charm and fresh beauty remain for hours after you put it on . . . What's more, it costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

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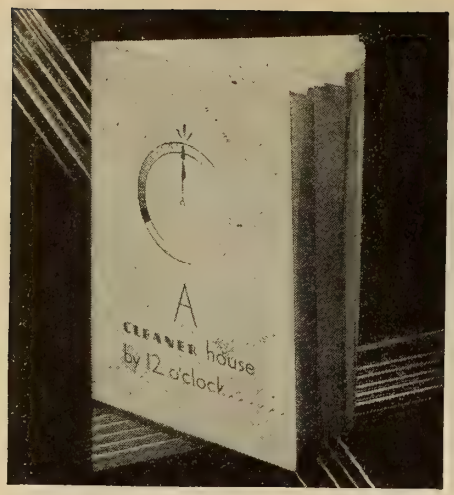


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page 6-9

How to budget cleaning time

How to *plan* your housework, to make a written cleaning schedule. By "budgeting" time you make every minute buy the most results.

page 11

To wash dishes faster

How to save many minutes each day by improving your dishwashing method.

page 17

To keep a refrigerator spotless

Spills attended to in time save elbow grease. Warm, soapy water works wonders.

page 21

To remove common stains

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Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 10)

The Finger Points. Richard Barthelmess becomes a reporter in a crime-infested city. *First National.* Class A.

Born to Love. Constance Bennett gives her impression of what a war nurse should be. She looks and acts well under all circumstances. *RKO-Pathe.* Class B.

Dirigible. The crashing of a giant dirigible provides the big moments of an otherwise conventional picture. *Columbia.* Class A.

Hush Money. The argument of this picture seems to be that it is safer to confess to a past than to try to tuck it away with the family skeletons. *Fox.* Class C.

The Girl Habit. As an inveterate philanderer, Charles Ruggles finds it difficult to make his eyes behave, even after marriage. *Paramount.* Class D.

Lover Come Back. After he has discarded a faithful secretary in favor of a vain little flapper, a foolish youth learns to regret his mistake. *Columbia.* Class D.

Laughing Sinners. The Salvation Army enlists a new recruit in Joan Crawford, who, following an emotional bust-up, has a try at practical religion. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Gold Dust Gertie. Winnie Lightner laughs so heartily that her gaiety becomes infectious. That is about all there is to this comedy. *Warner.* Class C.

Three Loves. Interesting because it introduces the glamorous personality of Marlene Dietrich. *Paramount. Class B.*

Up for Murder. Using a newspaper office as a background, the producer of this picture managed to develop an interesting intrigue involving the society editor. *Universal.* Class C.

I Take This Woman. An uneven picture but one that contains some impressive moments as registered by Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. *Paramount.* Class B.

Big Business Girl. Loretta Young is the big business girl in question. A passable treatment of a familiar theme. *First National.* Class B.

The Viking. The Varick Frissell Expedition is faithfully recorded in this impressive transcript of heroic adventure in the arctic regions. *Varick Frissell.* Class B.

Transgression. The temptations of Paris are almost, but not quite, too much for the alluring Kay Francis. *Radio.* Class C.

The Smiling Lieutenant. One of the gayest pictures of the year, with Ernst Lubitsch and Chevalier in happy accord. Place this on your list. *Paramount.* Class AA.

A Free Soul. Boosts Norma Shearer a few pegs higher on her ascending career. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Seed. Domesticity interferes with the literary aims of a young husband. He goes to Paris, thereby making matters worse. *Universal.* Class A.

Tarnished Lady. Tallulah Bankhead, a first-rate actress, in a third-rate story. *Paramount.* Class D.

Indiscreet. Although the story here is not unusual, Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon contrive to make it diverting. *United Artists.* Class A.

It's a Wise Child. Brought to the screen with Marion Davies playing the lead, this successful stage comedy retains much of its original interest. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Squaw Man. The newest version of this ever-popular drama retains the good points of its predecessor, plus dialogue. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Smart Money. Edward Robinson scores another bull's eye in a story of the quick-witted gentry. *Warner.* Class AA.

Daddy Long Legs. Sentimental and appealing with Janet Gaynor in her sweetest mood. *Fox.* Class A.

Night Angel. Despite the presence of Nancy Carroll and Frederic March, this Viennese medley misses fire. *Paramount.* Class D.

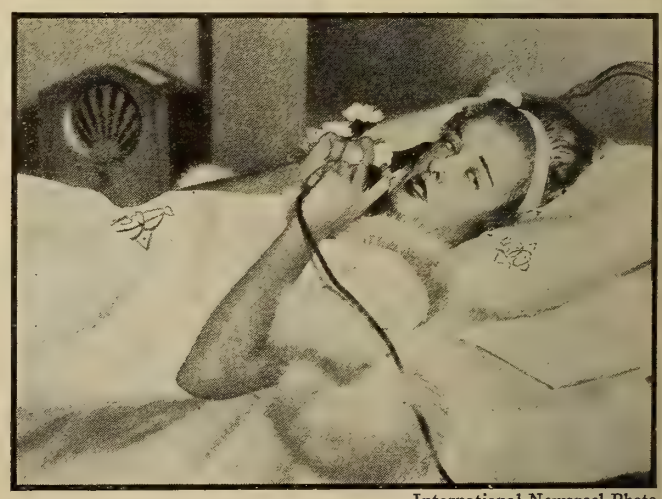
Five-and-Ten. The homely qualities of a Fannie Hurst story are transferred to the screen, Marion Davies playing the heroine. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Annabelle's Affairs. Jeanette MacDonald and Roland Young are the outstanding figures in this romance. *Fox.* Class B.

The Vice Squad. Not as big as the subject warrants, owing to a tendency to avoid too direct accusations. *Paramount.* Class C.

The Phantom of Paris. A melodramatic story with John Gilbert, who is still an uncertain quantity in talking pictures, giving passable performance. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Joan Bennett, the screen star, has to learn how to walk all over again. She was thrown from a horse on July 28th, sustaining a badly fractured hip. Miss Bennett has been in the hospital ever since. Now she has to teach her muscles how to navigate all over again.



International Newsreel Photo

He Sold Lunch Wagons

(*Continued from page* 39)

Runyon, and other leaders and entertainers of the modern scheme. Elinor Glyn, should she meet him, probably would write another thesis on the electric intangibles that radiate from care-free souls and from the pens of neurotic novelists.

Wally Reid had that quality.

As you might expect, Dunn was born in New York City. He has that thing which sentimental Broadwayites describe as "the New York manner." A verve and flair that are nothing more than a friendly, sincere interest in people and things. His New York background is kept as such, however. He does not wear it on his sleeve. At heart he is a Westerner and admits as much. Bright, sunny days always attract him more than bright, sun-arc nights.

After public schooling at New Rochelle, he went to work for his father, a stock broker. That lasted for three years. Then he went to work for a company that makes those bulkily impressive steel lunch wagons. Imitation pullman cars that specialize in quick meals and quicker dyspepsia.

He sold enough of those perambulating meal trucks through the East and South to accumulate $10,000. (He has that assured approach that makes for easy salesmanship.)

And then came the incident of the slippery hill and the town of Pelham.

Service is a credo of the lunch-wagon business, as well as that of others. Having sold one of the things to a customer who was in a hurry for it, Dunn rushed to the factory, found all the regular truck drivers out for golf or lunch, and leaped to the wheel.

Now, seventeen tons of motorized dining car can do a lot of skidding, particularly on a steep hill—and a wet one at that.

Arrived at the bottom, providentially brought to a stop by the aid of six telephone poles sheared off in a row, Dunn left the dining car where it rested on its side, 'phoned his company to tell them he had resigned and went to the bank.

HE had decided on a Wall Street career.

With the knowledge gained from those three years as a broker's clerk with his father, he lost $10,000 in four merry weeks, acquiring nothing but a

(*Please turn to page* 108)



Makes Night Driving Safer Than Day!



No more driving "blind" on a crowded highway at night! An astonishing new light invention permits every auto owner to see perfectly. Banishes night wrecks and smashups. Ends fear of running over children or animals. Guaranteed to do everything claimed here or it costs you absolutely nothing. Simply mail coupon for Free Test Offer.



This new kind of light even LOOKS entirely different



Gives perfect illumination of entire roadway without shadows.

Fits Any Headlight—Ends Dangerous Dimming
DOUBLES ROAD LIGHT!

AT LAST! An amazingly queer yet simple invention lifts the curse of night driving from the motoring world. This altogether new discovery called "Perfect-O-Lite," replaces old "glass" bulbs in your automobile headlights with truly amazing results. Road illumination is instantly doubled yet glare is absolutely banished. Ordinary objects in the road, ruts, animals, obstructions, etc., are made clearly visible at least **three** times as far. Instead of ordinary "direct" light, this beam is composed entirely of double-reflected or "infused" light. This new kind of light cuts right through the other fellow's headlights. Even shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow. Banishes the need for glare shields, special spot lights, driving lights, etc. No wonder concerns like Wallace & Tiernan, N. J.; Blue & Gray Bus Lines, Columbus Fire Trucks, etc., have already installed Perfect-O-Lite as standard equipment. To prove what this invention will do, the manufacturer now offers a set to every motorist on FREE TEST. Simply mail the coupon promptly for details.

AGENT MAKES $1,400 IN ONE WEEK



Full-time and spare-time workers. New Free Demonstration Plan with Sales Guarantee. Exclusive territory. Sell in bunches to fleet owners. A real chance for 8 to 14 very first hour; $6,000 to $10,000 a year. Wehner, of Pennsylvania, made $1,125 in 90 days' spare time. Davis, of Pa., actually made $1,400 in one week! No limit for distributors. Use coupon quick!

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Rush Free Test Offer and Money-making facts.

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FIVE pounds or fifty—whatever it is you want to lose it can be done and without loss of health at the same time, with the aid of the little book, "Reducing the Right Way." Diets and exercises, weight tables and ideal measurements as well as sample menus are included in the book.

Send 10 cents plus three cents postage to Tower Books, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and we will mail you your copy promptly.



Guard against skin infection



Leading skin specialists say:
"A powder puff that is not sterilized may be a dangerous source of infection."

BETTY LOU are *Sterilized*
POWDER PUFFS 10c
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Sold Exclusively At
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Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS *You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month*

DECEMBER

GOOD NEWS FOR WOMEN

This new type of Face Powder that *CLINGS* for Hours at a time!



MADE WITH PURE OLIVE OIL TO PROTECT AND BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

"*IF only my powder wouldn't dust off so easily!*" How often you've complained of this, especially when autumn's blustery winds attack the skin. For years expert cosmeticians have struggled with this problem, trying to develop a formula that would add greater adhesiveness to face powder.

At last their efforts have been rewarded! Today OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder — *made with a base of purest Olive Oil* — not only helps the skin to remain soft, pliant and fine of texture, but it has the amazing ability of *staying on* for hours at a time! Yet this distinctive powder is fluffy-dry in look and feel —it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover for yourself how it will protect your complexion and keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades and in 2 distinct textures.

Regular-size packages of this exquisite powder at 35c and $1.00, *together with other* OUTDOOR GIRL *Beauty Products,* are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages at 10c each, may also be had at the toilet goods counters of leading chain and variety stores. Enclosed in each box is a fascinating leaflet describing the secrets of artful make-up. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box...



With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

He Sold Lunch Wagons

(*Continued from page* 107)

new respect for speculators who operate at a profit.

Too proud to admit his predicament to his dad, not too proud to accept any kind of work that was offered him, Dunn went to work as an extra at a Long Island motion picture studio.

It was just about this time that hard luck and the Greenwich police sneaked upon him again. Motoring merrily back to town one night, after a day on location, his 70-mile-an-hour flight was rudely interrupted by a motorcycle policeman who could go faster than James could.

Three restful days in the Greenwich jail was his reward. Three sleepless nights for the jailer was the reward *he* got. Not even by the inspired courtesy of leaving Dunn's cell unlocked could the unhappy fellow bribe the effervescent James to stop his night-long song.

Some way, he seems to have a strange affinity for the police . . . an innocent affinity that merely serves to increase his coterie of friends.

The evening of the second day Dunn arrived in Hollywood to work for Fox he was sitting in his apartment, strangely enough, alone, when suddenly there was a great battering at his door. He opened it to confront two perspiring cops from the Hollywood station.

"We got a report that there's a wild party going on here," barked the spokesman of the two. "You gotta cut it out!"

James invited them in. The "wild party," it developed, was the new Dunn radio, turned on full blast to bring in a broadcast of the Friday night fights at the American Legion stadium. An excited announcer, screaming out his blow-by-blow description, had convinced a nervous neighbor that murder was being done.

"I knew it was sorta loud," apologized Jim, "but I didn't know anyone would mind."

The policemen stayed to listen to the remainder of the broadcast and to have some laughs with a new found friend.

DUNN likes it in Hollywood: as a matter of fact he'd like it anywhere. He and Helen Morgan literally owned Broadway when they were in "Sweet Adeline" together. Ten different supper clubs left them standing invitations every night.

Their presence meant good business for the place.

It's not only that Jim is a good fellow. He's a convincingly excellent actor, as well. In that period between extra work at the Long Island studio and the lead with La Morgan, he was in stock—that great training school for the acting profession—in Englewood, New Jersey, and in Winnipeg, Canada. That experience accounted for almost three years of his pre-Broadway time. Undoubtedly, it will be invaluable in his motion picture career.

That career has started off like a 9.4 man on a rubber track with a wind behind him. In the picture, "Bad Girl," his first, his performance was received by critics with praise that was most uncritical. "Sob Sister" is his next assignment, to be shared with Linda Watkins, under the direction of Alfred Santell.

Don't depend upon that title, however. Quite likely "Sob Sister," when released, will be re-titled "The Young Man With a Smile."

There's more than an eight-to-ten chance that it will be James Dunn's picture.



Vicki Baum, the talented author of "Grand Hotel," is now at the Paramount Hollywood studios, where she is writing an original screen story for Maurice Chevalier. Ernst Lubitsch will direct Mr. Chevalier in it.

He Wants to Marry an Actress

(*Continued from page* 59)

veteran in the game. He said very seriously that he had always wanted to be an actor. But I didn't believe him. A boy like young Bakewell must have gone through all the phases of coveting the career of engineer, cowboy, motorcycle officer, forest ranger and street-car conductor.

"When I was going to military school, the boys used to sit around and talk about the things they were going to do, but I always kept quiet about my ambitions. If you talk and talk about things you usually end up by just talking," Billy told me one day while sitting in his room, curled up in some fantastic, long-legged way in a chair.

Which proves that this young man was doing some thinking, even in the days of his callow youth. Ramon Novarro made the same remark one day when someone asked him why he had never mentioned his directorial ambitions.

"IF people would expend the same energy in doing things that they waste in talking about doing them, they might accomplish their goals," Ramon said. That was the Novarro creed, and look where he managed to climb. Billy Bakewell is following the same route.

"People refuse to take juveniles seriously," Billy went on, retwisting his long, thin legs in an uncomfortable position. "They expect us to be just empty-headed youngsters who are out for fun and nothing else. You'd be surprised at the way the younger crowd has changed in the last few years.

"The whole bunch has grown more serious, with a few exceptions, of course. They used to treat the movies as some grand and glorious game. They'd sign a contract for a picture or two at a salary which knocked them off their feet. Then they'd proceed to go out and blow the money on clothes and cars and whatnots. When the contract was over, they were out in the cold.

"Now they look on the game as a business, an exciting affair but still a business. They know that it's the one industry in this world where youth can make the money which normally comes with successful middle age. Why, do you realize that there are boys and girls barely twenty who are making more money than the President?

"But they also realize that the money which comes with youth may not continue with middle age. So they're building for the future and thinking of the days to come, instead of squandering what they're earning."

Billy agreed that the whole business was becoming more stabilized. He also agreed that no young man or girl should begin a screen career unless they were born gamblers and had a sense of humor.

"More things can happen in this business than in any other," he continued. "Of course, now it isn't as bad as it used to be. Success isn't as much a matter of lucky breaks as it was once. It's a matter of being ready for the lucky breaks. You've got to build

(*Please turn to page* 112)

Actual photograph of Elizabeth Gibbons after and before using VANKAI Wave Set



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Have lovely wavy hair with* VANKAI *Wave Set

Does stringy, straggly hair drive your husband into retirement behind the morning paper? Why not use VANKAI Wave Set and have charmingly wavy hair to start the day with?

This new wave-aid, used the night before, clips ten whole minutes off morning make-up time. And how lovely your hair looks—soft and lustrous, with a rippling *natural* wave. Finger waves last longer—permanents retain their beauty. No grease, no wax. No discoloration or sticky white flakes left behind. VANKAI Wave Set is *good* for your hair. Thirty thousand beauty parlors use and endorse it.

Most 5 and 10c stores sell VANKAI Wave Set (extra-large 10c bottle): 25c size at druggists'. Get a bottle today. For trial size send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



VANKAI WAVE SET

Hollywood's famous stars share their favorite recipes with you in an unusual new illustrated cook book—"Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars." Mitzi Green gives her recipe for fudge; Constance Bennett tells about her favorite Spanish Chicken, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., gives pointers on how to make Boston Brown Bread.

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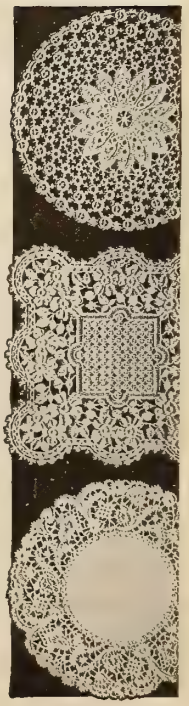
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He Wants to Marry an Actress

(*Continued from page* 111)

a screen success just the way you build progress in any other game."

That's where Billy has proven his seriousness of purpose. He hasn't wanted or expected any of those overnight popularities which have wrecked the careers of so many promising young people. He has plugged along from extras to bits to featured rôles, throwing into each one that same intensity and determination.

THEN, from business the conversation drifted to the discussion of girls. It wasn't spring, but, in spite of the poet, a young man's fancy isn't determined by the season. And Billy is a most normal young man.

It all started because, in one of his leg-twisting and untangling moments, he dragged a whole bunch of tiny snapshots from the pocket of his gray suit.

"We took these last week-end when a bunch of us chartered a sailing boat and cruised around Catalina," he explained. "Want to see them?"

Of course I did and only a blind person could have avoided noticing one young lady with brown hair who seemed to be the central figure of all the pictures.

"Cute, isn't she?" Billy asked in the self-conscious manner of youth when I remarked about the pictorial prominence of the certain young lady. "She's a swell girl. Do you know, girls are much nicer today than they used to be? They're better companions and a lot more interesting. They know what it's all about and they can do anything in the line of athletics.

"I suppose that fundamentally they're the same as they always have been, but they seem so much franker and more sincere. They say what they think and you can do the same. People can talk all they please about these modern girls, but I think they're swell."

Billy admitted without a blush that he had had several pretty serious crushes.

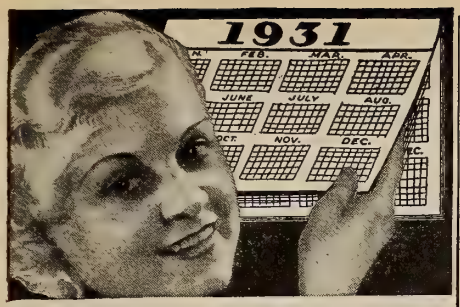
"But something always happened to bust them up," he said, glancing now and then at the snapshots in his hand. "I hope that, when the right one comes along, she'll be an actress. It seems to me that marriages in the same profession are much more successful, as a general rule, than ones in which the husband or the wife is a non-professional. If you're both working in the same game, you understand each other's problems better and have a basis of mutual interest which helps a lot.

"I'D want my wife to keep on with her career." He was very serious now and had forgotten to retwine his legs around the arm of the chair, although they had occupied the same position for almost five minutes. "It seems to me that it would stimulate real companionship. I'd want a girl who had accomplished something, who had some real and definite ambition, and a girl of that type could never be satisfied, sitting back with her hands folded



Lil Dagover, German beauty and film star, has arrived in America to make pictures for the Warners. Mesdames Garbo, Dietrich and Landi will have to look to their crowns. Miss Dagover is reputed to have the most beautiful shoulders in the world. In fact, they're insured heavily, we have been told.

Associated Press Photo



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BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

and wrapping herself in her husband's career."

Let's hope, for the sake of Billy's dreams, that when the right girl does come along she'll not be a little brainless beauty who never had a single spark of ambition in her young life. Billy is so full of energy himself that he needs someone equally purposeful to encourage him.

His mother has filled that need so far in his life; his mother who, when she was left a widow with a ten-year-old son, went out and learned the business of selling insurance and made herself one of the most successful women in the city of Los Angeles. She and Billy live together and in the boy's driving ambition is the spirit of the young woman who looks like his sister and who is his mother.

Billy is one of the most sought-after young men in the motion picture colony. He goes to lots of parties, as do all boys of his age. He swims and dances and plays tennis and works. His best friends are Johnny Mack Brown, Lew Ayres and Russell Gleason. His "gang" is made up of the younger motion picture crowd.

"I honestly believe that the boys and girls in pictures are more interesting than the boys and girls of their same ages in other places," Billy remarked. "They are more sophisticated because they have to come in contact with so many people and so many situations. They have more poise and charm because that's their business. They take better care of themselves because they've got to look their best before the camera.

"PEOPLE can talk all they please about the wildness of the moving picture crowd, but I'd like to know when they have time to be so wild. I'm talking about the successful ones, of course, not the hangers-on and the unimportant ones. We don't have many late parties because there are always some of us who have to get up early the next morning to report to the studio.

"We have to do a lot of swimming and tennis and that sort of thing because we've got to keep physically fit. We're forced to keep ourselves as mentally alert as possible because our business is to sell ourselves, and you can't get very far with a sluggish mind or a sluggish body."

Other young people might learn a lesson from Billy's crowd. If they'd devote a little time and energy to keeping themselves as much "on their toes" mentally and physically as these Hollywood youngsters do, they'd be much more charming young people.

Billy stood up, probably because he couldn't find any other possible positions in the confines of that straight chair. He put his snapshots in his pocket and sighed. It was a violent sigh, like the look in his vivid blue eyes.

"He's a great actor and he'll go far because he's willing to work," several world-famous directors have stated.

"He's a swell guy," his gang believes.

If he had not been born in Hollywood, who knows what might have become of Billy?

Are you reading the reviews of the new pictures in NEW MOVIE? These accurate comments upon the films will, perhaps, save you a wasted evening in the theater.

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STUNNING clothes and perfect features are fine things to have—but they won't do you a bit of good if you allow poisons to gather in your system.

For it is internal cleanliness that decides your charm. If you neglect it, nothing in the world will hide your dull skin, lack-lustre eyes and weary manner.

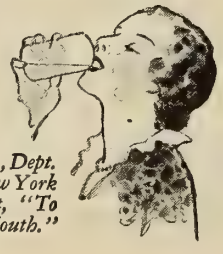
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What the Continental springs do for so many wealthy Europeans, this harmless laxative can do for you at home. For Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the famous European waters. Like them, it clears the bloodstream, ends constipation, gets rid of the poisons that keep you from being good-looking, clear-eyed, alluring.

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Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 62)

be old-fashioned and brush your blushing cheek with those feathery lashes. Be winsome. Be lavender-and-old-lacey. And," warned Mr. Stooge, sensing that his flattery was flopping, "don't let me catch you antagonizing Hope Rondeau, because she's a big name all over the country. 'Way back when she was in vaudeville she used to stop the show at every performance."

"No wonder," seethed Miss Meriweather, getting a hammerlock on her staring suitor and leading him to safety. "Because, my gullible genius, she always did her act just before intermission."

ONE sunny June morning three weeks later Two Bits, surrounded by the cast of "Hell's Vortex," dawdled away an hour on Stage F, awaiting the arrival of Miss Hope Rondeau. To hide his nervousness he was being excessively rough and boisterous, but underneath his leathery epidermis lurked the fear that his co-star would be frigidly patronizing. Nobody knew better than Mr. Garrity that, although the rain fell alike upon the just and the unjust, an uncouth villain could live on the same avenue with a fashionable star and never get far enough inside her door to find out the shape of her umbrella stand.

"Here she comes now," said Faith's creamy voice. "Stop scuffing your feet, honey; you're as good as she is, every bit. Don't let her snub—oooooh, she's throwing her net already!"

The mulberry-complexioned Two Bits, trying to crinkle his features into a mask of arrogance, stopped the strain and stared unbelievingly at the glorious vision that was rustling across the stage. Miss Rondeau, one of those languorously seductive, don't-care-if-I-do eyed ladies, was smiling at *him!* Or was it somebody in the rear? He whirled around, collided with a brick wall and then spun back again, conscious of a tropical glow as a velvety little hand caressed his own.

"Why, Mr. Garrity," gushed Hope, her cobwebby gown revealing contours that would have intrigued more than a map maker, "isn't this *too* wonderful for us to be in the same picture? Really, I'm alla-flutter at the thought of playing with you."

"Sure," said the menace dizzily. "Me, too. Yeah." And before he had overcome his amazement at this speech from the throne, along came the reason for it.

"I read in the papers last night of your challenge to that Bullock man at Galaxy Pictures, and I think you're so brave! My, but you have such vigor, Mr. Garrity, and such broad shoulders. Do you think you can defeat him—they say he's a lot heavier?"

"The extra poundage is in his feet," chortled Two Bits, now on familiar ground. "I'll probably fix him so he'll have to cancel a film or two, but the chances are he ain't lucky enough to have an elegant co-star like me." He winced under a stealthy kick that telegraphed Miss Meriweather's disapproval, then went ahead with the stubbornness of a New Yorker who can't get Jeritza on the radio but insists on sitting up half the night trying to tune in a hiccuping contralto from a Tia Juana bar. "I was proud enough to get this part, but when I found out that they were teaming us up, I was that honored, because I think you're—OOF!"

"Why, it's that Meriweather child," high-toned Miss Rondeau, pretending she had just made the discovery. "I really believe she stuck a pin into you. Playful, aren't you, Faith darling? Mmmmm—that's a gorgeous ring you're wearing."

"Mr. Garrity gave it to me," announced Faith, bearing down heavily on the pronoun.

"Anyone can see that he's generous as well as powerful," pulsated the vamp. "What do you do in 'Hell's Vortex,' darling, with that quaint little face of yours? Give up your boy friend to the sea, I'll bet. Business of moaning on the shore in the breeze with a shawl around you. Chilly, but effective, and how self-sacrifice does suit you. You must be getting used to it by—*I beg your pardon!*"

"I called you a wet smack," said Miss Meriweather, advancing ominously. "Take your hands off his lapels! Here's one man you won't lure with that suspension bridge work. Two Bits!"

"Huh?"

"Come here to me!"

"Are you my keeper, that you should give me the third degree?" inquired Mr. Garrity, enjoying the novel sensation of being a prize package. "What's Miss Rondeau done that it should earn me a puncture and a kick in the shins? Her and me are stars, dolling, and it's natural for us to get together to—er, to—"

"Discuss the mental concept of our parts," cooed Hope, linking arms with

(*Please turn to page* 116)

In NEW MOVIE Next Month

JIM TULLY

Writes one of his characteristically vigorous stories about the popular actor

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Watch for this feature in next month's holiday issue of this magazine.

The Talkies and Their Fate

(*Continued from page* 35)

in the history of the screen. There is, however, nothing in these indications which should strike terror to the hearts of talkie magnates or cause foreboding in the minds of talkie fans. Indeed, one feature of the Talkies' horoscope, which should confound those sceptics who looked upon the talking picture as a mere fad, is the fact that six of the nine planets are in what we astrologers call "fixed" signs, which would seem to promise long life and continued success to the talking picture.

Of all the remarkable horoscopes we have encountered during the past twelve months in a journey around the Zodiac which has taken us all the way from Gaynor to Garbo, these two charts of the silent picture and the talking picture are by far the most interesting. Each is an excellent example in itself of the way we on this earth fulfill our destiny as written in the stars. Taken together, they present to anyone who has even the slightest familiarity with the principles of astrology a most convincing lesson in contrasting vibrations. You, who have been following these monthly articles, will appreciate what I mean: Saturn is rising in the silent Movies' chart, and, therefore, their progress was slow. Pisces, ruled by Neptune, is rising in the Talkies' chart and therefore their progress was rapid. Jupiter in the silent Movies' chart is in a part of the heavens which indicates that success will come far from home, in this case South or Southwest of the home, hence California. Jupiter in the Talkies' chart is rising, indicating success in the Eastern city of their birth. Venus in the silent Movies' chart is in the House of Pleasure, indicating success in giving entertainment to the public. Venus in the Talkies' chart is accompanied by the Moon in the House of Pleasure indicating still greater success in entertaining the public. In short, it would be hard to find, if we searched the wide world over, two different charts which united more completely in the common purpose of proving astrology's infallibility!

First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 105)

follow the method later at home. One warning to you, B., you will have to keep continually retouching it as the hair grows out at the roots and you must decide whether you want to go to all that trouble. However, should you grow tired of your new blond hair and working on it continually, nowadays you can just have it dyed back to the original shade and let it grow out.

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Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 114)

her prey, then suddenly using him as a blockade. "Mercy, Mr. Garrity, she's going to hit me! Oh, Mr. Stoo-hooge! Yoohoo!!"

"SO it's commencing, eh?" gasped the producer, cantering into action. "Listen, Meriweather, where's your loyalty to the organization? Don't tell me you'd spoil that perfect profile after all I've done to build it up."

"What would be the use," said Faith, growing calmer. "She'd only faint in his arms, and I'd be worse off than ever."

"Report to the director," Mr. Stooge ordered the co-stars. Then he turned to the rosy, old-fashioned girl. "Do you want that mullet head to be champion of Hollywood or don't you?" he queried.

"Of course I do, now that I can't stop the arrangements."

"Then don't cross him, baby, or you'll both lose. What if Hope does behave like a siren? She's always that way, and a week after the picture's over he'll be among the also-rans."

"But she plunged right at him, Oswald. I've worked with her plenty of times, but I never saw her be so ravenous."

"Love," said Mr. Stooge wearily, "is a creeping disease that accelerates the heart, narrows the viewpoint, and does something very peculiar to the optic nerve. You're seeing things that aren't there, baby, because Rondeau doesn't give a censor's cuss about your Two Bits."

"I hope you're right," said Faith doubtfully as she watched the pair posed chummily for some stills. "Very well, Oswald, I'll be good. I'll be sweet, simple and girlish, but I have a feeling that he'll end up by needing me worse than a song writer needs the South."

She marched bravely across the set, dispensed a cheery smile to Mr. Garrity, thereby taking some of the flavor out of his conquest, and spent the morning nodding at the proper moments when the director allowed his imagination to embellish the plot.



Remember the Gibson Girl? She upset the world in those placid, mellow days that closed the last century and opened this one. Wynne Gibson is posing as the Charles Dana Gibson heroine. Note the sailor, the pompadour and the boned collar—all essentials of the famous Gibson belle.



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THROUGHOUT the day Miss Rondeau apparently found it impossible to concentrate unless Two Bits was within range. Lunch was endured in his sword-swallowing company; the tiniest bit of business had to be discussed, preferably in some remote corner, and when he finally accepted a pressing invitation to dinner the bewildered Mr. Garrity felt called upon to blurt across the olives:

"How come you like me like you do? Gosh, I've been seeing you almost every day for two years, and you never gave me a tumble."

Hope had the grace to blush. "It may sound queer," she murmured, "but I never fully appreciated your possibilities until I read the newspapers. There's a real man at last, I told myself, so utterly different from the sway-backed cavaliers I've been wasting time with. I suppose it's the primitive cave woman in me coming to the fore. Imagine the thrill of trickling into the Brown Derby on the arm of a gentleman who can dent anyone in the place! W-will you have to do much fighting in 'Hell's Vortex'?"

The villain outlined the battle with the stokers, while Miss Rondeau shuddered prettily. "And all through the picture I'm socking guys," he bragged, "in order to create enough audience hatred so they won't be sorry to see me swept to my doom. What a part! They'll go home saying how it served me right, but wasn't it another grand performance, just like Garrity."

"I'll adore watching you. Tell me, do you really like to fight?"

"Why, sure, providing I'm in the mood. You know how it is with us mental conceptors."

"But how do you work yourself up to an artistic frenzy?"

"Sweet verbena."

"Y-you mean the perfume?"

"Yeah. Some days, y'see, I'm so good tempered I can't get the feel of my part, so to cook up a little fury I take a whiff of a handkerchief soaked in the stuff, and zowie! I'm away to the races."

MISS RONDEAU blinked at this revelation. "Are you telling me that sweet verbena rouses the savage—oh, it's too ridiculous!" Her voice trailed off into a melodious peal of laughter.

"I don't know why," said Two Bits, wrinkling his two inches of forehead, "but the smell of it drives me nuts. It ain't that I'm snooty against perfume in general, y' understand. Violets, carnations, lilies of the valley, I'm strong for them, and," he sniffed appreciative-

(*Please turn to page* 118)

What the Hollywood stars like to eat in the privacy of their own homes; Gary Cooper's recipe for Buttermilk Griddle Cakes; Spanish Chicken à la Constance Bennett; fudge by Mitzi Green; and many others; they're all to be found in "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars." Pictures of the stars supervising their own concoctions are also included in the little book. Send ten cents and three cents postage to Tower Books, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and we will mail you your copy.



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Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 117)

tively, "what's sprinkled on you now is my favorite. Ummmmm."

"This lilac? D—does it make you feel amorous?"

"I'll say," beamed Mr. Garrity. "I could tackle three more lamb chops without a struggle. They're swell to train on."

Hope's ivory shoulders quivered dangerously, then her slanted, licorice-colored eyes sparkled shrewdly. "Why, I'd almost forgotten the fight, watching your reactions. Will you have much trouble with that Bullock man? I'd like to know so that I can make some money on you."

"About four rounds and then I'll upset him right under the handiest newsreel camera. Y' see, I'll be in great shape after battling through this picture because most of the bit players will be broken down pugs from the wrong end of Fifth Street, and I won't have to pull punches."

"Don't they mind being hurt?"

"Not for twenty-five dollars a day, they don't. The director explains how long they're to resist, and then I walk in and belt 'em, and if most of my knockouts are the real thing, it's on account of I don't know my own stren'th."

"You marvelous gladiator," cooed Hope, wafting more lilac across the table by fluttering a square of rose point lace. "I'll be watching every scene, so mind you do your very best. And now, what about taking me out to dance tonight and to dinner tomorrow and the day after that, unless you're going to let that Meriweather child order you about like a flunkey?"

"Huh," grunted Mr. Garrity, and with that reckless statement commenced a week of uneasy freedom from the shackles of love. Seven days of being catered to and flattered by an expert; seven days of wondering why Faith treated him as though nothing had happened and announced that she was enjoying the evenings with a good book. The old-fashioned girl might disapprove of fighting, Two Bits told himself, but she understood thoroughly the art of feinting an opponent off his balance.

THE week was studded with sundry episodes of "Hell's Vortex" wherein Mr. Garrity committed assault and battery ashore or afloat with equal efficiency, and the plot gradually unrolled to the scintillating sequence in the boiler room. Around the stage lounged several repulsive gentlemen stripped to the waist and tastefully sprayed with glycerine to simulate the effects of toil. These were the pugilistic stokers, and in their midst, gaping respectfully, were the Four Bounding Maloneys, eager to do the day's work which would entitle them forever after to begin all conversations with "When I was in the talkies—"

"Now, boys," rasped the director, "what I want here is life in the raw. Give me the good old snarling visages and smothered groans at all times, and when Two Bits drops you, don't lie like a corpse but be there with a spasmodic



Rita Flynn places a wreath before the Valentino Statue in De Longpre Park, Los Angeles, on the fifth anniversary of the famous star's death. Fifty memorial societies all over the world paid tribute to Valentino's memory on that day. No, Rudy is not forgotten.



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twitch or two to pile on the horror. You've all been through the rehearsal, every man knows where he's to fall, so go to it. Two Bits!"

"Present," grunted the languid Mr. Garrity, who was seated between Mr. Stooge and the almond-eyed Hope, his face adorned with a placid grin.

"Are you ready?"

"Sure, but I'm feeling kind-hearted this morning."

"Well, hurry up and get bestial."

"Be right with you," said Two Bits obligingly, drawing a soggy handkerchief from his pocket. Several enormous sniffs drew sweet verbena up his nose, and as the hated perfume took effect his features arranged themselves in their most hideous expression. Miss Rondeau watched amazedly as further sniffs transformed him into a muttering rage, and the director, knowing the symptoms, climbed hastily onto the rubber-tired camera platform that would revolve in the center of the room to catch the running battle from all directions. Then, just as Two Bits was ready to charge, a quiet little voice dimpled the silence.

"Give them a good slamming, honey," advised Faith from a doorway. "Remember, this is to be a workout for the big fight, and it's only a week away."

"You!" husked the leader of the mutiny. "What are you doing here? You, that always disappears when I'm pulling a massacre because the sound of blows bothers you."

"I'm not going to wait for this one, either, but I just wanted to wish you luck."

MR. GARRITY'S cloudy eyes shuttled from his fiancée to the lustrous Miss Rondeau, who was perched eagerly on the edge of her chair. "That's all right," he said indulgently. "Of course, if you don't care enough about my art to see me perform, I s'pose it's because you ain't sophisticated enough. 'S too bad, baby, but you better beat it before I start trampling 'em."

Another wave of the handkerchief, a gleeful signal from the director and the recording commenced. Before the tilted cameras had described half a circle it was apparent that an epic was being enacted amid the clangs of splintered shovels and flying lumps of synthetic coal. Grunts of pain that were eighty per cent genuine marked Two Bits' progress around the boiler room; extras sprawled underfoot, the Bounding Maloneys hurtled skilfully through aerial somersaults, and when two of them were stuffed into a red isinglass firebox even the bloodthirsty Mr. Stooge was seen to tremble.

Purple with achievement, Mr. Garrity steamed abreast two sullen youths, who immediately attacked him. He recognized them dimly as the ones who were to give him his goriest encounter, a couple of once prominent heavyweights who had caused their own downfall by developing beer tumors, and in he rushed, remembering that after a flurry of blows both parties were to fold up in a corner. All three actors slugged away, rolling their heads to lessen the blows, and after the final uppercut which was to have knocked one on top of the other, Two Bits regaled himself with a little heroic chest heaving.

Suddenly a straight left darkened one eye, and as he let out a bellow of fury he was seized from behind with a stranglehold. He twisted loose,

(*Please turn to page* 120)



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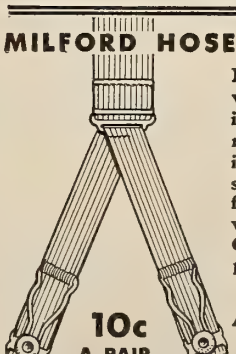
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Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 119)

thrashed out wildly and crouched to meet his assailants, who had apparently forgotten that they were supposed to be *hors de combat.* Up on his platform the director capered in silent ecstasy. Here was something often dreamed about but seldom witnessed. Extras, stung to recklessness, doing their best to wreck a star, and far be it from any megaphone marvel to halt proceedings while they promised unusual footage.

BACK and forth swayed Mr. Garrity, bruised but undaunted by the unequal odds and wondering when these two saps would remember to stay down. Not until they switched their attack to the body, hammering his ribs as if they were a xylophone, did it occur to him to be really annoyed. Then the truth broke right in his face—they were jealous of him, trying to show him up, so they could brag about it to their friends! He went to work with a deadly earnestness that brought Mr. Stooge and his slaves to their feet in silent enthusiasm.

"You dirty, double-crossing dummies!" said Mr. Garrity between his teeth in a tone that fortunately registered as a mumble. "Trying to gang me, hey? You couldn't swing a towel for a real fighter like me!" And after absorbing their last concerted battering, he floored the sullen young men with a ferocity that needed no aid from sweet verbena. Then, with remarkable presence of mind, he leered his evilest for a closeup before the director stopped the recording.

A storm of congratulations, led by Mr. Stooge, poured upon him, but his principal sensation was that he had borrowed Leon Errol's legs, for without warning he began to reel and stagger about the set, finally collapsing in a rubber-limbed heap.

"My hero!" trilled Miss Rondeau, throwing herself on the floor and drawing his head on her lap. "You're mah-h-h-velous! Such brawn, such skill—I don't see how you did it!" Her golden voice held a fascinating note of unbelief as she dabbed clumsily at his features. "Your poor eye is all shut and your nose is—oh, did I hurt you?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Garrity, "but I don't mind. Just let me hear you say I'm wonderful once more."

"I'll say it for her," enthused Mr. Stooge. "Two Bits, my boy, you made history this morning, and the best of it is that no cantankerous biographer can ever call you a bum so long as we've got 'Hell's Vortex' in the can. Why, you're all on edge for next week, too. What's a black eye?" inquired the producer, who never had suffered anything worse than an ingrowing hair. "Just a stimulant to a man like you."

Two Bits smiled a sickly appreciation. "Thanks, Oswald," he husked. "Say listen, can I do something different in my next picture?"

"Anything you like, old sock."

"Well, then," said Mr. Garrity groggily, just before he passed into oblivion on the full-fashioned Rondeau knees, "I think that maybe I'd be pretty good as a man about town."

AT the end of the week Two Bits counted and recounted three thousand dollars worth of crisp bank notes, and then passed them to the wistful Miss Meriweather, who met his gaze dubiously.

"So you take my week's salary," he ordered, "and spread it around where it'll do the most good. It wouldn't look so modest for me to go betting on myself, making me look too confident, y'see, and gosh knows the odds are short enough as they are. One to three, which means we can't win more than a grand, but at least it shows that the colony's wise as to who's the best man."

"I'll bet it on one condition," said Faith. "You'll have to promise never to do anything like this again. It's unspeakably common."

"Maybe I'm wrong," grinned Mr. Garrity, "but wasn't it a lot commoner when I was putting tights on hamburg steak and calling 'em hot dogs? Little did the tourists on the Yellowstone Trail know that they were being served by a future champ. And say, it ain't every girl whose fiancé crashes the front page from coast to coast, don't overlook that."

Miss Meriweather blushed happily, then threw herself at her massive hero and squeezed him frantically. "Oh, I'm so relieved to hear you call me that," she tinkled. "I was beginning to think you'd rejected me for—why, what's the matter?"

"Not a thing," grunted Two Bits, wriggling loose. "I—I don't feel so affectionate today, see? No, no I don't love anyone but you—hey, layoff, don't squeeze me again!"

For a second Faith's brown eyes shone with apprehension, then she smiled dazzlingly. "All right, honey," she fluttered, "but aren't you glad I'm not one of those suspicious women? Let's go to work."

Mr. Garrity lumbered over to Stage F, prepared to go through a few minor retakes, and he was posed magnificently at the entrance when a sudden stabbing pain made him leap several feet in the air.

"Who done that!" he roared in agony. "I'll take him apart and—oh, it's you!"

"Of course it is," giggled Miss Rondeau, flourishing a gaudy parasol. "All I did was give you a playful poke in the ribs; surely you don't mind *that.* You must be nervous about the fight, or something."

"Not nervous, anxious," growled Two Bits flushing. "All on edge, just like Oswald thought I'd be. Say, are you coming to see the Battleship stove in?"

"TRY and keep me away," cooed Hope, with a shaky glance at Miss Meriweather. "I simply adore seeing you fight—this time most of all. And I've bought a beautiful pink silk dressing gown for you to wear into the ring to bring you luck. Toodle-oo."

"You won't weaken?" asked Faith as the vamp oozed out of earshot. "It's just a game with her, but you men—"

"Listen," said Mr. Garrity with charming candor, "her and me are pals for life, she says, because she'll never forget what I've done for her in this

How Society Women and Stage Beauties Banish

FAT

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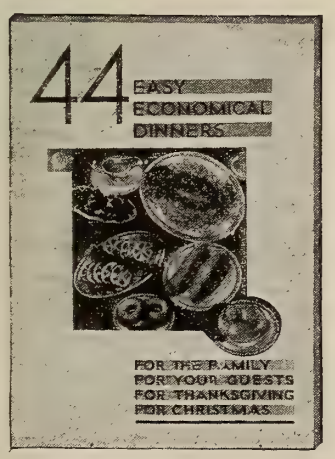
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picture. I wouldn't have no trouble at all falling for her, and I don't suppose she'd dare say no to a champ, but here's the way I figure it. When a guy marries a girl as swell as her he has to spend most of his time at the front door with a club. Not that you're not—uh, are *you* coming to the scrap?"

"Never mind the alibi," commanded Miss Meriweather icily. "Yes, Apollo, perhaps I'll be there just to get a laugh out of you in your pink negligée."

The night of the fight found Two Bits swaggeringly confident as he climbed into the ring at the American Legion Stadium and waved a muscular arm at the crowd. Cheers from the assembled Cinemagicians boomed in his large and receptive ears, jeers and ribaldry from the Galaxy supporters went unheeded, and after a fearsome scowl at his opponent the villain squatted regally in his corner while Mr. Stooge buzzed around him.

"I got ten grand bet on you," he confided. "Don't play with him, Two Bits, sock him quick and let's go home."

"How will the fourth round suit you?"

"Swell," said the little producer, "but the Battleship looks pretty tough." He glanced over to where the hirsute Mr. Bullock sat beetling at the world in general. "They say he's been training like a pro for this, and Galaxy, the dirty crooks, led me to believe he was on location doing nothing but act."

"Stop crying, Oswald, and I'll make it the middle of the third. Where's Hope?"

"I don't see her yet," babbled Mr. Stooge, as the seconds adjusted the gloves. "Here, take off that bathrobe and slip on this silk contraption she gave me for you. There's something you'll need in the pocket, she said, in case you're not sore enough at the Battleship."

"I don't need no aromatic assistance tonight," gritted Two Bits. "The mood is on me, Oswald, and one good wallop—"

"There's the bell!" shrieked Mr. Stooge. "Gangway for Garrity, boys, here comes the executioner!"

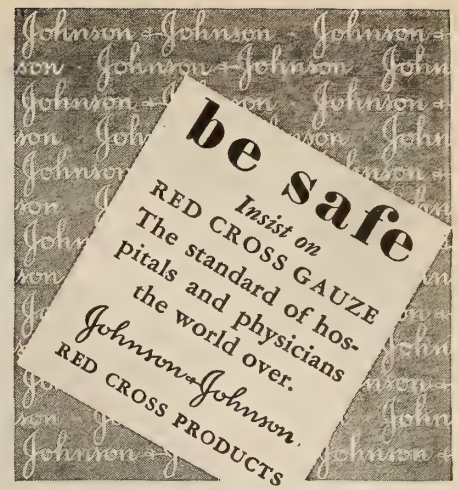
WITH the clang of the gong Two Bits stepped nonchalantly forward and was surprised to see Battleship Bullock tearing at him with all the grace of a moving van out of control. Head down, the pride of Galaxy Pictures came charging in, and Mr. Garrity amused himself by blocking several wild swings until suddenly a crashing right broke through his guard and thudded against a rib. He winced slightly, and before he could recover his balance, a series of blows sent him to one knobby knee to think it over.

Telling himself that he had slipped, Two Bits arose at the count of four and rushed into a clinch, and as he did so a familiar voice, sultry with emotion, came to his ringing ears.

"Rock him to sleep!" screamed the Rondeau contralto. "Knock that sneer off his silly fat face, the big bum!"

"Okay, baby," gasped Mr. Garrity as his head flew back from an uppercut. "I'll wrap him up for you in a couple of rounds, but first I'll tire him out." Spurred by this support, even though he failed to locate the venomous Hope, he slammed Mr. Bullock amidship, only to receive a hammering about the body that stretched him on the canvas in the pose that painters portray Cleopatra, except that his eyes were closed.

(*Please turn to page* 122)



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DECEMBER



Here's another beautiful Bennett girl. You know Constance, Joan and Barbara, but you must get acquainted with Adrienne Bennett Fox, daughter of Joan. Looks like another box-office pet, doesn't she?

Faith, Hope and Garrity

(*Continued from page* 121)

"That's right, sweetheart," seethed the voice of the vampire. "If he gets up, clout him again, the lop-eared egotist!"

Mr. Garrity staggered upright, his mind unable to grasp this perfidy. Hope rooting against him and apparently on intimate terms with his rival? Impossible. Perhaps he might be a little punch-drunk after being careless enough to allow Mr. Bullock to hit him. He measured that gentleman with a vicious one-two, but the Battleship, a really inferior performer, fought with the desperation of a man who knows he must do his work quickly or not at all. Down went Mr. Garrity again.

Saved by the bell, he sprawled wearily on his stool, listening to Mr. Stooge strewing pearls.

"What are you trying to do, put on a show for the customers?" he bleated. "Rush in there and flatten him; he can't hurt you."

"Oh, no?" groaned Two Bits in anguish. "I just found out them two obstinate extras have got me softened up like a sack of lettuce, which is why the Battleship put over them lucky socks. But I won't wait for the third; I'll jab his head off this round. I'm getting sore, see, and I'll get sorer. Give me that pink kimono!"

A SECOND tossed him the garment and, with an anticipatory sniff he pulled a pink silk handkerchief from the pocket and inhaled with gusto just as the bell rang. And with that act an amazing change came over Mr. Garrity as he ambled out to meet his victim. The scowl, instead of deepening, had vanished entirely, and in its place was an expression of gratification for, pungent in his nostrils, delicate as the breath of a Carolina springtime, lurked the perfume of lilac!

Try as he would Two Bits could coax no fury from his disposition. He swung absent-mindedly at the Battleship and received a counter jolt that jarred his teeth. Lilac! Memories of Hope in the moonlight or snuggled cozily beside him in his car, of her thistledown elusiveness the time he chased her across a lawn, of the way she had bent over him after he had conquered the extras who—a glimmering of the truth hovered like a firefly and he plunged desperately at the now triumphant Mr. Bullock, but a battery of artillery seemed to be in the way.

Thirty seconds later he discovered that a velvety hand was smoothing his hair, and a sultry voice was declaring, "I guess that'll show the big gorilla where he gets off! The nerve of him, challenging my brand new sweetheart! But he was tough, Battleship, and if I hadn't propositioned those ex-prize fighters you'd probably have been up the spout. Aren't you proud of your intelligent Hope? And you'll almost expire when I tell you about the dressing gown—" The voice trailed off into a delicious hum, interspersed with smacking noises.

"DON'T mind her, honey," soothed the owner of the hand, and Two Bits became aware that Faith was among those present. "It served you right for being so sure of yourself, but I love you just the same—more, in fact. When the truth comes out everyone will know you're really the best man, but I'm glad it ended like this. Imagine the trouble of being married to a champion! I'd have to spend most of my time at the front door with a club."

"I'll release you from your obligations, as they say in the twa-twa films," said Mr. Garrity bravely. "Why should you waste yourself on a guy who's lost his pride and his wages, not to mention a swelled head? But say, how did you have pluck enough to get here?"

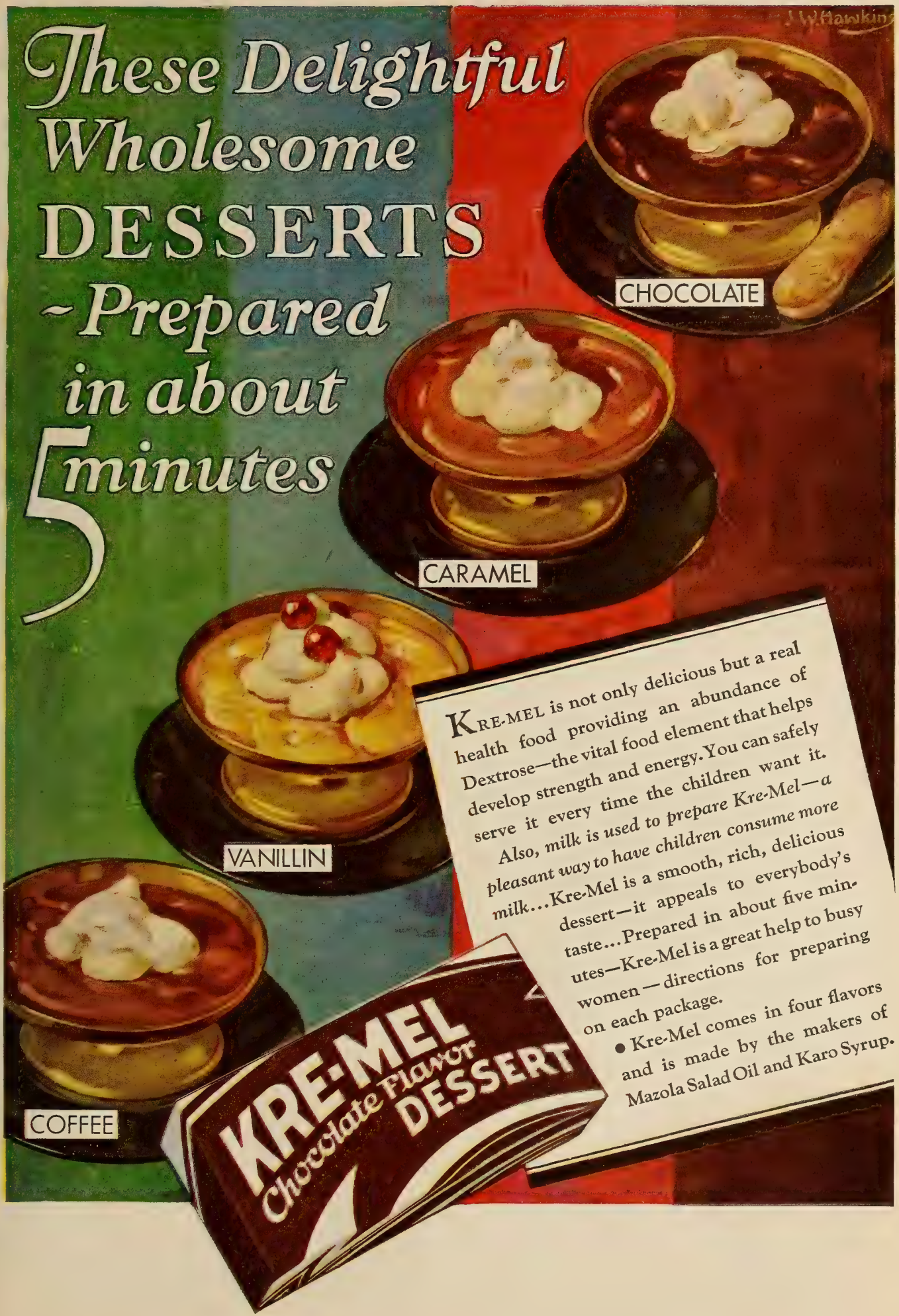
"I—I was afraid it would turn out like this, and that you'd need me."

"You mean you thought I was a bum, too?"

"Not exactly, but when a man is so tender that he won't allow his fiancée to squeeze him, it just naturally makes a girl suspicious. And so darling," crooned Meriweather as she kissed the fallen Samson, "please don't be angry with me, but after looking you over I bet your three thousand on Battleship Bullock."

More amusing yarns about Hollywood and movie folk by Stewart Robertson will appear in future issues of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

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ECEMBER 1931



ELISSA LANDI

HERB HOWE Gives the LOW-DOWN on MOVIE HIGH LIFE

PHANTOMS at HOLLYWOOD ALTARS

IF YOU THINK ALL THE BEANS YOU CALL "BAKED BEANS" ARE REALLY BAKED ● YOU DON'T KNOW BEANS ●



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WITH TOMATO SAUCE— AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE— WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS— WITH PORK

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Under the Pure Foods Law, only beans that really are baked can be labeled "BAKED."

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The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

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J. C. and Elliott Nugent

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

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Vol. IV, No. 6 December, 1931

Greta Garbo



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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Ivan St. Johns—Western Editor

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with

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Screen play by Ernest Vajda

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By Courtesy of the Theatre Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"I Can't Get Mississippi Off My Mind," fox trot—played by Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra (Victor)

"Sweet and Lovely," fox trot—played by Gus Arnheim and his Coconut Grove Orchestra (Victor)

"It's Great to Be in Love," fox trot—played by The Knickerbockers (Columbia)

"I Don't Know Why," vocal—sung by Russ Columbo (Victor)

THEY are putting sex appeal into music now. Max Steiner has written a new theme song and has gone so far as to call it "Sex Appeal" for Edna May Oliver, RKO comedienne.

Maurice Chevalier is going to try to do it again, and this time his musical picture is to be called "The Gay Musketeer." Did you know that the piano that was used in "The Smiling Lieutenant" is supposed to be the costliest in history? It was an instrument made in the reign of Louis XV, and the original purchase price in Germany was reported to be $70,000.

Here is an item of news for the Ruth Etting fans. That charming young lady has been spending her spare time at the Vitaphone studios in Brooklyn at work on a new series of two-reelers. The first is called "Words and Music."

Hollywood reports say that Howard Hughes is making a new musical picture, "The Age for Love." It has two songs which have attracted some attention, "Bubbling Over With You" and "Blushing."

And now Wallace Beery is going to sing for us in the new picture, "Hell Divers." And the fact is revealed that at one time in his life he was a musical comedy star.

RKO is putting out another musical picture, "Consolation Marriage." The theme song, "Consolation" was written by Max Steiner.

FROM the ninth edition of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," we get a brand new tune, "It's Great to be in Love," strange as it may seem. This is a good, fast one and is very cleverly played for you by The Knickerbockers. The boys certainly know how to handle their job and they're not afraid to prove it to you. It's a sure thing that you are going to hear a lot of this particular tune during the coming season. This has a vocal refrain, but the identity of the singer is not made public. The other side, also by the Knickerbockers from the "Vanities," is a bit slower, "Tonight Or Never." I'm pretty sure you'll like this one too. It's very sweet. This is a Columbia record.

"Sweet and Lovely" is next, played for you by Gus Arnheim and his Coconut Grove Orchestra. No doubt you are familiar with this beautiful tune, for it's taking the country by storm and if you don't like this recording, I miss my guess. Gus certainly has an up and coming band, and as I understand they are going on tour you may have a chance to hear the boys in the flesh. The vocal in this number is sung by Donald Novis and it's one of the high spots. The other side, also by Gus Arnheim, "Red, Red Roses," is another hit, too. It sounds like one to me, anyway. Again Donald Novis does the vocal honors. This is a Victor record.

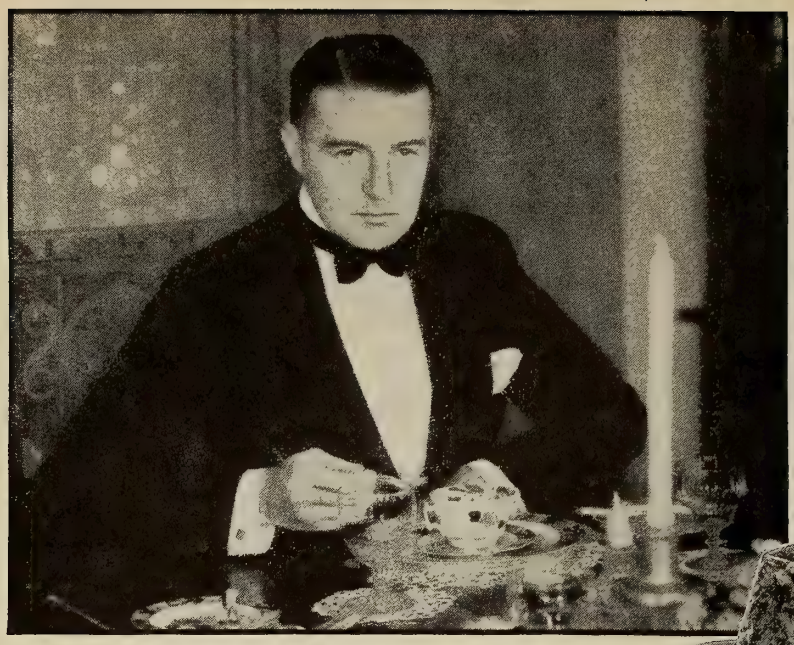
Honors again go to Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra, and I think when you hear their latest, "I Can't Get Mississippi Off My Mind," you'll agree with me. In my opinion, this is the best number Bert has done, and that's saying quite a bit, for he has turned out plenty of records. As usual, Elmer Feldkamp sings the vocal refrain. The other side by Johnny Hamp and his orchestra, is the popular selection, "I Can't Write the Words." This is a nifty tune and you won't be disappointed in Johnny's recording. Chick Bullock sings the vocal refrain. This is a Victor record.

And now we hear from that young man who has made a rather sensational hit, Mr. Russ Columbo. And he sings for us, "I Don't Know Why." This is an excellent record and (*Please turn to page* 108)

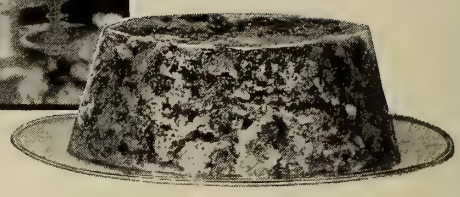


Ruth Etting, popular to all owners of phonographs because of her numerous splendid records, is a hit of the new Ziegfeld Follies. Right now she is making a series of short films.


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A typical English Christmas dinner will be served by the Clive Brooks to their special friends among the movie clan. Topped off with real English plum pudding, their Christmas night dinner party this year is one you'd like to have a taste of yourself, isn't it?



Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE

DIETS are flung to the wind and figures forgotten for once when Hollywood gathers around the festive Christmas board. Then good cheer and good rich food combine to make the occasion happy and memorable.

A typical English Christmas dinner will mark a holiday event planned for Christmas night by Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook. Although the guest list is not available at this time, it probably will include Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Ronald Colman, Ivor Novello and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pomeroy.

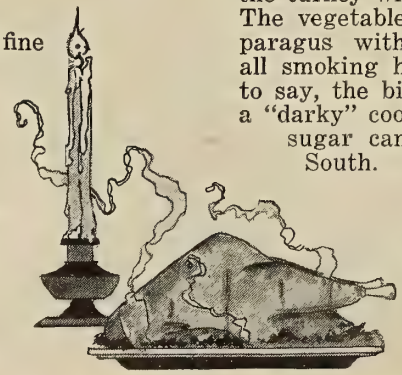
The menu will include:

Blue Points on half shell
Clear green turtle soup — Melba toast
Roast turkey with chestnut dressing
Pea timbales — Cranberry sauce
Fruit and ginger-ale salad
English plum pudding — Demi tasse

Recipe for English Plum Pudding

½ pound stale bread crumbs
1 cup scalded milk
¼ pound sugar
4 eggs
½ pound raisins, seeded, cut in fine pieces
¼ pound currants
¼ pound finely chopped figs
1½ teaspoons salt
2 ounces finely cut citron
½ pound suet
¼ cup wine, currant jelly or grape juice
½ grated nutmeg
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ teaspoon clove
⅓ teaspoon mace

Soak the bread crumbs in milk. Permit to stand until cool, then add sugar, beaten yolks of eggs, raisins, currants, figs and citron. Chop suet, and cream by using the hand. Combine mixtures, then add wine, current jelly or grape juice, nutmeg, cinnamon, clove, mace and whites of eggs beaten stiff. Turn into buttered mould. Cover and steam for six hours.



Last Christmas found the Haines family gathered together at William Haines' lovely Hollywood mansion. Mrs. James Stone, Mr. Haines' sister, came from New York; Mr. and Mrs. George Haines, Mr. Haines' father and mother, came from their home in Staunton, Virginia, with George Jr., and Henry, the brothers. As Mrs. Langhorne, the other sister, lives here, she was on the entertainment committee.

True to the old Southern tradition the Christmas dinner included the famed dishes of the South. There was a rich soup made of green turtles. Then a sherbet —after which came a chowder made of shrimp, properly seasoned.

There was a huge cold ham, of special Smithfield Virginia variety, all spiced and dressed. Then came the turkey with chestnut dressing and cranberry jelly. The vegetables: peas, candied sweet potatoes and asparagus with drawn butter. A damson plum pie all smoking hot appeared next with coffee. Needless to say, the biscuits were hot and of a taste that only a "darky" cook knows the recipe. Praline candies and sugar cane kept the sweets in the spirit of the South.

Recipe for Roast Turkey

Dress, clean and stuff an eighteen-pound turkey. Place it on its side on a rack in a dripping pan, rubbing entire surface with salt. Place one-third

(*Please turn to page* 108)

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Ralph Graves
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail
Roland Young

Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
Clive Brook
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Jackie Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green
Sessue Hayakawa
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Charles Rogers
Charles Ruggles
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Paramount Publix Studios, Astoria, L. I.

Tallulah Bankhead
Nancy Carroll
Claudette Colbert
Georges Metaxa

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart
Barbara Kent
Bela Lugosi
Tom Mix
Charlie Murray
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
Glenn Tryon
Lois Wilson

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
John Garrick
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy
Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Ginger Rogers
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees.

Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Conchita Montenegro
Lois Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Warner Oland
Sally O'Neil
Maureen O'Sullivan
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White

Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Calif.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Dolores Costello
Lil Dagover
Bebe Daniels
Frank Fay
Louise Fazenda
Kay Francis
Evelyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Marian Marsh
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
William Collier, Jr.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Doris Kenyon
Lila Lee
Dorothy Mackaill
David Manners
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Lily Damita
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Chester Morris
Pat O'Brien
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Estelle Taylor

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
James Hall
Jack Holt
Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

RKO Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Sharon Lynne
Joel McCrea
Mae Murray
Pola Negri
Lowell Sherman
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

A Marine in China

Tsingtao, China.

Stand by for a marine's broadcast. I receive every issue of NEW MOVIE from home and it sure helps to keep in touch with what's going on in the States. And is it popular? You should see those gobs and marines fight to see who will be next.

About the only chance we get to see any movies is when we anchor at Shanghai and that is about once every two or three months and even at that all the pictures are about six months old. The last and best picture that I've seen this year was Claudette Colbert in "Honor Among Lovers" and she surely made a hit with me.

Earl B. Ercanbrack, Pvt., U. S. M. C.,
U. S. S. Houston.

Cheers for Chatterton

Camden, N. J.

What on earth is the matter with the producers in Hollywood? Any one with the dramatic ability of Ruth Chatterton should certainly, in my estimation, be given heavier and more dignified roles than have been given heretofore. I, personally, do not believe that there is at present in Hollywood an actress who can hold a candle to Chatterton, and this includes Garbo.



My sentiments about Chatterton apply also to Walter Huston and Lionel Barrymore, the two greatest actors on the screen. Why can't we have more pictures like "Abraham Lincoln"? Such pictures educate the younger people, instead of illustrating to them the glory of being a low racketeer or gangster.

E. H. Johnson,
121 S. 27th Street.

A Picture Without Compromise

Chicago, Ill.

Last night I saw "Street Scene." The screen has never before given us so sincere a picture of the struggle of the human race for a pittance of happiness. The producer, director and players have made no compromise with demands of cheap box-offices. Yet local censors cut the film at each point where moans were heard coming from the bedroom of the agonized woman in childbirth. They leave untouched the cheap and nasty cracks and innuendos that slither from the lips of bedroom farceurs. I don't suggest that they censor these films, too. I ask that they leave them all alone. The censors are too stupid.

Berenice M. Kahn,
7130 Cyril Avenue.

Likes Barbara Stanwyck

Buffalo, N. Y.

Why do we hear so little of Barbara Stanwyck, who is so talented, so natural and unaffected? In my opinion she is not particularly pretty, but still there is something very interesting about her and I certainly enjoyed her acting in "Night Nurse." Hope to see her in something as entertaining or better real soon.

Dorothy Ann Titus,
Liberty Barr Building.

We'll Never Oppose It

Harmonsburg, Pa.

Wonder why the movie world does not satisfy its public's love of sensation, crime and vice by inviting Al Capone to play on the screen.

He would certainly be a big box-office attraction and, anyhow, we would know that he was getting shot himself once in a while.

Arlene Putnam.

She Needs a Good Role

Milwaukee, Wis.

What are they doing to Nancy Carroll? "Night Angel" was rank! Her splendid performance in "Laughter" and previous pictures led one to expect something great of her, but her acting is becoming so unnatural and affected one feels embarrassed and sorry for her. Nancy is certainly on the decline unless her performance in her next release is unaffected and natural. Here's hoping!

Florence Ray,
3204 N. Third Street.

Praise for Paul Cavanagh

Auburn Park, Chicago, Ill.

Here's an appreciation for the fine artistry of Paul Cavanagh and a hope that he will have more sympathetic parts to interpret hereafter. It is too bad that he is ever cast as a diamond thief, crook, or otherwise meanie, and I was happy that in the talkie, "Transgression," he had the opportunity of interpreting a finer part and doing it to perfection. Of course, he would.



Any one who can draw sympathy from his audience in the portrayal of unsympathetic roles, surely deserves the best opportunities for his talents as a reward.

Here's hoping! And wouldn't it be just too good to be true, if he would be cast as Slippy McGee?

Barbara Mueller,
8418 So. Morgan Street.

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

Her Courage Should Count

Lakewood, Ohio.

And what has happened to the gorgeous Edwina Booth? After her superb acting in "Trader Horn" it is difficult to realize that not much is heard of her.

(*Please turn to page* 12)

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYERS
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Dorothy Sebastian	Unwanted	Louis King	Murder Mystery	Ian Keith Greta Granstead
Barbara Stanwyck	Forbidden	Frank Capra	Drama	Adolphe Menjou
Jean Harlow	Blonde Baby	William Beaudine	Comedy Drama	
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Lil Dagover	I Spy	Michael Curtiz	Drama	John Wray
Dorothy Mackaill	Safe in Hell	William A. Wellman	South Sea Drama	Donald Cook
Edward G. Robinson	Honorable Mr. Wong	Alfred E. Green	Drama	Toshia Mori
FOX STUDIO				
Warner Baxter	Surrender	William K. Howard	Drama	Leila Hyams
Linda Watkins	Good Sport	Kenneth MacKenna	Comedy Drama	John Boles
Louise Dresser	Stepping Sisters	Seymour Felix	Comedy	Marjorie Rambeau
Victor McLaglen	While Paris Sleeps	Allan Dwan	Comedy Drama	Helen Mack
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Norma Shearer	Private Lives	Sidney Franklin	Drama	Robert Montgomery Reginald Denny
Greta Garbo	Mata Hari	George Fitzmaurice	Drama	Ramon Novarro
Madge Evans	Skyscraper	Harry Beaumont	Comedy Drama	Robert Young Una Merkel
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Fredric March	Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde	Ruben Mamoulian	Drama	Miriam Hopkins Rose Hobart
Lionel Barrymore	The Man I Killed	Ernst Lubitsch	Drama	Nancy Carroll Phillip Holmes
Clive Brook	Husband's Holiday	Robert Millon	Comedy Drama	Vivian Osborne
Ruth Chatterton	Tomorrow and Tomorrow	Richard Wallace	Drama	Paul Lukas Robert Ames
Robert Coogan	Sooky	Norman Taurog	Comedy Drama	Jackie Cooper
Marlene Dietrich	Shanghai Express	Von Sternberg	Drama	Anna May Wong Clive Brook
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Tallulah Bankhead	Woman Against Woman	Berthold Viertel	Drama	Not chosen
PATHE STUDIO				
Pola Negri	A Woman Commands	Paul Stein	Drama	Basil Rathbone H. B. Warner Roland Young
Constance Bennett	Lady With a Past	E. H. Griffith	Drama	Not chosen
Helen Twelvetrees	Second Shot	Not chosen	Drama	Robert Armstrong Charles Bickford
R K O STUDIO				
Wheeler & Woolsey	Peach O'Reno	William Seiter	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Mary Astor	Pickup	George Archainbaud	Drama	Ricardo Cortez
Richard Dix	Marcheta	Victor Schertzinger	Drama	Irene Dunn
Dolores Del Rio	The Dove	Herbert Brenon	Drama	Leo Carrillo Norman Foster
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Walter Huston	Law and Order	Ed Cahn	Drama	Lois Wilson
Sidney Fox	Nice Women	E. H. Knopf	Drama	Frances Dee Alan Mowbray
Lew Ayres	Gallows	Roland Brown	Drama	Rose Hobart
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Marian Marsh	Under Eighteen	Archie Mayo	Drama	Regis Toomey Anita Page
Winnie Lightner	She Means Business	Not chosen	Comedy	Walter Miller
James Cagney	Taxi, Please	Roy del Ruth	Drama	Loretta Young
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Ronald Colman	Arrowsmith	John Ford	Drama	Helen Hayes
Gloria Swanson	Tonight or Never	Melvin LeRoy	Drama	Melvin Douglas
Billie Dove	Cock of the Air	Thomas Buckingham	Air Comedy	Chester Morris

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 10)

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

Very few beautiful actresses would go to Africa and undergo the many hardships and chances which she did. Let's see her in a big picture in which she can win new laurels.

Frances Ridell,
1249 Andrews Avenue.

A Boy with Possibilities

Palmyra, Mo.

Make way for another brand new star. His name? Kent Douglass.

In "Paid" we had our first glimpse of his talents, and was it appreciated? "Five and Ten," with Mr. Douglass as Avery, Marion Davies' brother, gave him another really interesting human impersonation.

But when we see "Waterloo Bridge" with Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke, we shall see him in his prime.

Stewart Johnson.

Step Right Up, Jim

San Antonio, Texas.

May I be permitted to say that while NEW MOVIE is always chock full of good things concerning movieland —the finest stuff you print undeniably emanates from the towsy head of that adorable Irish vagabond, JIM TULLY. . . .

It is refreshing, especially during these hectic days amidst so much which is obviously sham and tinsel and even now and then untenable, to find at least one writer who is unafraid to hit out straight from the shoulder . . . a brilliant wanderer who has been given the gods' gift of thinking, and an ability to fearlessly set down his thoughts.

Jim MacFarlane,
148 E. Baylor Street.

Miriam Hopkins Scores

Ellicott City, Md.

Just to prove that a girl need not portray characters which are beautiful and luscious to gather a following.



If you do not catch the significance just trot to the theater that is presenting Chevalier's newest picture. Although Miriam Hopkins is forced to play a quaint little princess, garbed in outlandishly old clothes, she has vested that little Princess Anna with a charm and beauty, in the beginning of the picture, that even her beauty and fascinating charm in the later scenes of the production fail to come up to. My friends urged me to see "The Smiling Lieutenant" not to see the world-famous personality man, Chevalier, but to see Miriam Hopkins, a *real* actress!

Elizabeth Rosenthal,
College Avenue.

A Plea for Sentiment

Los Angeles, Calif.

"Daddy Long Legs"—what a picture! Its popularity has proved that the world today is not so materialistic and sensational that it cannot love and enjoy a picture with such a depth of sweetness and pathos. As every one knows, it came like a breath of sweetness to movie-goers during the recent epidemic of gangster pictures. It was one of those pictures that children could see without coming home talking about "putting him on the spot," "the molls," and other items in gangster phraseology. The radio may be a marvelous invention, but the youngsters get tired of staying home all of the time.

Velma Kolak,
11519 South Broadway.

How About the Young Players?

Highland Park, N. J.

Why are so many people knocking Sylvia Sidney? And Peggy Shannon, too? They're mostly Bow fans and it's probably because the first two mentioned were put in a couple of pictures Clara didn't act in. A letter to NEW MOVIE disclosed the fact that the writer wants the older and more experienced stars to have an even break. Well, they've had plenty of breaks, and Clara Bow's had her glory, so why not give these budding actresses a chance? Of course, others look upon this in different ways, but that's my opinion and I'll stick to it.



Claire Martin,
126 North Seventh Avenue.

Wants Musical Films

Norfolk, Neb.

Why not give Jeanette MacDonald another real break? So far she has done nothing worth while since playing "Monte Carlo."

With her superb singing and acting ability, she would be unforgettable in such plays as "The Pink Lady," "Merry Widow," or "Spring Maid" and many others.

We, the public, are not tired of good musical plays—if the players can really sing as Jeanette can—but to have directors work those silly songs into a play—for no reason at all—and have just any actor try and sing them—it's too much to expect the people to keep paying good money for.

Mrs. E. G. Mullong,
1308 Koenig Avenue.

Mr. Kelly Liked It, Too

Berkeley, Calif.

I want to hand it to NEW MOVIE—the only film magazine in which a really swell picture was given a decent review. I refer to "I Take This Woman," with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. This picture was consistently panned by other reviewers as "just another movie," "weak story," "wheezy old plot," etc. It remained for the NEW MOVIE critic to discover its truth and sincerity, its excellent detail. The bedroom scene at Christmas time was as novel as humorous, and as delightful as anything seen on the screen in years.

E. D. Kelly,
1200 Shattuck Avenue.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

For and Agin'

East Paterson, N. J.

One of the most interesting articles that I have read in NEW Movie (and I have faithfully read every issue) was the one about

(*Please turn to page* 114)

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Irving Grant Thalberg

BY LYNDE DENIG



Irving Grant Thalberg

WHEN Irving Grant Thalberg was unbelievably young—he was born May 30, 1899—he became the Wonder Boy of the motion picture business; something akin to a chess prodigy. But instead of chessmen, he used figures and, through some wizardry of his own creation, turned them from red to black on the bookkeeper's ledger. At that particular period, some years ago, when the industry was passing through one of its depressions, this accomplishment was regarded as little short of miraculous.

And the wise men of Broadway and Hollywood, who kept tabs on rising personalities, had never heard of the quiet youth who slid out of Brooklyn into the roar of Manhattan's film markets and the tinsel of Hollywood. When we say that no one of importance sensed the genius of Thalberg, there is, of course, one exception, for every person of genius must be discovered sooner or later.

In this instance, the discoverer was Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company. The shrewd guiding spirit of Universal turned Irving loose among the balance sheets in Universal City and set sail for Germany. When he returned several months later, he found that not a single bottle of red ink had been opened since his departure. Although the reticent young executive was securely seated on top of Universal City, he did not stop to wave flags of exultation. Cutting the waste out of production and closing private offices in which the desk-tops were habitually used as foot-rests, was only a good beginning. He must be on his way and no time should be wasted in idle boostings and boastings.

Like the rest of us, Thalberg is always on his way; the real difference being that he knows pretty definitely where he is going. Instead of bungling into things, he sees a few months, or even years ahead, not overlooking the obstacles. If it seems wise to follow a detour, thereby delaying his arrival for a brief period, he has the patience to follow the safer course.

RIGHT there may lie the secret of Thalberg's financial acumen. Picture producers, like breeders of race horses, are optimists, otherwise they would not be in the business. The wine of success tingles through their veins. Every new picture is going to be great, perhaps it will gross a million; all of which is very fine, save that it is not true. Only a limited number of horses can be winners in any season; likewise only a select crop of pictures can clear the high hurdles. The records are obvious.

Instead of sailing away on a wave of enthusiasm, Thalberg keeps his feet under the desk and his eyes on the paper when preparing a budget. While analyzing debits and credits and probable futures, his emotions are excluded from the office. There is no column for hopes and wishes; there is no royal pathway through the obstacles of a deficit; there is no sense in staking your pile on a sixteen-to-one shot; there is common wisdom in figuring that what has happened before will, in all probability, happen again. The law of averages does not vary greatly and a "Big Parade" like a "Man-of-War" is a glorious exception.

Those who believe in the inheritance of traits of character, even unto the third and fourth generation, may account for Irving's business aptitude on biological grounds. His grandfather was no less a person than H. Heyman of Heyman & Sons, long established in Brooklyn; his father, William Thalberg, was a prosperous importer of laces. In common with other members of the family, Irving had a profound respect for the opinions of his grandfather in their relation to life in general. They influenced the boy considerably in building his own philosophy of success.

Shortly after his graduation from the Boys' High School, Irving was taken with an illness that kept him in bed for the better part of eight months. When he was strong enough, he read, hour after hour, books that interested him, generally philosophy. Bacon and Kant were his favorite philosophers and Henry James his chosen novelist. Why a boy with such a direct mind enjoyed the indirectness of Henry James is a question for some one to answer. At all events, the eight months of bodily inactivity were not wasted.

TRUTH to tell, it is not on record that Irving ever wasted a moment. Working all day in a Brooklyn store, he passed the evenings in a commercial school, learning stenography and Spanish, which he believed would be valuable in a business career. He wanted to start on his own. In November, 1917, considering himself qualified, he made his bow to the world of finance. If you turn back the files of *The Journal of Commerce*, you will find the following advertisement: "Situation wanted: Secretary, Stenographer, Spanish, English. High School Education, Inexperienced—$15." Of the four responses, Irving picked the one from a trading concern in Manhattan, where he worked as an assistant shipping clerk on a ten-hour-a-day schedule.

Finding that the shipping job was not getting him anywhere in particular, he moved along to a secretarial post with Hugo Windner, export manager for Taylor, Clapp & Beall. Windner, it appears, was an exacting boss who instilled in his youthful secretary a realization of the value of accuracy, (*Please turn to page* 95)

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



In "Alexander Hamilton," June Collyer plays the saucy minx, Mrs. Reynolds, who vamped the first Secretary of the Treasury so successfully. Mr. Arliss is admirable as Hamilton, who errs only in love.

Brief Comments Upon the Best Films of the Last Six Months

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good, and D is just fair. You won't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S *AA or A award of merit.*

Street Scene. A true and an impressive version of the famous Pulitzer prize play, produced by Samuel Goldwyn, directed by King Vidor. Ranks with the very best pictures of the day. *United Artists.* Class AA.

Bad Girl. Another triumph showing that worthwhile stories may be transferred to the screen without loss of power. Frank Borzage directed this one, with James Dunn presenting a most appealing city boy. *Fox.* Class AA.

The Last Flight. Something different in the way of war films. This version of a significant story by John Monk Saunders has sophisticated humor and tragedy meet with a laugh. Barthelmess is the star in a picture that is worth seeing. *First National.* Class A.

Alexander Hamilton. No actor on the screen could approach George Arliss in his presentation of this celebrated personality. Will be of particular interest to those appreciating finely shaded characterizations. *Warner.* Class A.

The Guardsman. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a highly colored comedy with a strong Continental flavor. A neatly contrived picture throughout with the two principal players giving superb performances. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

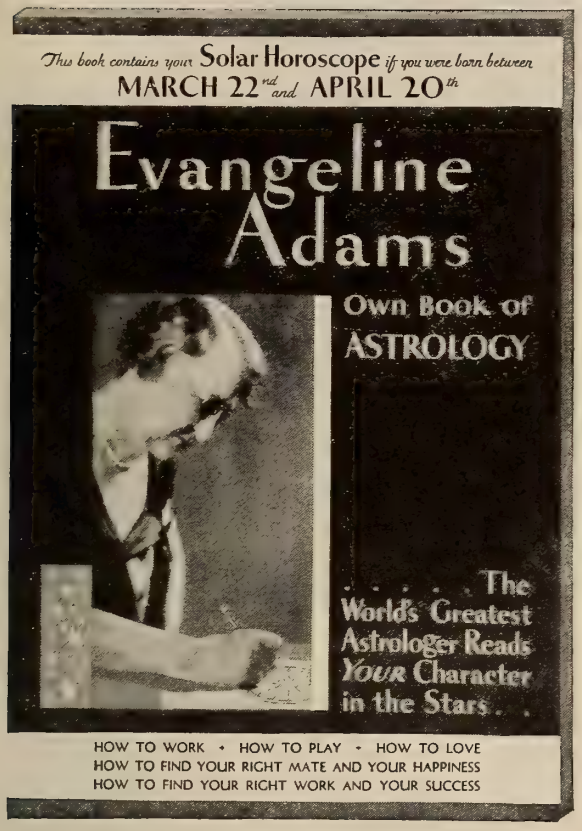
Waterloo Bridge. The acting and the direction carry this story to success. The (*Please turn to page* 16)



You will like Dick Barthelmess' newest film, "The Last Flight," presenting the tragic-comic adventures of a crowd of young aviators downed by the Armistice. Helen Chandler is a delightful Nikki kid.

HOW TO WORK, PLAY, HOLD LOVE, MAKE FRIENDS

Evangeline Adams Own Book of ASTROLOGY



If you do not find these books in your favorite Woolworth Store send ten cents plus four cents postage, or $1.68 for the twelve, and we will send them on promptly.

Lucky Stars? Of course! Everyone has them according to Evangeline Adams. Read her own Book of Astrology. It tells you all about them. The encouraging thing about this book, too, is the fact that knowing what your stars predict for you, you can avoid the wrong courses and make them "lucky stars." There are twelve books, one for every sign in the zodiac, one which is particularly yours.

If you were born between July 24th and August 23rd under the influence of Leo, how helpful to know that while you are "ambitious and a tireless worker you must curb your desire to rule others lest you defeat your own purpose." Every one of the twelve books contains practical help on how to be happy, successful, find your right job, make the best of your strong points, work, play and love.

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March 22 to April 20—Aries ☐ July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo ☐ Nov. 23 and Dec. 22—Sagittarius ☐ Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—Aquarius ☐
April 21 and May 21—Taurus ☐ Aug. 24 and Sept. 23—Virgo ☐
May 22 and June 21—Gemini ☐ Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra ☐ Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn ☐ Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces ☐
June 22 and July 23—Cancer ☐ Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio ☐

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(*Continued from page* 14)



Robert Sherwood's play, "Waterloo Bridge," has been made into an excellent film by Director James Whale. Mae Clarke is admirable as the street girl, and Kent Douglass is excellent as the young soldier back from Flanders on leave.

leading figures are brilliantly depicted by Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass. *Universal.* Class A.

The Spider. Different from the average run of melodramas, with Edmund Lowe supplying a vivid interpretation of the hypnotist who becomes the center of the dramatic action. *Fox.* Class A.

Personal Maid. Admirers of the engaging Nancy Carroll will find the star well fitted into this adaptation of a successful novel. In addition to the appeal of the star there is a diverting story smoothly handled. *Fox.* Class B.

Huckleberry Finn. Not up to "Tom Sawyer." The adventures of Tom and Huck have been over sentimentalized in order to give the picture a youthful love interest. In other words, Tom and Huck fall for the ladies. *Paramount.* Class B.

Young as You Feel. Will Rogers, ably seconded by Fifi Dorsay, gets a quantity of laughs out of this adaptation of a George Ade play. The idea is not unusual, in showing the rejuvenation of a prosaic business man, but Rogers imparts new life to the leading character. *Fox.* Class B.

The Miracle Woman. Barbara Stanwyck, always a sincere player, appears as a fake evangelist interested in amassing dollars rather than in saving souls. Frankly melodramatic but fair entertainment of a sensational sort. *Columbia.* Class B.

The Homicide Squad. Just another contribution to the catalogue of gangster films. Leo Carrillo turns out to be smarter than the police, which, perhaps, is faint praise. *Universal.* Class C.

Guilty Hands. Cold blooded murder skillfully planned and executed is the substance of this melodrama offering Lionel Barrymore in the leading role. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class C.

Daughter of the Dragon. Warner Oland, Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa all figure in this Oriental mystery which is too artificial to be really moving. *Paramount.* Class C.

This Modern Age. Even the emotional appeal of Joan Crawford fails to lift this bit of screen fiction above the average run of high-life entanglements. Pauline Frederick plays a mother whose behavior does not bear scrutiny. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Dreyfus Case. An honest and generally impressive depiction of the famous French army scandal. Despite long court-room scenes the picture manages to hold the attention. *Columbia.* Class B.

The Sky Spider. A melodrama that seems to have been photographed in slow motion. It takes a long time for anything to happen and never seems quite real. *Action Films.* Class D.

The Cannon Ball. Andy Clyde gets a lot of fun out of this Mack Sennett concoction. It is extravagant farce from start to finish, but achieves its purpose. *Educational.* Class C.

The White Devil. A German production of a Tolstoy novel based on the Caucasian Rebellion in 1853. In contrast to more realistic war films it lacks actuality. *UFA.* Class D.

Football for the Fan. Designed for the football season, this series of gridiron films directed by prominent coaches and explaining the finer points of the game should be of timely interest. *Tiffany.* Class B.

Women Go On Forever. Something of the quality of "Street Scene" in depicting the tragedies and comedies of metropolitan life. Despite many crudities the film is reasonably effective. Clara Kimball Young plays the boarding-house landlady. *Tiffany.* Class C.

Men Are Like That. "Arizona," a stage success of an earlier day, offers the basis for this slight picture, lacking in conviction. Laura La Plante is pleasing to look at. *Columbia.* Class D.

The Runaround. Slight in plot as well as idea, this comedy is only occasionally effective in following the escapades of a couple of gold-digging chorus girls. *Radio.* Class C.

Traveling Husbands. These salesmen believe in taking their fun where they find it, but this time their Saturday night party leads to considerable unpleasantness. *Radio.* Class C.

The Reckless Hour. Some (*Please turn to page* 102)



To help the lashes achieve an uplifting curl, Miss Page (below) suggests the use of one of the eyelash curlers. Since the Empress Eugenie hats have become the vogue this is a necessary addition to the feminine beauty treatment.





Under the tip-tilted hats, the eyes need to sparkle. Anita Page suggests (above) an evening beauty treatment of bathing the eyes in witch hazel. She uses cotton soaked in the soothing lotion, placing these wet pads over the eyes for a few minutes.

Sweeping lashes are needed in wearing the Empress Eugenie hats, which emphasize the face in such a focusing manner. Above Miss Page shows how to apply liquid vaseline to the roots with a fine brush, thus nourishing the lashes to a longer growth.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

How You Can Improve the Appearance of Your Eyes—Care of the Lashes and Eyebrows—Proper Use of Eye Make-up

BY ANN BOYD

THE eyes have It. Or they should, if the new hat is to have its proper alluring finish. And they can with a little time and care says Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ingénue actress, in offering her own formula for lovely eyes—eyes that are expressive and accent their best points.

Beautiful eyes can belong to anyone, Miss Page believes. It's one feature that you can improve no end. Of course blue eyes can't be dyed brown or brown blue, but that's about the only limitation. Dullness may be banished; eyes may be made to appear larger, careful make-up will make them darker and deeper in tone; eyelashes can be made into a decorative fringe and eyebrows a subtle back-drop.

Miss Page's formula includes, too, lessons in the art of using the eyes—and she's a past master at that.

"First of all," she says, "the eyes themselves must be well cared for. To give the best impression under those tip-tilted brims they should sparkle and flash; dance and smoulder. They mustn't be tired or dull."

A WITCH-HAZEL bath each night does wonders in refreshing the eyes. Just soak bits of cotton in the witch hazel and apply these soothing pads over the eyes for a result as fresh-looking as if one had taken a beauty nap.

Drops of eye lotion applied with a medicine dropper before venturing out of doors are recommended by the bright-eyed little star to insure protection against wind and dust and aid in the freshening process.

Now to learn how to make those eyes truly the mirrors of the soul; to express emotions, moods and feelings with them. Miss Page suggests eye exercise. Passing a pencil before the eyes—to the side, above and below—follow its movements with the eyes. This will train them to a flexibility enabling a run of the emotions, from coquettishness to alluring sophistication; from veiled expressions and the long look to the open-eyed adoration that makes gentlemen place preferences.

Now for the lashes, that play such an important rôle as seconds to the exercises, public or private, of the eyes. Liquid vaseline nourishes them, says Miss Page, causing them to grow in length and thickness. She suggests using a fine brush for the purpose, brushing the roots of the lashes every night before retiring. Care should be taken to keep the vaseline out of the eyes.

"For lashes that grow in straight," the actress suggested, "there are curlers that will train them in an upward curl. These are in the form of scissors with rubber edgings to guard against eyelash breakage."

That there are eyebrows must be remembered by the girl who is intent on making the most of hers, Miss Page believes. Some

(*Please turn to page* 96)

YOU HAVE TO FACE IT

Perhaps your complexion isn't all you'd like it to be. Maybe your mirror shows enlarged pores, blackheads, or rough texture. Write to Ann Boyd about this or any other beauty problem, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and she will help you.

The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore... polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

WATCH FOR THESE TWO GREAT PICTURES FROM



OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

KAREN MORLEY

The New Movie Magazine

Gallery of Famous Film Folk



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

WARNER BAXTER



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

ELISSA LANDI



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

UNA MERKEL



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

KATHRYN CRAWFORD



Photograph by Richee

JULIETTE COMPTON

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. IV DECEMBER, 1931 No. 6

Gossip of the Studios

THE reception given Tom Mix the one night his circus showed in Hollywood was somewhere between stupendous and colossal.

Will Rogers was there and Governor James Rolph rode with Tom at the head of the grand parade.



Eddie Cantor: Hit of "Palmy Days" brings him five-year movie contract.

Tom's riding and roping beat anything ever seen outside of a professional rodeo.

When the circus folds up for the Winter at New Orleans, Tom returns to Universal to begin a series of pictures.

And (hold your hats) it is reported Tom has insisted Mabel Ward, premiere aerialist of the circus, be engaged to play opposite him in his first picture.

* * *

MONTE BLUE, like a number of other screen stars of the silent days, is secretly taking voice culture in a sincere effort to regain a foothold on the screen. Corinne Griffith, now in Europe, also is said to be studying voice from the very best European teachers, as is Mary Philbin, though she is remaining in Hollywood.

* * *

WITH most of the Hollywood celebrities who Summer at the Malibu, now in their town houses for the Winter months, bargain prices in rents prevail at this exclusive seashore resort. Homes that commanded $400 a month during the Summer are now being offered for as low as $50. Owners find it cheaper to rent the places at bargain prices than let them deteriorate unoccupied.

* * *

Lil Dagover is not going to make the same mistake made by her sister German star, Marlene Dietrich.

The propellers of the airplane which brought Lil to Hollywood had not ceased whirling before Lil said:

"I have a husband whose name is George Witt. He is an executive for a German motion picture company. We have a daughter, ten years old. Her name is Ave Maria."

Her first picture for Warner Brothers will be "I Spy."

* * *

ANN HARDING is now a practical motion picture projectionist, but doesn't carry a union card. She has mastered the intricacies of handling a projecting machine, through the kind instructions of the RKO-Pathe studio projectors, so she can run her own pictures at home, where she has an up-to-date theater. Employees of the studio presented Miss Harding with a dual projection machine on her last birthday.



Lily Damita: Turns down the new Eugenie hat as utterly impossible for modern wear.

* * *

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., presented Mrs. Knute Rockne with a check for $25,000 as payment for the co-operation rendered Universal in the making of "The Spirit of Notre Dame" by the late Knute Rockne before his untimely death. The original contract called for the payment of this sum to the Notre Dame coach on completion of the picture, but young Laemmle gave the widow this money before the picture started actual shooting.



* * *

CLARA BOW'S home in Beverly Hills is for sale. She has gone back to Rex Bell's ranch on the California-Nevada line and says that is where she wants to live. When she comes to Hollywood to work she will live at the Roosevelt Hotel, she says.

CORINNE GRIFFITH STUDYING FOR SCREEN RETURN

The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Edmund Lowe: After years without a vacation, he decides to tour Europe with his wife, Lilyan Tashman.

AFTER the showing of "Five Star Final" in Hollywood it was suggested that newspaper publishers should band together and in retaliation make "Queer People."

Incidentally, although Howard Hughes has announced he has given up all plans for production of the Graham Brothers' novel, he is reported to be considering, this time with the idea of getting William Haines for the part of "Whitey."

* * *

One of the olive canning companies out here has just announced it will put on the market three grades of olives—giant, jumbo, and colossal.

"I'd hate to be the supervisor," said Harry Brand, "who is responsible for deciding whether an olive is colossal or merely a giant."

* * *

AFTER seven years with William Fox, it seems, Edmund Lowe is going to put his old grease paint box up on a shelf and let a little dust gather on it. Eddie's contract is almost up and they cannot agree on a new wage scale. Eddie says he is going to take his wife, Lilyan Tashman, and go to Europe.

* * *

JACK PICKFORD is ill. Not critically, not alarmingly, but just ill, and his friends and relatives are gravely concerned at the delay in his recovery.

Mary's young brother has been in bad health for several months and even with very careful nursing he doesn't improve as rapidly as could be desired.

He is able to sit up only a couple of hours each day.

* * *

THOSE Toonerville Trolley folks, who meet all the trains at Pasadena on an off chance that someone of importance will get off, had an opportunity recently to see how a queen behaves under trying conditions.

When Joseph Schenck returned from a long stay in New York, Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson were at the Pasadena station of the Santa Fe to meet him.

Mary had arrived in a beautiful new model of a car that has been on the market only a couple of years.

The greeting over, the motorcade began pulling away for Hollywood. Mary's car was dead. The Japanese driver felt its pulse, administered adrenalin, got out the pulmotor, but there wasn't a flicker.

Mr. Schenck's party, unmindful of the tragedy, had gone on. Gloria had taken Mrs. Dudley Field Malone and her maid in with her.

Mary looked rapidly about, rearranged the hand luggage in a car sent from the studio to haul the baggage, climbed in among the grips and golf bags and went merrily away.

* * *

Will Rogers tries to sell everything he says, but a good one sometimes slips out and gets away from him before he can put the Rogers brand on it and herd it along to his syndicate. On the cowboys' set, the other day, there was a half hour wait while the property man scurried around for a wheel-chair. As the precious minutes passed, the director began to boil over. To placate him Rogers suggested:

"Maybe they're boiling them all down to get one big enough for the whole country."

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON'S newest importation is Michael Farmer, youthful Irishman reared in Paris, where Gloria discovered him on her last trip over.

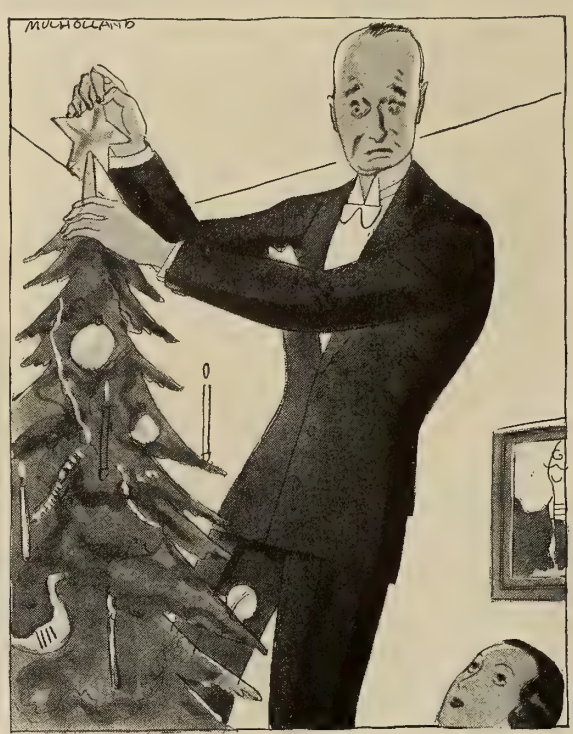
Farmer has not been entirely unknown to the motion picture crowd for several years. Son of a wealthy mother, he has entertained many Hollywood celebrities visiting France.

With Gloria's help he is reported to be trying to make a connection with some motion picture company.

Eddie Cantor says President Hoover should send Gloria a card of thanks for giving aid to the farmers.

* * *

LILY DAMITA, back in Hollywood again after a journey home to her beloved Paree, says over there the Eugenie hat, which was never popular, is already done—*passé*.



The reason, she says, is simple. Women found they had to wear bows, ribbons, plumes, and other trailing things with a Eugenie hat and the modern woman, with her shopping and motoring, simply will not be bothered.

* * *

By the new order, a hot scene is literally that.

At Paramount the stages can be made from 55 to 150 degrees. Director Lloyd Corrigan experimented with the effect of weather on certain types of scenes and found a cold stage good for depression, loss and other such emotions, and a hot stage good for anger and destructive emotions.

* * *

MARIE DRESSLER has so many friends to look after she doesn't seem to have any time left for herself.

Last year Marie decided she

LILY DAMITA REFUSES TO WEAR NEW EUGENIE HATS

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

needed a rest so she rushed off to Europe to see her old friends over there. The trip was so arduous she took another vacation and traipsed over to Hawaii to see another friend who was sick.

Now, just out of the hospital, Marie is using her period of convalescence to commute back to New York where she has some more friends to cheer up.

When she returns she is due to begin work on "Emma," postponed when she was sent to the hospital for an operation.

* * *

MARION DAVIES stole a march on her Hollywood friends who are accustomed to staging welcome-home celebrations at the train for returned travelers.

Coming back from her three-month trip abroad, Marion landed in town at 8 A.M., instead of late in the afternoon, and sneaked off the train at Pasadena.

Her friends got revenge, however, by throwing a big party that night for her at the Ambassador Hotel. Some 150 guests were present.

* * *

Shortly after her return from her honeymoon, Carole Lombard was sure she was the victim of a practical joker when she made her first trip to the new Lombard-Powell domicile in Beverly Hills. The actress had no sooner stepped inside the door when the doorbell rang. Upon answering it she was confronted with a delivery man trailing a baby buggy, crib, and other nursery accessories. She gave one look and threw up her arms in despair. But the shipment was meant for the house across the street.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD'S Scotty, Woggles, now has a companion. He was lonely, being the only dog on the stage when Joan was working, so Clark Gable brings his Scotty down every day to keep Woggles company.

Gable is playing opposite Joan in her new picture, "The Mirage."

* * *

CLARK GABLE is a player who won out in spite of what many studios called physical disability.

When he first came to Hollywood he was turned down by almost all the major studios and many of the minor ones on account of his ears.

They said they were too big and stuck out from the sides of his head too far.

They said the same thing about Valentino.

* * *

Press agents have been accredited with inventing numerous original terms in publicizing their clients, but probably there will never be one to gain more international recognition than that of "Platinum Blonde," coined by Lincoln Quarberg for Jean Harlow, a Howard Hughes contract player.



WITH so many beautiful girls in Hollywood, Paramount set out to discover the four most beautiful for parts in "Girls About Town." It looked like a tough job. After interviewing no less than five hundred, they decided none could surpass two already under contract at their studio. These were Judith Wood and Adrienne Ames. The others selected to round out the quartette were Pauline Caron and Hazel Howell. The former is a newcomer to the screen, while the latter has been playing leads for several years.



Lil Dagover: Announces that, like Marlene Dietrich, she has a husband and a daughter back in Germany.

* * *

Hollywood can boast of the smallest school in the world. It is located within the RKO-Radio studios and has but one school teacher and one student. The student is Rochelle Hudson, 15-year-old contract player for that company, who is compelled to round out her High School education by attending school four hours out of each day.

* * *

PATRICIA LOUISE HAMILTON was christened with an elaborate ceremony at a Santa Monica church. Patricia is the tiny adopted daughter of Neil Hamilton.

After the christening Neil entertained the party of friends and relatives with a dinner at his Malibu Beach home. The guest of honor, Patricia, was not present, having been completely worn out by the afternoon's activities.

* * *

Among other charges made in her divorce complaint by Mrs. Bull Montana was one that the famous champion ugly man "made faces at her."

"How could she tell?" asks all Hollywood.

* * *

ROBERT MONTGOMERY knows how bridegrooms feel in elaborate church weddings and he doesn't envy them. Bob's own wedding was a very quiet affair and he had his first experience with a screen wedding during the making of "Private Lives."

Bob and Una Merkel spent an entire day getting married.

"I never was so nervous in my life," he exclaimed after the tenth take, "I'm afraid I'll do something wrong. The

PLATINUM BLONDE IS 1931 PRIZE PUBLICITY TERM



Estelle Taylor: Drops the movies for the time being and goes on a vaudeville tour, singing four songs.

groom may be absolutely unnoticed if everything goes right, but if there's a mistake it's a different story. Heaven help the poor guys who have to go through this sort of thing in real life."

It was Una's first experience with weddings either on or off the screen.

* * *

At the one-act plays given by the Writers' Club, Waldemar Young, as master of ceremonies, said:

"There is always some confusion in the names of F. Hugh Herbert, the writer, and Hugh Herbert, the actor.

"F. Hugh Herbert is the author of the play you are about to see and, to prove he is not an actor, he is going to play the leading role."

* * *

THEY can put Eddie Cantor on the non-resident list at the Lambs' Club from now on and he will be nothing more than a Memory at the old Educational Alliance, where he used to play when he was a spindly little Lower East Side lad. For the next five years he belongs, body and soul, to the United Artists company. To show how serious he is about going completely Hollywood, Eddie has moved his family out to the Coast, put his children in school, but he doesn't care to join a golf club.

"They don't say unkind things to me when I dig up the course as long as I'm a guest," he explained.

* * *

At a recent luncheon for the flyers, Post and Gatty, one of the speakers droned on and on endlessly while the other guests feverishly drank water and glanced frequently at their watches.

"If he had talked five minutes longer," said Eddie Cantor, "the boys could have made another flight around the world."

* * *

LITTLE Joan Bennett is finding these days irksome as she lies in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, encased in a plaster cast. She has been this way ever since she fell off a horse and did things to her hip. The man who is laboring most diligently to relieve the tedium of the long days is her father, Richard Bennett, who rarely misses a day at the hospital and who is now devising ways and means to cart his daughter away, plaster cast and all, to call on her friends.

"Jacqueline Logan, American motion picture actress, who has been starring in productions of an English company, plans to direct a picture," reads an item in an English newspaper. "She will then sail for home."

Yeah, brother!

* * *

WHO says that a Southern accent is a handicap in pictures. Certainly not Una Merkel, who has just signed a contract at M.-G.-M. for—oh—ever so long.

* * *

PARAMOUNT is getting behind Vivienne Osborne and Judith Wood in a big way.

Miss Osborne was "discovered" in "The Beloved Bachelor," and big things promised. The first big thing is the lead opposite Clive Brook in "Husband's Holiday." She looks a little like Nancy Carroll. Wonder if that means anything.

Judith Wood is tossed right up to featured billing in "Working Girls," heading the cast.

* * *

Marion Davies, Justine Johnstone, Nita Naldi, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Dolores and Lilyan Tashman were in the "Follies" the same year.

Marion, Nita, and Lilyan went into pictures. Lilyan married Edmund Lowe. Dolores married Tudor Wilkinson. Justine Johnstone married Walter Wanger, and Peggy Joyce married—well, a lot of people.

* * *

ANN HARDING recently had a birthday, but it wasn't celebrated with the usual Hollywood *pop* and circumstance. Instead she spent her natal day shooting the final scenes of her latest picture.

* * *

On Jackie Cooper's eighth birthday Wallace Beery threw a surprise party for him on the M.-G.-M. stage, where they were working on "The Champ."

When time came for Jackie to blow out the candles and cut the birthday cake, however, the youngster couldn't be found.

He finally was located behind one of the sets shadow-boxing with the gloves given him by Beery.

"Fighters don't eat no cake!" he scoffed.

* * *



HERE'S a job! Nursemaid to a dog!

Sylvia Sidney acted as traveling companion to Miriam Hopkins' dog on a trip from New York to Los Angeles. Miss Hopkins met her dog at the station.

When Miriam came to Hollywood she expected it would be for one picture, so the household didn't accompany her. When the stay stretched out and Sylvia was making a trip home, the rescue of the dog from a New York autumn was arranged.

* * *

Polly Moran's mother was worried dreadfully when she read in the papers that her daughter had met President

EDDIE CANTOR SIGNS FOR SCREEN FOR FIVE YEARS

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Hoover in Washington, D. C., and posed for pictures with him on the White House steps.

"I only hope," sighed the mother, "she didn't have a chance to tell him any of her jokes!"

* * *

JOHN McCORMICK is free again.

Janet Hamilton Gattis, whom he married in Honolulu last May, has divorced him in Reno, Nevada.

He had a Colleen Moore complex, she asserted, and immediately after their wedding began talking about how much he had loved the motion picture star, his first wife.

* * *

W. S. Van Dyke, M.-G.-M's adventurer-director, almost lives for the end of the Summer season, when he revels in pounding on all unsuspecting straw hats and breaking them.

He was in a hat-busting mood at John Miljan's house last Labor Day when a confederate pointed out an immaculate straw bonnet reposing peacefully on the piano.

Van Dyke leaped upon the hat with joy and both feet and then held it aloft for a claimant.

"Whose chapeau was this?" he asked.

Obtaining no reply, he looked inside for the initials of the owner.

They were:

"W. S. Van D."

* * *

EL BRENDEL and his wife, known in vaudeville as Flo Bert, have moved into the new Brendel home in Westwood, between Hollywood and the ocean.

* * *

THE only blemishes on the beautiful countenance of Greta Nissen are two tiny scars across the bridge of her nose, made by Jupiter, a pet bulldog.

* * *

After Stuart Erwin and June Collyer had been married about four months, they startled Hollywood by broadcasting the following invitations to all their friends: "You must come over and see our child." So the friends trooped over and saw the "child"—a wee Persian kitten.

* * *

JAMES DUNN and his mother have taken a lease on a house in the Whitley Heights district of Hollywood.

* * *

THAT romance between Myrna Kennedy and James Hall which has been simmering since away back in the days Myrna was Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "The Circus," is about to come to a boil.

James has returned from a Summer engagement in Chicago and has taken over the management of a roadhouse between Pasadena and Glendale.

He and Myrna plan to be married soon, they have told their intimate friends.

* * *

As far as featured players in pictures these days go, it looks like "The Children's Hour." There are Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl, Robert Coogan, Frankie Darrow, Billie Butts, Helen Parrish, Dawn O'Day, Mitzi Green, Tad Alexander, Carmencita, Ronald Crosbey, as well as the wee lads and lassies of Our Gang—and all of them with their teens ahead of them. The latest recruit to the "youth will be served" movement is Dicky Moore, who has been with the Moore family only about two and a half years.



Gary Cooper: Buys thousands of acres in California and goes in for the raising of passion fruit.

* * *

"GOING to be married?" repeated Constance Bennett when she returned to Hollywood after a trip to Europe with Gloria Swanson's, "Hank."

"Why, we're already married and have two children. They are following us by fast freight."

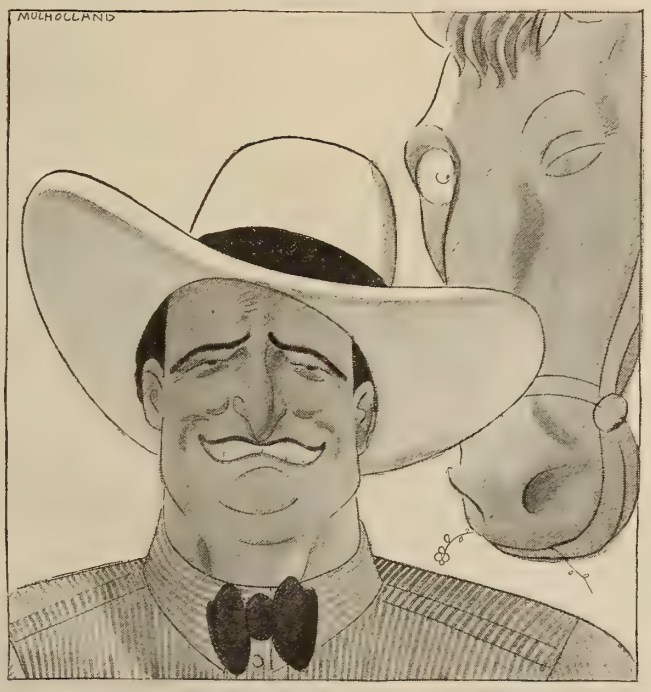
Gloria's divorce, by which she officially relinquishes the title of Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye, becomes final in December.

* * *

IRENE DUNNE holds the distinction of being the first motion picture actress to score a hole-in-one in golf. It happened recently at the Pebble Beach course while she was playing a round with Dr. Griffin, her husband.

* * *

Someone has figured out that Hollywood is a three-legged town. Meaning, I guess, the tripods used to support cameras, lights, microphones, chairs, and make-up kits.



* * *

ALICE WHITE, whose light went out when Warner Brothers took over First National, is on a vaudeville tour and, according to word percolating back from New York, is doing so well she may be starred this Winter in a Broadway show.

* * *

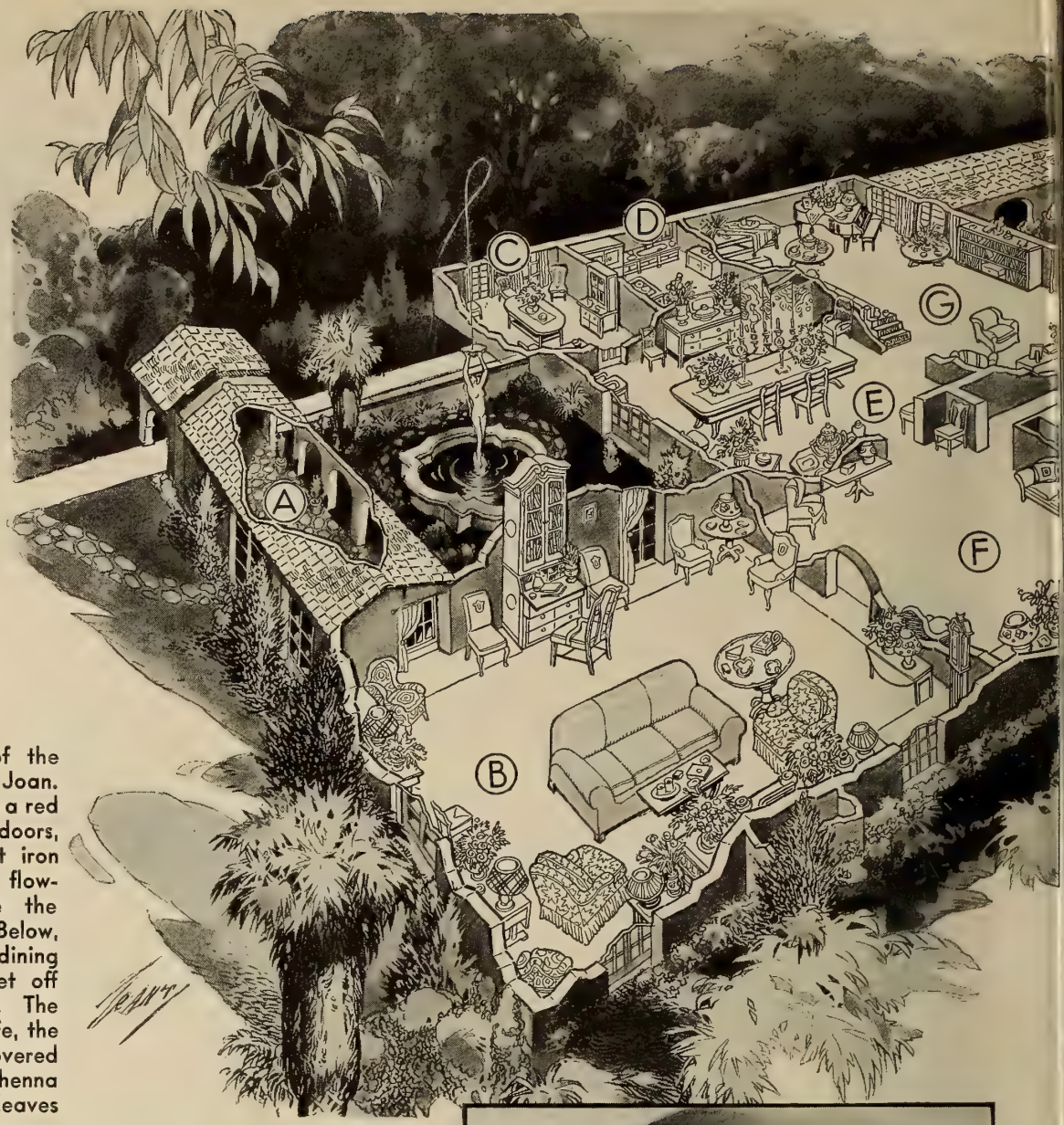
HOPE WILLIAMS' arrival in Hollywood was most unorthodox from a publicity point of view.

For weeks RKO-Radio had been waiting for its New York society girl star, who was vacationing on

(*Please turn to page* 82)

HOLLYWOOD NOW LOOKS LIKE "CHILDREN'S HOUR"

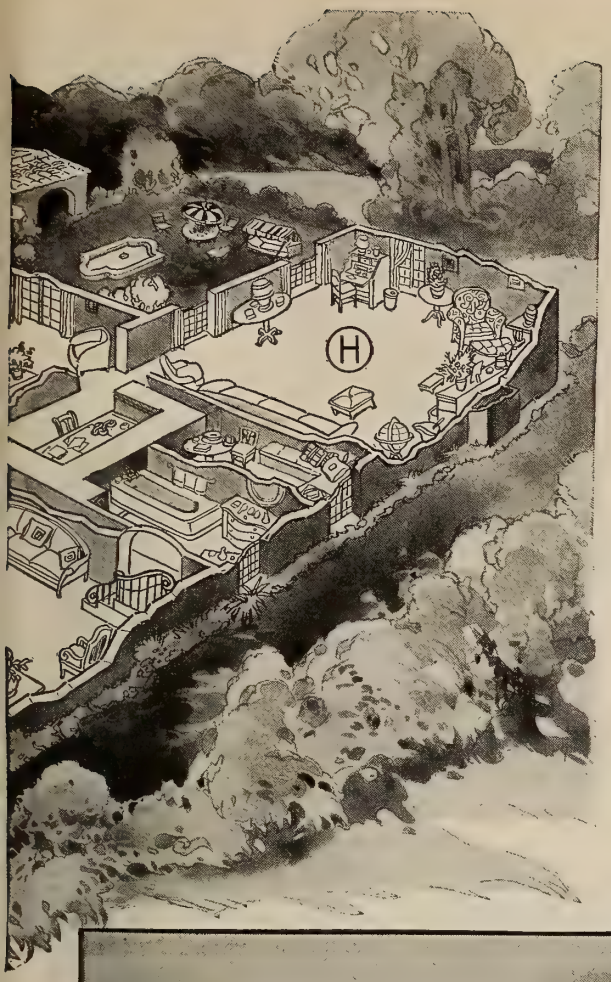
At the right is a ground plan of the Brentwood home of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., showing the first floor rooms. A is the patio, B is the living room, C is the breakfast room, D is the kitchen, E is the dining room, F is the reception room, G is the play room and H is the library. The two players call their home "Cielito Lindo," or "Beautiful Little Heaven." The house is of Spanish architecture and the furnishings are Early American.



Below, the exterior of the home of Doug and Joan. The house is white with a red tiled roof. Grilled doors, tiled borders, wrought iron balances and a gaily flowered patio feature the front of the house. Below, right, is the spacious dining room. White walls set off the apple green rug. The table is a Duncan Phyfe, the nine chairs being covered with a tan material, henna flowers and green leaves forming the design.







The HOMES of the STARS

NEW MOVIE Takes You Upon a Personal Visit to the Brentwood Home of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford

Beginning this month NEW MOVIE *is taking its readers into the Beverly Hills and Hollywood homes of the movie stars, showing you exactly how your favorites live. Detailed ground plans of the estates and the various floors of the houses will be shown, presenting the exact arrangement of furnishings. With the aid of this series, you can re-arrange and refurnish your home to match that of your favorite player.*

If you wish to study the details of your idol's home, write a letter to us, naming the home you wish to see and giving your own name and address. Address your letter to The Homes of the Stars Editor, NEW MOVIE, 55 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

AS a part of her work as a motion picture star, Joan Crawford has appeared in luxurious home "sets" of every imaginable type of architecture, English, Early American, French, Italian, Spanish, Modernistic, etc. It is obvious, of course, that for her own personal and private home, the fair Joan had to choose from all of these various styles with which she had become familiar.

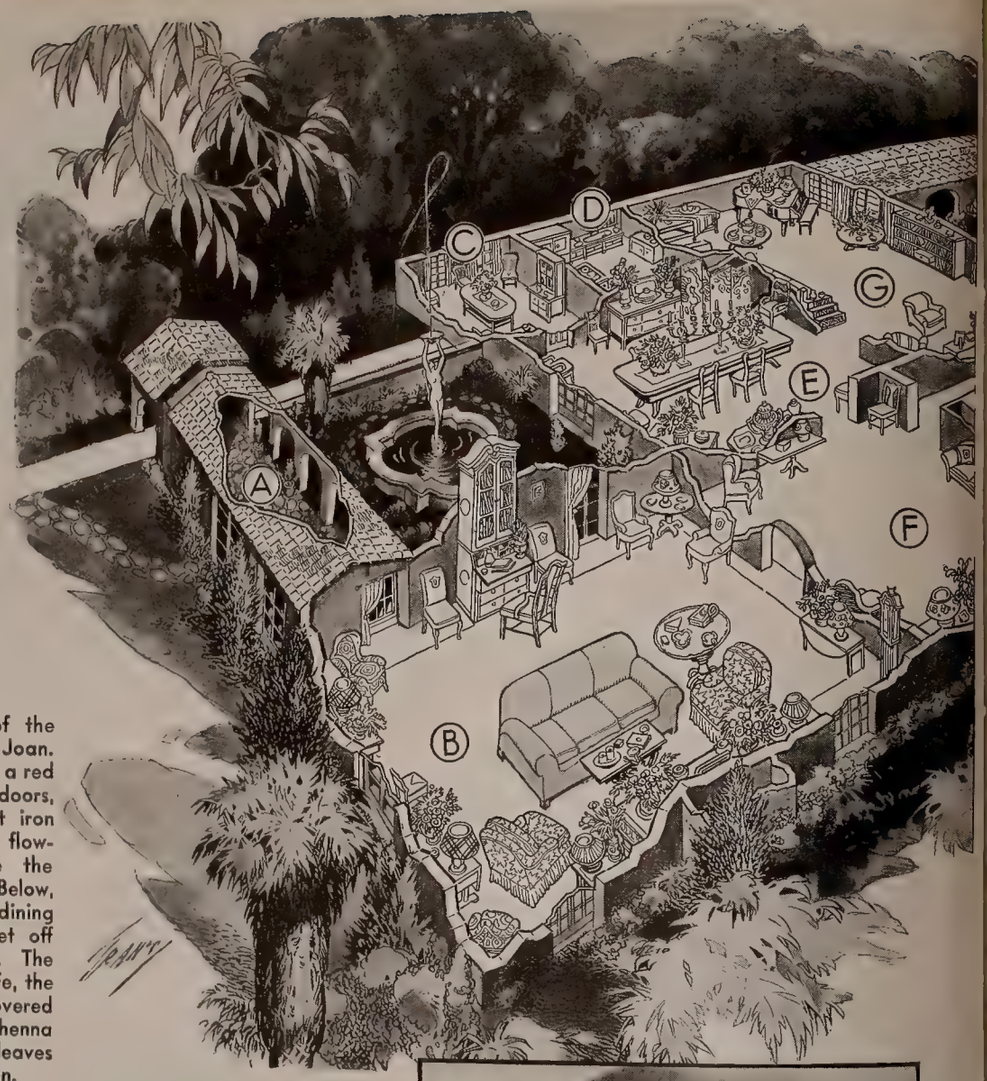
Pictures taken recently of the new Crawford-Fairbanks establishment, recently remodeled and redecorated, reveal in





Above, the play room, and right, the living room. The color scheme of the playroom is black and white. The draperies are of gaily patterned black and white and the waxed inlaid linoleum is in large black and white squares. The walls and beamed ceiling of the living room are finished in dull white. The carpet is tan. The draperies are of brown glazed chintz with a flower design of tan, brown and red.

At the right is a ground plan of the Brentwood home of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., showing the first floor rooms. A is the patio, B is the living room, C is the breakfast room, D is the kitchen, E is the dining room, F is the reception room, G is the play room and H is the library. The two players call their home "Cielito Lindo," or "Beautiful Little Heaven." The house is of Spanish architecture and the furnishings are Early American.



Below, the exterior of the home of Doug and Joan. The house is white with a red tiled roof. Grilled doors, tiled borders, wrought iron balances and a gaily flowered patio feature the front of the house. Below, right, is the spacious dining room. White walls set off the apple green rug. The table is a Duncan Phyfe, the nine chairs being covered with a tan material, henna flowers and green leaves forming the design.







The HOMES of the STARS

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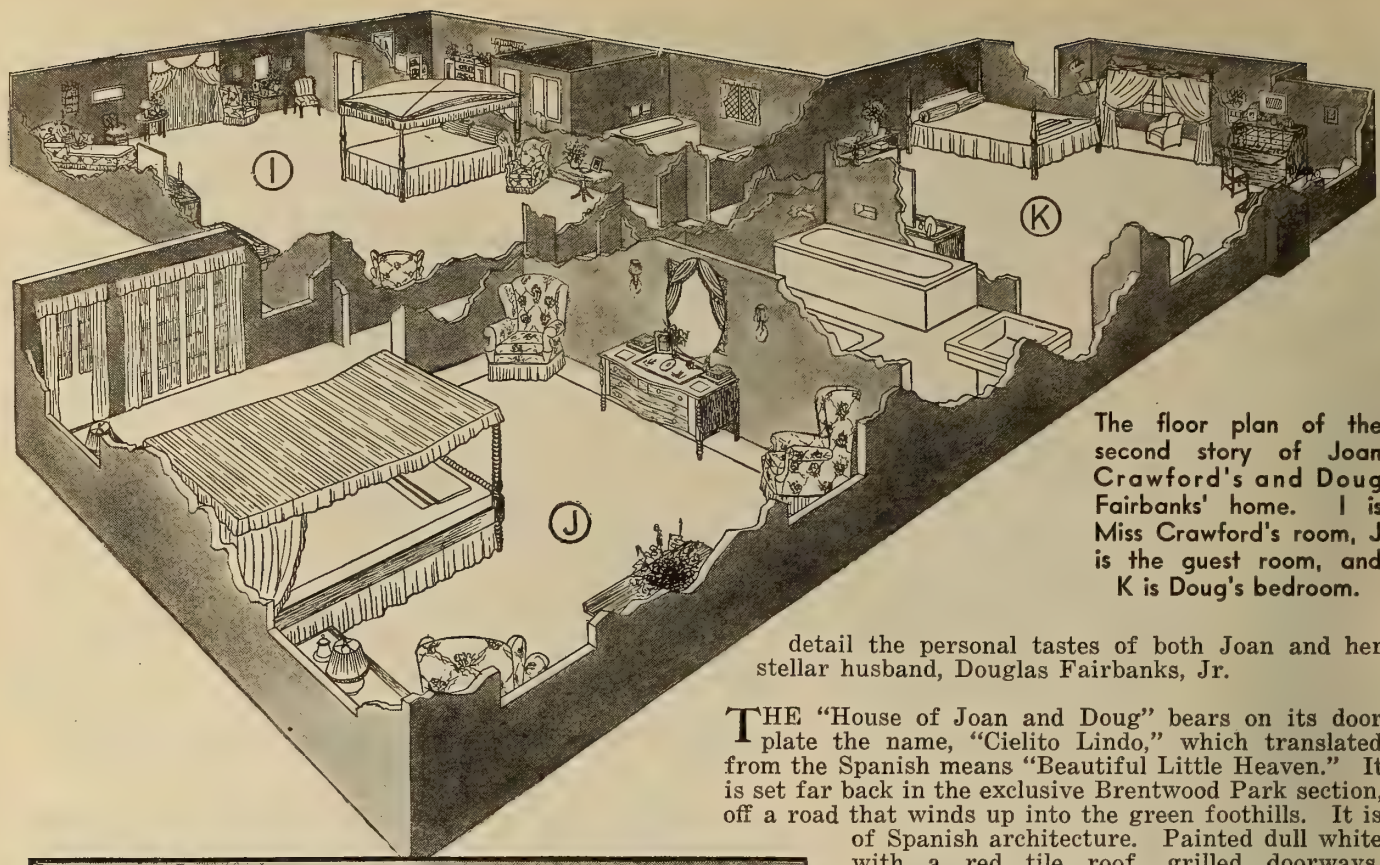
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The floor plan of the second story of Joan Crawford's and Doug Fairbanks' home. I is Miss Crawford's room, J is the guest room, and K is Doug's bedroom.

detail the personal tastes of both Joan and her stellar husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

THE "House of Joan and Doug" bears on its door plate the name, "Cielito Lindo," which translated from the Spanish means "Beautiful Little Heaven." It is set far back in the exclusive Brentwood Park section, off a road that winds up into the green foothills. It is of Spanish architecture. Painted dull white with a red tile roof, grilled doorways, wrought iron stairways, tiled walks, patios, artistic balconies and arched doorways, it follows out the Early California motif to the last detail.

Cool pepper trees and tall, sighing palms supply shade for the perfectly kept lawn which borders the front of the place. Bright colored zinnias, green hedges and creeping ivy add a note of color to the approach.

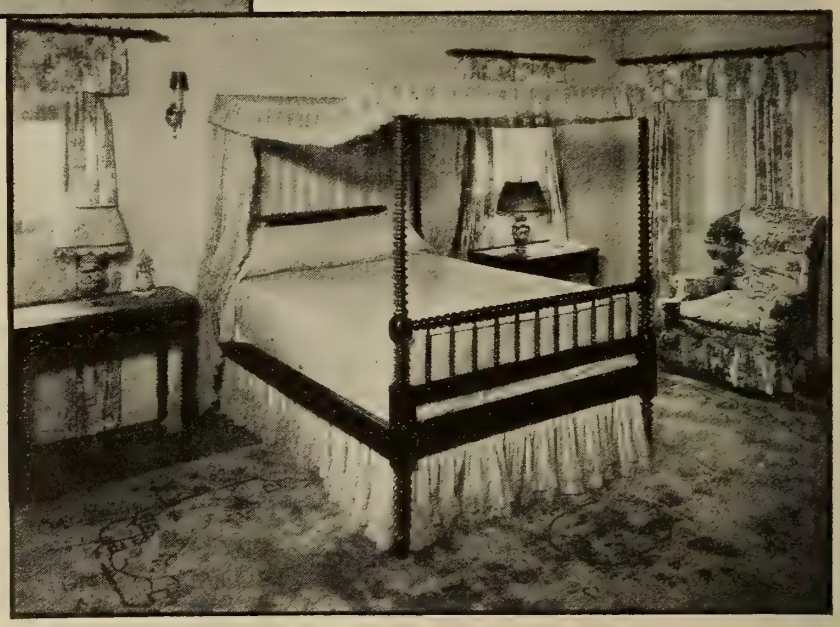
There is a long, tiled, arched passageway running across the front of the house. One must pass through this before entering the patio that leads to the front door.

Patios, distinctive features of Spanish architecture, are spaces bounded by at least three walls of the house. In this patio in pleasant weather, the couple entertains at dinner under the (*Please turn to page* 72)



Plans Drawn for
NEW MOVIE by George Grant

The bedroom of Doug, Jr., (shown above) is marked by distinct simplicity. The wallpaper is of green and white, a latticed work design. The handsome bed, desk, chairs and valance over the windows are genuine maple. The draperies are of dark brown glazed chintz, bound in natural chamois. The small cross-stitch rug in front of the fireplace is the work of Joan herself. The guest room, shown at the right, is done in cool, neutral shades. The floor cover is a heavy beige Chinese rug with small designs in pastel shades. The four-poster and canopy are covered with a thin dotted voile, also beige in color, having a satin underspread.





Motion picture stars stage no more formal, de luxe weddings. Too many specters have appeared from the past to interrupt the ceremonies. Marriage vows are made quietly, away from the crowds.

Phantoms at the Altar

Elaborate, Formal Weddings Have Gone Out of Fashion in Movieland —And Here is the Reason Why

By A. L. WOOLDRIDGE

WHY did Carole Lombard and Bill Powell close the doors, excluding everyone but members of their families, while their wedding was in progress?

Why did June Collyer and Stuart Erwin elope to Yuma, Arizona, and marry without telling their closest friends of their plans.

Why did Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna board the latter's yacht in San Pedro Harbor ostensibly bound for Mexico, then suddenly put in at Catalina Island to be married by a Justice of the Peace and in the presence of utter strangers only?

Why did Dorothy Sebastian and William Boyd fly to Las Vegas, N. M.; Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woods go secretly to Reno, Nevada, and then veil in mystery the fact that they had been married for weeks?

Did they hear spirit-rappings telling them to "Take care!" Did they fear a phantom at the altar? There have been so many strange things happening at Hollywood weddings.

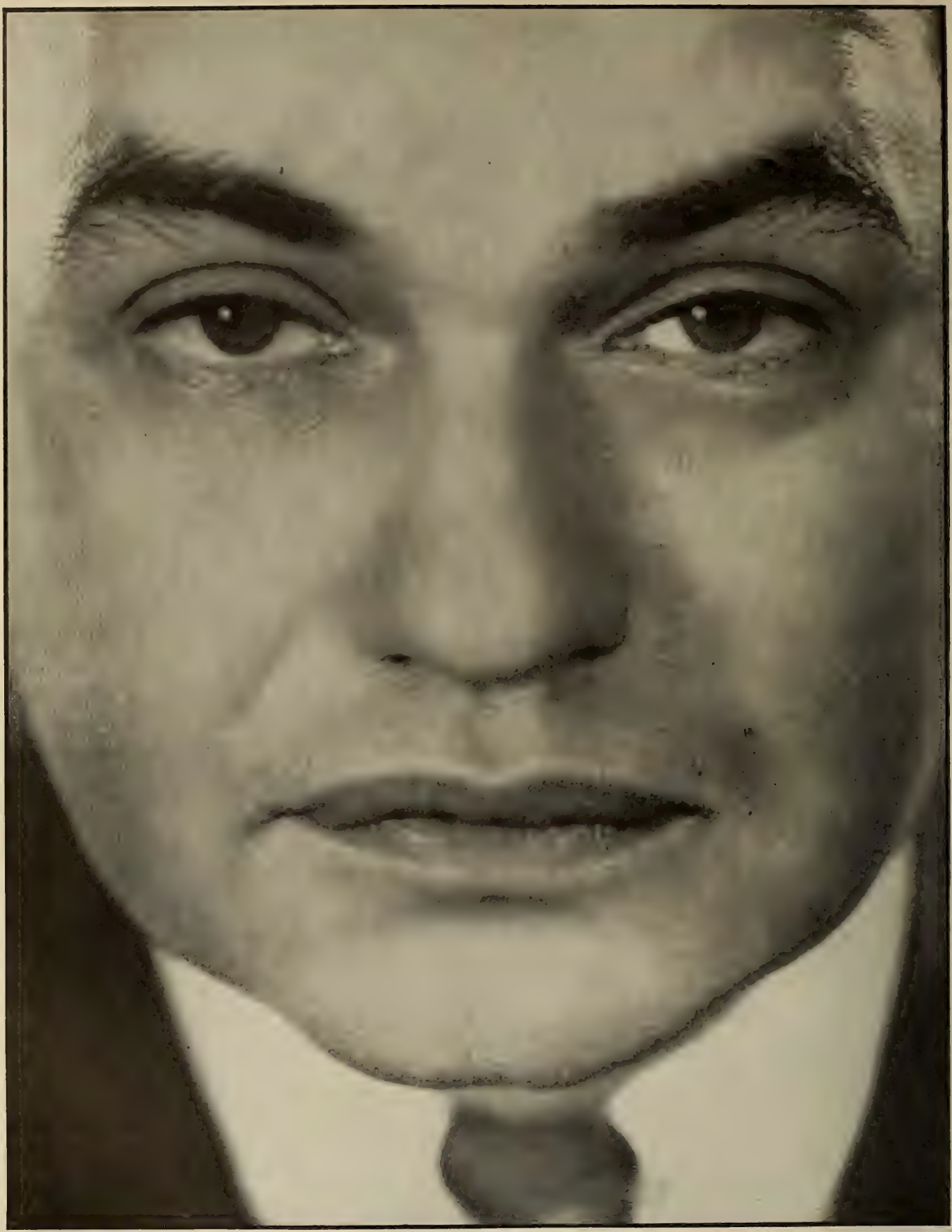
So Hollywood has sworn off formal weddings.

MYSTERY shrouded the marriage of William Powell and Carole Lombard. Possessed of position, friends, wealth, their nuptials might easily have been an outstanding social event of the year. They might have had limousines parked a mile in either direction from their wedding manse and columns printed about it in the newspapers. But they didn't.

They obtained a license three days before the ceremony, as prescribed by California law, and then they drew the curtain, merely announcing that they would be married.

They did not say on what date or at what hour. They did not say where. They did not announce a place for their honeymoon. They did not have bridesmaids or groomsmen. They did not employ a butler who knew how to make himself look as though he were familiar with the surroundings. They did not employ an orchestra to play "She's Mah Baby" and other jazz tunes as soon as the wedding march was ended.

Instead, Mr. Powell's father and Miss Lombard's mother stood beside an altar (*Please turn to page* 80)



Edward G. Robinson was born in Bucharest, Rumania, in 1893. He was named Emanuel Goldenberg. The Goldenberg family came to America when Emanuel was ten years old. His father was a contractor, and the Goldenbergs lived on the East Side of New York. Emanuel wanted to be a lawyer and attended City College and Columbia. But he turned to acting. He made quite a name for himself on the speaking stage, but nobody thought he was star material until he played the gangster in "The Racket." That started him on his evil way. "Little Caesar" made him a star. Since that he has been playing Al Capone more than Al Capone.

Putting Little Caesar on the SPOT

When the Big Opportunity Knocked on Edward G. Robinson's Dressing Room Door He Said: "Come In—and Stick 'Em Up"

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



THIS is Sidney Skolsky's first appearance in NEW MOVIE. *Mr. Skolsky is one of New York's best newspaper writers. His Tintypes are a widely popular feature of The New York Daily News.*

THE story of the screen's leading gangster who bumps them off quicker than you can say EDWARD G. ROBINSON starts on July 12, 102 B.C. No other Hollywood actor can trace his start that far back.

It was on that day that Julius Cæsar came into being. Cæsar, the most famous Roman of them all, was merely an advance publicity agent for one of the screen idols of 1931.

There had to be a big-shot Cæsar before there could be a Little Cæsar.

This tough guy's yarn starts in the capital of Rumania on the cold evening of December 12, 1893. A small, struggling Jewish family expects a new arrival. They are not disappointed. The stranger arrives and makes himself heard.

Then he was heard only in a small flat. This seven-pound youngster was later to be heard in every city, town and village housing a movie theater.

A WEEK after his initial appearance he was named Emanuel Goldenberg. Emanuel—after a relative. Goldenberg—because it is the family monicker. The tribe is proud of that name.

Little did any Goldenberg realize then that kids in America would proudly point to their Emanuel and exclaim joyfully "That's him, I tell you. That's Little Cæsar!"

The family wasn't well acquainted with even Julius Cæsar.

Emanuel Goldenberg! It is not a name for the bright lights of Broadway. When Emanuel had the desire to become a famous actor he realized that.

A passionate theatergoer, he was sitting in the second balcony, in a seat purchased with long-saved pennies, watching the play, "The Passerby." In that play every performer mentioned the name of Robinson. Robinson was the name of a character who never appeared but who dominated the play.

After the curtain had descended on the third act Goldenberg was Robinson.

He selected that handle because "it was a solid name. One that people wouldn't forget." Yet today everybody calls him Little Cæsar. In the metamorphosis Emanuel became Edward and the Goldenberg shrank to that middle initial G.

He stands five feet seven, is olive complexioned, weighs 156 pounds and jumps when a firecracker explodes.

His family set sail for America when he was ten years old. His father was a contractor. The family lived on the East Side of New York and like almost every family in that sector they wanted their boy to be a lawyer. So he was graduated from City College and later attended Columbia for a short period. Whenever he's in a play on Broadway he takes special courses at Columbia.

But he never became a lawyer and he doesn't want to. From the moment he saw his first play he wanted to be an actor. He merely sat in a theater and it became part of his life.

As a kid, studying to be a lawyer, he was naturally interested in politics. His first appearance was made on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway on a soap box. He urged people to vote for "Hearst for Mayor."

It might interest William Randolph Hearst to know that his defeat caused Robinson almost as much sorrow as it did the defeated publisher.

He has a black mole on his right cheek. He has had the mole only since last year. Every member of his family, for generations, had a mole blossom of that part of the face when they approached the late thirties.

Likes to wear old suits, old garters and old shoe laces. When he buys a new pair of shoes he throws away the new laces and uses an old pair.

First played in an out-of-town stock company, with one eye toward Broadway. When he hit the big town he wouldn't leave it and never toured in a play farther than Philadelphia and Boston.

(*Please turn to page* 90)

SETH PARKER Looks at HOLLYWOOD

By GRACE KINGSLEY

Phillips Lord—known to the radio as Seth Parker—is one of the national favorites of the air.

He gets between 3,000 and 4,500 letters every week.

He talks to 3,000,000 people every Sunday night—and brings compassion and kindness into a million households.

He is a real New Englander and once taught school. Yet he is only 29.

"NO. I haven't been shocked by Hollywood," said Seth Parker, otherwise Phillips Lord. "I haven't been to any parties. I've only been down to visit at William Seiter's house."

"And we didn't have any other guests," chuckled Bill Seiter, Seth's director. "We didn't take any chances!"

"How about Hollywood divorces?" we inquired.

"Oh, I 'tend to my own business and let them 'tend to theirs," replied Seth in his best New England drawl. "I look at Hollywood this way; if somebody wants to do something, they have a right to. Let other folks do what they want to."

Which is like Seth. He's as tolerant in real life as he is in his act.

Maybe you are going to be disappointed—some of you weisenheimers, who know that all chorus girls are bad, that every film actor has many illegitimate children, and that all radio ruralites are fakes.

Probably you expect Seth Parker in his off hours to be a sort of jaunty man-about-town, who laughs and kids about his radio character, swears and takes a drink when he feels like it; who though now living with his third wife, expects to divorce her to marry an extra girl; and who, if he saw a hymn book, would probably mistake it for a Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

But you would be all wrong.

SETH PARKER really does write hymns. And he belongs to the Congregational church in Meriden, the one of which his father is pastor. He has been married to the same wife for a number of years, she having been his first and only sweetheart, and answering to

Phillips Lord, as Seth Parker, tells a funny story to the Jonesport folks, who, left to right, are Raymond Hunter as the Captain, Mrs. Lord as Lizzie, Effie Palmer as Ma Parker, Seth himself and Bennett Kilpack as Cephus.



The Famous Resident of Jonesport, Me., is Really Phillips Lord, and He is Now Transforming His Sunday Night "Githerings" into Celluloid



Phillips Lord (right) as himself and (left) as the immortal Seth Parker. Both Mr. Lord and his wife were teachers in the Plainville, Conn., High School, when he conceived the idea of the radio sketch that has developed into "Seth Parker's Sunday Nights," listened to by three million people.

that gorgeously New England-y name, Sophia.

Lizzie is Mrs. Phillips Lord, you know. But everybody has forgotten Phillips Lord and remembers only Seth Parker.

Seth's troupe was on the set when I called at Radio studios.

Seth was wearing crepe whiskers, and when he had a minute to come over and be introduced he said that picture work was no fun in the heat.

He has shrewd, kindly blue eyes and a New England drawl when he speaks—a drawl which I suspect he exaggerates when he is playing in character, as he begins living that character the minute he puts on those rube togs.

He introduced us to his wife—a sweet, rather quiet little lady, with a sense of humor and not looking in the least like an actress. She has a nice voice, too—not Lizzie's nervous, nasal, high-pitched voice at all.

Both were teachers in the Plainville High School, with Seth principal, the youngest principal in Connecticut or maybe in the United States.

Their picture is called "Other People's Business," and it is Seth's very first venture.

There was a taffy pull going on in the scene, and Seth was in the midst of it.

Like Will Rogers, Seth has a good deal of a hand in the dialogue.

And if there is anything that isn't strictly New England in the set or lines, out it goes.

Asked whether he was disappointed in his rushes, Seth drawled that he didn't expect to look like Romeo, so he guessed it was all right.

CEPHUS was there, too, and Captain Bangs and the rest.

Ceph, by the way, is the only one of the gang who has been on the stage. All the other members of the troupe were school or music teachers or mere amateurs in theatricals.

Seth is very anxious that that play of his be just right. He is now rewriting it.

"I want to show folks just what our New England people are like," he said. "Folks don't seem to know exactly."

We all went to lunch, the players in their make-up, at the studio café, where we sat at a big round table, from which emanates at all times, I am told, sounds of laughter and mirth. That table is sacred to Seth's troupe.

By the way, Seth's organization always keeps together as much as possible.

He runs that company as a school teacher runs his school. He practically tells his players when to go to bed and when to get up. Some one told me how, the other day on the set, he said to Ma Parker, "Now, Ma, you go home and go to bed early, because you'll have to get up at seven, as I want you here at nine." And Ma, though she had her mind all made up to go to a picture show that night, went home and did as she was told.

By the way, Ma Parker—in real life Effie Palmer—is just as sweet and motherly and radiantly serene as you would expect to see her.

Oh, yes, and they all call each other by their character names both on the set and off.

SETH is only twenty-nine years old now. And husky as can be.

"Handsome, too," said Jane Murfin. "You should see him without his whiskers!"

"'That's the girl friend speaking,' as you say in Hollywood," grinned Seth.

Just a year or two ago Seth was earning twenty dollars a week on a small radio station in Connecticut. Now he has a salary so big that he won't talk about it, and is an author as well.

Seth wrote his own hymnbook, his first hymn being "Jesus Is My Neighbor."

"I wanted a hymn about a neighbor, and I couldn't find one," he said. "So I wrote one myself. After that I wrote all my hymns. Now they are being used in many churches, and I have sold a hundred thousand copies."

The religion conveyed in (*Please turn to page* 109)



HERE'S HOW!

Thousands of NEW MOVIE readers have asked for a picture of Herb Howe, who is camera shy. This picture of Herb was snapped by a friend and smuggled to the NEW MOVIE office. It shows the famous Boulevardier in informal attire with his best pal outside his beach home at Carpinteria, California. Herb is now in Southern France, too far away to suppress this picture. Herb's Carpinteria property adjoins that of Warner Oland, the celebrated Dr. Fu Manchu of film fame.

The LOW DOWN on HOLLYWOOD High Life

The Boulevardier Gives You the Inside on the Town Without Friendship or Happiness

BY HERBERT HOWE

AS I wing around the world incognito (dark glasses, beret, camel's hair coat and some such assumed name as "Buddy Rogers" or "Wallie Beery") I'm continually heckled by the same questions. They are chiefly these:

Other places must seem pretty tame after Hollywood, don't they?

What's the real low down on Hollywood parties, anyhow?

Why can't people stay married in Hollywood?

What do they do with all their money that they end up broke?

Why do they all seem to change for the worse?

Are they all queer people or are some of them regular?

Why don't you write the truth about them, or can't you?

Taking these as an intelligence test I've always rated pretty blond. So vague are my answers, in fact, that suspicion is cast on my incognito. I'm suspected of pretending not to be some one I'm not. Inasmuch as I'm setting forth again on the queryful trails I'm preparing this circular to hand to all. If they still fail to suspect me of being a Hollywood celebrity by my disguise I shall abandon the costume and pay for my own drinks.

HOLLYWOOD is the world's Big Top. Adults regard it with the same curiosity children do circuses—or did before getting so darned sophisticated.

The questions adults ask about Garbo, for instance, always fetch me happy childhood recollections of pestering my uncle, Doc Riley, physician to Ringlings, to tell me the low down on the snake charmer for whom I had conceived a blood-curdling infatuation. "Oh, a nice girl," he would say, "keeps to herself pretty much, plays solitaire, rather shy, got frightened once when the elephants stampeded and climbed a tree, athletic. . . ." Such exasperating nothings made me strongly suspect my relative was either holding out on me or didn't know the divine creature personally at all. I'm more tolerant toward him now, for I feel the same sniffy skepticism emanating from my auditors when I hold forth, say from a deck chair, about my Hollywood acquaintances. I make quite an impression at first. They give me a lively attention, but soon this trails off into an ocean gaze and a polite patience, and at my first pause they turn back to reading "Mirrors of Washington" or "The Life of Lydia Pinkham." Before you can do the same, dear reader, I shall start quoting.

In reply to the question, "Why can't people stay married in Hollywood?" Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett declares from the deck of her capsizing marital bark: "Fame and happiness are incompatible."

With the slight but important qualifications of "Fame" by the adjective "Hollywood" I say that Mrs. Tibbett has given the major reason for the discontentment underlying the gay foam of Hollywood life. Some might qualify further and substitute "notoriety" for "Hollywood fame", depending on whether their standard is Hollywood's or that of the less important world—the world in which Einstein, Edison, Shaw, Gandhi, Stalin and other rather well-known people seem fairly cheerful without benefit of divorce.

Actors and actresses often declaim that they are wedded to their art. Hearing this, a wife or a husband must have the feeling of being a bigamous baggage, especially if he or she is not wedded to the same art; of course, if they are they have the same spouse in common and don't feel so badly. I can't imagine an unhappier position than that of an artless husband of an actress, an artless wife of an actor. They are always having to be explained, identified and sort of excused.

SAYS HERB HOWE

"Fame works more havoc than money. The Roman emperors weren't so bad until they began thinking themselves gods. And they had less reason to than a movie star. It is pleasant to be admired, but also enslaving. No man can be entirely himself when he's conscious of being watched all the time."

THE fulsome adulation bestowed upon movie stars is enough to convince any one that the world is mad. Unfortunately, there are few, if any, heroes deserving that line of "Scaramouche": "He was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad." Hollywood folk have a sense of their own madness. "It's a madhouse," is one of the oldest expressions of the colony. But the gift of laughter, providing they ever had it, is lost in the madhouse or becomes maniacal. Oh, of course, there are exceptions (your favorite, of course), but if I should talk about them you'd get bored and turn to Lydia Pinkham.

The assertion that the adulation of film stars is, of course, confined to silly shop-girls is a platitude among snooty highbrows. (Ah, there, I see you in my audience.) Shop-girls are not as silly as idle females. And females are not much sillier (*Please turn to page* 104)

Ruggles Speaking

You May Believe This Is an Interview With Charlie, the Comedian. Then, Again, You May Not

BY SALLY BENSON



Charles Ruggles as he looked just after our interviewer had departed. Exhausted is the word, we believe. Anyway, he told all to NEW MOVIE—or didn't he? If he lives up to all these details, he will be busy for years.

MAGAZINES love to run dramatic, tragic stories about popular actors and actresses. It's all very well. Lots of people have their ups and downs and I, for one, like to read about them, especially when they have them in a big way. But there are people whose lives vary as little as the temperature chart of a patient with a mild case of chicken-pox. They are the people I know, terribly nice and heaps of fun but with no more idea of how to create a situation than the Lindbergh baby. When you ask them how they are, they say, "just fine and dandy." When you try to probe deeper, hoping that they are concealing something or dancing with tears in their eyes, and ask, "How is your mother? And are Mollie and the children O. K.?" They answer, "Oh, mother sailed yesterday on the *Ile de France* and Mollie and the kids couldn't be better."

What are you going to do with a person like that?

My idea of a real friend is one who is bowed down with care and woe all the time. Of course, it's really better if he is financially sound. Friends who aren't financially sound are apt to be nuisances. But if he is about to get a divorce or is worried because his oldest boy is being sued for breach of promise,—well, what could be more fun? How I love to horn in on bad news when it doesn't concern me.

Now most of us who go about our business aren't called upon for news and we can sulk around in corners without having some prying busybody come around asking us a lot of silly questions. But if you are out in the limelight, it's a different story. Take any moving-picture actor. Take Charles Ruggles, for instance. I did. And I don't know any more about him than I did five years ago. Maybe I can't draw people out or maybe he just isn't the type of man who makes sensational news. In other words, as far as I could see, he's never bitten any dogs. On the other hand, I am a writer and I know a thing or two. I have a typewriter and I have an imagination. Could you ask for anything more? *Could* you ask for anything more?

So: On the twenty-eighth of July, 1830, the first collision between the authorities and the people took place opposite the corner of the Palais Royal. Such was the commencement of the Revolution of the "three glorious days of July." The Chicago World's Fair existed only in imagination, Lindbergh was not yet born, McKinley had not been assassinated and the moving picture was still in its infancy.

At this time M. de Maupas, then prefect of police, gathered his little family together and prepared to leave France forever. His family consisted of his wife, Gabrielle, and his children, Marcel, Aristide, Louis (afterwards known as the St. Louis Blues), Carrousel, Marguerite of Anjou (wife of Henry VI of England), Claudette Colbert and an interloper called Charles Ruggles. This boy had been adopted or something and hadn't been named anything at all for quite a while. The de Maupas family didn't even call him "Baby" and couldn't in all honesty call him "Junior." As they were leaving Paris, however, the always comic question of passports came up. Naturally for a prefect of police this was child's play and everything was going along pretty well until it became time to fill out the passport of the little boy. *"Nom de Dieu de Bon Dieu,"* M. de Maupas said to his wife: "What shall we do *(faisons-nous)?* This is a pretty kettle of fish *(poisson)!"*

Madame de Maupas was all for leaving the child behind, but her husband put his foot down. *"Non,"* he said. "We'll call him Charles Ruggles or Wesley Ruggles."

"You can't do that, *poupée d'amour,"* Gabrielle answered. "Because Charles Ruggles is the actor and Wesley Ruggles is the director."

"What of it?" he retorted, his temper was notorious. "Look at Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore. Doesn't he manage to get along pretty well?"

And Gabrielle being French and nobody's fool, decided on both names and impressed on the little lad's mind the fact that both (*Please turn to page* 100)



Photograph by Hurrell

Madge Evans, once a child of the films, has made a smashing come-back. Samuel Goldwyn has just borrowed her for one of the three leading rôles in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." Here she is posing to the moods of the mask. The mask being one of wild abandon and modern madness, induces the pose of recklessness. All, of course, to make a beautiful photographic study.

Just an ACTOR'S HOME

Photographs by
Irving Browning





Above, Mr. Meighan at the entrance of his home. Left, Mr. and Mrs. Meighan at the sundial of their garden. The estate has beauty and picturesqueness. Who could wish for more?



At the right, Mr. Meighan looks over Long Island Sound from a rise on his estate. The pier and boathouse constitute part of the Meighan waterfront.



No wonder Thomas Meighan rushes home from Hollywood between pictures. He has a lovely residence at Great Neck, Long Island, overlooking Long Island Sound. Above, the front entrance, with the Meighan flag flying in the distance.



Mrs. Thomas Meighan is Frances Ring, at one time well known on the speaking stage. A sister of the famous Blanche Ring, Miss Ring played leading rôles in many Broadway productions, including George Ade's "The College Widow." Mr. Meighan was her leading man. That's how they met. At the left, Mr. and Mrs. Meighan in the garden of their Great Neck home.



Sylvia Sidney, as she appeared at the age of fifteen playing the leading rôle in "Prunella," presented by the Theater Guild School. Little Miss Sidney was a success. That was six years ago.

The STRANGE CASE of Sylvia SIDNEY

BY CHARLES GRAYSON

NATURAL as the seven on a pair of dice, laughing as an April morning, straightforward as a punch on the nose, and so extremely modern that I doubt if she ever has owned a petticoat . . . and yet if there is one girl in the screen colony who deserves the term quaint it is this up-and-coming young person known as Sylvia Sidney.

Native sons get as used to movie people as they do to sunshine and realtors. And it's been quite some time since we little kids in the St. Vincent's School used to admire Johnny Harron because on Saturday afternoons D. W. Griffith would let him appear in the pictures which the Old Master was grinding out at the intersection of Sunset and Santa Monica Boulevards. Yet of all the film folk I've met over that ensuing period of years, I've never before encountered one like Sylvia.

Here is a girl who has worked for success like a galley slave . . . and with it achieved, is bored by it.

Here is a girl who desperately wants fun, laughter, much play . . . and who spends most of her spare time home, knitting.

Here is a girl with a face like a small pale heart and a figure to make the pulse start up within a mummy . . . who doesn't like the way she looks.

Here is a girl with health, intelligence, achievements to look back upon and a bright future to look forward to . . . who is one of the unhappiest and loneliest of people.

I often wonder at the bitterness which Sylvia must maintain behind her mask of easy laughter, that gaiety which is her most charming weapon. She has battled so indomitably to win to the top of the theatrical heap, how sickening for her to discover that she has worked for years to attain something which is not so important as she thought it.

"It doesn't matter," I heard her tell an executive who was speaking of her future. "It's not important —so it doesn't matter."

SHE wants—what? Something, surely, outside the victories of the grease-painted world. For Sylvia is no longer the chubby, hopeful child of twelve who made her debut in a series of recitals in the Little Theatre in New York. And she has, too, developed past the girl who at fifteen was given the lead in the graduation play of the Theater Guild School, "Prunella," under the direction of the celebrated Winthrop Ames.

"Prunella" was six years ago, but in it she gave (in addition to the demonstration of a genuine talent) a most revealing exhibition of the spirit without which mere talent in the theater is as nothing. With the show a hit, the Guild decided to send it on tour under the guidance of Winnifred Lennihan. One night some of Sylvia's friends came down from New York for a party in token of her continued scoring, and the little actress did not arrive back to the hotel un-



Sylvia Sidney's mother, Beatrice, at the age of fifteen. She was never connected with the theater, nor was her husband, Sigmund Sidney, a New York dental surgeon.

She Should Be Happy in Her Hollywood Success But She is Longing For a Lost Childhood



Sylvia Sidney as she is today, a Hollywood success, having played the leading rôle in a number of important productions, including "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene."

til an hour later than Miss Lennihan's idea of a child trouper's bedtime. She was dismissed from the company.

Came the next morning, and the expected apologies on the part of the truant failed to arrive. Instead of begging forgiveness, she went on packing her trunk. Marguerite Churchill, who also was a member of the troupe, told me that soon there was an elegant uproar. But through it all Sylvia held fast. She was through with art groups for keeps. She was going back to New York and look for a job on Broadway. And she went.

SYLVIA still has this uncurbed spirit. During the making of "An American Tragedy," Josef von Sternberg goaded her unmercifully with jibes of the "So-you're-a-New York-actress, eh?" type until she was nearly frantic with anger and nervousness. When the big bang eventually took place, however, she did not let it go with a mere walking off the set. She returned and played the best scene in the picture, as the director doubtless was hoping that she would.

The year that Sylvia tried to find work after leaving "Prunella" put an edge on her ambition. She was so absorbed in proving that she could make good with a first-rate company that she did not notice that she was missing the activities normal to a youngster of her age. She was not old enough, then, to appreciate that a child can be a child but once, while there is a whole lifetime for careers.

During this trying year she even went so far (and of this few of even her closest friends know) as to enroll as an extra in the old First National Studios in Long Island, where Ben Lyon was being featured. Her eagerness and childish delight in their work gave the movie men a laugh. . . . But still she met the familiar greeting: "Go home and grow up."

Her parents were of the same opinion. Sylvia's father is Sigmund Sidney, a dental surgeon in New York, and like his pretty wife, never before had been remotely connected with the theater. It was strange to have a child like this in the family, one who would not accept the normal opportunities they were willing and able to provide for her. But they were sagacious people; they let the child live her life as she thought best.



This plump little girl is Sylvia Sidney at the age of ten. Sylvia was showing her first theatrical tendencies, being given to reciting.

Then Sylvia's ambition and faith in herself were given sinews when suddenly she landed in the cast of "The Challenge of Youth." During the show's try-out in Washington she tore a ligament in her side and was ordered immediately to bed. But with her first job at stake, she refused to give in, and played on trussed up in adhesive tape until she resembled a sausage.

INDICATIVE of her courage though this engagement unquestionably was, it also demonstrated another facet of her nature—the reason why after four years of being the highest paid ingenue on the New York stage, she is financially just where she started. Her salary for "The Challenge" was $150 a week. Immediately she got the job, she went out and bought a $300 fur coat. The play ran for two weeks.

But it brought her to the attention of the managers, and subsequently she was engaged for "Crime"—along with Chester Morris, James Rennie, Kent Douglass, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis, and

(*Please turn to page* 112)

In The Winter MODE



It's as green as Erin, but the plaid is thoroughly Scotch in this generously proportioned coat shown above, chosen by Miss Marsh when she went shopping at Saks—5th Avenue. Notice the diagonal arrangement of the plaid above the waistline and the big, cozy beaver collar.



With her mind made up to buy a new suit at Saks—5th Avenue, Miss Marsh chose instead a dress that looks like a suit. It is of brown and beige tweed with leather belt, and the brown felt hat from Marcelle-Roze has a metal clasp. It is shown at the right.

Marian Marsh Does Her Shopping Along Park and Fifth Avenues

Especially Photographed in New York by Elmer Fryer





Stopping at Marguery's for lunch Marian Marsh wears a diagonal tweed sports coat from Saks—5th Avenue, made with a rich silver fox collar that folds twice around the neck in the Schiaparelli manner. The black felt hat with white pompon is from Marie Belair.

Marian Marsh chose the brown Leda cloth coat from Saks—5th Avenue (shown at the left) suitable for motoring or street wear. You might know it was a Vionnet model from the simple surplice effect of the marten collar and the straight sleeves.

Simplicity Marks the Young Girls' Smart Party Frocks for the Holiday Season

Photographs by
Elmer Fryer



Above is Marian Marsh's choice of a lovely evening gown. It's of white satin with rhinestones on narrow shoulder straps and belt, and it comes from Milgrim. The vertical seaming of the skirt is in keeping with the classic simplicity of the dress.



A dress designed by Sally Milgrim that Marian Marsh couldn't resist is at the right. It's made of white net with narrow shoulder straps and pastel appliqué flowers on the belt and skirt.

She wanted an evening dress that would be appropriate for Christmas holiday festivities, so Marian Marsh chose the Hickson model (above) combining ruby red silk and wool lace, with a ruby and rhinestone buckle to match. Red satin slippers complete the picture.





Blond beauty is never more brilliant than when set off by black velvet, and Miss Marsh chose the model shown below at Milgrim's, because of its smart simplicity, with the only trimming a jeweled shoulder strap and clasp.



The Manager of an Atlantic City Refreshment Stand Fired Mae Clarke and She Promptly set out to Become an Actress

WILL the eagle-eyed manager who fired a hot dog and root beer saleslady for sitting on a table in a booth at Atlantic City, back in 1925, please stand up?

Mister, here's news for you. You made an actress of Mae Clarke. You know, the Mae Clarke of "Waterloo Bridge," "The Front Page," etc. She says so herself.

All dressed up in a blue and white Lido shirt, dark blue sailor trousers and a blue beret, the brown-eyed, 114-pound, five-foot, three-inch blond Myra of "Waterloo Bridge" is telling it all.

She could tell it in verse, if she felt like it. Because, she cannot only act, and dance, and sit on dish-washing tables, but she can write verses. What's more, she does.

Here's a sample—it's called "Luck."

"Little sister's teeth are bad,
There's no job for poor old Dad.
Baby brother's punched a cad,
Ma's all shot and her eyes are sad.
What ho! What luck! Here comes big Sis.
She soon will straighten all of this.
She'll think and think, and then dismiss
Our worries; what a gal is Miss.
Big Sis is proud to help the tree
From which she sprang, but she told me
'I wonder how it all would be
If my life were lived by me.'"

Like it?

Well, there are at least six persons in the world who think a lot of the poet. Four of them, her mother, her father, who was an organist in picture theaters until the talkies walked in, and her brother and sister live with her in

Mae Clarke was once in the floor show of a Broadway night club with Barbara Stanwyck. She made her first screen hit as the street girl in "The Front Page" and she has since clinched her hold on Hollywood success with her work in "Waterloo Bridge."

From HOT DOGS to HOLLYWOOD

By IVAN ST. JOHNS

Westwood Village, which is between Hollywood and the deep blue sea. The two others are Barbara Stanwyck and Walda Mansfield. Mae, Barbara and Walda—three little maids from the chorus of the floor show of a New York night club—have been pals from those days to these.

IN Mae Clarke's case, those days came soon after that day when the Atlantic City manager found her establishing a new record as a table sitter.

"Stand up!" said he, and snapped his fingers under Mae's nose. "The customers don't like to see you girls sitting down."

"I won't stand up," announced Mae Clarke. "I've been dishing out hot dogs and making and selling red hots for the last eight hours, and I'm tired. If I can't sit down, I'll quit. I'm going to be an actress, anyway, and I won't have you or any other little runt snap their fingers at me."

According to Mae Clarke's best recollection, the manager then spoke, in part, as follows: "You can't quit. You're fired. And you'll make one h—— of an actress."

Then and there she gave him a taste of her quality by putting on her two dollar hat and making a more or less impressive exit.

She found it easier to make that exit than to make an entrance into any job to which money was attached. But she was out to prove the manager was a bum prophet, and she stuck through a dancing school and several amateur performances at Atlantic City.

She says: "My dancing instructor's former partner came down from New York and asked another girl and me to go into a show he was going to try 'on the dog' at Wilmington, Delaware, take to Philadelphia (where I had been born on August 16, 1910) and then to New York.

"In New York, at first, the breaks were not so good. I was only fifteen, but Barbara Stanwyck took charge of me, in a way, and she and Walda and I got dancing jobs together at the Everglades Club and later at the Vanity Club. And here's a funny thing: Right now, over a basement restaurant where we used to eat some very inexpensive meals, there's a big advertising sign that reads, 'Waterloo Bridge with Mae Clarke.'

"Of course, dancing isn't really acting, and I couldn't be sure my floor-walking friend wasn't right until I got a small part in 'The Noose.' I wasn't too bad.

"And I did some more acting in vaudeville with Lew Brice. I played a lucky girl (*Please turn to page* 101)



Mae Clarke as she appeared in Robert Sherwood's story of London in war time, "Waterloo Bridge," with Kent Douglass as the boy just back from the trenches on leave. Miss Clarke gave a touching performance.



Photograph by Hal Phyte

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO



The group of hosts and hostesses at the party given in honor of Marion Davies. Top row, left to right: Clarence Brown, Robert Z. Leonard, Jack Conway, Irving Thalberg, Adolphe Menjou, King Vidor, Samuel Goldwyn, George Fitzmaurice, Herman Mankiewicz, Dr. Harry Martin, John Gilbert and Loyd Pantages. Lower row: Mona Maris, Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, Mrs. Jack Conway, Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Miss Davies, Louella Parsons, Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Aileen Pringle and Hedda Hopper.

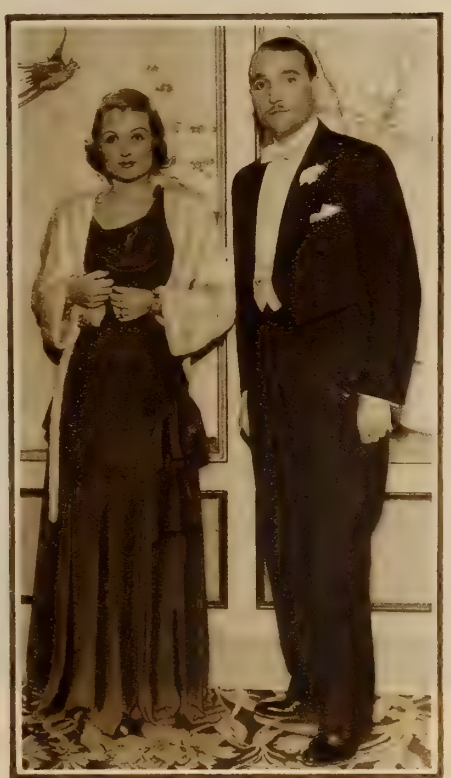
HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY EVELYN GRAY

HOLLYWOOD'S Fall and Winter social season was ushered in at the Ambassador Hotel in a most auspicious and appropriate manner, when the social leaders of the film colony gathered to welcome Marion Davies' homecoming at one of the most scintillating dinner-dances ever staged in Los Angeles.

After a summer in Europe Miss Davies returned to Los Angeles to be greeted in a manner that registered the heartfelt admiration of her friends and admirers in the motion picture capital. Among those who accompanied her on this trip, were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Lenore Bushman, Eddie Kane and Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge).

The foyer of the hotel was roped off to hold back the crowds in evening dress and street wear who gathered for a glimpse of Hollywood's brilliant star and the air became filled with wild cheers and applause as Miss Davies and her party entered. There a most delightful surprise awaited her and the guests, in the form of decorations depicting the days of "Forty-Nine" in California.



Guests at the Marion Davies party were Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise.

Hung on the walls were pictures of old-time characters, Indian rugs and other relics of the glorious days of the Golden State. Added to this was a life-size horse, a typical old California water pump and an ancient player piano to give the proper atmosphere in rendering that old California spirit.

FROM this unique and picturesque reception the guests were called to a dinner in a room of strict modernity. Cynosure of all eyes was Miss Davies in a white satin gown of simplicity that accentuated her blond beauty. Her entrance costume was the white satin gown chicly set off by a red velvet jacket trimmed with ermine.

Nut brown shoulders tanned by a summer at Malibu were clothed by furs as the most beautiful women of Hollywood assembled to welcome Holly- (*Please turn to page* 72)



Photograph by Irving Lippman

In this corner the winnah! Yes, it's Dorothy Mackaill and you will agree that she's a knockout. Miss Mackaill is in gym attire and she keeps in trim by punching the bag. Hollywood please take note.



Photograph by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS



Photograph by Bert Longworth

PEGGY SHANNON

Miss Shannon will co-star next with Richard Arlen in a football story, "Touchdown." Miss Shannon plays the belle of the campus.

Sessue HAYAKAWA Returns

The Japanese Actor Comes Back to Hollywood After Ten Years

By PETER ANDERSON

THEY were crowded around a baccarat table in the casino at Monte Carlo. The idlers, the tourists, the smart, seductive women of the middle world and the bloodless gamblers, drawn and held there, fascinated by the magnet of play for tremendous stakes. This was a battle where no quarter was begged or granted. The antagonists were the pasty banker of the Greek Syndicate, gleaming with jewels and perspiration, and a cool, soberly clad Oriental.

Ninety thousand dollars lay on the table.

It was to be won or lost by the turn of a card.

"Banco," said the Oriental in a low, even voice. But so great was the silence—the tense, nervous quiet—that every one of the breathless crowd heard him.

The card was turned. The crowd relaxed, shifting and sighing in its relief from the tension. Those of the crowd who could not see the play could only know who had won and who had lost ninety thousand dollars by studying the faces of the players. They saw the Oriental turn away from the table, as cool and calm as he had been throughout the game—only now he smiled.

"He's smiling," said a woman. "Hayakawa has won ninety thousand dollars!"

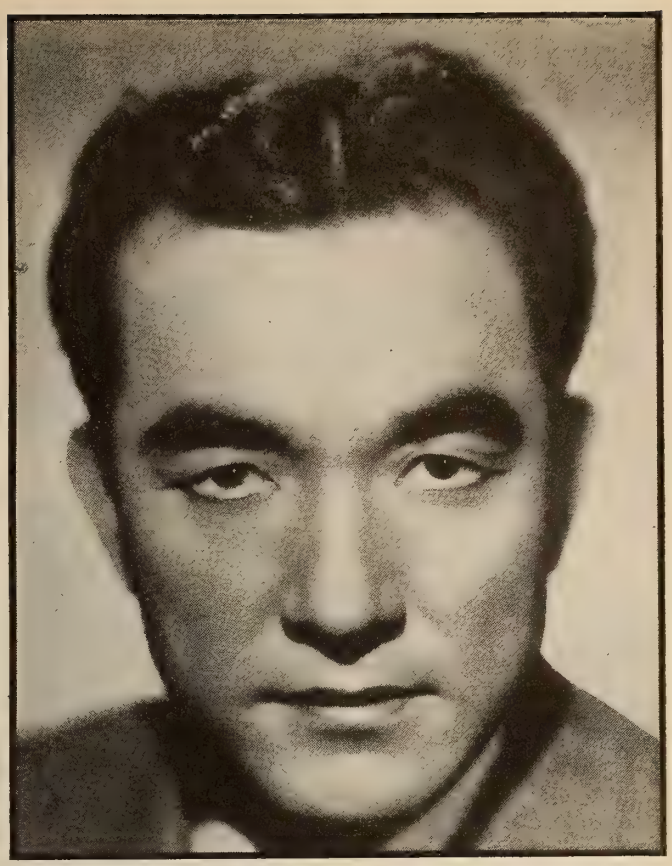
THEY watched him walk slowly across the main room of the casino, smiling to his acquaintances and the attendants who knew him and they envied him, for only a man who has won better than the salary of a President for a year could smile like that.

As a matter of fact, in that moment, Sessue Hayakawa was the complete embodiment of the Japanese philosophy which concerns itself with the manner in which the sons of Nippon accept crushing defeat.

Hayakawa had lost ninety thousand dollars.

When the news of Hayakawa's sensational loss was flashed over the cables, his legion of admirers in this country suddenly realized how long he had been off the screen, since the days when he was a star of the silent films. The career of the young Japanese student at the University of Chicago had been replete with such old-time successes as "The Cheat," "The Jaguar's Claws," and "Each to His Own Kind." They remembered his fine portrayals of not only Japanese roles, but of Hawaiian, Hindu, Spanish, Chinese, Mexican and Indian characters as well. All these successes were of a stardom that suddenly terminated about ten years ago.

Now Hayakawa is back in Hollywood for a whirl in the talking pictures, but the intervening years have, according to him, been the most interesting of all, for, among other things, he has practically revolutionized the theater in Japan.



The late Tom Ince found Sessue Hayakawa acting with a small Japanese company in Los Angeles. He hired him—and made him a star. Hayakawa went on to unusual success and, in 1922, deserted Hollywood. He has played on the stage all over the world, including Japan.

WHEN the Japanese actor left Hollywood in 1922, he returned to Japan for the first time since Tom Ince discovered him in 1913 and pointed him toward stardom. It was good to be back among his friends and his family, but it was enervating and irritating to a man of his up-and-doing type. A cablegram from Lee Shubert brought Hayakawa half way round the world, to appear in a play in New York, "The Tiger Lily." It was apparent that Hayakawa was as much at home on the stage as before the cameras and "The Tiger Lily" was successful to the extent of a full season in Manhattan.

The next three years were spent in England and on the Continent—and what a busy three years they were! After he had starred in a French-made film, "Battle," Hayakawa appeared on the stage in France and demonstrated his amazing ability by speaking his lines in French.

Then came a period of activity in England. A command performance before the King and Queen of England was arranged and for this single occasion the late William Archer, author of "The Green Goddess," wrote a one-act play entitled "Samurai." The performance, at the Coliseum Theater in London, met with such acclaim that Hayakawa continued with the Archer playlet for five weeks in London and then toured the provinces.

The picture producers would not let him alone, however, and a few months later saw him in his grease paint again, making two pictures, "The Great Prince Chan," and "The Story of Su," which were for the English market.

"After that," Hayakawa told me, "I returned to Paris and I do not know how long I would have remained there if I had not chanced to meet Mr. Lee Shubert, who was returning from Vienna."

Shubert had seen and bought a Viennese success called "The Love City." He took the (*Please turn to page* 84)

How Two Comedy Lads Had a Narrow Escape from Cupid



MIRTH CONTROL

BY STEWART ROBERTSON

A PLUME of water swirling into the air like the graceful curve of a Spanish dancer's cloak, every sequin shimmering with a jeweled iridescence, is a sight that bewilders the onlooker with its beauty. So say our friends the artists. But when the air happens to be scented with California eucalyptus, when the onlookers could never be bewildered except by a few kind words, when the waterspout has been caused by the loud and emphatic smack of the broad beamed Mr. Rusty Debree tumbling off a diving board, then, according to the best minds of Cinemagical Pictures, it is a comedy wow.

Furthermore, when the gangling Mr. Highpockets Mull rushes forward to extricate his partner, and, after considerable fruitless tugging, is himself yanked beneath the waves, the scene becomes an event that will send audiences into a state of joyful delirium. Despite the fact that this particular bit of horseplay was responsible for Old King Cole's merriments, it still is funny so long as it happens to the other fellow, and the two comedians came gulping to the surface to find the mob of extras grinning approval. Not so the director.

"Once more, please," said that gentleman firmly.

"Once more!" protested Mr. Debree, splattering water in all directions. "D'you take me for a St. Bernard or something just because I've got big brown eyes?"

"No," said the director, "your collar's got a stud instead of a buckle. What I want is more enthusiasm. Both of you are going through this sequence as though you knew what was coming—as though it were work! Well, I want that delightful unawareness that is the soul of true comedy, so give it to me."

"DON'T argue with him," Mr. Mull advised his friend. "The seventh time is lucky, anyhow, so let's try it again. Once these master minds get an idea in their heads, there it sticks, Rusty, even though it's only that they'd better not go home too early on account of having had a row with the wife at breakfast."

The director reddened, for Mr. Mull was shooting close to the target. "What's your hurry?" he sneered. "What have you two irresponsible bums got waiting for you? A couple of shacks that never echoed to the silvery tones of a woman's voice unless it came over the radio! On your toes this time, without another squawk, or we'll do it with flashlights."



It was the big scene of the comedy, "Say It Ain't, Hugh." The comedians and Eloise boarded a taxi and dashed down the muddy French street. They whirled through puddles—when suddenly the taxi and its occupants disappeared. Little Miss Scarlett gamely endured the submersion but, as she felt the water rush up her nose, panic seized her and she turned to the shadowy form at her left, which happened to be that of Mr. Mull. Two fervent arms anchored around his neck, while Mr. Debree felt a choking sensation as he watched them. "I'm so sorry," gasped Eloise. "Honestly, I never thought it would be so terribly scary."

Drawing by
Ray Van Buren

What Happened When Love Came to the Hollywood Slapstick Comedy Team of Mull and Debree

The comedians trotted meekly to the dressing tent, changed into fresh white flannels, and ten minutes later were wallowing to the entire satisfaction of the director. Compliments were bandied recklessly, the society-type extras started a mad rush for the Cinemagical buses, and as Rusty and Highpockets climbed wearily into a studio limousine the former glanced uneasily at his partner.

"I never thought I'd see the day when we'd be hard to handle," he complained as they rolled townward through the Hollywood foothills, "but the way things have been going these last two pictures makes me suspicious we're becoming geniuses. Retake, retake, until I feel like I was a tabloid's favorite criminal of the week."

"It's tough," sympathized Mr. Mull, "but this director must know his angles. Why, they say he made the only war picture on record where nobody saluted with his hat off, so that makes him a man apart."

"Maybe, but did you hear him pull that one about us having nothing to go home to? Can you imagine that? Highpockets—how's she going, anyway?"

"Swell," said his partner, brightening. "After all, his opinions can't be so hot, him and his woman's silvery tones. Huh, I'd as soon listen to the tin whistle on a peanut stand! Yeah, Rusty, she's going swell, and I'll give her the final polish this evening."

"Same here," gloated Mr. Debree, then his face clouded. "But the director told me that Tortle wants to see us before we leave the studio. That's going to make us late."

Both gentlemen stared woodenly ahead, bouncing self-consciously on the velvet cushions as though not quite accustomed to riding in such luxury, and such, indeed, was their case. Mr. Debree, having pursued the career of a bookbinder without ever having caught up with it, according to his employers, had been cast adrift from job after job until, like so much human flotsam, he found himself on the shores of Hollywood. There he had stumbled upon Mr. Mull, a metal worker, and a terrible one, who was a free lance because his ambition to imitate the foreman was so highly developed that he did nothing but stand around and watch other people work.

The rebuffs of fortune had failed to sour either of these simple souls; each wore a slightly vacant grin and an expression of kewpielike wistfulness that had endeared them to the public ever since they had slid off an elephant into a barrel of tar. Groping through the murky atmosphere of bits and two reelers, they had finally emerged as box office assets, and now, like so many other dreamers who had been sidetracked to

fame, they were making hobbies of the very professions at which the world had denied them a living. Rusty's spare time was devoted to binding books with expensive, if inaccurate zeal, while Highpockets' cellar was fitted up with a bristling collection of tools for fashioning metal into the sort of presents that are only displayed when the donor calls.

Neither of them had gone Hollywood, neither had any illusions as to the luck that had shunted them into twelve hundred a week, and when they reached the studios they washed up docilely before parading to that wizard of efficiency, Sixth Vice-President Absalom Tortle.

"BOYS," said Mr. Tortle as he greeted them with an outstretched cigar box, "I just wanted to tell you that you're a credit to the organization, that you've made the funniest high grade, low cost, full length comedies ever produced, and that I'm proud of you." After which Mr. Tortle eyed them furtively to see if they were in the proper humor before he sprung the trap.

"Certainly is grand of you to say that—" commenced Highpockets.

"But," interposed the cagy Absalom, "we all droop at times, even the best of us. Only last week I was sued for breach of promise, the first time in twenty years I've been unable to ease out at the proper moment, and it unnerved *me*. So don't feel hurt, boys, when I tell you that your present work shows signs of creeping paralysis."

Highpockets Mull was an ex-metalworker. Rusty Debree had been a bookbinder. Losing their jobs, they had drifted to Hollywood. There fate smiled on them—and made them a high-paid comedy team.

All went well with the boys until the producers decided to pep up their comedies with the addition of beautiful Eloise Scarlett.

"It's the situations," said Mr. Debree sadly. "We've done 'em over and over in all sorts of different surroundings, but it seems that there are only seven ways of being funny, and getting hurt is six and seven-eighths of them."

"Don't sit there insulting the Goddess of Humor," snapped Mr. Tortle. "I won't stand for it. Those situations are actorproof and surefire, and they'll be as good as new when you skivvies are muttering in your beards. You can't give the Goddess a jab in the ribs and tell her to move over, as if she was your wife or something. No, boys, you'll have to keep on getting bruised, but just the same I've got relief for you."

Messrs. Mull and Debree did their best to resemble hungry goldfish. "What is it?" they chorused.

"Woman," said Absalom, who had suffered his first attack of calf love in a 1904 burlesque show, "lovely woman. The cause, boys, of all man's troubles, and likewise the cure for 'em. Most remarkable creatures and I never could see why some people prefer to collect stamps."

"But aren't our backgrounds always filled up with all sorts of dames?" said Highpockets wonderingly. "Some of whom get famous later, and forget they ever worked with us? Woman—I wouldn't bid fifty cents for the adhesive tape privilege at the Follies!"

"I'm off the ladies, too," announced Mr. Debree. "Hollywood ones, anyhow. They're all looking for a soft spot, and as comics never need to bother about losing their looks, they figure we can work forever—and for them. Who is this gal you're relieving us with?"

"Eloise Scarlett," said Mr. Tortle, wafting a kiss to the ceiling. "I've bought off her contract from Fascination Films because they can't work up any sympathy over her, so she'll click with you birds. She'll be featured, with small billing, of course, but I'm asking you to give her a break, and I'll bet you notice an improvement in your pictures, because nobody can get along without ladies' aid. Nobody."

"Fair enough," agreed Highpockets. "If it's a matter of business, we won't scorn a woman's help in the studio. We don't think we're so wonderful, Mr. Tortle, but somebody had better wise her up that—" and Mr. Mull went into a description of why bachelors place such a high premium on their honor.

THREE offices away another vice-president was finishing an interview with a vibrant young woman whom nature had furnished with the devastating equipment of chestnut hair and large, jet black eyes. A snugly fitting yellow sports dress slashed with white gave the impression that, like a sailboat, she would look even better in a breeze, and her complexion was the tea rose variety that is bestowed by the golden lacquer of the sun.

"So all you have to do," ended the official, "is to lend their pictures a sparkle that's badly needed, and don't forget to keep them in good humor. They're good, substantial citizens, and I imagine they'd be a lot happier in some friendly little town than in this jungle, but don't let them put the chill on you. Pretend to be interested in their sidelines, and if you turn out to be the life preserver we hope, you'll find we'll appreciate it."

"I'm thrilled to death," laughed the girl in a clear, outdoorish alto. "They look like nice men to me—when do I meet them?"

"Right now. They're up in the hall in Tortle's office, so we might as well run in."

In the hall Mr. Debree was burbling to his partner.

"We'll be like brothers to her," he decided. "Help her along and give her a good share of closeups, but she'll have to understand that we're hermits, and like it. Be firm, see?"

His partner nodded as a knock came on the door, and Mr. Tortle steamed forward to make the introductions. The comedians stared interestedly at the cheerful, not-too-beautiful little face that smiled up at them, and then Miss Scarlett broke the silence.

"I'm so delighted," she crooned, shifting her purse and a novel that she was carrying to the crook of one arm as she shook hands, "and I'm proud to be chosen to work with you." The novel suddenly skidded and fell to the floor where the cover dangled loose. "Oh, isn't that a shame!" she pouted, gazing deeper into Mr. Debree's shallow eyes. "Look, it's all spoiled now, but I—I guess they didn't know how to bind it properly."

And that was the way it began.

"YOU poor simpleton," said Mr. Mull that evening, "what did you mean by driving her home in your car and making me go along, too?"

"I didn't go in, did I?" asked Rusty, scratching his pumpkin-shaped head. "The idea came to me all of a sudden, somehow, and I wanted to make her feel at home. After all, she's only a child."

"And you're a Boy Scout, I suppose, doing all the good turns. Be careful you don't get dizzy."

"You're just peeved because I was polite enough to help her out of the car," said Mr. Debree, smirking at the memory. "Not that she needs any assistance, with that figure. If you put a few curves like that into those cockeyed statuettes you make they'd look more like human beings."

Highpockets reddened. "Just what I came over about," he blurted. "I put the finishing touches on Diana tonight, but she doesn't look so good any more. Er—, don't you think it would be sort of gallant to ask Miss Scarlett to pose for me—at the studio, of course—and then present her with the result? The personal touch, as it were."

"Maybe" said Rusty, pondering this unheard of brashness. "I—I was considering finding out what her favorite book was, and (*Please turn to page* 115)



Photograph by Acme

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres! Lew and Lola Lane eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married on September 15th. The honeymooners departed after the ceremony for a ranch in Jackson Hole County, Wyoming. No, Mrs. Ayres will not leave the screen. You may even see her opposite her popular husband in a forthcoming film.

HERB SAILS AWAY

BY HERB HOWE

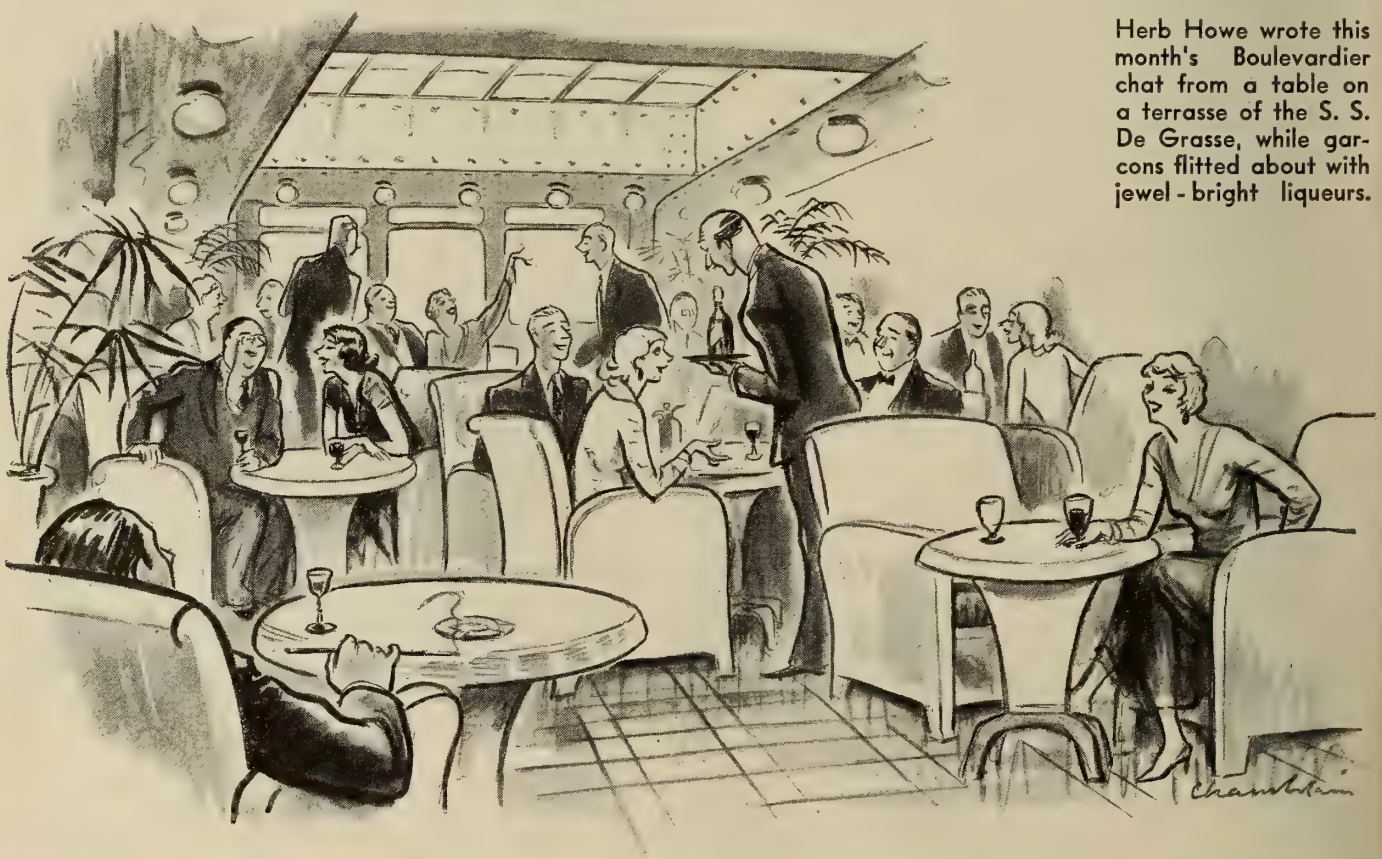


Actors are appearing in the stories of their own lives. Ivan Lebedeff, the Russian, is starring in his own life yarn, swooningly titled "Kisses by Command."

Aboard the S.S. De Grasse:

I WAS counting on a rough sea to give me an excuse for laying off this month, but it has been smooth as a swimming pool all the way and I know my editor well enough to know he is watching the weather reports (nobody trusts anybody in this movie bizness, it's awful), so there's nothing to do but make the worst of it. Anyone will agree with me—or will before I get through—that it's unreasonable to expect a boulevardier to booleyvard on the briny; I didn't hire out as a Miracle Man. Perhaps my editor has the idea that because this is a French boat it necessarily has boulevards. Well, it does have a terrasse with little tables, around which the garcons flit with jewel-bright liqueurs. They are no help to me, nor is that big blonde over there with the distracting resemblance to Marjorie Rambeau. Once on the *S. S. Arabic* I saw E. Phillips Oppenheim dashing off a novel with one hand and cocktails with the other; but I'm no sleight-of-hand artist, I'm a two-handed one. I mean of course that I use a typewriter. So you'll have to pardon the pauses. . . .

Hollywood Goes Nomad: One reason I left Hollywood is that everyone out there seems to be going nomad. At the rate the cameravans are departing I shouldn't be surprised if the town would soon be reclaimed by the coyotes and cacti (more probably by the loan wolves, tea hee!). Doug Fairbanks is going in for travelogues. Mary Pickford says she will make "Mme. Butterfly" in Japan with a Japanese star (who, on removing her wig, will doubtless prove to be none other than our own little Mary). Ernest Schoedesack is doing "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" in India. Howard Hughes will make Oriental pictures in Shanghai with the celestial star, Butterfly Wu. Eisenstein, the Russian director, has been transferring Mexican life to celluloid. . . . And Jeanette MacDonald is Love Parading in France, which should give you some clue to my destination. So not to be left behind I flung on the old



Herb Howe wrote this month's Boulevardier chat from a table on a terrasse of the S. S. De Grasse, while garcons flitted about with jewel-bright liqueurs.

The Boulevardier Departs to Study Movie Conditions on the Riviera



Newspaper writers have expressed fear that the vogue of travel pictures will kill all longing for real travel. But Mr. Howe asks: Are you fully satisfied in seeing the Havana bars in the newsreels or do you feel a surpressed desire to taste for yourself?

burnoose Rex Ingram gave me in Tunis and am off to do a travelogue for NEW MOVIE. (Ed. Note: Our Ingagi will use no double.)

Our National Thirst: Commenting on the crave for travel pictures, our friend Grace Kingsley—or La Fiesta as she's known in partyville—muses to herself: "I wonder whether all these pictures with foreign backgrounds will give the fans a taste for travel or whether said pictures will not tend further to standardize the world . . . with the fans remarking: 'Oh, I don't want to go there, I know exactly how it looks.'"

Taking you aside, Gracie, I'm asking, "Are you fully satisfied in seeing the Havana bars in the newsreels or do you not feel a suppressed desire to taste for yourself?"

Travel is our national thirst. Even teetotaling Mayor Porter of Hollywood could not resist the lure of wicked wine-tippling France. How much more difficult, then, for the rest of us who respond with a will to every toast, be it to a hard-times president or a good-time queen.

Epic Foreword: I think the hardest thing for most people to bear in this depression is having to stay at home. It's pretty desolating to feel you're a virtual prisoner in your own home and have to sit amidst the installment-period furniture the whole year through just because the bankers have gotten so panicky they won't let you slap on another mortgage for your usual trip abroad. For all those so confined these travelogues are a vicarious dole. We should all contribute as much as we can to these shut-ins even if it is no more than a postcard from some foreign place with the cheering message, "Wish you were here."

Even before I got my hands on my War Veterans' Loan I had made up my mind to spend it in Germany. Thus it cannot be said of me, as it is of other veterans, that I'm wasting the money foolishly in paying up debts or buying a used car. I cannot understand such irresponsibility. In times like these each man should do his bit, and we all know we should help Germany pay her debts to our bankers before selfishly thinking about our own.

(I don't know what inspired this epic foreword to my travelogue unless it was the example of the big blonde over there who is doing all in her capacity to help Germany, being now on her fifth schooner of Pilsener.)

Ambassador To Queen Alice: In addition to bringing joy to shut-ins I have another purpose in going abroad. For some time now I have been receiving letters urging me on to this mission. Following is one of them:

"Having succeeded in restoring the temperamental Pola Negri to our midst," writes the flattering Rita Reussiem of New York, "could you not make another journey to Europe (you appear to like it over there) and induce Alice Terry and her director-husband, Rex Ingram, to return to our shores? Do you not think that of all the foreign spies the most delectable, the most beautiful and the most sincere in acting was Alice Terry in 'Mare Nostrum'? I know you are most loyal to the old-timers and I have a great deal of confidence in your ambassadorial diplomacy. . . ."

I shall most certainly use all my diplomatic wiles upon Queen Alice. Oh for the eloquence of Clark Gable! . . . but I shall do my best. I shall even ask Rex to come along if that will help.

Retiring Stars: Few stars have ever retired intentionally and fewer still permanently. I just read that J. Warren Kerrigan, Fritzi Brunette, Snub Pollard and Fatty Arbuckle are on the road back. Clara Kimball Young seems to have made the grade already. But I have my doubts about Alice Terry. Alice was never what you'd call exactly ambitious. Acting for her was a martyrdom of the flesh. She was always having a diet. Nearly all stars have to, but, whereas others make willing sacrifice to Art, Alice regarded the screen as an old Shylock eternally exacting pounds of flesh. In Tunis she used to go to bed in the hope of restraining appetite, but visitors to the bedside invariably noted a suspicious scattering of soup plates. Alice always explained that she'd been feeding Snookums, her spitz, which she kept with her for company. Oddly it was Snookums who seemed to lose weight in these confinements and not Alice. When Rex dispatched part of the company to Paris while he remained in Tunis to finish a few scenes, he made me take oath I would keep Alice from eating. As she had scenes yet to do in the Paris studio. Alice, however, has a vow-breaking appeal. On the train from Marseilles to Paris we visited the diner six times before two o'clock. Since then Alice has

(*Please turn to page* 106)

Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

Behind the Screen DRAMAS

HOW AN EXTRA GIRL LEARNED ABOUT LOVE FROM A MOVIE IDOL

AS TOLD TO VIRGINIA MAXWELL

Illustrations by Stagg, Los Angeles

HOLLYWOOD can be awfully cruel to those who fail. And Hollywood can be so indulgent with her gifts that life there becomes a constant shuffling of hope and despair.

I am one of the extra girls of Hollywood. I've had my share of breaks, both good and bad, and I've learned a lot about life since the memorable day I arrived in the little town of glitter and grief.

Sometimes, when life looks dull for other girls I've since met around studios, I try to cheer them up with the story of my grand adventure in the movies: a story which certainly proves how foolish we are to give up anything too easily, never realizing what may be around the corner for us.

The day my memorable experience began was the day I was pretty broke—hadn't worked in weeks—and I was wondering where I could raise my fare home, having given up hope of ever getting a dancing part again now that musical talkies were out. I stayed on only because I didn't have my fare home and didn't know where I could raise it. Every trinket I'd ever possessed had long since been carefully deposited in one of Los Angeles' Main Street pawnshops, of which there are many.

I had about a dollar and a half between me and starvation one late afternoon when I strolled over to Sunset Boulevard to a little counter restaurant I'd discovered where a steak dinner could be had for fifty cents. I was thrifty enough to think of the next day's gastronomic requirements, having been raised on a farm in the middle West.

While I was trying to get my knife through the thin fried steak, my eye wandered along the group of other diners and lighted, as if by some strange attraction, on the face of a good-looking chap unmistakably from the nearby Fox studio. His face was covered with a thin coating of tan grease paint and powder, his eyebrows carefully penciled and his lips outlined with dark rouge. My eye wandered from his face to his clothes; a rough blue shirt open at the throat exposing the very handsome line of his throat and beneath there showed two crimson streaks—his suspenders. Hatless, his bright blond hair was sleeked into a perfect wave as it flowed from his forehead. In one flashing impression I took in these details and, as our eyes met, I think I must have smiled faintly. His eyes answered mine in a delightful twinkle.



During those days, Phil and I got to be good friends. We met in the studio cafeteria and ate our plate lunch together, each paying our own checks, as is the custom with all Hollywood extras.

LONG after, when we talked things over alone, I asked him how he knew I liked blackberry pie so much that he sent over a portion to me and put it on his own check. He told me, when we could laugh about it, that he thought any kind of pie might help that day, judging from the way I ate my entire dinner without looking around once.

When I paid my check and was out of the stuffy little place once again, I walked slowly along Sunset Boulevard under the cool evening breeze of the pepper trees. Suddenly, my movie friend from the

counter was walking beside me, smiling the most beautiful friendly smile I'd seen in many months. So I waved aside all conventions, chatted with him gayly and asked him where he was working. He told me he was doing some retakes at Fox studio a few blocks away and that is how we strolled down there. Of course I wasn't permitted past the studio gate. I had no business on the lot and people without business inside the studio are as forbidden as the fruit of Eden. I'd worked in many pictures at Fox in the past and I knew every inch of the lot. I felt almost a little jealous when I said good night to my new friend and saw him disappear into the inner portals of those buildings which hold so much or so little for all within their fold.

We said good night, but not until we had exchanged telephone numbers. I told him a little about what I had done, but I didn't mention the fact that I was pretty broke. That is bad business in Hollywood, letting people know you are broke. Besides, I knew my friend was only an extra like myself, and why burden him with someone else's hard luck? He had no doubt gone through lean hours himself.

Slowly, and rather despairingly, I admit, I wended my way through the streets of Hollywood until I got to the bungalow off Vine Street where I had a furnished room. The landlady, a sharp woman who sold real estate on the side, eyed me grudgingly as I passed her on my way through the hall to my room that evening. Perhaps she saw the look of failure on my face and knew it was useless to ask me again for the week's room rent now overdue.

I flung myself on the side of the bed and began to pore over the pages of my favorite movie magazine. Here were the enchanting stories of stars, stories that were read all over the world with pleasant thrills. And here was I, living right in the midst of Hollywood, seeing these stars now and then,



We strolled over to the entrance of the Fox Studios. I wasn't permitted past the studio gate, of course. People without business inside the studio are as forbidden as the fruit of Eden.



In answer to my landlady's summons, I dashed to the hall telephone, folding my black Chinese kimono about me. It was my newly-found friend, Phillip, calling from the Fox Studio. Would I like to work this evening, he asked, on extra shots wanted at once in a new picture? Would I?

working beside them in the studios—and yet I was not happy. Unhappy, I think, because life was passing me by, and subconsciously I realized it. Every girl wants to marry sometime. Every girl is constantly on the lookout for her ideal man. Somehow, in the very glamour of this spot of beauty and success, I was alone. Men in Hollywood married girls for any one of a number of reasons. Love seemed to be the exception to the rule. Men stars married for social prestige, for better contracts, for money! Even the ambitious youths who flooded the golden town with their presence were imbued with the idea of marrying for success.

I was thinking these things when my landlady called raucously through the hall that I was wanted on the telephone and that the message was urgent. Quickly I dashed out of my room, folding my black Chinese kimono about me as I faced the woman who handed me the receiver with hope in her eyes.

It was my newly-found friend, Phillip, calling from the Fox studio. Would I like to work this evening on extra shots a certain director wanted to accomplish at once? Would I! Gosh, how I accepted, dashed back to my room, got into my nicest ensemble costume and spent another precious dime out of my short funds for a bus ride down Sunset Boulevard to get me to the studio quickly.

"Why, you sweet boy," I said, when Phillip came up to me in the casting director's office, "whatever made you think of me?"

"Never mind that now," he answered quickly, "here, take this card and beat it right away out to stage 23 where an assistant director will tell you what they want. I'll see you later, if you like. If not, give me a ring tomorrow and let me know how you made out."

He was gone in a flash; as quickly as he had come into my life. I went over to the designated spot and was put to work at once. An expert made me up, then I was costumed in a tawdry frock of broken spangles and told to sit at one of the tables in a night-club scene. Hundreds of other groups sat about chatting when the director signaled the cue, and lolled about the tables in bored fashion when the director signaled them to relax between rehearsals.

The man star, sitting aside from everyone else during these periods, looked at no one. The extras stole shy glances in his direction, glances of admiration and of envy. And while I sat there studying his handsome face, his savoir faire, his exquisite clothes, I scarcely wondered that so many women had fallen in love with this man. His name had been linked more than a few times with ladies of wealth and distinction. He was rather young, dark, and was well aware that he could make any woman's heart beat in two-part time by a mere glance from his deep brown eyes. He was indeed very handsome, with the flair of charm which is even more deadly a weapon than good looks.

I NOTICED him several times looking over at the table where I sat with three other girls, but never dreamed he was looking at me. Not until Fifi, a little French vamp nearby, leaned over and winked at me slyly.

"M'sieu wonders if you be like ze uzzer girl who was fired so queek—the girl you replaced in such hurry."

"Why was she fired?" I asked.

"She get very fresh and personal wiz ze grand one over zere. He flirt with her outside the lot and make her think she is his sweetheart. Then when she try to speak to him here and he pretend he never saw her,



"You saw me rehearsing?" I asked, not believing my own eyes as the movie star sat down beside me. "Saw you?" he repeated. "My dear little girl, I have watched you constantly since the night I first discovered you at the table in the studio."

she get very angry and say nasty things to him. The director fire her queek and they send for some one to take her place. You didn't know zat?"

I shook my head, studying the handsome star's strong face as I chatted with the other girls about the experience of my unfortunate predecessor. In another moment the red light had flashed on—the light which is the signal for absolute silence in the studio while the microphone is open to catch sound.

When we were dismissed, long after midnight, Phillip, the nice blond chap who had got me the job, was nowhere in sight at the studio gate. We came out in little groups and started in all directions. When I saw that Phil had probably gone home earlier, I got on a bus and made my weary way once again to my room. There would be about three more days' work for us on this picture we had been told. It meant that I would have $21 in my envelope, money with which to pay my room rent and give me a week's food until another job came along, since I was one of the $7 a day extras.

During those three days Phil and I got to be good friends. I met him in the studio cafeteria next day and we ate our plate lunch together, each paying our own checks as we went out. That is the sporty thing to do among extras who all earn about the same amount.

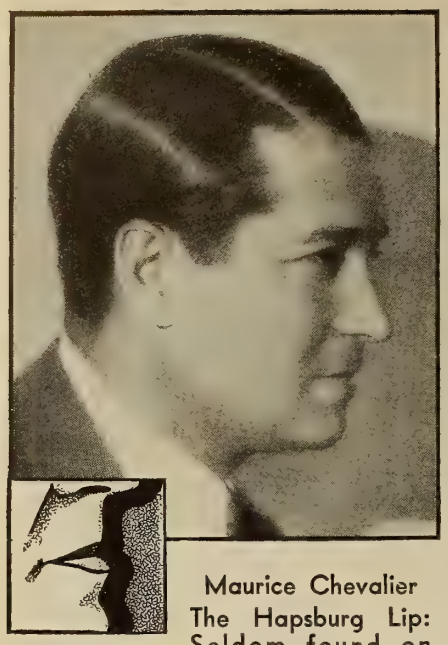
We got away from the studio earlier than expected the last evening and took a long ride down to Santa Monica in Phil's battered Ford—down where the sky cupped the ocean like a great blue bowl and where the sound of the breakers along the sand was restful after a day of working in studio noise and glare and strain.

DOWN there, looking out at the magnificent expanse before us, Phil and I told each other about our lives. He had studied engineering, but hating the subject, had turned naturally to Hollywood for the dramatic expression which he loved. He had come from a long line of theatrical ancestors and his mother had been a stock actress years ago. The lure of grease paint was in Phil's blood and he couldn't content himself with anything less thrilling.

I felt the same way about pictures; I had looks and youth and a measure of talent. What we both needed was opportunity. In that we found a common bond of interest on which a delightful friendship was built. That first evening started a series of happy times spent in each other's company, swimming afternoons when the studio schedule permitted it, little dinners together in the novelty eating places which are dotted all along Washington Boulevard.

I think Phil liked me because he felt I wasn't trying to vamp him; he admitted that love and movie careers didn't mix successfully and he wanted to keep far away from girls who were out for a husband. He told me so frankly, and we laughed about it. I felt the same way toward my newly found pal, the blond and bold Phillip X.

It was our close association which led us both to many jobs in the various studios. Whenever I would hear of a job Phil could do I'd call him up and let him know. He reciprocated often and we found ourselves working together in many pic- (*Please turn to page* 86)



Maurice Chevalier
The Hapsburg Lip: Seldom found on puritanical or repressed people. Owners of this lip go to great lengths for those they love, and prefer to go directly toward their objective.



Clara Bow
The Bohemian Lip: Full, rather protruding, large lipped. Those who have this lip are talkative, persuasive, adaptable, generally enthusiastic, and inclined to romance.



Gloria Swanson
The Creative Lip: Artistic, adaptive, cupid's bow lips, found on changeable, creative people, to whom life would not be worth living without praise, and many personal contacts.

READ Your FATE

Your Mouth Tells the Story of Your Life—If You Know How to Read Its Tale of Repression or Expression

THE mouth is the primal and most essential feature around and over which the others have slowly been evolved, from the days of our first vertebrate ancestors, the poor and lowly fish. It represents that most necessary function, nutrition, so one can get a very good idea of what and how a creature eats from the size, shape, and coloring of its mouth. There are creatures wholly lacking in one or all of the other features, but none exist without the mouth. The mouth of the highest of God's creatures—mankind—expresses infinitely more than just the kind and intensity of their appetites.

Speech, our main means of cooperating with others as well as our hospitality and general friendliness is accurately and faithfully told by our mouths even though they be stilled in the greatest desire to keep our thoughts and aspirations to ourselves.

The cupid's bow, rose-bud, mouth of infancy and youth, has been extolled in song, story, and poetry, since the dawn of civilization. It stands for expression, confidence, and a desire to please just as surely as the small, thin-lipped, pale repressed mouth tells a story of selfishness, fear, and repression.



George Arliss
The Conservative Lip: Thin, repressed mouths under a long convex upper lip are found on cautious, repressed, conservative people who are great listeners, but poor talkers usually. When this type talks or writes it says a great deal in a very few words.

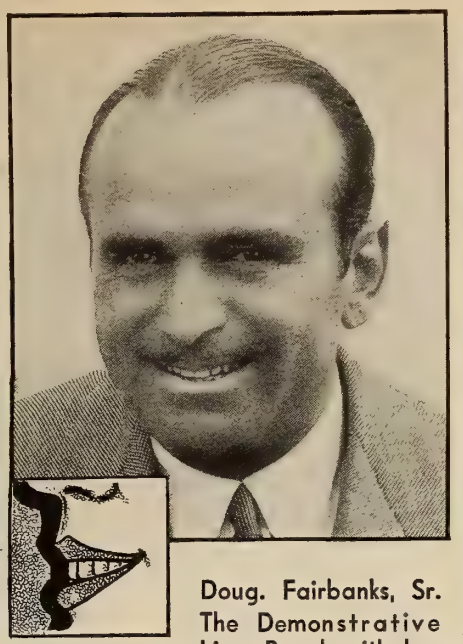
THERE is an ancient Chinese saying oft quoted: "Show me a man's eyes and I'll tell you what he might have been; show me his mouth and I'll tell you what he has been."

Personnel directors in business and casting directors in pictures seem to sense that ancient Chinese saying, and allow even the most silent mouths to tell their stories of repression or expression. It is as hard for the repressed mouth to smile as it is for the full cupid's bow to keep from smiling.

There is much cheer in the thought that it just takes four little muscles to put conviction into a smile and twice that many to make a scowl. However, even a smile must have teeth in it, so to speak. We must feel that the smiler could be a formidable enemy as well as a wonderful friend. The mouth with the smile has been evolved through a very long period of time. Thousands of types of animals and fish get on very well indeed without eyes, ears, or nose, but in the great struggle which Charles Darwin dubbed "the sur-



Jack Holt
The Practical Lip: Mechanical, exact and practical looking mouth with a stiff upper lip. Upper lip usually thinner than the lower. If you have this lip you love method and order.



Doug. Fairbanks, Sr.
The Demonstrative Lip: People with dramatic, full-lipped curving smiles are expressive and demonstrative in everything they say or do. They are inclined to be extremists.



Lilyan Tashman
The Connoisseur Lip: Full, red-lipped, very rounded mouths of very delicate texture and a slight indentation around the edge of the lips. People with these lips want the best in everything.

in YOUR FACE

BY WILLIAM E. BENTON

vival of the fittest," none survive without the mouth, and those with good teeth prosper most.

COMPARISONS may be odious twixt man and beast but they are very informative. For instance, all the fiercest creatures of land and sea have very formidable-looking mouths. You can tell a great deal about what and how a creature eats from its mouth, with a splendid index as to how much of a fight it will put up for its right to life, love, and happiness. Even as you and I.

The two greatest creatures of land and sea and the most successful in the struggle for survival are the elephant and the whale, both very long-lived mammals, whose mouths tell a wonderful story. The elephant's trunk, a modified upper lip and nose, gives him his amazing power to gather grass and foliage to feed his great body. The tusks are his weapons of offense and defense that make him monarch of all he surveys. He looks like a sagacious, eager, combative animal. His mouth tells the story plainly.

The whale's great mouth, though a mute one, tells a far different story of its fight for life and love. A whale must ingulf great quantities of shrimp and such creatures in its great mouth and then squeeze out the water through the whalebone or baleen that lines it. Its throat is so small that it could starve to death in the midst of large fish. Having no teeth or tusks, the whale is at the mercy of much smaller fish with fiercer, more combative mouths, like the shark and orkas, or small killer whales.

It may seem a long jump from the mouths of animals and fish to the beautiful mouths of heroes and heroines, with million-dollar smiles. The vast majority of mankind long before they reach middle life have left the cupid's-bow mouth far behind with a lot of their half-forgotten disappointments and harsh struggles to get ahead, after finding to their sorrow that they could not be as frank and childishly trusting as they would like to be. Being discreet means success in a world where ideas are eagerly expressed and as often appropriated and sold by others. However, it is always a source of great enjoyment to the character analyst to know that the most companionable, eager, and friendly people are as easy to meet and know as their full-lipped, well-shaped mouths are easy to look at. The thin-lipped, sour, sad, repressed, may be and often are, as eager for notice and appreciation, but must be met more formally and a friendship ripened over real mutual interests, but a repressed person once won over to confidence may be a more dependable and trustworthy friend, than the type that makes friends too easily.

THIS is just to show that the mouth, like every other feature, tells that any virtue over-stressed becomes a vice. Expression and repression, for instance. The best mouth to assure all-around happiness and cheerful co-operation with others is not too cupid bowed and babyish, or too thin and repressed.

Mouths by their habitual expression tell a story as wonderful as an Arabian Night's tale, of its wearers trip through life so far. The large, discolored, loose-lipped mouth of the dipsomaniac is as plain on the face of a millionaire as it is on the face of a tramp.

Our ancestors have had more to do with the general shape and size of our mouths than we have in the short life we have in which to modify them. For instance, the famous Hapsburg lip—a large, protruding, underlip shows a heritage of indulgence, love of luxury, power, authority, and small patience with puritanism of any kind. If you have inherited such a mouth, it will take a better than average development of the other features to keep you (*Please turn to page* 97)

The Homes of the Stars

(*Continued from page* 34)

stars, or they relax in private during long lazy afternoons. This garden spot of the Crawford menage is centered by an artistic fountain, a sculptured figure holding an urn of splashing water. Potted plants in wrought iron stands and a tiled wrought iron stairway that leads to the second floor complete this beautiful garden. Gay colored, irregularly shaped stepping stones lead a visitor's steps to the entrance.

On the door that leads into the reception hall is a knocker fashioned of two cupid heads, lips entwined. It is symbolical of the happiness of the two young heads of this particular household.

There are sixteen rooms in all in "Cielito Lindo," twelve rooms and four baths. This includes, living room, dining room, breakfast room, den, play room, Miss Crawford's room, Mr. Fairbanks' room, a guest room and the servants' quarters, over the garage.

THE furnishings throughout the house are Early American. This influence is felt in the rare old prints, gay printed chintzes, Chippendale chairs, grandfather clocks, hooked rugs, Queen Anne chairs, maplewood beds, curio racks and old glass and pewter bric-a-brac.

The living room is quite large with a high carved fireplace almost covering one wall. A large green davenport and two chairs of glazed chintz matching the drapes, form a half-circle in front of the fireplace. A century-old secretary stands near one wall. Placid silk lamps, silhouette pictures, antique tables, frosted glass statuary, oil paintings, various chairs and huge vases of white lilies (favorites of Miss Crawford while they are in season) are some of the features of the room.

The dining room contains a Duncan Phyfe dining table with nine original Phyfe chairs covered in glazed chintz of brown, henna and green that match the drapes.

The bedroom of Miss Crawford has a great bed canopied with hundreds of yards of antique rose taffeta.

Mr. Fairbanks' bedroom set is of genuine maplewood, with every window valanced in the same wood. Both bedrooms have a cedar-lined dressing room and are fitted with elaborately tiled showers.

ONE of the most original and attractive rooms in the house is the play room. It is daring in appearance, being completely furnished in black and white. The floor is of black and white inlaid linoleum. Low, comfortable love seats, a baby grand piano, a modernistic davenport, a twenty-four record playing victrola, a radio, all the latest novels, card tables, these and other facilities for recreation are included in this unusual and charming room.

The stairway that leads to the second floor is an inside one. On either wall, following the steps right up to the top, are black and white framed etchings of the same size—hanging diagonally on the wall.

The rear garden is laid out in lawn and flower beds, with a surrounding hedge. Bright awnings, striped hammocks and chairs, a portable sunbath house and a fish pond complete the back yard arrangements.

After a hard day at the studio, working on air-tight stages, under withering lights, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., find coming home to "Cielito Lindo" is all that the name implies.

How Hollywood Entertains

(*Continued from page* 55)

wood's most popular hostess. Gorgeous were the gowns, splendid in raiment and dazzling the beauty of the feminine figures on this auspicious occasion.

Most novel of the entertainment features was the sudden invasion of a horde of leather-lunged newsboys shouting a special edition with front line banner reading "Davies Returns." And throughout the dinner, which lasted for hours, entertainment of a large variety was interspersed between each course. The menu included:

Jumbo Olives Celery
Fruit Cocktail Supreme
Mock Turtle Soup
Filet Sole au Gratin
Roast Squab
Fresh Peas—Asparagus
Potatoes Souffle
Endive Salad—French Dressing
Fresh Fig Parfait
Crackers and Cheese
Demi-tasse

Hostesses and hosts included: Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella O. Parsons) Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Conway, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, Messrs. Matt Moore, Lewis Milestone, Jack Gilbert, Clarence Brown, Loyd Pantages, Misses Hedda Hopper and Aileen Pringle.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES GLEASON, who are Jimmy and Lucille to their thousands of friends, recently entertained almost six hundred of those friends at their home on North Alpine Drive, Beverly Hills, with an afternoon reception and tea.

The occasion was the celebration of their silver wedding anniversary, and what a celebration it was!

At it, Marie Dressler, wearing a Eugenie hat of brown, and looking very smart, made her first social appearance since her recent illness. She held her little court indoors while Jimmy and Lucille received in the garden.

Among those who greeted them were May Robson, who was dressed in gray satin crepe with Honiton lace at the neck and wrists; Frances Starr, who wore black satin, with a silver fox fur; Mary Forbes, who was gorgeous in cardinal red; Ann Harding, charming in a blue velvet frock with lace collar; Mrs. Robert Montgomery, in an ensemble of blue; Zasu Pitts, in a light blue broadcloth coat over a frock of the same color and Alison Loyd, in a long straight line coat of red wool crepe.

Maureen O'Sullivan wore a light green suit with a beige fox collar on the coat and a perky little feather of darker green on the felt hat; Irene Franklin was in a brown lace frock, with brown hat and tan fox furs; Lillian Hammer wore a two-tone brown sports suit; Charlotte Greenwood was in a green sports suit, with beige feather on the dark hat, and blouse to match the feather; Sally Eilers Gibson was in a black satin frock. Mary Brian in a two-tone yellow sports suit, Zelma O'Neal in red and blue wool crepe pajamas, and Dorothy Dwan, now Mrs. Paul N. Boggs, in a suit of smart blue wool crepe pajamas, with white beret and blue and white shoes to match.

Mrs. Edmund Breese wore a black satin dress with a touch of beige at the throat; Ben Alexander was there with his mother, a pretty woman in black; William Bakewell brought a lovely blond girl, dressed in old rose. Dorothy Jordan was with Donald Dilloway, Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack were there, and so was Norman Foster, and so were hundreds more.

Jimmy and Russell Gleason gave Mrs. Gleason an antique silver tea service and the Domino Club, of which she is president, sent her an immense silver platter.

THERE were many charming presents of silver and many telegrams, including a cablegram from Leonard Fields in China, and flowers from the Robert Leonards, Marguerite Churchill, Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mary Brian, Lola Lane, Lew Ayres, Marian Nixon, Maureen O'Sullivan, and others. Harry Richman telegraphed his congratulations, as did James R. Quirk, Edward H. Griffith, Pat O'Brien, John P. Medbury, Louise Dresser, and many more.

The hostess wore a figured chiffon gown and her coral necklace and slippers, of the same color, made her ensemble perfect.

In the garden, cakes, sandwiches, potato chips, olives and coffee were served on long tables. Some of the sandwiches were striped in color—pink, brown, white, and green.

Following is the recipe for Mrs. Gleason's Rainbow Sandwich:

Take slices of whole wheat bread and of white bread. Divide cream cheese into two portions, and in one mix paprika to color. To the other add green coloring. Coloring fluids may be bought in reliable stores, with perfect assurance of their purity. Spread the different colored cheeses on the slices of bread, place together, then cut through with a sharp knife.

A house that combines old world charm with modern American convenience and sound construction



Drawings by
SCHELL LEWIS

The House You'd Like To Build

THESE are the days when the man or woman who wants to own a moderately priced, medium-sized house has everything in his favor.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, if you had only a limited amount of money to invest in a home of your own, you had to bottle up your yearnings for a house that would be really beautiful; you had to give up the hope of having the comforts and conveniences that you deserved; and, unless you were exceptionally fortunate, you had to build or buy just a house—a nondescript sort of structure that would answer the primary purposes of a home but that would leave you still dreaming of the house you'd like to build.

Enormous changes have been taking place within the past fifteen or twenty years. It's a long, long story of persistent effort on the part of discriminating home builders, long, hard hours of work and study on the part of able architects and fine co-operation on the part of the builders. Even where building materials and labor are no lower in price than they used to be, it is possible by the use of really fine house plans and the adroit choice of sound but less expensive building materials to have a house at a very moderate price that is as beautiful, distinctive, and convenient as the sort of house that was once within the reach of only the wealthy minority.

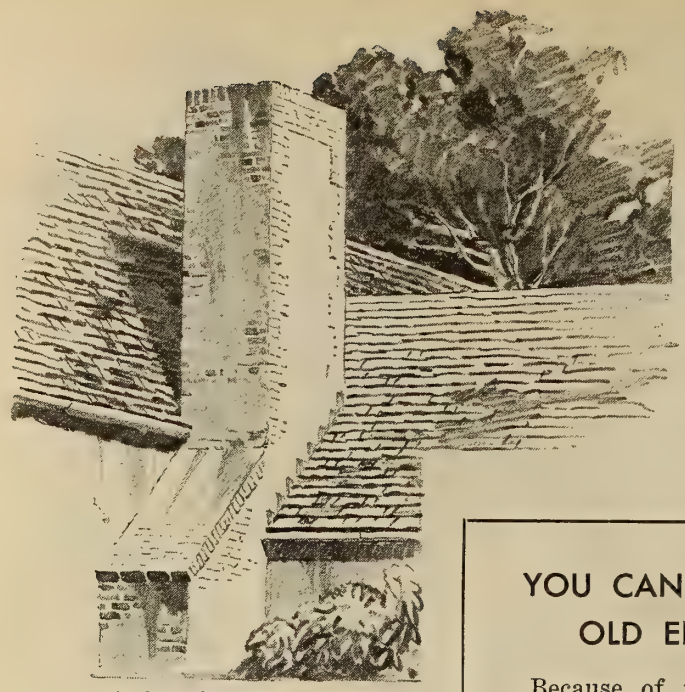
This, it seems to us, is one of the greatest achievements of art and science of the Twentieth Century.

It interests us not only because it is a great achievement but because of the tremendous effect it is having and will continue to have on the average American family. No one needs to be told that life runs along more smoothly and with more joy and satisfaction in a house that is really beautiful, conveniently planned and properly equipped than in one that is crudely designed and carelessly planned.

We are tremendously interested in all the new types of houses, but especially interested in those of the smaller, moderate-priced sort that are within the reach of the great majority of American families. And we're curious to know precisely which of the many types of houses appeals to the greatest number of up-to-date, discrimi-

Would You Choose the English Type of House?

It is one of the four types of moderate-priced houses that we have chosen as most desirable for the American family today. In subsequent issues of this magazine the other types will be presented. Read the following pages so that you will be ready later on to cast your vote for the house you like best.



A friendly chimney, decorative and practical, too, promising a real fireplace.

nating Americans. We have studied hundreds of carefully selected plans that have already proved most acceptable to architects and home builders, and from these many plans we have chosen four that represent the four finest types of architecture practical for the moderately priced house. There is a great variety in these houses both in appearance and arrangement of rooms, but they are all equally sound from the point of view of architect and builder. Each is adapted to the needs of the average American family and each can be built for approximately the same cost.

We present the first of these houses—the old English type—this month. In subsequent issues the three other types of houses will be shown for your inspection and approval.

Study the sketches and plans on these pages as you would if you were considering plans for a house you intended to build for yourself. As the other houses are presented, give them the same careful inspection—so that you will be ready in the end to vote for the house that you like best—the one that you would want for your very own.

Possibly you may not be entirely satisfied with any one of the house plans. If so, won't you write in your suggestions and criticisms? What you have to say may lead to changes in the plans, because after all it is the house builder and house dweller who has the final word in the choice of the most acceptable sort of house.

This old English house that we show here is replete with Old World charm and unpretentious beauty that make it generally popular with Americans today who want a house that is full of repose and dignity. In fact, houses of the old English type, both large and small, have been gaining in popularity among Americans within the past few years. The house we have chosen is a practical modern adaptation of the sort of house they built in rural England in the Seventeenth Century. Actually it is a fairly small house, but its low, sweeping roofs, its closeness to the ground and the irregular arrangement of the wings give it the effect of greater size.

You may build the house entirely of brick or you may use a hollow tile construction with stucco exterior and brick trimming. The roof may be of shingles, tiles, or slate—with an emphasis on slate, which is especially characteristic of the original type. The result gives an excellent example of how common building materials may be assembled to provide a distinctive house at a comparatively low cost. The actual cost of construction varies in different sections of the country, but despite the high quality appearance of the house it actually calls for no greater outlay of money than any soundly built house of the same size.

In some parts of the country you might be able to cover building costs, including heating, plumbing, lighting and painting, but not including wall decorations, for as small an amount as $7,500 or $8,500. If you set the figure at $10,000, you can be sure to cover costs even in sections of the country where building materials and labor are high. In any event the price would vary considerably according to the type of construction.

YOU CAN TELL IT IS OLD ENGLISH

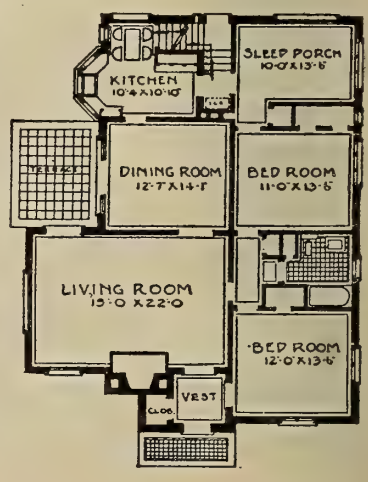
Because of its solid brick-and-stucco construction, with a large chimney placed at the front. Because of the unsymmetrical design, low, sweeping roof, close-clipped cornices, and casement windows. And because the beauty of the house lies in the sound use of simple building materials and not in superficial ornamentation.

One of the striking characteristics of this house and other houses of the same type is its lack of symmetry. The old English house from which it is patterned was a growth and a development, beginning with a small structure and adding size in the form of wings as there was need for more room within. But despite the slow growth and lack of symmetry, the final effort was one of great charm and harmony. While a house of this sort would do justice to a large lot with rolling lawns and well-tended gardens, it can actually be built on a lot of fifty foot frontage. Building restrictions in some places might require a sixty-foot lot.

The original English house was made without a basement, and the house as designed here is not excavated at the front, but there is a basement at the back that gives ample room for heater, fuel and storage. To raise the house from the ground by a high cellar at the front would rob it of its charm and characteristic old English flavor.

You enter the house from a low brick platform, flanked by neat shrubbery, into a vestibule which serves as an entrance way to a bedroom on the right and the living room at the left and in cold weather prevents the cold air from going into the living quarters. A clothes closet at the left of the vestibule takes care of wraps, rubbers, and umbrellas. The guests then go directly into the living room, which, with its ample fireplace and spacious proportions, reminds one of the "hall" of the old English house—serving the purpose of reception room for guests, drawing room, and family living room. Casement windows at two sides of this room and French doors that lead to the terrace provide an unusual supply of light, but the closed-in arrangement of the opposite end of the room gives a coziness that is characteristically English.

The brick-paved terrace, protected from the view of passers-by, may be screened if you like and may be used



An unusually convenient living room and bedroom grouping is found on the first floor.

as a summer living room. Or opening as it does from the dining room as well as the living room, it may be also used as an outdoor dining room in warm weather.

The dining room opening from one side of the living room has ample wall space for buffets and sideboards, but with wide French windows at one side has unusually generous sources of light and fresh air.

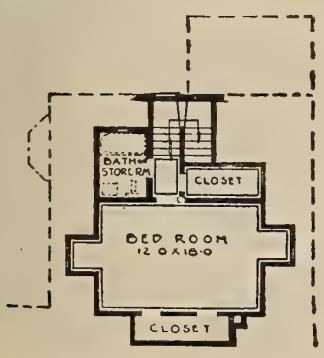
A surprise is in store for you in the kitchen in the shape of the bay window at one end. A breakfast nook at the back of the kitchen and well-planned wall space for range, sink, shelves and other equipment will add enormously to the comfort and convenience of the housewife or maid. There is a grade entrance at the back of the house convenient to the kitchen and with stairs to the basement.



Simple, dignified and entirely lovely is this doorway, promising hospitality and hominess.

You will have two bedrooms on the ground floor, separated—as ground-floor bedrooms should be—from the living quarters of the house. A bathroom, with a tub attractively arranged in an alcove, opens conveniently on both bedrooms as well as to the living room. Both bedrooms have spacious clothes closets and there are two linen closets, one off the back hall and one off the bathroom. And then to add the last word in up-to-date sleeping quarters there is a roomy sleeping porch at the back of the house that may be reached either from the back bedroom or from the back hall. Desirable as this outdoor bedroom undoubtedly is, you may, if you like, make use of this space for a garage conveniently placed under the house roof with a door to the back entry.

For a small family you may find ample bedrooms on the ground floor, as one of the rooms will conveniently accommodate two single beds. But where more sleeping quarters are desired, the large room on the second floor may be used for this purpose. You reach this floor by a stairway from the back hall and discover, possibly to your surprise in a house of average size, a second bathroom and this large room with two-way ventilation. If not needed for a bedroom, you may decide to use it either for a playroom or a billiard room. There is a large closet off this room and a small room that may be used for storage opening off the small hall on this second floor.



The second floor contains one large room, two closets, and a storeroom or bath.

And so, as you go the rounds of this house that combines so much that is sound and right in housebuilding of modern America with so much that is charming in the architecture of old England, you may decide then and there that this is the house of your dreams. It may seem to you precisely the sort of house you'd like to live in or you may think certain changes here or there are needed to make it come up to your ideal. If you have any practical criticisms or suggestions to offer, we would like to hear from you. If you've questions to ask about this house or any other matter of house building, we would be glad to answer them with expert advice and information.

It may be that this house is not at all the sort you'd want to build. You may prefer an entirely different type of architecture and an entirely different arrangement of rooms. But whether you are entirely pleased, partially pleased, or quite untouched by the charm of the old English type of house, you will find it well worth while to study the sketches and plans for the three other types of moderate-priced houses that we will present in the next three issues of this magazine. Wait until you have become familiar with them all and have had an opportunity to compare them from every angle—and then let's have your vote. We've started out to find what type of moderate-priced house the up-to-date American likes the best — and we're counting on you to help answer the question.

FROM PLANS OF LEADING ARCHITECTS

We have chosen this house and three others that will be presented to you in subsequent issues of this magazine from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service, Inc., an organization made up of leading architects from cities all over the United States.

Further particulars of the service offered by this organization will be found in our free illustrated circular.

The most important question is whether you yourself would like to live in a house of this type. Then study the plans with such questions as these in your mind: Is it suited to the present, and possibly the future, requirements of your family? Are you attracted to this house largely because it is different from the sort of house you have been living in, or do you feel that your contentment would increase as the years go on? Would the rooms as shown in the plans lend themselves to the sort of furniture that you now have or hope some time to acquire? Do you feel that it is a house where you would be happy to entertain your friends and where you could pass your leisure hours with the feeling of content and protection that is essential to a true home?

Almost every one, young or old, is interested in house plans, and visiting a newly built home is a diverting pastime, whether you are planning to have a home of your own or not. To add to your understanding and appreciation of the old English house presented this month we have prepared a free illustrated circular that will give you fuller information of this house and will answer many questions about which you may be in doubt. The circular also contains information about how you can buy working plans at a nominal price for this quaint old English house as developed by the Architects' Small House Bureau. Just send two cents to cover postage and this helpful circular will be sent to you. If you have any suggestions or criticisms about the house send them along with your request for the circular. But save your vote for your favorite type of house until you have seen drawings and plans to be presented in the next three issues of this magazine.



Edward G. Robinson adds another fine characterization to his screen gallery as the tabloid editor in "Five Star Final".

REVIEWS

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE prize of the month goes to the Warner-First National production of Louis Weitzenkorn's melodrama of sordid life among the tabloids, "Five Star Final." Edward G. Robinson is the star and he adds another corking performance to his gallery of screen characterizations.

It's odd, isn't it, how many of the screen's recent hits have starred this fine actor? "Little Caesar" and "Smart Money" will not be topped for a long time. And now comes "Five Star Final."

Weitzenkorn had worked as editor of a New York tabloid, and when he finished the job, he wrote "Five Star Final," intending it as a devastating blow at all tabloids. In "Five Star Final" he shows how a tabloid digs up the facts of an old murder scandal and retells all the details with gusto—thereby wrecking a home and bringing about two suicides.

"Five Star Final" moves along staccato, almost



Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are re-united in a tender but slender story of a London rooming-house slavey, "Merely Mary Ann." You will like Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell in this sentimental little drama.

Edward Robinson Scores Again in "Five Star Final" and Ronald Colman Offers an Exciting Melodrama, "The Unholy Garden." Comments Upon Other Films of the Moment.

hysterical lines, to its crashing climax. That Weitzenkorn stacks his cards against tabloids in order to prove how menacing they are to American life is, of course, beside the point. He is completely unfair to a new form of journalism—but he manages to produce an exciting and compelling melodrama.

Mr. Robinson gives a gorgeous portrait of the managing editor of the tabloid and there are able minor performances by H. B. Warner and Frances Starr as the couple pilloried by the exposure and Marian Marsh as their ill-starred daughter.

You will get a tremendous kick out of "Five Star Final." But do not be misled by the author's hysteria. There is a real reason for the tabloid in modern life.

ANOTHER fine picture of the month is United Artists' "The Unholy Garden," starring the suave Ronald Colman. This is an original yarn for the movies, written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and it offers a neat melodramatic idea. Out in the Arabian desert is a post of refuge for the world's outlaws. In the midst of the savage natives, these cutthroats live out of reach of the police of their native lands. Here have congregated the murderers, the World War soldiers guilty of treason, and the runaway racketeers of America.

Colman plays a gentleman crook wanted in many lands. As he appears at the Palais Royal, as the desert resort is called, the occupants are about to murder an old man who dwells there with his daughter. They have discovered that the old fellow has a fortune hidden somewhere in his room.

Barry Hunt (otherwise Mr. Colman) falls in love with the girl and puts his wits to work against the gang of desperadoes.



Ronald Colman as the gentleman crook and Fay Wray, daughter of an absconding banker, find love in the Arabian desert in "The Unholy Garden."

There are any number of swell performances by Mr. Colman's supporting company. In particular you will like Fay Wray as the doomed refugee's daughter.

EDDIE CANTOR was never as good as he is in his new United Artists musical film, "Palmy Days." This picture marks the return of Hollywood producers to girl-and-song films. "Palmy Days" has the prettiest chorus you have ever glimpsed on the screen, the girls lending charming pictorial aid to Mr. Cantor's comedy.

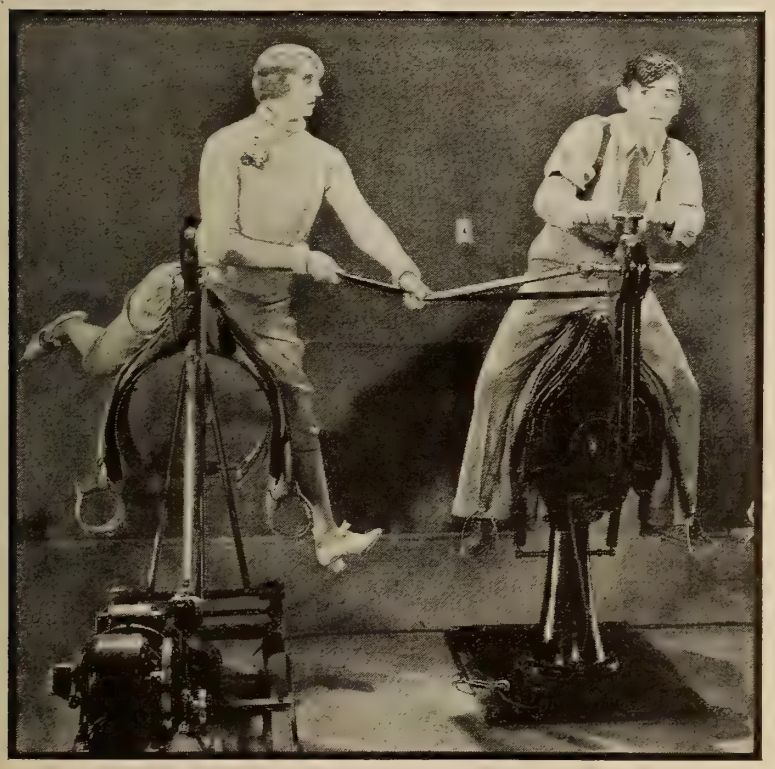
As a crooked crystal gazer's timid assistant, Cantor is gorgeously amusing. In the ingenue role is a pretty newcomer, Barbara Weeks, who is highly promising.

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" was made by Universal as a memorial to Knute Rockne, the famous football coach. Rockne fell to his death in the wreck of an airplane while en route to Hollywood to confer with the officials of Universal. A big football picture was to have been made with his co-operation.

Those plans, of course, ended with his tragic death, but Universal went ahead with this memorial film. "The Spirit of Notre Dame" tells the story of two boys, rivals for football glory, and how the Rockne spirit saved them from ruining the chances of their Alma Mater on the gridiron. There is an exciting climax, when Notre Dame defeats Army.

The boys are played by Lew Ayres and William Bakewell, but it is Andy Devine who offers the best performance as a slow-thinking football aspirant. J. Farrell MacDonald plays Knute Rockne without makeup and you will be surprised how much he resembles the famous coach.

(*Please turn to page* 78)



Charlotte Greenwood aids Eddie Cantor in his new girl-and-song film, "Palmy Days." Miss Greenwood plays the boss of a gym while Eddie is her victim.

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 77*)

"MERELY Mary Ann," based on Israel Zangwill's drama of a decade ago, reunited Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a tender, sentimental little story of a slavey in a London rooming house. Farrell plays a penniless young gentleman who dwells in a top floor room while he trys to find success as a composer. "Merely Mary Ann" is a little too slow moving and sweet—but it is destined for sure popularity. Miss Gaynor is both charming and compelling as the girl and Mr. Farrell is better than usual as the boy.

"Bad Company" (RKO-Pathe) shows what happens to an innocent blonde who marries a racketeer, the girl being played by Helen Twelvetrees. Ricardo Cortez plays the boss gangster who tries to take fair Helen from her lawfully wedded racketeer.

"Devotion" (RKO-Pathe) is a slender, whimsical yarn about a girl who falls in love with a London barrister and dons the wig and spectacles of a nurse in order to take care of his little boy and be near the object of her affections. Although Ann Harding is the pseudo-governess, the picture lacks holding interest. However, Leslie Howard gives a fine performance as the lawyer.

"Skyline" (Fox) shows Thomas Meighan in the role of a wealthy constructor of skyscrapers. He befriends a boy and finds that the lad is his own son by a long forgotten romance.

"Wicked" (Fox) offers the personable Elissa Landi in the wrong sort of role. She plays a young widow unfairly sent to prison. There she gives birth to a baby—and the rest of the film concerns the girl's efforts to get possession of her own child, given by the authorities in adoption. Tearful but not convincing.

"The Cisco Kid" (Fox) presents Warner Baxter in the role of the picturesque border bandit who sings ballads between hold-ups. This time Sergeant Mickey Dunn (otherwise Edmund "Sez You" Lowe) captures him. But Mickey lets the Kid go because the bandit has been kind to a pretty widow. If you liked these two lads in "In Old Arizona" you will like them here.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Bargain—*First National:*—Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon make a pleasing couple in a mild study of the artistic temperament vs. the uncomfortable necessity of earning a living. Stone, playing an artist, has sacrificed his ambition and become a soap manufacturer. He is grieved when his son is about to abandon a career as an architect in order that he may marry. There appears to be more immediate money in soap than in designing buildings. With this situation as a basis, a mildly entertaining story is unfolded in a polite mood. Miss Kenyon looks a bit young to be the mother of a grown son. She just can't help being pretty and attractive.

I Like Your Nerve—*First National:*—In a few brief scenes we are introduced to a timid youth, dominated by everyone with whom he comes in contact. A crystal gazer assures him that his submerged personality is bold and reckless and suggests Central America as a likely place in which to set free his fearless ego. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., becomes the personification of impudent confidence when inspired by the beauty of Loretta Young, playing the daughter of a Central American financier. The plot is along the usual lines of romances laid in the Latin-American countries an Doug supplies a passable portrayal of a Richard Harding Davis hero.

My Sin—*Paramount:*—As in her first screen drama, it seems a pity that Tallulah Bankhead did not have material of finer quality through which to display her personality. She starts in the low life of a Panama dance hall and ends in the high life of a Westchester swimming pool. Her one true love, a Harvard football star downed by Panama booze, also climbs the moral hillside and we leave the young couple in the full flush of virtuous prosperity. The picture, owing to an intelligent production and the sincere acting of Miss Bankhead and Fredric March, has several dramatic punches, but it is not the knock-out that the gifted Tallulah has the power to deliver.

Caught Plastered—*RKO:*—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey know their jokes and they know their audience, hence they step along right merrily on the broad highway of hokum. This time their fun is centered in a drug-store, operated, after a fashion, by the comedy pair. A crooked salesman tricks them into buying a soda fountain concoction that is fifty per cent. alcohol. The innocent customers proceed to become gloriously tight, with humorous results, if that happens to be your style of humor. If this picture is to be rated by the number of laughs it draws, and that seems fair enough, it will rank above many of its high brow competitors.

Side Show—*First National:*—Modelled after "The Barker," one of the last pictures in which the late Milton Sills appeared, this story of a traveling circus lacks the stamina of its predecessor. The plot is practically the same, save that in this instance the main interest is centered in a mother and daughter instead of a father and son. Winnie Lightner, as the big-hearted mother, makes a strong bid for sympathy but is badly handicaped by situations grown trite through frequent usage. Most of the laughs may be credited to Charles Butterworth whose comedy method is individual and effective. The picture achieves a bit of excitement in a free-for-all fight.

Mad Parade—*Paramount:*—An attempt to make a feminine "Journey's End" with sad results. The ladies of the Red Cross, their pretty faces smudged with mud instead of rouge, assemble in a dug-out while bombs whistle and explode above them. They squabble among themselves, even to the point of murdering an objectionable member of their corps, weep over their lost lovers, drink gin out of a hot-water bottle and meet death with fortitude. But for all their heroic gestures an audience remains unconvinced. Truth to tell, it has been heard to laugh when the cue plainly called for tears. Not a man appears on the screen, yet it would be a bit unfair to blame the hard-working actresses. Perhaps we still need men to make war seem real.

Fifty Fathoms Deep—*Columbia:*—At least the climax of this watery melodrama is unusual. A deep-sea diver descends to a sunken yacht to rescue his friend, also a diver, and there, in a cabin of the boat, he finds the body of his faithless wife. She had been on a week-end cruise with a wealthy yachtsman. The entire story, one surmises, was contrived as preparation for the under-water scenes which afford considerable suspense and no doubt were difficult to handle. Richard Cromwell is the extremely youthful husband, deceived by a heartless blonde. Jack Holt plays the sympathetic friend whose intentions are misunderstood. Loretta Sayers is sufficiently hard-boiled.

Screen Souvenirs—*Paramount:*—Some of these short films taken out of the long-ago are stealing the show. They go back ten, twenty, even twenty-five years and show snatches of old-time films, accompanied by appropriate comment. Styles of an earlier day are a sure laugh, as are high wheel bicycles and automobiles of the horseless carriage era. Glimpses from old news pictures showing prominent men who have passed into history are strangely fascinating. Watch for these "Souvenirs": they are entertaining.

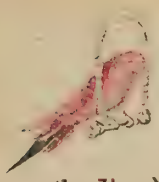
The Pagan Lady—*Columbia:*—Once more the heated decadence of the tropics where men are bold and women brazen. Evelyn Brent is the temptress with a crimson past, Conrad Nagel the young evangelist whose spirit is torn by the lusts of the selfish, and Charles Bickford the bold, bad bootlegger who takes his booze and his women where he finds them. When the picture is devoted to brisk action it becomes passable, if familiar melodrama, but unfortunately there are too many verbal conflicts with an evangelistic coloring. The Pagan Lady almost goes religious, but in the final crisis returns to the loud-mouthed bully whom she loves.

I Surrender, Dear—*Educational:*—Bing Crosby is a western crooner with a sexy note in his voice. He is popular on the radio and Mack Sennett believes him to be an equally good bet for pictures. In this, his first screen comedy, Crosby's voice comes through nicely and his personality is pleasing. He might be funny if given a better opportunity than that afforded in this silly bit of slapstick. The theme song, "I Surrender, Dear," is all right as far as it goes, but one song does not make a picture, even a short "featurette."

The Galloping Ghost—*Mascot:*—Red Grange breaks loose in a twelve-episode serial. Judging from the first two instalments this series will run true to the serial formula used since the days of "The Perils of Pauline." In escaping a ring of gamblers set upon fixing college football games, Red and his associates engage in mad chases, via automobiles, airplanes and speed boats. There is a whirlwind of action in a melodramatic story that is wildly improbable. Some of the stunt stuff is well contrived and the trick photography is first rate.

Alice in Wonderland—*Unique Foto:* Obviously a picture designed especially for children, this subject need not be exposed to strict criticism on the score of a few short-comings in matters

(*Please turn to page 82*)



De 71. You must have several of these gay parrots on your tree. They're made of peanuts and colored paper, according to directions contained in this circular.



De 72. This circular shows how to make this cozy house and four other simple paper decorations.



De 73. Any kindergarten child can make this star with a little help. The circular describes five other easy decorations.



De 74. It's easy to make this red paper Santa with the help of this circular.



De 75. Let this gingham dog watch over the treasures on your tree. The circular gives pattern and full directions for putting together.



De 76. Directions for making this paper cornucopia and 5 other candy containers for the Christmas tree are contained in this circular.



De 77. With a few cents' worth of theatrical gauze and colored wool you can make this bag with directions contained in this circular.



De 78. Hang gauze bags trimmed with colored wool on your Christmas tree. Circular gives directions.



Gay Trifles for the Christmas Tree

Make these ornaments at small cost with the aid of our New Method Circular. Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or 20 cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate the circular you wish by number.

Phantoms at the Altar

(*Continued from page* 35)

of flowers to which came William and Carole, and there the Rev. W. L. Barth, retired Congregational minister, made them man and wife. Miss Lombard wore a dress of powder-blue chiffon with a corsage of orchids. "Bill" was dressed in a very informal blue business suit. Next day the two sailed for Honolulu.

Hollywood looked on in amazement. What a bet they were overlooking! They might have been all through the newspapers, with the Governor, the Mayor and squads of studio executives named as "among those present." But in place of this they arranged for a beautiful, solemn, deeply impressive ceremony with none from the outside world looking on. There was no phantom or specter lurking in "the crowd" to bring a feeling of terror to the hearts of the couple, nothing to mar the beauty of a sacred event.

NOW "phantoms" or "apparitions" do have a way of injecting their presence into weddings of screen players, it seems, often to the embarrassment of the lovers. These apparitions most often appear in the flesh and promptly are recognized, but not always. Let's review some of the instances that have occurred in recent years:

The Costello home on Schuyler Road in Beverly Hills was a center of activity during the lazy hours of a November afternoon. Florists' wagons were arriving with potted plants and flowers for the drawing-room. They toiled up the sun-browned hills as though they, themselves, felt contented to be out and moving about in those glorious, closing days of Indian summer.

Dolores, pretty as a painting, was having dresses packed and checking up the final accoutrements of her trousseau. A slight flush heightened the color in her cheeks, and her great blue eyes seemed shining with added lustre. Within a few hours she would be Mrs. John Barrymore. Then there would be a trip to the South Seas in a yacht, with moonlight nights in those tropical waters—there where the flying-fishes play. It all seemed so wonderful! "At sundown!" she meditated. And smiled.

Suddenly, she paused. What was that strange noise downstairs? She was confident she caught impassioned words uttered by some voice she dimly recalled having heard somewhere before. But whose could it be? And why?

"I *must* see her before this wedding takes place!" Dolores overheard.

"But *why* must you see her?" the voice of a private detective replied. "Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am. I must see Miss Costello!"

There was the sound of a slight scuffle and the intruder was ejected.

Was he one of Dolores' old suitors? Was he one of those strange "fans" who fall in love with the screen visions of actresses and worship the very hair of their heads from afar? Dolores thought once that the voice came from a young man with whom she had worked at the studio. But she was not sure. If it was, why should he suddenly appear at her home on her wedding day? The incident left her considerably perturbed. She never heard the voice again.

JOHN BARRYMORE'S experience (to anybody except the gruff, whimsical, worldly wise John) was even more annoying. For three days preceding his marriage to Dolores a feminine voice repeatedly said over the telephone to Deputy County Clerk Rosamond Rice in Los Angeles:

"I warn you, do not issue a marriage license to John Barrymore. I know the divorce from his second wife, Michael Strange, has not become final. You had better heed me."

Once the voice added:

"Barrymore received a telegram today from her announcing that she did not intend to obtain a final decree."

Whose was this phantom voice? Barrymore declared he did not know. Why should anyone want to halt his proposed wedding? He could give no explanation. He knew that his divorce from Michael Strange (which is a pen name) had been granted in New York, August 18, 1927. He had no worries over it and had explained it all to Dolores. But who was this?

The mystery never was solved. Barrymore's only comment was:

"Even in this climate there are crazy people."

Whereupon, he erased all thoughts of the matter from his mind. The marriage proceeded.

The same sort of a phantom flitted across the path of Jack Gilbert when he married Ina Claire. The couple had just returned to Los Angeles from Las Vegas, Nevada, and the newspapers were telling of the beginning of their honeymoon. "Greetings and best wishes" and so on were pouring in when the telephone in the Hollywood police station rang and a strange voice shrieked to the operator:

"Girl committing suicide, 5516 Fountain Avenue! H-u-r-r-y!"

Detectives piled into a police car and raced to the number. There, an 18-year-old blonde lay on the floor huddled in a heap with a cheap picture of Gilbert clasped to her bosom.

"Inhaled gas!" someone suggested.

There was a note ". . . No use for life. Perhaps a cat can look at a king and forget. I can't forget . . . wish them a long and happy married life."

The body was taken to the Dickey and Cass Hospital and laid on a cot. The girl still breathed. The doctors bent over her.

"Hm-m-m-m," one of them said, presently, "not a trace of gas."

They kept very close watch over her for a few minutes and presently saw her eyelids quiver.

"Just a publicity hoax," stated Detectives Cowart and Hawley.

"Never heard of her!" said John Gilbert, later.

The girl had been working as an "extra" in films.

But she was the phantom which flitted in and fluttered out to mar the happiness of John Gilbert and Ina Claire's first wedded day. An apparition, truly.



Among the wedding presents received by June Collyer and Stuart Erwin was a set of gold encrusted service plates. Mrs. Erwin, otherwise June Collyer, holds one of them up for you to view it.

I SURMISE there are a lot of men in this world who develop a bit of palsy at the knees and feel funny little quakes running up and down their backs during their wedding ceremonies. Some phantom is liable to rise up from the past to recall something said or done in an idle hour which never was meant seriously, and the best a man can do after committing an indiscretion is to

(*Please turn to page* 83)



Tower Studios

A paper snowman filled with individual favors for each guest presides over the buffet set with lighted candles and spread with good things for the Christmas party.

Good Things for Your Holiday Parties

"AT Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

—and there's no way that you can do so much to make Merry Christmas a reality, and not just a good wish, as by giving a Christmas party. Plan to give more than one party during the holidays and invite your friends in plenty of time so that they can enjoy the anticipation.

Read over the descriptions of our new Christmas circulars and decide which you would like to have, and then send in your order to Rita Calhoun, care of this magazine. Send 4 cents for one, 10 cents for three, and 20 cents for ten

By Rita Calhoun

Give an afternoon party for your own women friends. Whether you have children or not set aside an afternoon for a party for the youngsters you know and provide games and refreshments that will make their eyes dance with merriment. If you have older children, plan a jolly party for the boys and girls and don't forget an evening party for the older boys and girls of your own acquaintance.

Parties are always a success if you provide delicious refreshments and if you have a well-planned program of amusement. And to give you suggestions and information that will make your parties the best ever, we have prepared a set of circulars. Look over the list and choose just one if you like, several or the whole set.

Here they are:

Circular 1. Holiday parties for children. Suggestions for games, contests and recreations that may be enjoyed by groups of children from kindergarten up to high school age.

Circular 2. Menus and recipes for the children's Christmas party. Here you will find dishes that are simple and unusual.

Circular 3. Plans for holiday parties with suggestions for games and pastimes that may be enjoyed by older boys and girls as well as adults.

Circular 4. Menus for afternoon and evening parties with directions for buffet and table service.

Circular 5. Recipes for Christmas candies.

Circular 6. Recipes for making party sandwiches.

Circular 7. Recipes for salads and hot dishes.

Circular 8. Recipes for Christmas beverages.

Circular 9. Directions for making the snowman shown in the photograph and other Jack Horner pies.

Circular 10. Directions for making place cards and inexpensive favors for Christmas dinners and parties.

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 78)

of production. It preserves the spirit of Lewis Carroll's classic, which, after all is the first essential, perhaps the only essential that a reasonable child should demand. For the most part, adults garbed according to the requirements of Alice and her playmates, comprise the cast. The Mad Hatter, the White Rabbit and the other oddities scamper about and chatter. Irving Berlin wrote a theme song but that does not spoil the picture.

Riders of the Purple Sage—*Columbia:* With or without dialogue, Zane Grey's stories of the heroic West are pretty much the same. Voices don't carry particularly well over them thar hills, so it is enough to sit in safety and watch the boys and girls chase each other along winding roads and from precipice to precipice. This new version of the Grey romance qualifies as a thriller in that it has one cattle stampede and two perilous leaps across a chasm. Noah Beery plays the boldest of the bad men and George O'Brien the best of the good. The girl with cheeks of tan and a heart of gold is Margaret Churchill.

Captivation—*Capital:* All the mechanics of a high-powered love affair on a sumptuous yacht are here, but there is precious little driving force behind them. It is all very well to be languid and superior, after the manner of Conway Tearle in the rôle of a bored author, but there is danger, not escaped in this instance, of an audience catching the boredom. Tearle has played this sort of a character so many times that one imagines he could do it in his sleep. It takes Betty Stockfeld, a pretty English girl, a long while to wake him up. Perhaps the silk pajamas help a bit.

By IVAN ST. JOHNS

The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford—*M.-G.-M.:*—Made under the direction of Sam Wood, it is fast moving and packed with laughs. The cast includes William Haines as Wallingford, Ernest Torrence as Blackie, Jimmy Durante as Schnozzle, and Leila Hyams as the girl. It is the old tale of three "con" men whose leader falls in love with the girl causing them all to lead the straight and narrow. Haines drops out of his usual role of the smart cracker and gives an excellent performance. Jimmy Durante succeeds in stealing practically every laugh in the show, while Ernest Torrence and Leila Hyams lend good support.

Local Boy Makes Good—*First National:*—A story of "The Poor Nut" has again been made into a picture, this time to be released under the title of "Local Boy Makes Good," with Joe E. Bown in the starring role. Dorothy Lee and Ruth Hall are the rivals for the love of the botanist book worm who turns out to be the hero of the track team. It ends with Ruth Hall being Joe Brown's choice. The action is rather slow in spots and most of the laughs are not new or original.

The Cisco Kid—*Fox:*—O. Henry's romantic bad man and Mexican Robin Hood, brings back Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe in the roles they portrayed in "Old Arizona." With all the color of the old Southwest, this light, fast-moving screen play by Al Cohn makes excellent entertainment. Under the direction of Irving Cummings, Conchita Montenegro is an adequate excuse for Sergeant Mickey Dunn to chase the Cisco Kid over the border country. Nora Lane as the widow, Sally Benton, gives the Mexican an opportunity to play Robin Hood. The desert photography is one of the outstanding merits of the picture.

Reckless Living — *Universal:* — The screen version of the stage play, "The Up and Up." It is a story of bookmakers and betting "suckers." Ricardo Cortez, as the boss bookmaker, gives a good performance as the heavy. Mae Clarke as the young bride of Norman Foster is excellent. Miss Clarke's object in the story is to keep her husband from throwing away all their earnings on the ponies so that they can get away from their speakeasy and get into something legitimate. The picture ends with love triumphant.

Heaven on Earth — *Universal:* — Brings to the screen Ben Lucien's novel, "Mississippi." It is a colorful story of the never-ending feud between the river steamers and the shanty boat settlements. Lew Ayres in the role of States and Anita Louise as Towhead are well cast and give good performances. Captain Lilly and Vergie are portrayed by Harry Beresford and Elizabeth Patterson. While certain sequences of the picture may appear to be overdone and far-fetched, it nevertheless is good entertainment.

Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 31)

her own ranch in Wyoming. The company planned to receive her in a big way.

But Hope arrived in Los Angeles on a Sunday, without informing the company she was on her way. The next day was Labor Day and the studio was closed.

Finally, on Tuesday afternoon, Hope appeared at the studio and took her place in line with the other callers. The doorman, of course, didn't know her and she stood, unperturbed, while he announced her to William Le Baron's office.

When Lucille Webster Gleason was making a screen test for "Girls About Town," she had about fifteen minutes to apply her make-up.

When she was ready an electrician told her: "I watched Lilyan Tashman put on her make-up and it took an hour. Yours looks just as good—everything considered."

Lucille is still worried over what the electrician meant.

MRS. GRACE TIBBETT, who has obtained a divorce from Lawrence Tibbett in Reno, Nevada, has announced she is returning to Los Angeles to make her home. She and her twin sons will take an apartment, she says. The Beverly Hills home probably will be sold. Tibbett has been living in it since the separation.

LEROY MASON, son-in-law of Edwin Carewe by virtue of his marriage to Rita Carewe, raises alfalfa and hogs on his ranch at Las Vegas, Nev., but he is developing a swell sideline.

Rancho Grande, as it is named, is becoming a popular place for eloping Hollywood couples. LeRoy knows his way around Las Vegas so well that he can get them married with the quickest dispatch and the most publicity possible.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are the latest to be married under the supervision of Cupid Mason.

Mae Marsh went Jean Harlow one better in the hair bleaching business. Harlow's platinum blond hair was made to look almost dark by Miss Marsh who subjected her hair to a 20-hour bleaching process to make it snow-white for some of the scenes in "Over the Hill." Miss Marsh, of course, plays the mother role.

GARY COOPER has gone in for experimental ranching. You'd just know it, wouldn't you?

He's bought thousands of acres in California and is going to raise everything that will grow, especially passion fruit. Shame on you, Gary! Didn't you have enough of Lupe?

YOUNG Bill Reid, just fourteen years old, has signed a contract to broadcast. He plays the saxophone and piano and his unusual ability is easily explained for he is the son of the late Wallace Reid. Remember what Wallie could do with almost any instrument used in a modern jazz band!

Warner Baxter's mother saw the inside of a motion picture studio for the first time when she was her son's guest on the "Surrender" set at the Fox studios. She was thrilled and slightly amazed as she sat through the filming of love scenes between Baxter and Leila Hyams.

JOHNNY MACK BROWN will not be at a loss for someone to talk football to, now that Weldon Heyburn has arrived in Hollywood. Johnny and Weldon used to be room-mates at the University of Alabama and both played on the same football team—and how! After appearing on Broadway with the late Jeanne Eagels and Lenore Ulrich, Weldon has been brought to Hollywood by Fox to play leading parts.

John Gilbert and Ina Claire are

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Phantoms at the Altar

(*Continued from page* 80)

bury it. But a leak-proof burying place is hard to find. A phantom seems able to squeeze out of most anything—even a grave.

One of those "most embarrassing moments" occurred near Del Monte, Cal., when David F. Blankenhorn, wealthy Los Angeles realtor, married the beauteous Irene Rich. The wedding, at Pebble Beach, attracted a lot of society people and attention. In the cool of the evening Mr. Blankenhorn took his lovely bride to the Del Monte Lodge to begin the honeymoon.

They stepped into the lobby.

"Now wait just a moment, dear, while I register for us," the bridegroom said, according to a newspaper account. The bride waited and he started toward the desk.

But half way there, he halted. A woman had come between him and the hotel register. He bowed. She acknowledged the bow. They told each other it was a good evening. Then Blankenhorn turned and talked to his bride.

"Dear," he said, "I think we'd better go to another hotel, instead."

And he took her away. Even a bride's curiosity wasn't to be stifled.

"But, dear," asked Irene, "who was that woman I saw you with in the lobby?"

"Why that," answered Mr. Blankenhorn. "That was my first wife."

"Of all times," possibly thought Miss Rich, "why should a phantom from his other married life cross our paths just now?"

THE little god of love seems to delight in framing up odd situations in Hollywood. A little while ago, Josephine Whittell, stage and screen actress, who was divorced from Robert Warwick, noted actor, arrived and the film colony "caught its breath" because Warwick now is the husband of Stella Larrimore and has been staying in Hollywood.

"A phantom from 'Bob' Warwick's past!" meditated the gossip writers. "We'll have an interesting situation in some café or club before long!"

Did they? Well, rather!

Mr. Robert Warwick with Mrs. Robert No. 1 and Mrs. Robert Warwick No. 2 sat down to a dinner which lasted far into the evening.

"Why, she's charming!" said Mrs. Warwick No. 1 about Mrs. Warwick No. 2, later. "Simply is a dear!"

No animosity, no hard feelings, no bitterness—but a perfectly delightful time with Mrs. Robert Warwick No. 1 wishing all the happiness in the world to Mrs. Robert Warwick No. 2! And to her ex-husband. The "phantom" wife was welcomed.

When Helene Costello announced her engagement to Lowell Sherman, that brave little trouper, Pauline Garon, but recently divorced from Sherman, sent Helene the following telegram:

"Congratulations on your forthcoming marriage to Lowell. May you both have years of happiness. Holiday greetings.

Pauline Garon."

Aside, she added: "Helene is a very, very sweet girl. She is one of the very dearest girls I know. If Lowell will be good, he will be able to keep a mighty nice girl."

Miss Garon wanted it to be known that she would be no unwelcome phantom threatening the Sherman - Costello nuptials.

PROBABLY the most dramatic episode among all the Hollywood weddings occurred the night Ethlyne Claire, Wampas "baby star," became the wife of Ernest Westmore, chief make-up man at the RKO studios. The ceremony was performed at the Hollywood Presbyterian Church and was attended by many of the film élite. Miss Claire, one of the most radiant and charming blondes in all Hollywood, was a dream of beauty as she emerged from the church portals on the arm of the groom.

And then——

A child, 7 years old, with short dresses and short hair, rushed to Mr. Westmore's side and reached for his hand.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed, "why don't you pay mamma that money so I can go back to school?"

It was Westmore's little daughter, Muriel. And beside her stood Veoda Westmore, his former wife.

As the child made her plea a newsphotographer's flashlight boomed and the flash caught a process-server handing out a document haling the groom into court on a little matter of back alimony.

All of which was caught by the camera-eye!

A phantom from Ernest Westmore's past; a warning; an apparition.

Westmore pursued the cameraman and destroyed his camera—almost. But one plate was not damaged and the scene got into print.

But what about Ethlyne?

The game, courageous little blonde, said "Never mind, Ernest, I understand."

Later, in court, Westmore accepted the back-alimony claim, arranged to pay it, and his "phantom" was satisfied. Presently he and Ethlyne were on their real honeymoon.

But what a turmoil the "phantom" had brought!



Attractive, what? Kay Francis wears these attractive pajamas in "Girls About Town," in which she appears with Jack McCrea and Lilyan Tashman.

IN just the same way that Jack and Estelle were warned by newspapers of a phantom on their trail, Jacqueline Logan and Larry Winston were tipped off that one was heading toward them. In fact, it had hovered over them during all the time they were in Agua Caliente, Mexico, taking their wedding vows and was watching their every move. The news was broken to them by a morning Los Angeles paper.

"When, and if Jacqueline Logan returns to Los Angeles from Mexico," a news story said, "she may face prosecution on a bigamy charge." So said Forrest Murray, chief deputy District Attorney, following the motion picture actress's marriage to Larry Winston, Los Angeles broker. The actress won an interlocutory decree of divorce from her first husband, Ralph Gillespie, last March. The final decree cannot be awarded for a little more than six months yet."

Old "John Law" was the phantom in this instance—an apparition, but nevertheless a menace backed by the government. And what a scurrying about he caused!

"On your way, Larry!" Jacqueline exclaimed, or words to that effect. "And don't come around me for a while, either. We're in a 'jam' right now and we gotta get married all over again.

THEY separated immediately, while old "John Law" smiled benevolently instead of striking. When Jacqueline and Larry eventually remarried, he withdrew from their lives.

It seems to me that these old wedding phantoms have become too numerous and too noxious about Hollywood. The screen stars are beginning to take their marriage vows in seclusion and be on their way before shadows come to cross their paths. It's safer.

Sessue Hayakawa Returns

(*Continued from page* 59)

Japanese actor back to New York with him and the play was produced there in September, 1926. It was a success and Hayakawa played it until the end of the 1926-1927 season when the piece closed in Chicago.

TO do all this Sessue had had to postpone a little private venture of his own. He was not content to be merely an actor, no matter how good. He had wanted to write a book. Being the sort of a man who does what he makes up his mind to do, Hayakawa had, while in Paris, written a novel, "The Bandit Prince." Not only had he written it—anyone can write a novel, providing there is an adequate supply of white paper and a staunch typewriter—but his novel had been published.

He was not stopping there, however. With "The Love City" a closed chapter, he attacked his novel and when the tumult and the shouting died, his book had become a thirty-five minute vaudeville sketch that was good enough to play eight months over the vaudeville circuits of this country.

All this time Hayakawa never allowed his eyes to be deflected from his real goal. His successes in America, England, and France never turned him from his single purpose. That he had conquered the theater and picture-goers of the Western world was only a half victory. There remained the land of his birth—Japan.

Now, to properly understand Sessue Hayakawa's ambition concerning his own people, we will take a brief intermission and delve a little into the history and traditions of the Japanese theater, as an institution.

It would appear that, many many years ago, the legitimate theater in Japan was consolidated into a sort of minor kingdom, with one supreme head and a number of lesser dignitaries. To act upon the stage in Japan, you had to be born into one of the theatrical families. Mere ability wouldn't do. If you were not the son or daughter of an actor, you simply did not act and so strong and tight was the power of the reigning heads of this oligarchy, that no governmental influence was powerful enough to break the barriers of caste.

HAYAKAWA was not born to the stage—he could only cast longing glances in the direction of the elect and wish that Fate had been kinder to him. At that, Fate had not been ungenerous for he was the son of a provincial governor and, as such, would one day be entitled to an active part in governmental matters. To this end, his father sent him to the United States, where he became a student at the University of Chicago. Hayakawa tells an amusing story about the end of his ambitions to become a football player.

"Stagg was using me as a quarterback," he told me, "and I was getting into some games, too. But I would become excited and in the heat of battle forget that the punishing tricks of ju-jitsu were not allowed in tackling. Try as I would I could not stop myself from using them and every time the officials would rule me off the field."

Sessue's student days were terminated by the death of his father and the demands of his family that he return, and, under his elder brother, take up a share of the governmental duties of his province. He elected, however, to pursue his own course—and that was the stage.

At home such a career was closed to him. But the traditions of the Japanese theater did not curb his ambition. There would come a day, he told himself, when he would break through those barriers and he started to prepare himself to be ready when that day arrived.

To this end, he organized, in Los Angeles, a small Japanese company and the old Elks' Hall Theater in Spring Street, saw the first performance of his production of "The Typhoon," with a cast of Japanese augmented by students of the old Egan Dramatic School—who played for nothing but the experience, since Hayakawa's venture was not graced by a very large bank-roll. It was then that the late Thomas H. Ince saw this young Japanese, and anybody in the business will tell you that no man ever had a keener eye for latent talent than the great producer. With Hayakawa's first Ince picture, his feet were on the first rung of the ladder that would eventually bring him to his goal.

LAST year he saw the achievement of that goal and the fulfillment of the ambition that has been the driving force behind Hayakawa's powerful personality over all the intervening years.

Last year he stormed that impregnable fortress, the Japanese legitimate theater, routed legion after legion of fussy traditions and today stands alone on the battlefield, the theatrical idol of his own people. And it is interesting to note that for ammunition he used American plays.

Suppose you and I take a day off and go to the theater in Tokio and we will see just what Hayakawa has done for the Japanese show business.

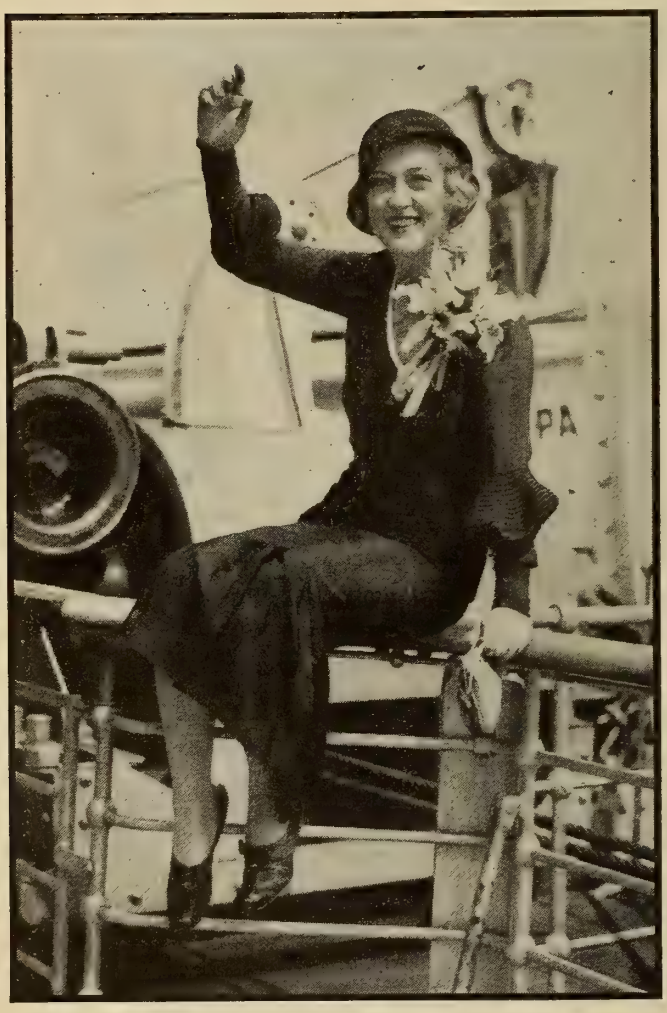
Don't tell me that you'll be ready to go at half-past eight, for we will have to get there by half-past three at the latest.

I'll get the tickets well in advance, three or four weeks, if we want good ones, and we have to pay top prices—four dollars per seat.

All right—here we go, with our eight dollars' worth of seats and at half-past three in the afternoon.

See those long lines of people. They have been standing there all morning, waiting for the unreserved galleries to be opened. They will presently scram-

(*Please turn to page* 88)



Marion Davies returned recently from a vacation in Europe. She slipped quietly into Beverly Hills (as you will read in the gossip this month) and then was guest of honor at the big party of the Hollywood month (as you will read in How Hollywood Entertains). Miss Davies is Hollywood's favorite hostess, and it was only fair for the movie folk to turn about and give her a swell party.

A WRITER OF ROMANCE DISCOVERS THAT

"pink tooth brush"

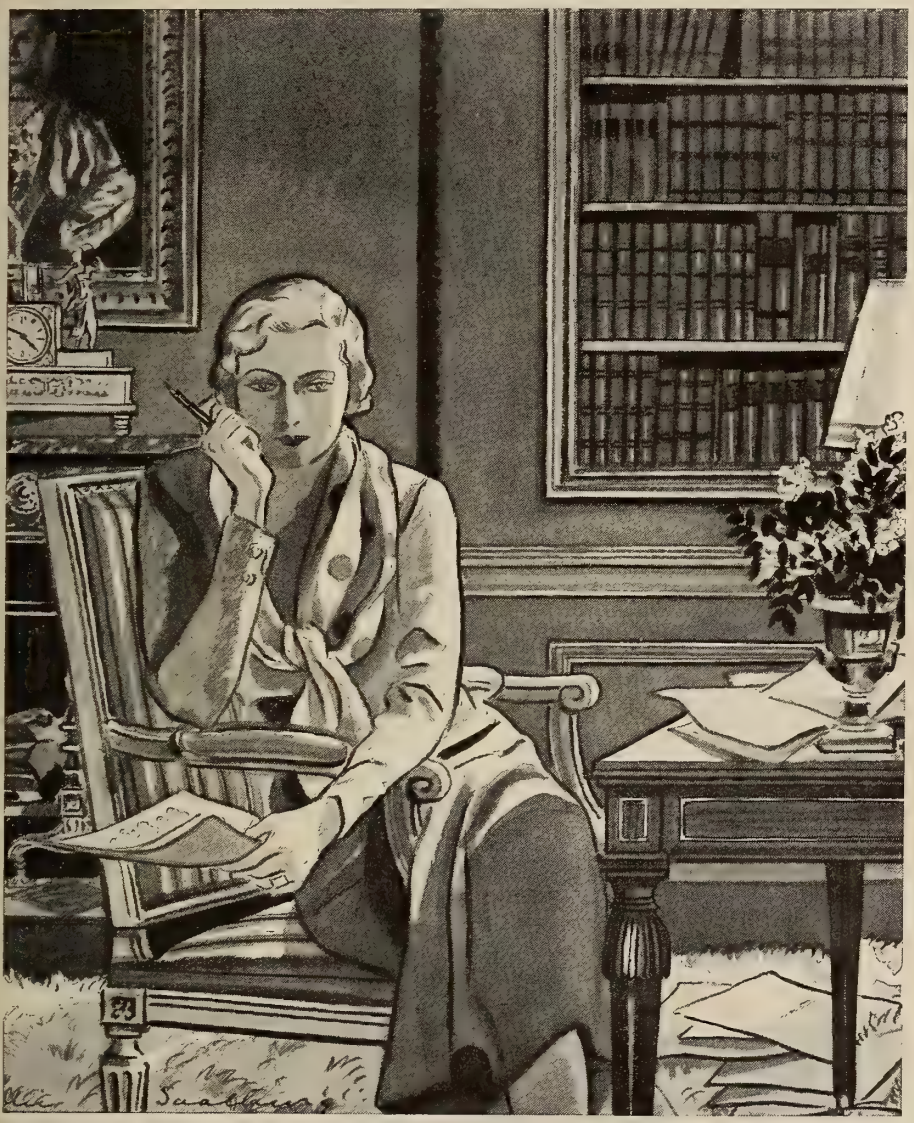
HAS AN UNHAPPY ENDING!



"BUSY? Of *course* I've been busy! In the past twelve months I've traipsed across a couple of oceans . . . done Egypt again so I could finish that serial . . . taken a peek at Vienna . . . and sold nine short stories, besides giving a few lectures.

"And I look it. My clothes are a sight. My hair looks *dead.* Why, even my *teeth* look wrong lately! And goodness knows, I've never neglected *them.*

"Or have I? Who was it? Must have been that nice young American dentist in Calcutta who told me I'd better get rid of 'pink tooth brush' or I'd regret it. That was a year and a half ago. I suppose I'm paying up now for *that* piece of negligence. Well, here goes for Ipana and massage. *Today.* I may be 34—but I'm going to have sound gums and white teeth for a good many years longer. If I know myself" . . .



"Pink tooth brush" is a sly trouble that may slip up on you no matter who you are —where you are—or how old you are.

It's the soft foods we civilized people eat!" your dentist will tell you. "They don't stimulate the gums. And without exercise your gums relapse into laziness. They stop working. Get flabby. And the next thing is that they're so tender that you find 'pink' on your tooth brush."

And he'll go on to tell you that if you don't get "pink tooth brush" under control, you may find yourself with gingivitis or pyorrhea or Vincent's Disease. It may even endanger sound teeth through infection at the roots.

There's no need to take chances with "pink tooth brush"—not with Ipana Tooth Paste in every drug store. Clean your teeth with Ipana. That will help. But for the best results, each time put a little fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and massage it directly into your gums.

Even in the first few days you'll see a new brightness taking the place of the grayish look your teeth have developed. And before that first tube of Ipana is gone, you'll find that your gums are *decidedly* firmer. Keep on with Ipana and massage—and you'll be safe from "pink tooth brush."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-121
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" · BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 69)

tures—as extras of course.

Then came the day when the whole company were to go on location to the desert. The director had picked his people carefully and everything was ready—700 of us extras — baggage, cameras props, tents in which to sleep during the night. Phil and I were both taken on and we went like two happy kids on a picnic. The trek across those sandy wastes in the studio cars was not so pleasant. Hot, blinding sun smote us with a dazzling glare. The hot air of the desert parched our throats and dried our lips. The girls of our company kept cold cream on their faces most of the day, trying to prevent the dread of sun wrinkles, especially crow's-feet around the eyes, from squinting.

The prop men lost no time, when we arrived at the designated spot, in rigging up the sleeping tents, erecting the Arabian atmosphere by bolting together painted scenery which had been previously prepared at the studio. From the animal farm hundreds of camels had been imported. The men were rehearsed how to ride them hard across a strip of desert waste. There was to be a stampede scene as one of the high spots of the picture.



We took a long ride down to Santa Monica in Phil's battered Ford. Down there, looking at the magnificent expanse before us, Phil and I told each other about our lives. He had studied engineering but had turned to motion pictures for the dramatic expression he loved. I felt the same way about pictures. Thus Hollywood had drawn us both to it.

WHILE they went through this and that during the afternoon, the girls got out their dance costumes and were rehearsed in their numbers. So I can assure you we were pretty well exhausted when the cool, evening desert wind fanned us to sleep that night. I found myself assigned to a tent with three other girls. We flopped onto our camp cots and went into the well-deserved slumber too weary to indulge in any conversation after that first day's work.

Next morning, however, we chatted about the picture and what the story was all about. I discovered, from one of the girls, that the dark young man in the studio had come out (*Please turn to page* 91)

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Sessue Hayakawa Returns

(*Continued from page* 84)

ble up into the balconies for fifty cents per capita.

Well, what do you think of this theater? Just like a playhouse in New York or Chicago? Certainly, and back stage, if we could get there, we would see all the latest modern theater equipment. When Hayakawa first returned he brought with him the latest thing in lighting equipment and since that time he has continued to perfect his stage.

Here's your program and you'll see that we are going to have two plays, "Seventh Heaven" and "The Bad Man."

Now don't ask me what we are going to do about dinner—wait 'til the time comes and you'll be in for a delightful surprise.

There goes the curtain. Look at that setting! Are you surprised that it looks so much like Paris? Better than the scenery in the New York production? It ought to be, for Hayakawa tells me that his Japanese scenic artists are the finest in the world and that they go to infinite pains to make their scenery as realistic as possible.

WHAT made you think they'd have a Japanese setting for a play laid in Paris? There isn't any reason for it, just because we are in Japan. You see, through their long familiarity with American moving pictures, the Japanese people have grown to like American plays and settings—so Hayakawa startled the Japanese theater-goers by giving them exactly the same thing in the theater.

And don't worry because you can't understand the Japanese language. Oh, you say you don't have to because they are doing exactly the same things that they did when you saw the show in New York. You are right. Hayakawa made the translations and adaptations of all these plays and he told me he didn't change a word or an idea—just put the whole thing into Japanese—and see how they love it!

Here's the intermission before the last act—so, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and order dinner—what do you want to eat?—oh, come along then and see for yourself. See all these restaurants around the lobby. Which one do you want to eat in? This one? All right. Waiter! I want dinner for two, and what table can you give me? That one? Is that all right for you, darling? Fine! Now order plenty, we're traveling on the company expense account. You can have Japanese dishes or the best French cuisine.

When the first play is over it will be all ready for us—all we'll have to do is eat and pay and then hustle back to see "The Bad Man," with Hayakawa playing Holbrook Blinn's famous part—and we'll be out of here about ten o'clock.

And so, with some 2,800 other delighted patrons, we have been to the new Japanese theater—the theater that Hayakawa has made—the theater with which he blazed his way through centuries of traditions and made himself an idol. Besides "The Bad Man," "Seventh Heaven," and "Ladies Man," Hayakawa has created a sensation in Tokio with his production of "The Honorable Mr. Wong," the play Achmed Abdullah and David Belasco wrote just prior to the latter's death, which stopped presentation of the piece in New York. This was the play he was appearing in when Paramount cabled for him to return to Hollywood. They wanted him for a picture called "Daughter of the Dragon," with Anna May Wong and Warner Oland.

SINCE his return he has been closely inspected by his numerous friends in order to ascertain whether the years have changed him. To their delight they have found him the same delightful person he used to be. He seems no older than during the days of his funny little Japanese stock company and his sense of humor is undimmed. His enthusiasms are as keen as ever.

Just a short time ago he acquired a new interest in life. Perhaps I should not say, "a new interest," for the interest is some two and a half years old, Yukio, a charming little Japanese lad whom Hayakawa and his wife adopted. You remember Madame Hayakawa. She was Tsuri Aoki, the Japanese actress, whom he met during the hectic days before that production of "The Typhoon."

This tidy Japanese family is living at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Hollywood, quietly and very simply. Hayakawa will take them soon to Great Neck, Long Island, where he has built himself a home. Then, back to his theater in Tokio, and then, back to Hollywood for more pictures and then Great Neck again. They are sort of transcontinental and trans-Pacific commuters. And through it all Sessue smiles and tells funny stories about himself.

"We went to dinner at Mary Pickford's and Douglas Fairbanks' the other night," he told me in illustrating how far out of touch he had become with American pictures and Hollywood. "Opposite me sat a very lovely blonde girl and I watched her as she listened to Mary tell me about a situation in a play she had been reading. As Mary told the story, every change of mood and dramatic moment was reflected in the girl's face—she was acting every word of it and I was so impressed that, when I was talking to her later, I said, 'You ought to do something in pictures—you have great acting ability.'

"She looked at me very strangely for a moment—then thanked me for my encouragement, but she smiled in such a funny way that I asked somebody who she was. She was Ann Harding."

From what he said, I imagine Hayakawa found this situation much more difficult to endure than he did the loss of the ninety thousand dollars. He summoned up all his Japanese philosophy of stoicism and apologized, and they are fast friends now.

"We always smile when we lose," he explained, in accounting for his behavior when that fortune went into the hands of the Greek Syndicate. And he told me the story of the American guests at a recent indoor golf tournament held by members of a Japanese club in New York. The Americans were standing near the eighteenth hole, watching the contestants finish their matches.

"I can always tell which one of those Japanese youths has lost," said the American, "without seeing a score card. The loser is always smiling the most."



Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert used the Atlantic Ocean as location for their new picture, "His Woman." Here they are on the deck of the S. S. Commercial Guide with Director Edward Sloman.

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The New Movie cameraman catches Leila Hyams on the beach at Malibu, near her home. The wind and the clouds were obliging aids.

Putting Little Caesar on the Spot

(*Continued from page* 37)

He believed that to be a big frog you had to make good in a big pond. The New York dramatic critics labeled him a fine character actor and that praise pleased him. The Theatre Guild had made him a member of their acting company. That was no faint hurrah.

Yet when the big opportunity knocked on his dressing room door, he said: "Come in—and stick 'em up."

THE turning point of his entire career was the play, "The Racket."

In that play he portrayed Al Capone. He was persuaded by means of a huge money offer to go with the play to Hollywood for a ten weeks' run. He arrived in the cinema capital of the world when every movie magnate was searching for types to portray Al Capone in their profitable gang films.

Several producers went so far as to offer the rôle to Alphonse Capone himself. After Al refused and Hollywood spotted Robinson in "The Racket" he became movieland's conception of the public enemy.

So much so that most of Hollywood believes that Al Capone resembles Edward Robinson. And if he doesn't, he should.

From the day Robinson signed that movie contract his life changed. He has been playing Al Capone more than Al Capone. Until he appeared in pictures he had never met a real gangster.

Now, wherever he travels gangsters stop him and introduce themselves to him. He has never met Al Capone, but he would like to do so. Also, Mr. Capone has expressed a desire to meet him. Socially—of course.

Another person he is anxious to meet is Nick the Greek, the gambler he portrayed in "Smart Money."

STRANGELY enough he does not know and never did mix with the types who brought him national fame. He is a good actor, that's all.

He doesn't play cards and is not hot when it comes to rolling the bones. After making the picture, "Smart Money," he decided to visit a gambling house for the first time. He went to one in Agua Caliente and he was taken.

Yet superstitious gamblers, who recognize him, touch him for good luck.

In 1915 he married Gladys Lloyd, brunette and an actress. He seldom does anything without consulting her. It was she who advised him to go to Hollywood.

She has practically given up her stage career, but she does extra bits in his pictures. She had a small part in "Little Caesar" and "Smart Money."

No, she wasn't the dame in "Smart Money" who got kicked so beautifully in the pants. Every time the Robinsons have a spat he says to her: "Stop now, or I'll give you what I gave Margaret Livingston."

HE is an entirely different character off the screen than he is on. He is more interested in Stalin than he is in gangsters. He knows more about the five-year plan than he does about gambling. There is one thing, however, that he does as much in pictures as he does at home.

That is smoking cigars. It could be said that cigars and fruits are his favorite goods. The first thing to touch his fingers in the morning and the last thing to touch them at night is a cigar.

He has a large collection of pipes but seldom smokes one. He can't smoke a cigarette. Has tried to do so often but always coughs when doing so.

Despises athletics and never indulges. When he feels he needs exercise he visits the famous Sylvia of Hollywood. When not in that town he has a masseur visit him and give him a rubdown.

Almost every night, no matter where he is, he phones his mother in New York. He is still Emanuel to her. She sees all his pictures and objects fiercely when he is killed in one of them.

She always says to him: "Emanuel, don't let them kill you in the next one. It makes me nervous."

Reading good books and listening to good music are the two favorite diversions of this would-be rough guy. He can lecture for hours on the finer points of Tschaikowsky's "Symphony Pathetique," which is his favorite piece. He plays the harp, the piccolo and the player piano. He would like to be a composer.

In his own crude fashion he is a composer. At home he will amuse himself by cutting selections from half-a-dozen player rolls, paste them together and play what he refers to as his original composition.

(*Please turn to page* 92)

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 86)

in a private limousine to do some shots in the desert. We girls got into our makeup and costumes and were assembled en masse after the breakfast clarion had called us from the dining tent.

The heat of the desert that day was intense. Over and over again many times, we went through the routine of the dance while an assistant director barked orders at us through a megaphone. That, I think, is how I happened to faint, long toward late afternoon before the merciful desert wind sprang up to sooth our exhausted bodies.

I was tripping gayly over the sandy spaces with the others when suddenly everything before my eyes became a blur. For a moment I tried to steady my body, found I had no strength in my legs, and over I keeled. Some time later I found myself segregated from the madding throng in the hospital tent far out beyond the noise and the turmoil. I awakened to find myself quite alone, a cold cloth on my head, a glass of ice water on a little table beside me.

Phillip was nowhere about, he having ridden with the others far out on the desert for the stampede scene. It was the first time I felt the need of him, just some one to comfort me a little, while I was all alone and weakened from the days gruelling rehearsal.

I SAT up and looked out the open flap into the desert outside. And to my amazement I saw that the blistering sun had at last gone down and now it was night, turquoise night, with only the waxy beauty of a full moon to light the miles of sandy waste. I was stretching my arms above my head, preparing to get up and walk back to my own tent when a voice suddenly startled me:

"May I come in?"

I looked up quickly to behold the handsome star of the picture standing in the entrance. He was more handsome than ever—an Arabian burnoose wound about his head, his well chiseled profile silhouetted in shadow against the pale moonlight outside.

He did not move a foot inside the tent until I spoke, although his wish was law.

I floundered for words a moment, then replied: "Certainly. But I'm feeling much better now, thank you."

"I am so very glad," he said, strolling leisurely into the little tent, "I was very worried about you. It was beastly hot to go through all those rehearsals."

Again I was flustered for I'd no idea he had even seen the rehearsals or noticed the fact that I was one of the girls.

"You saw me rehearsing?" I repeated, not believing my own ears.

He drew up a camp chair and sat beside my cot, his penetrating eyes ravishing my semi-nude figure for I still had on my dance costume.

"Saw you? My dear little girl, I have watched you constantly since the night I first discovered you at that table in the studio. You are so effervescent, refreshing—an unsullied child. How could I help but be impressed by a little wild flower amidst a bouquet of wilted orchids?"

(*Please turn to page* 93)

But it could never be for everybody

It takes something above mass thinking to appreciate certain exceptional things. Pebeco Tooth Paste, for example.

Pebeco has no mass appeal. It is not sweet, it has not what might be called a "popular" taste. It is not just another tooth paste. It has character, distinction...its bite is its signature.

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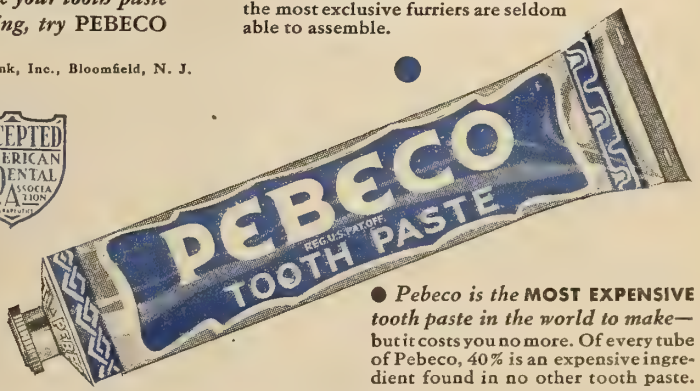
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Wide World Photos

Buddy Rogers gave a pool party at his estate in Beverly Hills in honor of Mary Brian and Joan Marsh. A number of aquatic stars performed for the guests, among them Dutch Smith, who is here shown making a flying dive.

Putting Little Caesar on the Spot

(*Continued from page* 90)

Lately, with his name in lights on every main street, he has become very popular and is invited to many parties and banquets. When called upon to make a speech he delivers that oration he made in the banquet scene in "Little Caesar."

He carries a comb in his pocket and runs it through his hair several hundred times a day.

He loves publicity and is not ashamed to admit it. He keeps his own scrap book and is proud of it.

Never permits a barber to touch his face, always shaving himself. He has a dark, stubby beard. He generally shaves once a day, excepting those evenings when he has a special appointment. Then he treats himself to a once-over lightly.

Has an odd-shaped head and has a difficult time obtaining a satisfactory haircut. He has never had his nails manicured by a professional. He cleans them himself with the sharpened end of a match stick, or has the wife doll them up for him.

ON his dressing room table there is a framed dollar bill. It is not the first dollar that he ever made. It is there for sentimental reasons, and was given to him by his mother when a dollar was plenty of money in his life.

When he puts his hand to his hip don't jump; don't be afraid that he's going to pull a rod. He's only reaching for a French linen handkerchief—faintly perfumed.

He has plenty of hair on his chest. When he played in "The Firebrand" the role called him to bare his chest nightly, and two afternoons a week, to the audience. The management insisted that the spectators view a spotless chest. Therefore he shaved his chest weekly. That accounts for the abundance of hair there now.

LIKE most actors, he has a favorite actor. The best piece of talent in pictures today, he'll tell you, is little Jackie Cooper.

When he played in vaudeville recently he amused audiences by telling them how his movie life was affecting his home life. "I'd come home," he said, "get into bed and say to the wife—'this bed isn't big enough for the both of us. One of us will have to get out and it won't be me.'"

He was only gagging. He sleeps in a double bed and never tells the wife to move over. Is restless and tosses plenty before falling asleep. No matter how tired he is physically he must be mentally fatigued before he can sleep. He wears only the jacket of his pajamas.

Is superstitious. He carries lucky coins and throws salt over his shoulder. His main superstition is that he must sleep on a part before he plays it or he feels he won't be good in the rôle.

He actually places the script under his pillow and sleeps on it.

WHILE making "Little Caesar" he had a narrow escape from death. They were about to take that scene in which Rico, the killer, is about to receive the stuff he has dished out. Luckily a person on the lot discovered, before the camera started grinding, that there were real bullets in the gun instead of blanks.

It is strange, indeed, that Julius Caesar also met his death by being put on the spot. Yes, way back in those B.C. days they did that, too.

Julius was warned not to go to the Forum to deliver a speech. He went and on the way he was stabbed eighteen times by Casca and Brutus, two political gangsters of their day. Julius was taken for a walk. Today they take them for a ride.

Just one more thing about Robinson. His hobby is to go shopping and buy lace underwear for the wife. Imagine the look on the face of a saleslady when this tough guy said: "I'd like to see what you've got in the way of lace undies."

And this is the end of Little Caesar.



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TINTS AND DYES

Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page* 91)

I could not believe that I was hearing his voice and I sat smiling at him, half afraid that this was some sort of fantastic dream. He must have known what was going on in my mind for he took the liberty of lifting my hand to his lips and planting upon the tips of my fingers one of his inimitable kisses—the kind that have thrilled women the world over when they see him do this thing on the screen. I was breathless, thrilled! Could it be true that I, out of all these beautiful girls, had made an impression on this much-sought-after star?

I LET myself drink in the wonder of his nearness, and I closed my eyes and lay back on the pillow to make certain it was reality and not just a shabby illusion of the desert's mirage. And then I felt his face very close to mine, his arms gently pressed about me, his mouth seeking my lips. His warm, soft mouth touched mine in a moment of rapturous ecstasy and I felt myself captivated by the glamour of that subtle charm which worked such wonders toward his success on the screen.

I don't know why kind fate suddenly brought to my mind the words of Fifi, the little extra girl who had told me why I'd been given another girl's job that first night at Fox studio. But her words came to me now in this moment of temptation and a well of strength seemed to spring within me. I got to my feet quickly and stood before the handsome movie star, my eyes brimming with tears. They were tears of emotion, I think. He naturally misunderstood and began to sooth me.

"My dear child," he said, "what is the matter? Have I offended you?"

"No—but—you see, I just don't go in for petting."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"You're quite right, my dear," he recovered himself to say with a smile. "And I'm glad you brought me to my senses in time to remind me of that. I do owe a debt of respect to my fiancée

(*Please turn to page* 94)

SIDNEY SKOLSKY Writes About the Four Marx Brothers in Next Month's New Movie.

JIM TULLY Tells You All About Adolphe Menjou in Next Month's New Movie.

These are Just Two Features of the New Year Issue of Your Favorite Motion Picture Magazine — NEW MOVIE.



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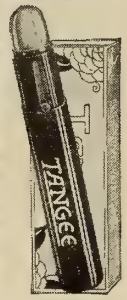
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Behind the Screen Dramas

(*Continued from page 93*)

since she is a girl of high social standing and without her I might lose her banker father's financial backing. Thanks a lot for pulling me up!"

We got out of the tent somehow and began walking slowly across the cool sand now toward the rows of extras' tents where I belonged. When we reached the edge of them, he bowed to me politely, waited there until I had made my way to my sleeping quarters and turned on his heel and was off. I did not see him the following day and I was glad. I should have been terribly embarrassed to come face to face with him in the glaring sunlight.

For some strange reason I welcomed the sight of Phillip that next afternoon late when he came in from the long day's camel riding across the desert. His toga was soiled and his blond hair showed tiny curls as he flung off his concealing headdress and came toward me. A strange contrast—his blond hair above the dark make-up of an Arab. With his headdress on, he was a perfect Arab. Without it, he became the blond pal to whom I looked for good, clean companionship.

AS I watched him that evening, something stirred within me. I never could understand just how I felt. Yet I knew that I was mighty glad Phillip was back with me again. I felt that he represented a security which protected me from my own emotions. He was strong and on him I could depend. Beside him I felt like a weak little straw and the idea of it exaggerated itself in my mind after the hectic experience of last evening.

Phillip stood out as something fine while the handsome star was a philanderer who thrilled to the conquest of any woman who caught his momentary fancy. That was how I was able now to see Phillip. And the contrast made him a hero to my frightened senses.

We ate our dinner at the long tables which the company had erected in the dining tents and then decided to go for a little ride in one of the studio cars. There was a desert roadway about a half mile across the sand. Phil's friend Charlie had charge of the cars and when we made the party a foursome, bringing along one of the girls from my tent, he was more than glad to grant permission to use the car.

Phillip was unusually quiet this evening. I believed he was merely tired. But he snapped out of his mood when we passed through a group of adobe houses where Indian families sat about smoking contentedly.

Leaning from the car he called out to one of the women to come forward. She got up and trudged toward us, followed by a bunch of browned youngsters. Phil asked her where we could stop for refreshments. Gestures helped. We went on to the wayside inn where we discovered the spot built in the cooling verdure of a desert oasis.

A tin-pan pianola strummed out passé tunes as Phil's friend fed it nickels. And because my girl friend wanted to dance, I found myself alone with Phillip for the first time since we started out.

"What's wrong with you, honey?" I asked him, "you're not yourself tonight. Something go wrong today?"

He eyed the tip of his cigarette for a moment, then raised his gorgeous blue eyes to mine. There was a different look in them—an expression I had never seen before.

"Don't think I'm daffy, please, Jean," he begged, "but something funny has happened to me. I've never felt this way before about anything. It came to me, all of a sudden, while we were far out there in that sandy wilderness, sandwiched between heaven and earth, that we are all pretty small creatures after all. The desert sort of gets you like that if you're susceptible. And I've been thinking that life should be lived while we have it. Why put off to tomorrow what might bring gladness today. Tomorrow may never come. Oh, I know I may sound like Omar Khayyam—but gosh, I—I want you to marry me, Jean. Let's live for each other completely while we may. Will you, darling, struggle along with me while I'm groping my way upward? Can't offer much. But we'll get by if you feel anything like I do."

I LEANED close to him and let my hand cover his on the table. It was my telegraphed reply before I could speak the words which had been singing in my heart, however unconsciously. I, too, hadn't known that I loved Phillip. But my experience with the other type of man had convinced me. It was this urge toward Phil I'd been trying to down and which now, all at once, had consumed me with a beautiful contentment. Live for each other—completely! How fine that thought became. That is what I'd been wanting to do all along, without realizing it. And that is how I tried to tell Phillip I cared for him in words which became inadequate to express the beauty of this lovely thing which had come to both of us.

We told our companions when they came back to the table after a long, breathless dance. They were as happy as kids over our love. Bill suggested that we marry now, while we were out of California state where three days time is required after a license is obtained. Phil grinned at the idea. Would I get married now, this very night?

Why not? Everything was in our favor. Even the witnesses which we required. And that is how we rode back to the little Indian village and got a Mexican padre out of bed to read the important words which gave us to each other—forever!

Some day I'm going to tell you a sequel to this story and I don't believe it will be far off. For Phil is doing pretty fine work now in the studios, and he's slated for stardom if I know anything about the working of fan mail and box-office appeal. But even if he never got to that top rung of the ladder of fame I'd still be madly in love with him. You just ought to see our little beach shack where we live all year 'round, with our dog and our books and our dreams of success. For on these dreams we draw sustenance too, while we carry on the fight for Phil's stardom which seems to be looming now just beyond our horizon.

The Men Who Make the Movies

(*Continued from page* 13)

first, last and all the time. Before long, Irving became assistant manager of the export department, which seemed to be about as far as he was likely to go with that concern. Instead of puttering along waiting for something to happen, he resigned, gathered an armful of books and treated himself to a rest at his grandmother's cottage in Edgemere, L. I. Carl Laemmle was his nextdoor neighbor.

Irving was interested in the up-from-poverty career of the Universal executive and during long summer evenings listened to discourses on the motion picture business. Laemmle recognized the quick mentality of the youth, especially his almost intuitive grasp of figures, and offered him a job. Surprisingly enough, Thalberg, politely but decisively said "No." He was not looking for a job, in the accepted sense of the word: he was looking for a career. He did not wish to slip into an easy chair because of personal friendship.

WITHOUT even so much as mentioning the name of Laemmle, he applied for work at the New York offices of Universal and was hired by D. B. Lederman, then assistant to the president. His salary was $35 a week. The story goes that some months later when Laemmle returned from a stay on the West Coast, he was surprised to find Thalberg seated at a typewriter desk along with other typists and clerks. For two years, Irving studied the motion picture business from the vantage point of secretary to Laemmle; then the move to Universal City where, as general manager, he performed the aforementioned wonders with the balance sheets.

In the ever-shifting scene of Hollywood, Thalberg's next move was to the Louis B. Mayer studios. There, as general manager, he developed more conspicuously the artistic and creative sides of his nature. With the merger of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer interests, he was the logical man for the all-powerful post of vice-president and production chief. Behind the dominant M.-G.-M. trademark, old Leo himself, the active mind of the Boy from Brooklyn is clicking, clicking, clicking, always clicking. The lion never roars without an O.K. from Irving Thalberg.

Besides the success he has been instrumental in bringing to his immediate associates, his influence has greatly benefited the industry at large. Thalberg has exploded a lot of the bunk in picture making. He has proven that a man may be what is termed a showman, that he may even possess fine artistic perceptions, without littering the cutting-room floor with thousands of dollars' worth of discarded film. He has shown that system may be applied in a vast organization without degenerating into a mess of entangling red-tape. He has conclusively indicated that genius entering a studio door does not necessarily force commonsense out of a window.

In private life, Norma Shearer is Mrs. Irving Thalberg. In still more private life, Irving Thalberg, Jr., spends most of the time in a cradle. They say he is a wizard at counting his toes.



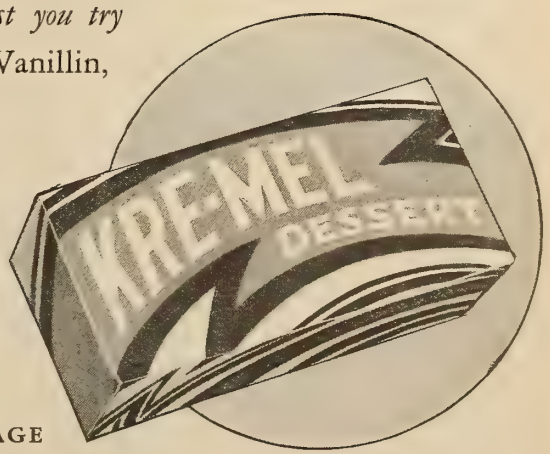
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First Aids to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 17)

slant up with an Oriental cast and go best with eyes of almond shape. Then there are eyebrows like her own, showing a straight line that adds width to rather round eyes. Others curve in the Garbo manner to express sophistication in the 'nth degree and some are wide apart, pointing downward from the bridge of the nose in a youthful and beguiling manner.

EACH girl needs to study the shape of her eyes before adopting any of these eyebrow lines. Then, after realizing the most becoming brow line, she should train them to grow along these outlines. Some use fine combs or tiny brushes—but Anita finds that by stroking the eyebrows with the finger tips they will shape themselves to one's wishes.

The next step is in grooming the brows by pulling out the stray hairs with tweezers. Miss Page has found the easiest way to accomplish this is to pencil the wanted line with an eyebrow pencil first and then remove the hairs that grow out of this outline.

And finally—directions for making up the eyes. The lids need shading to make them into a frame for the eyes and the color should be chosen to harmonize with the color of the eyes or, if you prefer it—for evening wear only, though—to harmonize with the color of the gown. Brown, green and blue are the most used colors, but a violet tone will sometimes make blue eyes bluer and will react favorably to some types of brown eyes.

Eyebrows are next for attention. Brown colored pencils are advised in preference to black for all but the girl possessing coal black hair and black eyes. Eyelashes should be brushed with mascara—a brown shade is suggested here, too. Miss Page always brushes her lashes in an outward motion to give width to the eyes by having the lashes sweep away from the nose.

Many girls who have light lashes and brows have taken advantage of the beauty-parlor service of having them dyed with henna, insuring a darkened frame for their eyes. Vaseline, also, has a tendency to darken the eyelashes.

"The secret," says Miss Page, "of making up the eyes is in keeping them from looking too made up or artificial—just enough shadow to bring out the eye coloring and to emphasize this facial feature so prominently stressed under these quaintly sophisticated hats that dip down so smartly on one side and swoop up on the other."

How should I wear my hair? It's shoulder length now; should I cut it or do it some other way? I am 16 *years old,* 5 *feet* 3 *inches tall and weigh* 130 *pounds. My face is round. My hair is dark brown with a little natural wave and my eyes, too, are dark brown.*

Anxious Brunette,
Hartford, Connecticut.

There are many new and charming ways of dressing hair. I wouldn't advise you to cut it—only to have it thinned so that you may dress it with more ease. Short hair is generally unbecoming with a round face unless you want to emphasize its roundness. Since your hair is naturally wavy you can have it fingerwaved to advantage. With shoulder length hair you might try to imitate Anita Page's hairdress—her face is inclined to be round—or the new hairdress for the Eugenie modes waved heavily on the sides with little ringlets extending low on the neck should be becoming to your face.

I am 18 years of age and I weigh 135 pounds. My height is five feet five inches. What is worrying me is the fact that although I am of a rather heavy build I have very thin legs which make me feel self-conscious. My ankle is seven and one-half inches and the heaviest part of my leg less than 10 and one-half inches. Thin legs seem to run in the family, but there must be some way I could fatten them. I do enough exercises. I also take enough rest. M. G.

Family trends are difficult to overcome. However, if you are really serious, your problem can be worked out. You say you take plenty of exercise. But are you sure you are taking the right exercises for developing your legs? Dancing, such as tap dancing, is particularly good. Rubbing your legs with cocoa butter and massaging them at the same time should prove helpful. If you will send me a stamped self-addressed envelope I will send you full directions for exercises to develop the legs—they are the same as those used to make them more slender—that is to say thin and heavy legs may be brought to normalcy by the same exercises.

I am troubled with pimples, particularly on my face. What could you suggest to put a stop to it?

Fannie H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

You do not state your age. If you are in your teens it is probably a passing stage and will be overcome as you grow older. Whatever your age, however, intense scrutiny of your diet should be the first step in overcoming acne. You should eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, drink milk and water extensively. Improper cleansing methods may also be at the root of the trouble. Use soap and warm water on your face once a day and be careful to wipe off every bit of cold cream. Experiment with creams and soaps to see which suits your complexion best.

Are You Reading

FIRST AIDS TO BEAUTY

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Read Your Fate in Your Face

(*Continued from page* 71)

temperate or very considerate of others. King Alfonso is one with this lip who has managed to be a good sport under most trying conditions, largely through the early training of his mother.

Our features show our natural tendencies and these are always modified somewhat by invironment. The opposite to the Hapsburg lip would be one where the upper lip was full and a bit extended over the repressed thin lower lip. The young of all animals, including babies, have a way of extending the upper lip in a pleading, hopeful way for the things they hope for. This hopeful, babyish lip is, on the whole, more cooperative, friendly, and trusting than the more dominant and lustful Hapsburg lip. If you have the trusting lip by nature, you'll succeed best in the lines of work where cooperation by others is assured by a cooperative organization.

IF your lips are unusually large, full-blooded, and somewhat protruding, you have a very eager impulsive nature with a very keen sense of taste and an unusual ability to cater to the tastes of others. Mouths that are slanting, uneven, and different on the two sides, show that you have a dual nature. Sometimes too repressed, and indifferent to people; sometimes too assertive and over-anxious to impress. Crooks have a way of talking out of the side of their crooked mouths. The most interesting thing about the mouth is its extreme mobility, as every shade of feeling can be expressed almost as effectually as with the eyes—love, hate, fear, and all the shades of feeling are most eloquently expressed, whether the appropriate words are forthcoming or not. The prevailing feeling through the years soon leaves its indelible impressions. Hate and distrust depress the mouth till a real friendly smile is not disarming or convincing. Love, trust, faith, is so written on the mouths of some elderly ladies that they play the loving, motherly parts with no real or apparent effort.

Your mouth is a matter of life and death in matters of nutrition, but success in almost any line really depends more on how you hold and use your mouth than on any other one thing. We can talk too little or too much. Just how to talk to a person and how he will probably answer you back is revealed very clearly by the outline of his or her mouth in repose. To large, coarse-lipped people, be positive, assured and definite—stir their appetites—if convenient, take them to dinner. To the thin, pale-lipped, thin cheeked person, be properly introduced, then be as accurate, concise, and brief as possible. Don't presume on their friendship till you feel them unbend a bit. Find your type of mouth or as near as possible, and if it does not strike you right, ask some friend who knows you well, for it's much easier to classify another's mouth than our own as we all have a tendency to smile into the mirror.

However, all mouths mirror the power of their owners' appetites, and the lengths they will go to gratify them, be it fight or frolic.

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Read Your Fate in Your Face

(*Continued from page 97*)

Let me describe the various types of mouth:

The Hapsburg lip: The Hapsburg lip is seldom found on puritanical or repressed people, but quite often on tyrannical, high-living, and dictatorial people, like the ancient Hapsburgs from whom it gets its name.

If you have this lip you will often be out of patience in having to stand in line to wait your turn, or bow to the will of the many. However, people with this full protruding lower lip go to as great lengths for those they love as any. The late Louis Wolheim and the ex-King of Spain are two mighty fine examples of modern men with this famous lip, yet both were gentlemen and scholars.

They often express their impatience with socialistic and democratic institutions. People with this lip are usually aggressive, out-spoken and prefer to go directly toward their objective. Catering to others is not a pleasure, although, having such a good taste themselves, they can make it a business. That is, they can make catering to public taste a business. In fact, if you look about you at some of our most successful men of affairs you will find this lip. One of our own, Uncle Carl Laemmle, has it.

Its strength and power lie in strong individuality. Its weakness is a tendency to go it alone and to be a driver. Its worst fault is over-indulgence.

The Bohemian lip: Bohemian, sportive. Full, rather protruding, large-lipped mouths look and are talkative, pursuasive, adaptable, and generally enthusiastic. One finds these lips on people active in sales promotion work, they like to talk and explain things so well that they should be and generally are placed where they are paid to do it.

They never let a story spoil in the telling, nor allow facts to interfere with the listener's interest. In fact, they are inclined to romance literally and figuratively.

This type is ruled more by the heart than the head, and is given to strong likes and dislikes, often going to great extremes just on a hunch. They generally make acquaintances easily and through their warm-hearted generosity turn many of these into great good friends.

If you have this Bohemian type of lip, you will be changeable, expressive, adaptable, and have many romances while eagerly seeking the ideal mate. Your worst faults will be over-indulgence in the luxuries of life and you'll find it hard to go on a budget or to save.

The Creative lip: Artistic, adaptive cupid's bow lips like these are found on changeable creative people, to whom life would not be worth the living without praise, appreciation, and personal contact with many people. This type is not good at routine work, but makes excellent actors and actresses, so you will find many with this type of mouth in motion pictures.

If you have this type of mouth you will often be accused of insincerity, so great is your love of change and variety in places, friends, and possessions.

The owners of such lips were common in ancient Athens and the moderns with these classic mouths cannot stand drab or colorless surroundings. Art, display, color, are the breath of life to them.

The worst fault indicated by this type of lip is lack of sticktoitiveness, their love of change causes them to start many things and finish all too few. These are the lips often found on creative, artistic geniuses, but unless they have good managers or life partners, they miss their great goals of career and home, for they generally want both.

The Practical lip: Mechanical, exact, and practical looking mouths usually have a stiff upper lip with all that the words and lip imply.

The upper lip is usually thinner than the lower showing the owner feels that the "Mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine," so if you have such lips you have much method, order, and perseverance in your make-up.

Full-lipped impulsive people will accuse you of being cold, practical, and matter-of-fact, because you do not believe in showing your deep sincere feelings. You don't care so much for many acquaintances as you do for a few sincere dependable real friends if you have this lip.

We find people with these lips best adapted for orderly, purposeful, somewhat practical and mechanical lines of work, where punctuality, method, order are most essential to success. Lawyers, bankers, and many big executives have such mouths. There is little spontaneity or adaptiveness in such natures so they are more critical and argumentative than creative. There are many good actors with this hard firm lip, and their climb to fame and fortune has been a hard one, won on merit more than a flare for acting. If you have this lip, find your path in life and keep everlastingly at it for you can win.

The Demonstrative lip: Dramatic, full-lipped curving mouths are most expressive and demonstrative in everything they say or do. If you have this type, you are inclined to be an extremist and go quickly from the heights of ecstacy to the depths of despair.

These mouths adorn the faces of those who feel there is only one thing worse than being talked badly about, and that is, not being talked about at all. Romance is the breath of life to such personalities and even their business ventures are seldom conservative. They rather like to take a chance. Such natures feel the need of abundance, and are inclined to take big risks in everything they do. Theodore Roosevelt was of this type. "All things to all men." Most versatile, bombastic and enthusiastic. He was always feeling "Bully." One day, condemned for lunching with Booker T. Washington, the great negro teacher, the next day condoned for lunching with a group of Rough Rider cowboys.

If you have such large full lips, you'll have a full eventful life, because you make it so.

The Connoisseur's lip: Full, red-lipped very rounding mouths of very delicate texture and a slight indentation around the edge of the lips giving them a double effect.

These are the lips of the true connoisseur of all that taste implies. They want the best the market affords, not only in food and drink but must have the proper artistic setting in color, design, and all that goes to complete the picture of earthly delight.

Conserving, pinching, saving is abhorrent to them. They would rather have one good thing, properly prepared, than a conservative banquet. These people make the ideal host and hostess, and when fortune affords them a spacious palatial home, they are at their best entertaining their friends and acquaintances.

Their faults are over-generosity, credulity, and a tendency to be greatly hurt when their open-hearted generosity is not returned or appreciated. They have a genius for comfortable genuine hospitality and real entertainment, and make great social leaders.

The Conservative lip: Thin, repressed mouths under a long convex upper lip are found on cautious, repressed, conservative people who are great listeners but poor talkers.

When this type talks or writes they have the power to say a great deal in very few words. Calvin Coolidge has such a mouth and in renouncing a second term of the world's highest elective office, the Presidency of the United States, he said all he had to say in these few words: "I do not choose to run." He later wrote a history of the United States in five hundred words. If all people had such mouths there would be precious little exchange of ideas or ideals.

There is a great love of the great eternal verities and mysterious things of life indicated by such mouths. The owners are better critics and commentators on life than they are constructive or creative of new or unusual things. Conservation interests them more than creation. Now that Calvin Coolidge is on the Board of Directors of a great insurance company, his most frequent speech is, "Gentlemen, how much will this cost us?"

If you have such a mouth you can learn much from the life of Calvin Coolidge, but like him, must marry a vivacious mate.

The Captain of Industry lip: Large, full, firm-lipped smiling mouths, over a rather out-thrust chin, are very often seen on the leaders of industry in this age of corporations. It is the mouth of a leader of an organization, a tactful fighter for commercial supremacy.

There is nothing weak about the mouth or the character revealed by it. The lips are full, firm, well-formed, and balanced, which means a balanced mind and heart.

This type can be a wonderful friend and a formidable enemy. It is the smile with the teeth in it, the assurance of momentary good-will, but look out if you don't cooperate. The teeth are frequently large, uneven, and the eye or canine teeth rather sharp and much more suggestive of the lion than the lamb.

Until the time comes when the lion and the lamb can safely lie down together, it is the owners of such mouths that will lead us in commerce at least, but mayhap in politics, too.



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Lavender
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Ruggles Speaking

(*Continued from page 42*)

names were his and he could come and go as he liked with nobody the wiser.

Well, to know all is to forgive all.

IN America, life didn't run too smoothly for the little family. They were detained at Ellis Island, then known as Castle Garden. It was here that Charles Ruggles wrote the immortal verses that were one day to make him famous, only one verse of which I can quote:

"There's a place called Castle Garden,
It don't amount to much,
For every time a ship come in
It's loaded down with Dutch."

And so on. Years later lying on Malibu Beach, I repeated this verse to Mr. Ruggles. "Believe it or not," he said, with a slightly bitter smile. "I never received one penny for those verses."

We were silent for a minute and then I got up and walked away. There was nothing to say.

But to get back to my story, M. de Maupas finally got work translating Mark Twain's Jumping Frog story into French and back into English again. This gave him the idea of founding the Berlitz School of Languages. What became of him after that is nobody's business and I can promise you that I won't mention him again. About this time, little Claudette Colbert, whom no one had paid any attention to, saw a picture of Maurice Chevalier in a barber shop window and two days later she vanished, leaving no trace. Charles Ruggles was not to see her again for many years and then under the strangest of circumstances.

Then came the Rosenthal murder, the Peaches Browning case, the San Francisco World's Fair and August 1914. Charles Ruggles found himself in California and quick to take advantage of the most mediocre things he went about claiming he was a native son. This, remember, in spite of the fact that he spoke with a marked French accent. More than an accent, really a patois. But at that time very few people knew how a native son should talk so he "got away with it," as we say today.

FOR a while, he served as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps, modeled for Howard Chandler Christy, won honorable mention in a beauty contest conducted by a film magazine, got a job in the elephant tent at Ringling's Circus, played football in college, getting a big kick out of all kinds of sport, and finally met Samuel Goldwyn at an Equity Ball. In this way, he ran into any number of film actors, all of whom were doing practically the same things. He became known as a man of the world, a trifle cynical, deeply sentimental, amusing and uncannily wise. People called him La (or Le) Ruggles and he was noted for his wit, courage and his taste in wines. But still his big chance eluded him.

One day he read in a magazine that Richard Arlen had landed in Hollywood with just $22 to his name. "I thought," he told me, "that if Arlen could do that, I could. I not only did but I went him one better. I landed in Hollywood with just $21 to my name."

"But Richard Arlen broke his leg in a motorcycle accident and landed in the Paramount Hospital where a director saw him and promised him some work," I reminded him.

"I broke both legs in a motorcycle accident," Mr. Ruggles said. "A motorcycle with a side-car."

"Oh, well," I said.

"You see, from the time I was six, I was determined to be an actor and my greatest ambition was to come to America and join the Ziegfeld Follies. Nature had given me a voice, eye, ears, nose and throat and in no time I attracted the attention of Gus Edwards who first saw me on my way home from kindergarten.

"He called me 'Cuddles.' One night I was advised by an old colored man who was helping me dress to try blackface. Fortunately I followed his advice and for years was the hit of the Winter Garden in New York, making famous such songs as ,'Mammy,' 'Mammy's Shoulder,' 'Mammy's Eyes' and 'Mammy's Head and Upper Chest.'

"NATURALLY, pictures never tempted me, although I was doing my best to break into them. I decided to try landing in New York, stranded, on a freight train, but this didn't work in my case even though it's a pretty good gag and has gotten plenty of actors a lot of publicity. You might say, I tried everything."

"Yes, I might," I told him.

"Well, I became Mistinguette's dancing partner," he challenged me.

"So did Chevalier."

"I went to finishing school and collected jade, ivory and gold Chinese snuff-boxes."

"So did Constance Bennett."

"I went into vaudeville, played in stock companies and gave the legitimate stage a whirl."

"Everybody I ever interviewed had done all those things."

"I claimed I liked swimming, golf, handball, football, track, other minor sports, diving, tennis, preferred music but was fond of books, too, and,—"

"Really, Mr. Ruggles," I interrupted him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I am looking for my ideal girl. She must have personality, rather than good looks, have a sense of humor, be a good listener, not wear too much make-up. She mustn't be jealous and she must have blue eyes, be fond of all sports, dress well—"

"If you find your ideal girl," I told him. "She'll undoubtedly see Buddy Rogers first."

"None of this matters anyway," he said. "Because if I ever do return to the screen—but what's the use of talking, I know in my heart I never will."

"And why not?" I asked.

"My children are a career in themselves," he said simply.

I wish you could see Charles Ruggles as I saw him He has let Life enrich his nature. It shines through his eyes and shows in every gesture he makes. Grit does it, I guess, grit and an overwhelming love of humanity.

Well, Mr. Ruggles, that is your story. It can always be changed around to fit the circumstances. And if you are half the man I think you are, you'll try to live up to it.

From Hot Dogs to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 53)

who made a million betting on the ponies and traded it all for a husband. I was lucky off the stage, as well as on, because it was while I was playing the act that an agent wired me to come to New York for a screen test for Fox.

"For the test, I sang, danced, emoted, giggled, laughed, and recited, and out of it came a contract for 'Big Time' and a year's work if I made good. During the year I did 'Nix on Dames' and 'The Dancer' and then, leaving Fox, I went to Columbia for 'The Good Bad Girl.'

"I haven't got a revengeful bone in my body. In fact, my favorite text is that one about charity which has always been my grandmother's favorite. I know it by heart. It goes: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.'

"Nevertheless, I do hope that His Efficiency, that manager at Atlantic City, saw 'The Public Enemy,' 'The Front Page,' and 'Waterloo Bridge.' Every time I think of him I feel like working harder.

"He was in my mind during the making of 'Reckless Living' and the spooky thriller, 'Frankenstein,' in which I also have the feminine lead. This last one is the spookiest of spookiests. Like Ben Bernie, I hope he'll like it."

Whether he does or doesn't, Hollywood knows that little Mae Clarke, late of the hot-dog stand, is getting somewhere in pictures and getting there fast. The quantity of her fan mail and the quality of her notices prove that.

OFF the lot, she goes in for music, with the accent on Spanish music, and is one of the Pacific Ocean's steadiest customers, both as a sailor—she's the commodore of a 14-foot sea sled, with an outboard motor and capable of doing twenty-five miles an hour—and as a swimmer. She still cherishes a medal she swam herself into at that dear Atlantic City.

Also, she's fond of dancing.

No wonder. In the old days in New York, before she'd had a chance to disprove the manager's prediction that she'd be "one hell of an actress," she used to dance in a bathing suit at a club in Forty-fourth street from six to eight (p.m., of course) and, at eight-fifteen, begin to dance again in the same bathing suit at another club in Forty-eighth street. Many a time and oft, in the dead of Winter, she'd run from Forty-fourth street to Forty-eighth, with nothing but her bathing suit and her coat between herself and the cold, cruel world.

And now, like the letter carrier who takes a walk on his day off, Mae Clarke keeps up with her dancing.

On the lot, they say, she's punctual, and, although amiable enough, is not given to the wholesale broadcasting of insincere compliments. If that manager knows much about studios, he'll know that in these respects, at least, she is "one h— of an actress."

(*Please turn to page* 103)



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So SOOTHING, so cooling—Unguentine brings instant relief from the fiery torture of a burn. It is a duty you owe your family to have Unguentine on hand—ready to apply *immediately*. Don't let some loved one suffer needless torture while you rush out to the drug store. Get a tube of Unguentine *to-day*—and keep it ready in the medicine cabinet.

Eight out of ten hospitals always use Unguentine for burns and scalds. Because it stops pain—quickly! Because it helps Nature to heal rapidly, without scars. And because Unguentine is a *true antiseptic*—it guards against the menace of dangerous infection.

Unguentine is just as *effective* for cuts, scratches, bruises, too. Your druggist sells it—only 50 cents. Don't put it off—get Unguentine to-day!

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what fun to be good-looking!



WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle!*

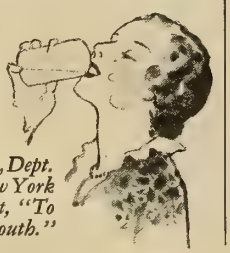
Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica. A laxative? Yes. But don't get Sal Hepatica confused with ordinary laxatives. For Sal Hepatica is a *saline*. It contains the same salines as do the waters of the European spas where thousands of Continentals go to recover their vitality and health!

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline, it can't irritate the normal digestive tract. It isn't habit-forming. And if you're trying to *reduce*, remember this—*Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout.*

Rid your body of wastes with Sal Hepatica—begin *today*—and find out what it is to be good-looking and to feel fine!

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helps you to enjoy life more!



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. M-121. 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

Guide to the Best Films

(*Continued from page* 16)

sympathetic moments lend interest to this film offering Dorothy Mackaill and H. B. Warner in the leading rôles. *First National.* Class C.

Honeymoon Lane. A "sweet" picture, as the title indicates. Eddie Dowling, Ray Dooley and Mary Carr wade through a quantity of sugar sentiment. *Paramount.* Class C.

The Brat. The time-honored tale of a novelist who uses an uneducated girl as his model. Most of the familiar complications are encountered with the usual results. *Fox.* Class C.

The Public Defender. Richard Dix takes the law into his own hands and avenges certain crimes. A bit too improbable yet fair entertainment. *Radio.* Class C.

Secrets of a Secretary. The high-flying daughter of a millionaire falls to earth when daddy loses his fortune. She retaliates by capturing an English lord. Claudette Colbert is attractive. *Paramount.* Class C.

East of Borneo. A wild animal picture in which the humans are secondary to the beasts of the jungle. You may forget the story and enjoy the man-eating crocodiles. *Universal.* Class C.

Bought. Proving to be a hit everywhere with the increasingly popular Constance Bennett as the big name in the cast. *Warners.* Class A.

The Common Law. An intelligent adaptation of the famous novel, Constance Bennett playing the glamorous lead. *Radio.* Class A.

Sporting Blood. This race-track story is above the average of its type. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Son of India. Ramon Novarro becomes a dashing Arab with romantic results. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

An American Tragedy. Disappointing in view of the great possibilities offered by Theodore Dreiser's renowned study of the American scene. *Paramount.* Class B.

Rebound. If you want to know how a smart young woman lands and keeps her man, Ina Claire will show you in this crisp comedy. *Pathé.* Class B.

The Woman Between. Lily Damita is responsible for most of the appeal in this undistinguished production. *Radio.* Class B.

The Black Camel. Warner Oland comes through with another of his deft characterizations of Charlie Chan. *Fox.* Class B.

Maciste in Hell. Laid in Italy before the day of the talking picture. Nothing much. *Excelsior.* Class D.

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour. Made in an English studio, this detective story has a pleasant flavor. *Warners.* Class B.

Women Men Marry. Offers a few suggestions about what to do and what to avoid in marriage. *Headline Productions.* Class C.

Sweepstakes. Horseracing with Eddie Quillan in the saddle and James Gleason as a comedy trainer. *Radio.* Class C.

The Man in Possession. Light comedy cleverly presented against the background of an English home. Stars popular Robert Montgomery. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Broadminded. Joe E. Brown opens his mouth very wide and in other ways tries to be funny. He frequently succeeds. *First National.* Class B.

Politics. Marie Dressler whoops things up and gets an audience to laughing. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Donovan's Kid. Jackie Cooper and Richard Dix share honors in a sympathetic story of the underworld. *Radio.* Class A.

The Star Witness. Emphasizes in a dramatic way the evils of gangster terrorism. *Warners.* Class A.

The Squaw Man. An up-to-date treatment of a story once widely popular on the stage. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

Smart Money. Once again Edward Robinson shows that he is an ideal type in an underworld picture. *Warners.* Class AA.

Daddy Long Legs. Janet Gaynor never was sweeter than she is in this bit of sentiment. *Fox.* Class A.

Five-and-Ten. Marion Davies makes much of an appealing character as conceived by Fannie Hurst. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Up for Murder. A newspaper office furnishes the background for intrigue and murder. *Universal.* Class C.

Big Business Girl. Loretta Young enters the ranks of business and knocks 'em cold. *First National.* Class B.

The Smiling Lieutenant. A picture you don't want to miss, thanks to Ernst Lubitsch and Maurice Chevalier. *Paramount.* Class AA.

A Free Soul. Still going strong. Norma Shearer is delightful. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Indiscreet. Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon contrive to make a conventional story diverting. *United Artists.* Class A.

Transatlantic. Melodrama on the high seas with excellent acting and direction. Different and highly entertaining. *Fox.* Class A.

Doctors' Wives. The sad plight of the neglected wife of a fashionable physician. *Fox.* Class B.

Virtuous Husband. Showing the disappointment of a bride whose husband is more interested in sight-seeing than in love-making. *Warners.* Class B.

Party Husband. In contrast to "Virtuous Husband," "Party Husband" depicts the philanderings of a wandering male. *First National.* Class B.

Bachelor Apartment. Lowell Sherman at his favorite pastime, breaking hearts. *Radio.* Class B.

The Public Enemy. One of the most memorable of gangster dramas. *Warners.* Class A.

The Finger Points. Adventures of a newspaper reporter in Crimeland. Richard Barthelmess is the reporter. *First National.* Class A.

Dirigible. Exciting by reason of the crash of a giant airship. *Columbia.* Class A.

Laughing Sinners. Joan Crawford after an emotional set-back becomes a Salvation Army lassie. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

From Hot Dogs to Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 101)

If he knows anything about romance—but, let's hear what his one-time dishwashing table-sitter has to say about romance.

"ROMANCE," says Mae Clarke, "is the sweet thoughts, the appreciation of nature and of good in others which make life worth living. Love is a sacred thing. I love to write poems about it. I love love. But I prefer the man who can whisper his affection, simply and with inspiration, to the manhandler who makes much ado when someone's listening and forgets his gallantry when there is no one but his sweetheart to applaud him."

I ask you, isn't that nice?

Miss Clarke, who seems to find more fault with herself than her friends find with her, harbors the idea that she is what she calls "moody."

"And when I am," she explains, "I just go to my room and stay there. My mother, who keeps house for us all, just leaves me alone. And so does my father, who takes care of my fan mail. And so does my pretty sister, Lorraine, and my fourteen-year-old brother, who go to school, and who, between them, take care of the lawn, the car, and my scrap books. Sometimes when I'm moody, I work on a play I'm writing. It's about show-folks, people I've known and liked. Sometimes I write poetry."

We won't print any more of Mae's poetry just now, but we must say one word more about the manager who made Mae get off the dishwashing table and get on the stage. Should he happen to be in California on or about Christmas Day, he could do worse for himself than to drop out to Mae's home in Westwood Village.

Near the front door he'll find an evergreen tree that Mae herself planted there. At Christmas time it will be lighted and decorated, and presents will be hung thereon, and it will be a pretty sight, indeed.

If the prophetic manager, who was so sure Mae would be "one h— of an actress" will only let her know he's coming, she'll have a present on the tree for him. It'll be the best hot dog that money can buy.

Coals of fire? Hot Dog!

And the moral of this tale is always be nice to everybody—even a red hot—for it may turn out to be the Prince of Wales.

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Pretty face—pretty gown—but when she exposed her hands, what a disillusionment!

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Pacquin's HAND CREAM

The Low Down on Hollywood High Life

(*Continued from page* 41)

than males when it comes to dogging the stars. In junketing about with Valentino and Novarro I have seen judges and colonels smirking for autographs. The first thing these world celebrities do on arriving in Los Angeles is chase to the studios to be photographed with film gods. Here again there are exceptions. Lindbergh, for example, was just obliging. He didn't know the names of stars with whom he was photographed. Novarro, who had some of the Scaramouche gift at the time, told me that Lindy, designating him, asked, "Who is that little dark fellow?"

Lindbergh is a phenomenal person, not because he flew the Atlantic but because he kept his head afterward. Of film stars it is said that they lose their heads because they were nothing to begin with. There may be something in that. Lindbergh had the advantage of inherited gifts. His father was so great that his writings were suppressed, and only now do we know him.

But take the ordinary fellow—a waiter, a cabaret dancer, a cow hand, a new movie writer—and put him in Nero's spot, with all the fawning and luxury, and he'll act pretty much like the old Roman emperor.

MARCUS AURELIUS said that with philosophy a man could be happy even in a palace. But most emperors have no philosophy. Surfeited with splendors they flounder in boredom because they have sacrificed the joys of spirit in a chase for worldly goods.

Alice Terry, visiting Hollywood briefly from her chateau in France, remarked to me: "Hollywood offers everything we've been taught to desire and yet we are not happy. I think it is because there is no friendship."

There is little friendship because friendship has no gold value. People go with people only to attain a certain end. Read an interview with any star and you'll note that the only friends he mentions are celebrities. The caste system is stronger in Hollywood than in India.

There is no such thing as a "Hollywood party" as in the old days of Bohemia; there are crowds or rival gangs each with its own type of fun. There are cocktail parties enduring until dawn and there are model dinners where everyone keeps his English accent to the last. The Malibu-free-for-alls are more like the old Hollywood picnics. Drinks are upped at five and nearly everyone is on his mark; there are cheaters, of course, who snitch before the shot is fired. But even in Malibu one is aware of aristocracy by such signs as "Invited Guests Only!" which means more than that old cordiality "Beware the Dog!" to those who make the most of the five o'clock start. In Beverly Hills all the better homes have their little bars, the same as in New York or in Paris. In fact, allowing for a little histrionic exaggeration the parties of Hollywood are faithful reproductions of high life elsewhere. Perhaps they're less dull because when the saturation point is reached, as it invariably is at parties today, and the guest starts doing imitations, the Hollywood crowd has it over all others. Sometimes it gets a little confusing with so many star acts going on at once. On the whole, however, Hollywood folk are becoming tamer. They have to look to their looks more than do people elsewhere because the face is the fortune and it can't be lifted too many times. I may be suspected of bias but personally I believe writers outdrink actors in Hollywood. . . . I mean, of course, when the drinks are free.

"Do you know what the trouble with this business is?" Irving Thalberg once asked me. "Too much money. Everyone makes too much. They would do better work if they got less. Money is an incentive up to a certain point and then it becomes a handicap. With more money than they know what to do with they spend more time thinking about a new car, or house, or party, than they do about their work. They worry about investments, because most of them are not business people by temperament. A moderate amount of money, enough to give a feeling of security; that's all right. But when a young man or girl gets a thousand or more a week the feeling of freedom is liable to become one of license. They become too independent. They become too hard to deal with. That is why so many drop out prematurely."

THE sin of Hollywood, that which works a general unhappiness, is ambition. Ambition amounting to greed. It is as inhuman as Wall street, and an inhuman place is never a very gay one. The people to begin with are not much different from those in less lucrative spots; they are shaped by environment.

The tragedy of Hollywood lies in the distortion of character. There is too much emphasis on money and fame. Personality is altered under pressure.

Of the two I think fame works more havoc than money. The Roman emperors weren't so bad until they began thinking themselves gods. And they had less reason for this idea than a movie star. Fed constantly on praise mounting sometimes to worship any man is liable to get the deity complex. Given the worship of a god he eventually becomes a slave to it. Certainly it is pleasant to be admired and recognized wherever you go, but it is also enslaving. No man can be entirely himself when he's conscious of being watched all the time. So he becomes an actor of himself and ends as an imitation. A sad, funny story is told of a great star who spends much time in the projection room running pictures of her earlier days in the hope of recapturing herself. Another pathetically asks old acquaintances: "You knew me in the beginning . . . tell me, have I changed?" Recently I met a star whom I had not seen for several years; the change in his mental attitude was only partially reflected in

HERB HOWE Writes Only for NEW MOVIE

physical appearance. I do not mean to say that he was marked by sin. . . . I haven't any sense of orthodox "sin"—but his personal distinction had blurred; he had become so much like so many others.

To be yourself you have to be alone a lot. The Hollywood exceptions are those who seek isolation. Naturally you don't hear so much about them. There is Warner Oland, my neighbor rancher, who has the same wife and interests he had when as an idealistic and penniless youth he collaborated with Mrs. Oland in the first translation of Strindberg's "The Father," which together they produced on a New York stage with the bride's trousseau money. But even he, a rich, congenial personality, has been touched by Hollywood greed and suspicion: he counts the oranges and lemons on his trees, especially those closest to my line. But for that matter, don't I watch my avocadoes that are convenient to his rancheria!

GARBO is the wisest star in Hollywood. She is wisest because she relies on her instinct of self-preservation rather than on the persuasive lure of Hollywood society. She apparently has no desire to show off after working hours. She does not compromise. She may be no more virtuous than the rest—no one cares about virtue these days, anyhow—but she does insist upon the integrity of Garbo, of being herself.

To the question, "Why do so many stars end up broke?" my answer is, aren't we all these days? Those who invested in "sound investments" must content themselves with an echo. Most of the Hollywood stars do not save because the standard of living is higher in Hollywood. When you're a god you live as a god. Ambrosia costs money. So does a mansion in Beverly Hills with servants and swimming pool and cars in the garage. Things that are luxuries in other places become necessities in the starry city. Oh you think you would save, to hell with them all, but you are probably living like your neighbor right now and would continue to do so in Beverly Hills. Furthermore, "keeping up appearance" is considered good business. Any number of players get jobs because of social contacts. How otherwise could you explain the bad performers you see on the screen? One of the greatest hostesses in Beverly is one of the worst actresses I've ever seen, and she keeps working regularly.

Though actors on the whole are not good business men, their work being different, any number have piled up fortunes. Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks, Sr., Lloyd—the most famous in the business—rate millions.

But nowhere do you find better proof of that old platitude: Money does not make happiness. In sacrificing everything for it they would give it all back to retrieve what they've lost . . . real friendship, contentment, the security of the simple home life that a peasant has. But they are bewitched by the lights like moths that beat out their lives seeing nothing else.

Happiness lies in escaping self and Hollywood is self, self, self. If you had lived there as long as I have you would be more inclined to worship Gandhi than a movie star. The old Mahatma is right: self-denial, not indulgence, is the way to happiness. And I say this not as a critic of the Hollywood populace but as one of them.

Now I shall go back to counting my avocadoes before sailing to tame places abroad.



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Herb Sails Away

(*Continued from page* 65)

always had great confidence in me, and so I hope to prevail upon her to return to Shylock for a martyrdom of a few months at least.

Stepin In Action: My departure from New York was saddened by news that my idealistic old friend Stepin Fetchit is being sued for divorce by his wife, who alleges he broke her nose, jaw and arm. She wants custody of eleven-months-old Jamajo (named for Jesus, Mary and Joseph). It is disillusioning to learn that the languid Stepin is so active in private life. No doubt he has an explanation, as good as the colored gentleman who, according to *The Pittsburgh* (Colored) *Courier*, beat his wife, slapped the baby and cut the dog's throat in rapid succession. When interviewed he said: "Ah dunno, I jes' felt like killin' somebody when ah got up this mornin'."

We all have those moods.

Star Confessions: Ivan Lebedeff is starring in the story of his life, swooningly titled "Kisses by Command." This suggests a series of exciting star confessions. Here are some I would like to see:

The Romances of Pola Negri
Pearl White From Ozarks to Cairo.
The Great Garbo Mystery.
Clara Bow's It Life.
Stepin Fetchit, Mah Rise and Fall.

Pola's Rubaiyat: I once did Pola Negri's life story. When I had finished taking it down I said, "Now Pola, I'd like to do your true life story."

"Ah," smiled Pola mysteriously, "vairee interesting, I assure you."

We never got around to it. As a matter of fact, Pola has as many versions as Cleopatra. "That woman," grinned Ernst Lubitsch, "she tell so many stories she don't know the true one herself."

It's Pola's variety that makes her exciting. On departing she gave me a copy of a gypsy song which, she confessed, knocked them dead in London and which had been recorded . . . "By His Master's Voice phonograph," Pola said as she played it for me on a portable Victor. If Pola's sings it to you from the screen its eerie plaintiveness will haunt you a long time. She says it contains much of her philosophee, which, as you will see, is akin to Omar's. Here's a translation. Excuse me, my Russian she is very bad:

The guitars are strumming
One by one the strings are sobbing,
Your eyes are hazy with wine,
Intoxicated with gypsy melody.

What's sorrow!
Drink the cup of life to its full, eh!
Heart be still! Drown all your pain!
Lift high the goblet! Higher! Higher!

I am resigned.
Fate, do your worst!
My love is past . . . Well! what remains?
Only wine. . . .
What's sorrow!

Gypsies' singing one hears no more,
And the gypsies are all sleeping now
But while there is wine . . .
Life or Death—nothing matters to me.
What's sorrow!
Drink the cup of life to its full, Eh!

Fan Mail: Many players have risen to stardom on an epistlary wave only to neglect their fan mail upon arriving. But that's not my way. Even though I should become another of those Valentinos I would strive to reply, at least to those enclosing quarters or invitations to dinner. When I look at the pyramid of pink and green and violet notes beside me I have to turn quickly to the mirror to make sure I'm not Clark Gable (I'll bet in all your mail, Clark, you haven't any sweeter ones than a couple I have from Italian girls . . . but let there be no bitter Garbo-Dietrich rivalry between us.) I thought when I got to sea I would be free of all stellar distractions and would answer them all but here's this blonde with the befuddling likeness to Marj Rambeau. But no blonde can turn me from a signorina. . . .

What's In A Name? Not even chianti could give me a happier glow than a letter I received from signorina R. S. of New York, who says:

"Believe me, it's a relief in this era of gangster pictures where people are almost made to believe by the names used that everyone of Italian blood is a gangster in disguise, a tremendous relief to read your articles which almost invariably bear some note of kindness toward Italians and Italianism. At a time when every picture producer and journalist seems to be trying to drag out the worst in every race, profession and humanity itself, your little pictures . . . make one believe that, after all, the Italians are a warm-blooded lovable race. . . . Do you know I have a sneaky feeling you spring from Italian soil yourself and that 'Herb Howe' is just another nom-de-plume because I can only see a native Italian rave on about them as you do. In this you remind me of an uncle of mine who had a store here in America; whenever he knew about a holiday across the Atlantic he'd plant this notice 'Closed on account of holiday in Old Country'—with the result that with holidays here and the holidays in Italy his store was more often closed than open. . . ."

That's me—every day a holiday.

As for the "Herb Howe," it was wished on me, you're right. I much prefer Erberto, as they call me in Italia. Even though my middle name is Riley I feel I must be Italian, I'm so warm-blooded. Of course the Irish are, too. But the Italians are a lot more tolerant. They haven't demonstrated against these disparaging gangster pictures. When a picture of Irish life was shown in San Francisco a group of Irish ladies called on the manager.

"Your picture reflects on the Irish," they said. "It makes us out a lawless violent people whereas God knows we are a quiet, peaceful, loving sort."

"I'll see about withdrawing the picture," the manager said.

"You better had," said the ladies, "else we'll burn down your theater."

Herb Challenges Producers: If picture producers don't quit socking



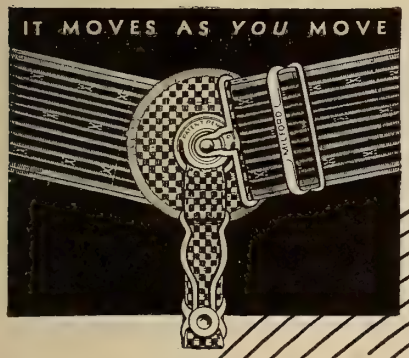
HER SIDE
of the story

"I knew when I read that first advertisement of Milford Rotary garters that he had always paid too much for his garters. But I also knew that I'd never convince him unless I *showed* him.

"So down I went to Woolworth's and bought him a pair. They looked fine to me, and ten cents a garter was much less than half as much as he'd been spending.

"And he says the garters are the best he's ever seen.

"I'm certainly glad that I went ahead without asking him."



MADE BY A. J. DONAHUE CORPORATION MILFORD, CONN.

10c EACH GARTER 15c IN CANADA

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

Italians I'm going to start in on their race. And here's another reason why:

"I am an Italian. . . . Are we friends now?" writes Miss E. C. of Boston. "You can't realize how pleased I was to read you are very fond of my race. The last paragraph in the August issue assured me of this. . . . Not until I read that blessed paragraph could I sum up courage to write to you. . . . May I extend an invitation? Instead of traveling to Italy for real Italian food how about coming to Boston? I promise I will have mother cook a real Italian feed. You know, antipasto, Italian broth, ravioli, spaghetti, with plenty of wine thrown in for good measure. . . . I'm nineteen and Italian."

Dio, Dio! Antipasto, spaghetti, ravioli and a signorina nineteen! Why didn't I read my mail before coming aboard!

Final Warning: And from Roxbury, Mass., Signorina C. F. writes: "So my name looked Italian to you. Well, it is and I am. Thank you for saying nice things about us. There aren't many people who see anything in us to admire. . . ."

Now my warm blood is boiling. You Hollywood racketeers, lay off the Italians or I'll be thinking up some names for you that aren't Italian.

P. S. And you'd better give mio amico Bull Montana a job pretty soon or I'll send Jack Dempsey around to see you. (Jack's boolevarding for me while I'm away.)

Studio Comment

BERT WHEELER says that he and Bob Woolsey, touring England and the Continent, couldn't find anyone in Ireland or Scotland who talked "English," but in France they couldn't find anyone who talked French—everyone spoke "American."

GEORGE BANCROFT'S manager is his wife. She has handled all his business affairs since he went into pictures.

She's quite a manager when you think of that new contract George has with Paramount.

THE friends of Benjamin Glazer and Sharon Lynn are beginning to look around for wedding presents—although no announcements or invitations have been sent, as yet.

KAY FRANCIS is still mourning the loss of her platinum and diamond wrist watch and the wedding ring which sealed her union with Kenneth McKenna.

It happened in front of Paramount studios. She had started home with her Scotty, Snifter, on leash. A police dog leaped at the Scotty and a fight ensued. Miss Francis was knocked down while trying to save her pet. She dropped her hand bag, which flew open, scattering the contents.

A crowd of about twenty-five collected, the fight was stopped and Miss Francis' valuables were returned except for the two missing items which someone pocketed. Rewards were offered without results.

To top it, on the way home, Miss Francis was so nervous she collided with another automobile, crushing a fender.



HIS SIDE
of the story

"Like many men, I never thought of Woolworth's for garters till she brought home a pair from there.

"Of course I'm tickled to be buying garters now at only ten cents each, after the prices I used to pay.

"But I'm even more pleased at the increased comfort. That rotary grip just sits like a feather on either leg in any position. And the webbing seems stronger yet easier. I guess that's because goods are always fresh at Woolworth's where nothing stays long in stock.

"Anyway, I'm sold."

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

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10c size at 5c and 10c stores; 35c size at beauty shops, drug stores and department stores.

Hollywood's Own Cooking

(*Continued from page* 8)

cup of butter on the breast, legs and wings. The butter should be creamed with one-fourth cup of flour. Dredge bottom of the pan with flour. Place in a hot oven and when the flour on the turkey begins to brown, reduce heat and baste every fifteen minutes until the turkey is cooked. This should require five hours. For basting use one-half cup of butter melted in one-half cup of boiling water, and after this is used baste with the fat in the pan. Pour water in the pan during the cooking as needed to prevent flour from burning. During cooking, turn the turkey frequently that it may brown evenly.

If the turkey is browning too fast, cover with buttered paper to prevent burning.

Garnish with parsley, curled celery and rings and discs of carrots strung on fine wire.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 6)

if you like vocals, you'll like this one. However I think Russ will have a tough time trying to beat Bing Crosby at his own game. The other side, also by Russ Columbo is "Guilty" done in the typical Columbo style. This is a Victor record.

"Kiss Me Good-Night" is next from the Fox production "Merely Mary Ann." This is a waltz by the Troubadours. If you saw the picture you will have no difficulty in recalling the number and I think you'll like the record. The vocal chorus is sung by Paul Small.

The other side by the High Hatters is from the Fox picture "Young As You Feel" and is called "The Cute Little Things You Do." This is a Fox trot and I don't think it's up to the other side, but still and all, you may like it. The vocal is done by Frank Luther. This is a Victor record.

"LIFE Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" from George White's "Scandals" is next, played for you by Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys. This is a good tune and as Ted and the boys are famous for putting their stuff across, you can see it must be a pretty good record. Some day I may slip up and tell you who is really playing these Ted Wallace records, if you haven't figured it out for yourself. Also, this tune has a peach of a vocal chorus.

The other side by the same band is "Guilty" and as you're sure to like this one, we'll let it go at that. This is a Columbia record.

If you don't like the records and want to make your own racket, here's some of the latest sheet music:

"Tonight or Never," from Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

"Have a Heart," same show.

"Let's Talk About the Weather," same show.

"Blue Lady."

"I'm That Way About You," from "Caught Plastered."

"I Love a Parade," from the Cotton Club Revue.

"I'm Falling in Love."

"Even as You and I," from "Everybody's Welcome."

"That's Good, That's Bad," same show.

Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 82)

shocking Hollywood. With the ink on Ina's divorce decree scarcely dry, they are going about together again.

"We're still good friends," John says. "Why not?"

Ina doesn't say anything.

VICTOR McLAGLEN extended a large and capable hand in the building of a 60-foot tile swimming pool for the little McLaglens on his new 5-acre Flintridge hilltop home.

WONDER if Clark Gable has anything to do with the changing styles in leading men. Nowadays the stars are demanding the hard-boiled type and Robert Armstrong, who began his picture career playing the dumb prize fighter in "Is Zat So?" is reaping the benefit. After he finishes "The Second Shot," RKO-Pathe's next Helen Twelvetrees picture, he is going to play opposite Constance Bennett in "Salvaged."

How picture titles go wrong in Hollywood: Warner Brothers started a railroad picture which was called "Steel Highway," but the public will see the picture under the name of "Other Men's Women."

IT begins to look as though we might be seeing a lot of musical pictures during the winter. At RKO, William LeBaron announces that "Babes in Toyland" is again being seriously considered for production. Already they are in work with "Girl Crazy" and at Paramount and M.-G.-M., two musical pictures are in production. But none of these pictures will be patterned along the previous operetta lines, and each company has announced that there will not be any large choruses of beautiful dancers. We can remember when there used to be more than 500 girls employed in the various studios as dancers and show girls. Hi-ho, the good old days.

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Of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1931.

State of New Jersey } ss.
County of Middlesex }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Catherine A. McNelis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. E. FLYNN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1931.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLY.
(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

Seth Parker Looks at Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 39)

the hymns is practical and non-sectarian.

Seth likes comfort and even luxury, but he and his wife live most simply when at their home, down at Whitestone, New York, with Mrs. Lord looking after the preserves and linen as religiously as any other good housewife would. Seth owns a yacht, too.

"I get my whole troupe on board my yacht sometimes, and everywhere we go the other boats toot their whistles for Seth Parker," he smiled.

"But I am no actor," said Seth, "and the only reason I am acting now is for this picture. I don't know how it will come out, but we're all doing the best we can. Anyhow we have a very patient director."

Fancy that band of innocents—not one of whom knows a thing about "stealing the camera" or "hogging the lens" or anything like that! That at least must be a comfort to Bill Seiter!

WILL ROGERS, I find, is Seth's ideal in every way. And indeed the two remind me of each other in various ways. Both have keen eyes, a dry sense of humor, high ideals, clean lives, frankness, kindliness, and last, but not least, a love of writing.

"I'm interested in writing. That's what I started out to do," said Seth. "I got a lot of rejection slips at first. But after my radio success, I got a chance to write. I'd like to devote my life to it. My wife collaborates with me. She's a big help.

"I write under the name of Seth Parker for several magazines. I wrote four books last year. I write fiction mostly, plain, homely stories of everyday characters and lives."

One gathers that Seth in time will give up his radio work altogether and devote his life to writing.

He may even go to Europe, he says. "Maybe they wouldn't care for us over there," he says.

And anyway he loves his own country, and is devoted to showing the world in his fiction just what the best in Americanism and humanitarianism is.

The characters in his troupe are all patterned, he says, on people he knows.

"Seth, my own character, is patterned after that of my grandfather, Hosea Phillips," he said, "who practically brought me up. I know folks similar to them all. We have spent lots of time on details, giving homely touches. We never leave off doing that, either. If some of us think of something, we talk it over."

We asked Seth how it seemed going before the camera.

"WELL," he said, "just like the first time I remember having my

(*Please turn to page* 110)

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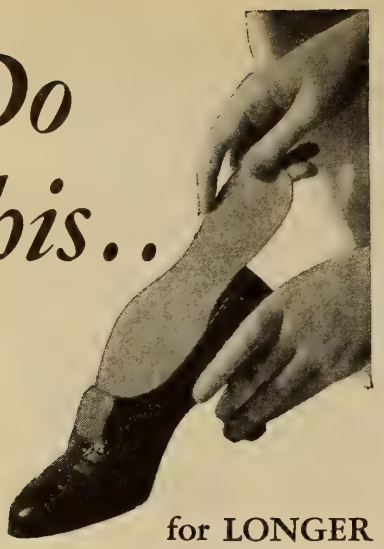
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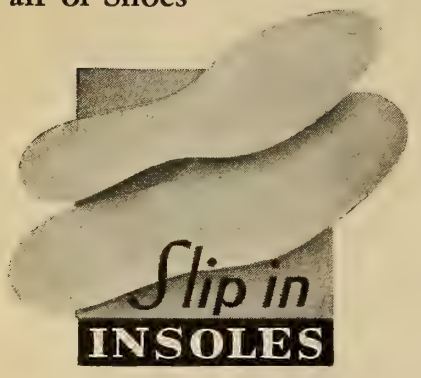
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10¢ A PAIR

Look For This Stamp on SLIP-IN INSOLES

Genuine Leather gummed on one side to keep them in place.



SLIP~IN INSOLES

Seth Parker Looks at Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 109)

picture taken. But we got used to it pretty soon. Of course we were all used to the mike, so that didn't bother us. I think it would have been a lot harder if I hadn't had my gang with me. I guess maybe I'd have been lost."

It was a combination of deep-rooted New England ambition and a jealousy for his beloved New England and its tradition that made him rise up and build a real New England rural act.

"My wife and I heard one of the so-called rural sketches on the radio, and we didn't think it was very good, the characters didn't seem true to life. We felt that justice wasn't being done to our New England country-side. So we just decided to think up an act ourselves. We wanted the world, you see, to know the real New England people.

"There are certain little characteristics of New Englanders that come out in their expressions. Nobody else uses just those expressions. 'My soul and body!' is one such. 'Land sakes alive!' is another. 'Madder than snakes in haying time' is another. When the mower goes through the grain and grass it naturally makes the snakes angry. It makes me mad when I have interviews and they caption my picture, 'By cracky' and such expressions. 'By cracky' is not a New Englandism.

"Maine folks especially have a very peculiar, dry sense of humor and way of joking. They kid and joke without a flicker of expression on their faces. I met a man out here on the lot and began kidding with him. He picked up a corn husk that was lying on the set and began talking about it. He pulled it apart and gave me half, and without a ray of fun in his eyes or a bit of smile on his face, he said what a good husk it was. I said what we could do with it, and we both talked about how valuable it was to us. Folks around didn't know whether he was kidding me or I was kidding him, or whether we were both just darned fools. I knew he was from Maine. He couldn't have been from anywhere else."

Seth Parker says "Concerning future work in pictures, you are approaching the nozzle instead of the hose. That is up to RKO. I like pictures and if all goes as we hope, I shall make more." And then Mr. Parker said, "Concerning Hollywood, it appeals to me just as other cities of its size. There is no difference between Indianapolis, Indiana, and Hollywood except the publicity which Hollywood has received. For climate and beauty Hollywood can't be beat, but human nature is the same everywhere."

SETH intends to continue his Sunday night programs, "Sunday Night at Seth Parker's." That has been fondly built up by him, and he loves the work.

And he will keep on his custom of taking a Sunday night collection, which he says sometimes amounts to thirty dollars a week. This money he hands out to the worthy needy.

I think Seth would give up his writing before he would give up his Sunday night program.

And he lives up to the best of those traditions, even in his picture work. There is no swearing on his set. He got that over during the first day he was working on the picture. Nobody quite knows how he did it, either. There was just one little "Damn" from a grips—but it never happened again.

I learned at table that Seth is a great practical joker.

Everybody at the table laughed as Polly told about Seth's putting a dummy of a man in Polly's bed the night before.

"Yes," said Seth with relish, "I had the shoes hanging up untied and everything!"

"I gave an awful shriek," related Polly with a grin.

"And rushed toward it—" completed Cephus.

Whereat everybody whooped in glee.

Seth and his company had just returned from a trip to the Santa Cruz redwoods, and were crazy about location work.

They had to find a house that looked like a New England farm house there. But Seth is finicky, and Director Bill



Dorothy Jordan examines a miniature replica of a set designed by Eric Thompson for "The Cuban." Mr. Thompson, of the Metro-Goldwyn art department, is explaining the set to the actress.



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Seiter knows it, and was prepared for it.

Finally they found a house that the director thought would do.

"How's this?" he asked Seth.

"Okay, only 'tisn't neat enough," said Seth. "It would be painted and mended up?"

Seiter was prepared for that. He asked the farmer if he minded if the house was painted and repaired and the farmer said no, only he didn't see how they could do it within a day or two.

"IT'LL be ready by this afternoon," said the director. Whereupon a paint spraying machine was put to work and the place was repainted in a jiffy. Then the door was repaired, and Seth gave his okay to the job.

I asked about Seth's fan mail. And by the way he is already beginning to get letters from folks who fear he is going to the devil by going to Hollywood, and from others who hope he will do the place good!

"As to my radio mail, I get about half and half from city and country districts," he said. "We get from three thousand to forty-five hundred letters a week.

"Many of these are very touching. I got one last week from a man who said his mother was dying, and told me how much she had enjoyed our Sunday night concerts. Afterward I got another, saying she was dead, and sending us a gift from her, a loving cup. It was one she had owned and prized.

"Another man wrote that his mother was an invalid in a wheel chair, and asked us to sing certain of her favorite hymns. Of course we did.

"A gambling group telephoned us that they had just been gambling when our program came on. The man who won, a millionaire, gave the pot over to the club, and told them to hand it out to some hungry chaps.

"We try to live in a simple way and to help folks. There are Seth Parker clubs to help people. We expect these to be increased through our picture we are making now.

"Yes, our fan mail is plenty interesting.

"We have all sorts of things sent us. We have old hymn books sent in and vegetables and potatoes, apples, cakes, clothes—everything, even up to a set of false teeth!

"Of course, we get a lot of criticism, too. In our group of fans, we have many religious fanatics. I got a letter of criticism from one man because I tickled Mother Parker. I've often seen my father and mother do that in a spirit of fun. Another letter criticized our looking over the album, they blamed me because they said it was not the thing to do after our singing of hymns.

"Even intelligent people sometimes write strange letters. Here's one. You know somebody in our act tells a story and says that something happened at nine-thirty. I say, 'Well, ma, I guess it happened at about five o'clock in the morning.' The man wrote and said that it was wrong to have Mother Parker and Seth argue!

"We get many letters from missionaries abroad, who say they are homesick, and so doubly enjoy our Sunday night 'githerings'."

When lunch was finished, the members of the company matched to see who would pay for it.

"Write that," said Seth to me, "Go on and put it in—but I will get floods of letters saying we are gambling!"

Identically



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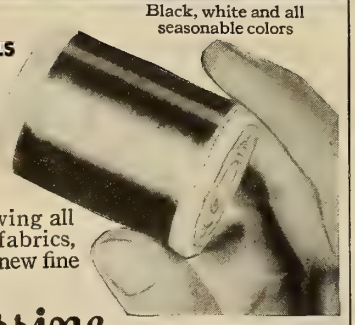
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DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"

The Strange Case of Sylvia Sidney

(*Continued from page 47*)

Robert Montgomery. She scored a terrific hit: she was established.

Then followed one of those ironic periods which are at one time the fascination and superb annoyance of the theater. For four years after "Crime" she did not have a successful show. Her salary continued to climb, but play after play in which she opened soon was on its way to the warehouse. In this she is reminiscent of another young Paramount star, Peggy Shannon, whose Broadway record is one of fifteen consecutive flops!

During one of these dubious contributions to dramatic literature, "That Old-Fashioned Girl," Sylvia tripped on the iron stairs winding down from her dressing room and fractured a bone in her ankle. Once more she refused to leave the stage, but played out the run with her foot in a cast.

Just before production began on "Street Scene," in which she had been given the prize lead of the year, she again broke this ankle in an automobile accident. She went through this whole picture under a frightful handicap—I have seen her ankle so swollen at the end of a day's work that she scarcely could rest her weight upon it—but she went through with it, and how successfully everyone now knows.

"LA BELLE SIDNEY, alias old Sure Foot, the Girl Scout," she refers to herself. Her manner of refusing sympathy during this trying period was characteristic: "I've only myself to blame. Let's forget it."

A manner like that promises great help in the Hollywood battle. Following "Bad Girl," which broke her run of ill luck and caused her to be signed for the films, she rapidly proved herself unique among the younger actresses of the period, and the things promised her sound like a theatrical Christmas tree. Naturally she is pleased. But it is not—and this is important—the dramatic side of her nature which is most gladly welcoming leads in efforts like "An American Tragedy," "Street Scene," and her new one, "Working Girl."

The greater satisfaction comes from the knowledge that by means of good pictures she will be able to win financial independence . . . and the chance to be quit of the business which has absorbed so large a portion of her youth. For Sylvia has come to realize that there are other things to be had from life than a limelighted success.

One of these is play. She has never had her full quota of young fun, and now she misses it, sadly so. Now she realizes that girlhood should have little to do with the moil and fuss of managers' offices. All the fume and drive of establishing a reputation should come later; for that precious little period during the teens, a girl should not be an actress—but a girl.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, as they looked when the S. S. Europa docked at New York. The Mulhalls made a four months' tour of Europe this year.

Photograph by Acme

A Gallery OF Hollywood's FILM FOLK



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Here is an album that is crammed with interesting features! New portraits of famous stars . . . scenes from the pictures in which the stars played their best rôles . . . and stories of the stars' lives told in a new and different way—how they started on the road to fame! This New Movie Album has more in it. Get your copy!



If you do not find the New Movie Album at your favorite Woolworth store, send us ten cents plus four cents postage and we will mail it to you promptly.

TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue - - - New York City

And now the tragedy of this simple ambition to enjoy herself in a manner befitting her years is that she finds it is impossible for her to be amused by the activities of the usual young girl. She had lived with too much concentration the spectacular life of the theater. I have seen her listen with an incredulous expression on her face to accounts by her contemporaries of their pastimes. Obviously the thought was: "Do they really think that fun?"

She is not social in the way that the young women of the screen colony are social. She does not care about parties, or openings, or luncheons; and on her first visit to the Cocoanut Grove she asked to leave ten minutes after arriving . . . because she got "alarmed in big night clubs."

RECOGNIZING her loss, her inability to play with fellow youngsters, it is inevitable that she should bear the profession a certain resentment. Consequently, aged far beyond her years, she has determined that that business shall make it possible for her to completely enjoy the life to come. She will make money . . . and then she will travel, study, think, wonder upon the multitudinous problems which thus far she has not had the time to consider.

"There are things I want for myself," she once told me flatly. "Things which have nothing to do with theatrics. Real things—permanent ones—and I'm going to have them. Moreover, I'll *earn* them . . . and they'll mean all the more to me when they are mine!"

This ambition she is setting out to achieve with an absorption almost grim in one who is not yet twenty-one. In a town of happy-go-lucky kids, her concentration shows up like a rock on a sandy beach. She goes out but little. During the time she is free from the studio, she stays in her home high on Carlton Terrace, studying, working, reading.

For recreation she does needle-point, or takes short drives. She drives the car herself and with an almost fantastic love of speed. Her manner at the wheel is sharply characteristic of the girl, a flash of the whole personality of this small girl who struggles under the demands of the great talent that has been laid upon her.

With her hands deftly guiding the huge machine, her foot asking of it the last bit of speed, she seems completely absorbed in the business of the moment. But in her eyes, though missing no detail of the task at hand, one sees that her mind is fixed upon a brighter road ahead.

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If inconvenient to get from store, mail coupon for generous size package of Sem-Pray Creme. To repay you for your trouble, we will also include introductory packages of Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE.

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10c A PAIR
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KEEP YOUR CHILDREN'S KNEES COVERED

Sold by F. W. WOOLWORTH CO

Dollar Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 12)

"How the Films Fool You," by A. L. Wooldridge in the September issue. His description of "Dirigible" was wonderful and very interesting.

Let's hope that NEW MOVIE will always be as popular as it is now, and I think it is needless to suppose otherwise.

Jean Maltese,
99 Orchard Street.

Kokomo, Ind.

An article in your September number telling "How the Films Fool You" prompts this plea. Why do we have to be told that a scene that thrilled us was constructed artificially, sometimes right on the movie lot? If we had read the article before we saw "Dirigible" we wouldn't have gone to see it; if we read it afterwards, our enjoyment of the picture would have been spoiled. I, for one, turn to the theater to escape reality and to live, for a while, in the world of illusion, and I don't want to be disillusioned by scientific explanations, however marvelous.

M. Jean Dalzell,
901 E. Richmond Street.

A Talkie "Scaramouche"

Tacoma, Wash.

I would love to see Ramon Novarro remake "Scaramouche" as a talkie. Although made a number of years ago, this was one of Ramon's best pictures.

As a talkie, "Scaramouche" would have all the charm and beauty of the silent picture, plus music and dialogue. And it would give Ramon a wonderful opportunity to use that marvelous singing voice of his in the sequences where "Scaramouche" joins a band of actors.

Maree Berry,
2315 No. 30th Street.

Through Four Feet of Snow

Queens Village, L. I.

She's not what Hollywood considers a "hot looker" nor have diet and massage been able to make her body into anything like perfect, but she has what I consider a barrel of IT!

Universal appeal, that's what I mean!

This Summer, while vacationing on an isolated farm, I asked the farmer who owned the place if he ever went to the movies. He replied that he did. Whereupon I inquired as to which of the actresses he preferred. "The pretty ones," he replied, "are all about the same. But my favorite is MARIE DRESSLER! Why I drove through four feet of snow to see one of her pictures last Winter! I wouldn't do that for any other player! Marie makes you feel as if you knew her, there's nobody like her!"

Marion Morris,
9251 240th Street.

Admires Rose Hobart

Gainesville, Fla.

Three rising cheers for Rose Hobart! She has won a place next to Greta Garbo in my heart! I am willing to believe that "Chances" was not an ideal film; yet Rose Hobart played her part well. I admire her plainness in make-up. Some of our new players use enough lipstick to plaster a drug store! Miss Hobart's cosmetics are well balanced. Let's see her in future films!

D. Cooper,
513 West Orange Street.

Why Authors Get Gray Hair

Philadelphia, Pa.

Why—oh, why do they do it? When will Hollywood learn that we like to SEE our books as we READ them? No wonder Theodore Dreiser tore at his hair, gnashed his teeth and so forth. I can imagine that any number of authors feel like doing the same thing. It must be a terrible shock to see the condition of some of their brain children when they finally reach the screen.

Dorothea E. Chester,
258 South 20th Street.

Another Madge Evans Fan

Detroit, Mich.

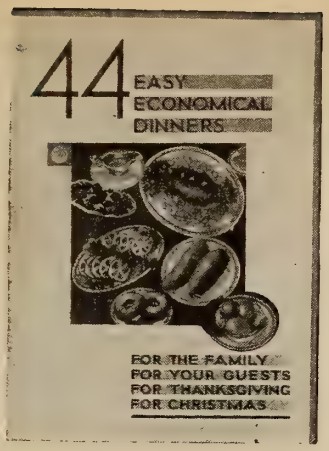
I have discovered some new *Star Material.* She looks exactly like Norma Shearer and is very fascinating. She is Madge Evans, whose performances in "Guilty Hands" with Barrymore and in "Sporting Blood" with Romeo (pardon me) Clark Gable, were splendid.

Marie Kromis,
Y. W. C. A. Central.

Turn to Page 32 of this issue and see NEW MOVIE'S newest feature—

HOMES OF THE STARS

This series will take you personally into the homes of your favorites, showing in detail the arrangement of rooms, the color schemes, the furnishing, the material used for hangings, etc. Every detail of the homes will be shown. Write and tell us whose house you wish presented in this series. Full details on Page 32.



PLANNED DINNERS you will enjoy serving . .



What a proud happy moment it is when the guest of honor turns to you and says: "What a perfectly delicious dinner."

How to prepare a dinner which is well-balanced, has some element of novelty and is comfortingly inexpensive, is exactly the sort of knowledge you'll find in "44 Easy Dinners" published by Tower Books. No housewife can afford to be without it, especially when the cost is such a trifle compared with all the information it gives.

• • •

If you can't find this book in your favorite Woolworth Store, send ten cents plus three cents postage and we will speed it to you.



TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Mirth Control

(*Continued from page* 62)

binding it up in dark blue morocco with a feathering of gilt. Yeah, we might as well let her see we aren't sore when we start in on the new picture next week."

But long before next week arrived the blossomy Eloise was quite sure that neither comedian bore her the slightest animosity. They telephoned stuttering banalities, they sent flowers and candy, and even entertained her at a dinner at the Beverly-Wilshire that was paid for by the publicity department. The result was that "Say It Ain't Hugh" went into the production on the crest of the wave.

LIKE all wary bachelors, Messrs. Mull and Debree were willing to go through with almost any gesture in public, but they preserved the celibacy of their bungalows with a stubbornness that would have been more admirable in a shadier cause. Eloise was a child, they kept telling one another, and as befitted gentlemen ten years her senior, they would see that the movies didn't spoil her.

Miss Scarlett, who, while serving her term at Fascination Films, had grown thoroughly tired of being kissed or half strangled at random by sundry screen idols who thought they were doing her a favor, now felt a real comradeship with the eager clowns. They were homely and likable, and if they ever mentioned the demands of Art it was apparent that they were referring to the monitor man.

"Say It Ain't Hugh" went joyously forward, a riotous tale untroubled by sanity concerning the European adventures of two uncles and their beautiful niece, and Eloise had about grown used to the sunny side of the street when a saturnine Fate decided that it was time to cloud up.

"Now, girlie," said the director one morning, "how do you feel about water? Does it make your hair look like a bowl full of noodles, or can you take it unwaveringly?"

"Gracious, yes," smiled Miss Scarlett. "Why?"

"Well, I've run the boys through a field of burrs, socked 'em with breakaways, buried 'em in a sandstorm, had whitewash upset on 'em, and now, the same as Tuesday follows Monday, we come to water, and this time I want you to be in it, too."

"Did we hear something about water?" asked Rusty, drifting into view.

"You certainly did. It's like this:

(*Please turn to page* 116)

Remember that you bought this magazine at WOOLWORTHS *You will find a new issue at the same place on the 15th of each month*

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If cold weather tends to make your face and hands rough as sandpaper, Nivea Creme will make them smooth as silk. Nivea, the only creme in the world containing Eucerite, goes deep and works deep, prevents and heals chapping and windburn. Try it also as a night cream or powder base — no after-greasiness.



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ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
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Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

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Start right now being your own boss. Make big money working for yourself. Many making up to $15 a day and more taking orders for fast-selling ZANOL Food Products, Toilet Preparations, Soaps and other Household Necessities. 350 money makers. Everybody a prospect. Orders in every home. Steady repeat business. No capital or experience needed. I furnish everything. Big profits, full time or spare time. Ford Tudor Sedan FREE to producers as extra reward. This is too good to miss. Send name and address today.



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It is as soft to the hands as lamb's wool; is absolutely sanitary; does not rust, scratch or splinter; yet it cleans and scours everything—aluminum, china, porcelain, glassware, paints, woodwork or wood floors as well as pots and pans. Simply use with soap and water. Do not confuse GOTTSCHALK'S with any other cleaner. It is made from a special alloy—*that cannot scratch*—and cannot be successfully imitated. Accept no substitute. Sold by Department, Grocery, Hardware and 5 and 10c Stores everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10c for full size sample.

The Little Follow That Does The BIG Job



Good Housekeeping Institute

METAL SPONGE SALES CORP'N
2726 Mascher St., Phila.

Mirth Control

(*Continued from page* 115)

I'm going to end that sixth reel where you're in Paris with a belly laugh blackout. You two and Eloise are in an open taxi arguing with the chauffeur in your cheesy French. He wants to go one way, you insist on another, so he finally drives you up a street that's got a few pools of water on it. You go through them safely until you come to a sign that says PAS DE TRAVERSE, which means lay off, see, but you're obstinate, so he keeps going to the next patch of water and what happens but that you all disappear."

"I'll bet you sat up all night reviving that corpse," commented Mr. Mull frigidly.

"Why, it's surefire! Furthermore, it gets us out of Paris, so no complaints or I'll throw you into a Venice sequence."

"It's easy enough," said Rusty happily. "Don't get steamed up about old stuff, Highpockets; we're not so young ourselves."

"And I think it would be a scream," put in Eloise, whereupon Mr. Mull relaxed his dignity and agreed that it would.

EVERYONE trailed across to the Parisian set and after several false starts in the narrow, crooked streets the taxi slithered along under a pergola of microphones and cameras that caught them from the windows above. All went according to Hoyle—the argument, the emotional shrieks of the bewhiskered chauffeur, the complacent smirk of the American uncles as with Eloise between them, they rolled to their doom.

Little Miss Scarlett gamely endured the submersion, but as she felt the water rush up her nose panic seized her and she turned to the shadowy form on her left, which happened to be that of Mr. Mull. And that explained why, when they were pulled out, two fervent arms were anchored tightly around his neck—and also why Mr. Debree felt a choking sensation as he watched them.

"I'm *so* sorry!" gasped Eloise. "Honestly, I never thought it would be so scary."

"That's all right," said Mr. Mull soothingly, making no move whatever to disentangle the arms. How soft they were, he marveled, how gorgeous the subtle perfume in her hair, how altogether pleasant it was that she had turned to him for protection. Too bad, thought Mr. Mull dimly, that he wasn't a Sultan, and, "That's all right," he kept repeating, feeling the eyes of the world upon him.

"Sure, she's all right," rasped Rusty, waddling over to them and delivering a furtive kick to his co-worker's shins. "Don't let her stand around here all wet, either, she'd better run along and change."

ELOISE ran along, and Mr. Debree pursued the dazed Highpockets to their own dressing room. Once there he shouldered that gangling galant into a corner.



"Howdy' Pal!" exclaim Laurel and Hardy, as they meet in the Sahara, or rather, in Hollywood's version of the desert. They are making "Beau Hunks," which may or may not be called a sequel to "Beau Geste."

"Listen," he growled, "what's all this underwater hugging business? You ought to know you'll get talked about around the studio if you so much as flick the beads off a lady's eyelashes. Besides, it makes a man of your age look like a fool."

"WHY, you tub of blubber!" yelled Mr. Mull. "The little girl was frightened, and I don't blame her. The pit wasn't sloped; it was a straight ten foot drop, and if you had any of the finer feelings you'd appreciate how she felt."

"Finer feelings? Say, there was a place in Little Rock where the landlady's daughter was cuhrazy over me. Not that I ever gave her a tumble, but she used to call me her honey-bee, and she buzzed around and buzzed around until I was so sensitive that I got the hives. Comb that out of your whiskers."

Well, don't come shouting at me like a Pennsylvania censor. She put her arms around me without any encouragement, but if you want to know," said Highpockets blinkingly, "I kind of liked it."

Two days later the critical Rusty had a chance to discover that circumstances alter cases. The action had progressed to a delicate sequence in the streets of Cairo where the uncles got tangled in the veils of the Sultan's favorite, and after whirling madly, were thrown onto an Oriental rug that turned out to be made of fly paper.

Miss Scarlett, overcome with silent giggling, watched from a balcony as the rough and tumble proceeded, and then, as the comedians floundered face upward in the gluey mess, the expression, or rather the lack of it, on their mildly moronic countenances sent her sagging hysterically against the flimsy railing. The balcony, which had been scaled or departed from by a hundred heroes and heroines, creaked protestingly. There was a sharp crack just as the recording ceased, a squeal of fright, and down hurtled Eloise to land with a thud upon the soft and pulpy Mr. Debree.

"POW!" he grunted, just like the sufferer in a comic strip, and then, as he recovered his breath. "Steady now, baby, hang on tight so you won't roll off. Hey, somebody, pull us upright!"

A few heaves extricated them, Miss Scarlett with a firm grip on Rusty's elephantine ears and more than a little unnerved. "Mercy, I never dreamed that comedies were so wearing," she quavered in a charming tremolo. "Of course, I didn't mean to do this, but you looked so screaming that I—oh, your poor ears!"

"Perfectly all right," Mr. Debree assured her, as Highpockets glowered at him. "Take your time, baby, I—I can appreciate what a shock it must have been." Quite wonderful, he thought, how protective this clinging bit of loveliness made him feel. The fragrance of orris was making his head swim, his——.

"I really believe you saved my life," Eloise was saying shyly as she released her grasp. "How nice of you to be right there, Rusty."

"How could you miss him?" Highpockets wanted to know, having torn himself loose from the rug. "Come on, let's get out of these rags," and as they printed a sticky path across the lot he flayed his partner with what he sup-

(*Please turn to page* 118)

Who wants to be a *DISCARD?*



Actual photograph of Miss Jolieta Mac Cready after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

Keep your hair alluring with* VANKAI *Wave Set

See yourself as others see you. If your hair is always at loose ends, stringy and straggly, you'll be a "discard" before you know it. Let VANKAI Wave Set make your hair charming—and *keep* it so.



This new Wave-aid brings out the *natural* ripple, the silky-soft lustre, of your hair. It makes longer-lasting finger waves, adds precious weeks to the life of permanents, and shortens morning make-up time ten minutes. It is used and endorsed by thirty thousand beauty shops—contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes.

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(*Continued from page* 117)

posed to be the lash of sarcasm.

"J'ever see that painting called 'Beauty and the Beast'?" he inquired.

"Huh?" wheezed Mr. Debree, whose mind was straying up strange paths.

"Let it go," said Highpockets insultingly. "You don't see *me* getting sore because our child had her arms around you. Not that way, anyhow—hahaha, she was hanging on your ears like they were a pair of handlebars! And you, the noble rescuer, with a shape like a keg of nails."

Rusty eyed his annoyer without seeing him. "You're jealous," he murmured. "Just a broken blossom, that's all. Yeah, I wish I'd thought fast enough to kiss her—just to rile you."

"Go on and eat your heart out," mocked Mr. Mull, feeling called upon to defend his niece. "She's not that crazy."

But the day "Say It Ain't Hugh" ended with a blazing climax that practically assured success, it appeared that the strain must have frayed the edges of Miss Scarlett's mind. After the mutual admiration sermon from the director she stood between the two comedians and gazed at them fondly.

"YOU'VE been wonderful," she said sincerely, "both of you." And whirling swiftly she kissed first one, then the other of the two ex-uncles. An expert would have noted that the kisses held none of the lingering reluctance to break that marks the most romantic clinches, but to Rusty and Highpockets they were full fashioned in every respect. "Call me up tomorrow, and we'll go places," she invited prettily, and exited with a smile that drew Messrs. Mull and Debree to the edge of their chairs.

Eloise marched her trim little self over to the administration building, and in a few minutes was receiving congratulations from the beaming Absalom Tortle.

"Positively electrifying," he enthused, "the way you tamed those two gorillas. Why, the picture's going to be a gold mine, and now take a look at what I'm tearing up. Your contract! For why? For a better one, sweetheart, and I'd give you a bracelet for a bonus if I wasn't playing platinum blondes this season."

"Thanks a lot," said Miss Scarlett quietly. "I really like the boys, and I've done my very best to help, but a couple of things happened that I didn't figure on."

"The accident, you mean? Sure, I heard how each of them turned the color of crabmeat, but why worry. A little embarrassment won't hurt 'em."

"Y-You think I'm sort of pretty, don't you?"

"See my lawyer," leered Mr. Tortle, who in the past had had to pay for some of his opinions.

"Well, what I mean is, that I'm nice enough looking to have attracted lots of men, and so I know the signs."

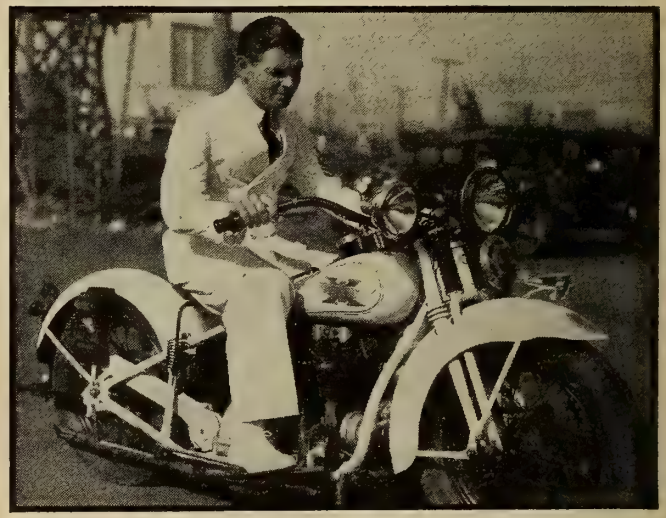
"What signs?"

"Of falling in love," blushed Eloise. "There are two kinds of men you can't dally with, Mr. Tortle—the handsome and the bashful. The collar-ad boys take it as a natural infatuation, and the others, like Highpockets and Rusty, once they get over their astonishment at being noticed, are after you like a green policeman trying to make his first arrest. It won't be long before they get mushy, I can tell."

Absalom disposed of her knowledge with a wave of his stumpy arms. "Quite simple," he said airily. "I hadn't figured on 'em falling for you, of course, but all you have to do is always see 'em together. There's nothing chokes romance like an extra pair of beady eyes, so play it three handed, girlie, and you're safe. Woman, thou temptress," grinned Mr. Tortle, wafting her a kiss, "as though I could tell you anything—and get out of here before I change my color scheme."

THE two weeks' layoff was devoted to doing all the things approved in the California tourist folders, and although the trio were probably the first ever to stand up under such a procedure, they came through with arches still uplifted. Mounts Lowe and Wilson, Catalina, dance-dining at a different hotel every evening, the Missions, Monterey and enough time at the beaches to realize that Rube Goldberg never had to walk a mile for a model.

Every evening the tactful Eloise presented her escorts with a sketchy kiss



Clark Gable, caught between scenes of "Hell Divers," rides a navy motorcycle borrowed from a gob mechanic. Gable was on location with Wallace Beery making this photoplay of aviation.

in the lobby of the Musclebound Arms, after which the escorts departed, wrangling the moment they reached the sidewalk. Each knew the girl had been scrupulously fair, that even when they had violated all rules by inviting her to inspect the magic mysteries of bookbinding and metal working, she had given each precisely the same number of ecstatic trills. But each felt thwarted.

"It's a pity you wouldn't have the decency to catch the croup," snarled Mr. Debree the evening before going to work on "Ain't Nature Grand?" "Your lower register doesn't record any too swell, at that; maybe you'd better have some treatment."

"So you can annoy Eloise?" sneered Highpockets. "And while we're on the subject, cut out calling her baby—I don't like it, especially from a bird that claims to be a woman hater."

"Never no more," sighed Rusty, gazing at the orange moon that overhung Beverly Hills. "Not that I've changed my mind about the species in general, but Eloise is different. What a wife she'd make—fresh, sparkling, sympathetic, and not too smart! What do I go home to now, but four walls, a roof and a Filipino that can't make coffee. That's why I'm asking you as man to man, Highpockets, to step aside while I try a little wooing."

"So you can capture a good coffee-maker? Listen, you mug, before I'll stand for that, I'll marry her myself. It was my neck she put her arms around first, and I think there's something in her eye that says if we could only lose that fat——"

"Grrrrrrr!" seethed Mr. Debree.

"And a cuppa coffee," jeered Mr. Mull.

THEY reported bright and early on the "Ain't Nature Gland?" set in time to see Miss Scarlett smiling up at a personable young man who was bending attentively toward her. The comics inhaled gustily.

"Who's the hatrack?" inquired Rusty.

"Just a new juvenile the New York office sent on," barked the director. "A soft break he gets being spotted with you."

"A blamed sight too soft," pronounced Mr. Mull.

"He won't last," shrugged his partner. "Look at that angelic mush on him—some drugstore Lothario, I'll bet. Ahhhhh, good morning, Eloise baby!"

Miss Scarlett blew them a kiss. "Let me introduce Mr. Larry Guilfoyle," she countered.

"Hiya, handsome," rasped Mr. Debree, contriving to make it sound like an insult.

"Howdy, kid," greeted Highpockets. "Mmmmmmmm, what eyelashes! I bet you left the gals in tears wherever you came from."

"Yes, sir—I—I mean, no sir," stammered the youth, somewhat taken aback at this reception.

"Swell chest you got," said Rusty, giving it a poke. "I hope it's real, handsome. The last hero we had looked like a pouter pigeon, but it was because he was all stuffed up with address books. Say, haven't I seen your face somewhere?"

Mr. Guilfoyle's Irish gray eyes gleamed angrily. "If you can read," he said smoothly, "perhaps you'll remember seeing it in the papers entitled Intercollegiate Boxing Champion, about two years ago."

There was what is known as a preg-

(*Please turn to page* 120)



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Mirth Control

(*Continued from page* 119)

nant silence, then Eloise cut in. "Don't mind the boys," she tinkled. "They're comics, you know, and they're always practising. Your makeup's fine, Mr. Guilfoyle, even though you won't be needed this morning. Just sit around and get hints from us, and then we'll all have lunch together."

But long before the time for stoking up there came the fateful incident that promised a stormy passage for "Ain't Nature Gland?" Eleven o'clock found the director clarifying some action that required more agility than histrionics.

"ELOISE is rushing through the hotel lobby," he advised, "when she steps on a dowager's corns. There's the old biddy over there, with the comedy she that sprouts a small balloon in a closeup. Well, she screeches and knocks Eloise spinning toward that divan. At that moment Rusty, who is supposed to have an edge on, is shot out of the revolving doors, turns a flip over said divan just in time to catch Eloise on his lap. Then he registers astonishment, that dead pan gawk he's so good at."

"In *my* lap, you mean," said Highpockets sharply, "and *I'll* register glee."

"Keep out of this," snarled Mr. Debree, "or I'll——"

"Quiet, everybody!" howled the director. "Say, what's got into you two padoops? There's going to be meat enough for both of you in this opera, so keep buttoned up until I ask for help."

"In *my* lap," repeated Highpockets grimly, "or I'll quit!"

Miss Scarlett exchanged worried glances with the harassed director. "And I say Rusty's lap, or *I'll* quit," she said evenly. "It will be turn about, Highpockets, I promise you an even break."

The even breaks were exactly what had caused Mr. Mull to make an attempt to be one to the good, but he mumbled sheepishly and deferred to the director's judgment. From then on production went forward under that sense of spurious nonchalance one maintains while the dentist rocks out a lower tooth between assurances that it won't hurt.

With two days more to go the dynamic Mr. Tortle sat listening to a mournful recital from the frazzled Eloise.

"So it's reached that point at last?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Miss Scarlett dully. "Each of them proposes to me over the telephone every other night, and all just because I was nice to them. The picture's going well, as you know, but it's been a continuous wrangle over who's going to help me on with my coat or something. Two wistful Sir Walter Raleighs are more than a girl can stand, Mr. Tortle, so I-I'm afraid I can't go through another picture with them whispering down the back of my neck."

"You'll *have* to stick—you're established now, and the public has taken to you. Furthermore," said the sixth vice-president, watching her closely, "I'm holding that juvenile for your next film."

"Oh, how won—I mean, thank you!"

"With a raise and a year's contract."

"Why Mr. Tortle, I could kiss you!"

"Go ahead, girlie," said Absalom recklessly, "that is, providing Mr. Larry Guilfoyle won't twist my beak until I can sneeze in my ear. Oh, don't blush, I've been hearing that you two are as inseparable as an Englishman and his umbrella—and that's what's got these two meeslers sore."

"IF you promise not to say anything, I'll tell you a secret. Larry's been talking about buying a ring, and when he hears about this raise, well, will it make any difference to our trio?"

"Dolling," said Mr. Tortle sagely, "when a man loses something he never really had a chance to have, it's surprising how noble he can act about it, and in this case it'll go double. Don't worry about the future. I'll smooth out that duet's fevered brows, and none too gently, either. I'm going to blow up the works right in their faces—hmmm, say, what's the ending on this picture?"

"We're all in court for speeding, the four of us, and just as the judge starts to sentence us the ceiling caves in and——"

"We'll change that a little," whispered Mr. Tortle excitedly, "but I'll need co-operation from you, girlie, and I don't mean that kiss. Now, it's this way, when you . . . and then you . . . hahahahaha can you imagine . . . and that, sweetheart, is what's known as retribution."

The final afternoon saw the setup of a three sided courtroom all in readiness. Cameras and monitor booth were



Jackie Cooper, 7-year-old Metro-Goldwyn star, is writing a letter to Santa Claus, under the guidance of his mother. Jackie is one of the few Hollywood stars who has retained his illusions.

ranged at the open end, overhead sprawled the gentlemen who would release a shower of cardboard lath and plaster, followed by fifty pounds of talcum powder, and the seats below were occupied by those nondescript extras who restrict their talents to comedies apparently for no other reason than that they like to be made a mess of.

Like the majority of stars Messrs. Mull and Debree paid scanty attention to minor characters, and they glanced idly at the judge and jury as they filed in, looking as important as though it were to be some soul baring drama.

"Well, boys," chirped Absalom. "Another stunner goes down to posterity today. Say, that little Eloise has done wonderful work. You can't get along without her—am I right?"

THE comedians, ignoring each other, nodded fiercely.

"You were slipping, but she saved you," pursued Mr. Tortle, "and I just wanted to make sure you appreciated it."

"Going to stay for the climax?" asked Rusty.

"I wouldn't miss it, mister; in fact, I may take a hand in it myself, and—ah, there, director, have you told these oafs about the changes?"

"Just about to, boss. Now, I want you boys in the last row of the courtroom while Eloise and Larry are at the bar. You join them a moment later, but I want some closeups of Rusty wiggling his ears. This morning's shooting showed you handcuffed together, so you're still that way." He snapped a huge nickeled link to Rusty's right and Highpockets' left wrists. "Okay—now sit down, and we'll get going."

"Where's Eloise?" asked Mr. Mull, staring about him.

"Here I am, Highpockets," crooned Miss Scarlett, her eyes alight with a tremulous sparkle. Never had she looked more adorable, never more shyly lovely as a violet sheltering south of a clump of moss, and the comedian goggled at her.

"Gosh," he ventured, "you look,—er, you look——"

"Like Venus," said Mr. Debree complacently, looking after her as she ran forward at the director's summons to meet Mr. Guilfoyle.

"That was a swell remark," hissed Highpockets, "why, you crackpot, Venus never wore any——"

"Aw, shut up!"

"SILENCE!" screamed the director. "There'll be time enough for noise later on. The love interest does its stuff, and at a signal the comics come bursting down the aisle. You guys in the flies, Mr. Tortle will tell when to unload, and remember an episode like this is done just once."

STILLNESS settled down over the stage. The comedians edged forward in their bench, too busy to notice that something hard and cold was creeping around their ankles. The judge gazed benignly at the two young people before him.

"Do you—" he commenced, and the rest of his speech trailed into a swift murmur, unintelligible to the back rows. When he paused Miss Scarlett's liquid alto came throbbing softly through the air.

"I do."

"What is this—a gag?" husked Highpockets, and strangely the director seemed to think there was no harm in

(*Please turn to page* 122)

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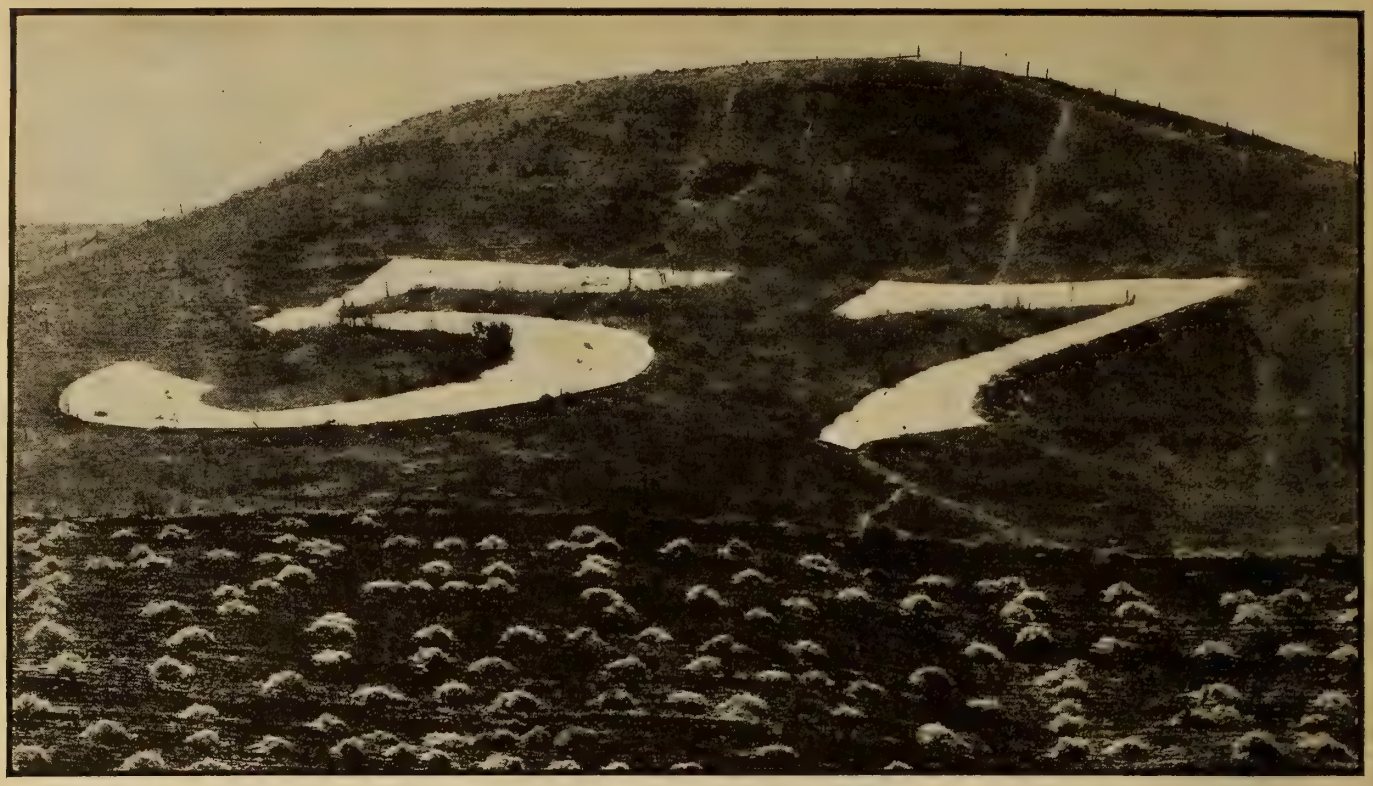
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Mirth Control

(*Continued from page* 121)

the interruption in the ceremony.

Mr. Debree, knowing that the back of his head was occupying fifty percent of the lens, continued to wiggle his ears with abandon, but a moment later he grunted puzzledly as Mr. Guilfoyle announced with entirely too much earnestness:

"*I do!*"

Rusty stared wildly at his partner, whose vacuous expression was giving way to the dawn of intelligence. "A gag!" he yelled, while the recording crew grinned with satisfaction. "If it is, what's funny about——"

The judge raised his hand. "I now pronounce you man and wi——"

The rest was lost in a roar of anguish as the comics plunged forward, discovered too late that their legs had also been handcuffed, and toppled over into a thrashing heap as the newlyweds disappeared through a door. Highpockets struggled upright, dragging Rusty with him, and then, at a signal, came another and louder roar as the rubbish cascaded upon them. Mr. Tortle, hanging aloft by his eyebrows, scientifically socked his employees with a breakaway figure of Justice, and, troupers that they were, the pair never forgot to clown through the scene of indescribable confusion.

WHEN it was over they stood in gasping amazement as Cupid, in the person of the sixth vice-president, hovered over his handiwork.

"Kind of slick of me," he chuckled, "to ring in a real minister, hey? Aren't you going to kiss the bride, boys? Better hurry, she leaves for Lake Tahoe in about five minutes."

The lonesome lovers continued with their goldfish imitation.

"No," said Eloise impulsively, "the bride's going to kiss them." And putting an arm around each she saluted the comedians with a fervor they had never known. "You're not angry?" she pleaded. "You'll wish me luck?"

"A world of it," said Highpockets somewhat surprised at his own sincerity. "And take good care of her," he told the happy Larry as he pounded him on the back.

"How could we be angry," Rusty wanted to know, "when you're looking lovelier than ever? It's a shock, baby, but I guess it's just what we needed."

The company strolled out into the sunshine, handed the pair into a waiting limousine, and watched them roll through the Cinemagical gates to a land, as Mr. Tortle loudly remarked with his mind on a cigar counter blonde, where love was real.

Mr. Debree glanced shamefacedly at his partner as the director unlocked the handcuffs.

"Highpockets," he blurted, "I'm a gilligaloo."

"You are," agreed Mr. Mull, "but not nearly as big a one as I am."

"Imagine a set old bachelor like me wanting to marry a child! Could I have made her look like that? Why, it wouldn't have worked out at all."

"It's just as well you didn't go through with it," said Highpockets loyally, pretending not to know that Rusty's chances had been as frail as his own. "And think of a wife anchored to me. She'd probably make me give up mooning around in the cellar, and say, I'll bet there's a foot of dust there right now."

"Mine too. Oh-hum, it'll be kind of good to get busy again, especially as we'll have to make our child something extra grand for a wedding present."

"Why, Rusty old kid, even our minds are partners! I think I'll model up a bronze statuette of Eloise herself sort of shaking off some shackles, with her face uplifted that cute way she has—er, and it will look like it might be called 'Deliverance', see?"

"That's class, Highpockets. And from me she'll get something bound in crushed pastel calf, a pale raspberry like, all tooled up with a slather of gold, and the book'll be appropriate, too. The title works both ways," said Mr. Debree, winking shamelessly at his friend through a sprinkling of dust. "It's going to be 'Escape,' old sock, by John Galsworthy!"

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